



"Beast of the flowers"
Glow-worm "
"Way side"

FIVE THOUSAND BEST MODERN
ILLUSTRATIONS

REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

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BY

REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

Former Editor of "THE EXPOSITOR"

Illustrations, like windows, let light into the chambers of the mind. Mere bald statements are soon forgotten, but an apt illustration sticks in the soul like a hook in a fish's mouth.

—C. H. SPURGEON



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

New York and London

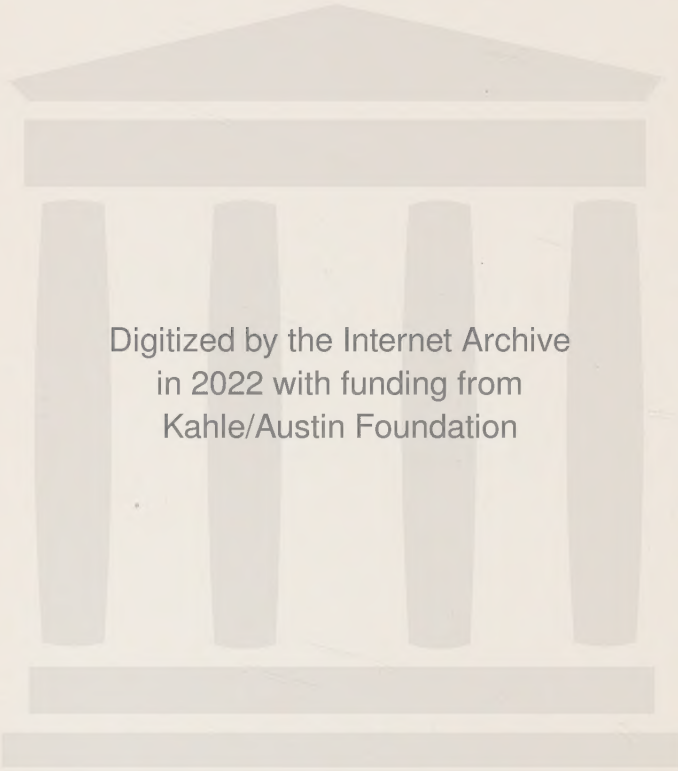
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FIVE THOUSAND BEST MODERN ILLUSTRATIONS
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To THE
CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTORS OF THE NEW DAY

BOTH CLERICAL AND LAY, IN PULPIT,
ON PLATFORM, IN SUNDAY AND WEEK-
DAY BIBLE SCHOOL, PUBLIC SCHOOL AND
IN THE HOUSEHOLD WITHOUT DISTINC-
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FOREWORD

Thought starts thought. Good illustrations are great thought kindlers. Strike these on your mental flint and see the sparks fly! It takes the best to make the best. These are just what they claim to be, best modern illustrations. "Best"; that is chosen, selected, elected out from an immense mass of choice materials. "Modern"; that means adapted to meet immediate needs of present-day people.

The collection includes also especially copious selections for the special days and occasions of the entire church and secular year.

Preachers, Parents, Sunday School Teachers and Superintendents, Day School Teachers, Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. Secretaries, Missionaries, Bible Readers, Christian Endeavor Leaders, all who must prepare for public speech or for teaching, strike these on your mental flint. Thought kindlers they are. They create light. They let in light. They will set your own electric generator going.

To change the figure, good illustrations act like priming to a pump. As men pour a little water down a pump to help it draw up a stream from below, so does an illustration, anecdote, simile, or scientific or literary parallel often prove just what is needed to start one's own mental flow and a means to large and desirable results.

The editor of a widely read magazine for ministers heads one of his departments: "A Sermon Without Illustrations is Like a House Without Windows." And that itself is one of the finest illustrations; for the word *illustrate* is from the Latin *illustrare*, which means "to light up," just as windows light up a house. Then there is the other use of the word *illustrate*, referring to pictures; as a book or magazine is said to be illustrated. Both of which uses are ultimately identical, for both literary illustrations and pictures are windows to let in the light.

Men say truly that Jesus was the most wonderful master of parable and similitude that the world ever saw. He was such because he was divine, and knowing the limitations of the human minds he himself had created, he used the only method of imparting spiritual truth which those minds could utilize. His was not only the simplest and most natural method of teaching; it was the divinely perfect method.

And here is the why of religious symbolism.

Preachers, parents and teachers have always explored with eagerness every field in which there might be found new, better, more striking and satisfying illustrations by which to impart religious truth. They have always taken up their Master's query: "Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God? or with what comparison shall we compare it?"

First and foremost, nature has been and must ever remain one of the chief sources of spiritual simile and illuminating illustration. Jesus himself turned to that field for many of his parables: salt, light, water, wind and clouds and the flashing lightning, flowers, birds and fishes, trees, fruit, and the growing grain were all utilized as spiritual analogies. And every great preacher since has learned the secret from his Master, that nature is a rich treasure-house of spiritual symbol.

But in our own day there has been discovered a great new field of analogy in the natural world, in electricity and its applications. That field has been enormously enlarged by wireless developments and radio activity in general. Just as seemingly all at once the radio has become a popular possession, with numerous broadcasting stations in all parts of the world and literally unnumbered receiving stations in public institutions, private homes, and even in the play-rooms of boys, so just as suddenly have spiritual thinkers realized the wonderful religious symbolisms and analogies revealed. Books, magazines, papers, are teeming with discussions and suggestions concerning the spiritual significance of this new art. There has been thus a vast enlargement of the realm of religious symbolism. To many it seems almost like a new revelation of divine principles and relationships, this which radio-activity has

introduced into the sphere of religious teaching. And each enraptured thinker is eager to tell of his own spiritual discoveries in this virgin realm.

Yet not alone electricity but every branch of science is contributing a new share in this realm of religious symbolism. This is one of the reasons why books of illustrations must be new.

It may be well to add that this is distinctively a SUBJECT cyclopedia. The illustrations are in alphabetical or dictionary order, so that the reader can open at once to any given subject. There is also an especially ample Topical Index at the end, with hundreds of additional aid-giving and suggestive Cross References. Such an Index in itself is important, for as Thomas Fuller long ago said, "An index is a necessary implement," and Horace Binney later added: "A very large part of every man's reading falls overboard, and unless he has good indexes he will never find it again."

This is a large book. That fact may well be admitted, for more than five thousand vital topics or their phases are given consideration. But small volumes of illustrations are sure to be disappointing because of paucity. The lack of comprehensiveness makes them of little value. And the possession of any number of small collections, for the same reason, cannot meet the need. What is desired is an ample volume alphabetically arranged and cross-referenced to which each seeker can turn and find illustrative material upon practically any specific subject.

G. B. F. H.

Brick Church,
Rochester, N. Y.

FIVE THOUSAND BEST MODERN ILLUSTRATIONS

1. Ability. Ability involves responsibility. Power to its last particle is duty.—**MACLAREN.**

2. Ability. Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.—**JEAN PAUL RICHTER.**

3. Absent-mindedness. Pasteur at a dinner party dipped his cherries one by one into his glass of water and carefully wiped them, explaining that they were covered with microbes and then, with a fine unconsciousness, drank off the glass of water.

A famous archbishop, also dining out, forgot that he was not at his own table, and remarked loudly to his wife, "This soup is again a failure, my dear."

4. Absent-mindedness. The great theologian, Neander, would walk to his classroom with a broom under his arm instead of an umbrella, or wander through the streets of Berlin unable to recall the situation or number of his own house.

A United States senator was observed not long ago, at a Presidential dinner, to pull from his pocket in place of his handkerchief a huge woolen sock and unconsciously wipe his heated brow.

5. Absent-mindedness. The absent-minded professor went to church and returned home to lunch, triumphantly waving an umbrella at his wife. "Well, my dear," he said, "you see I didn't leave it behind in the pew to-day." "I see you haven't, dear," replied his wife; "the only trouble is that you didn't take an umbrella with you to church this morning!"

6. Absent-minded Women. There is more than one woman who habitually rustles down the church aisle just as the sermon begins, and says smilingly afterward to her pastor: "You must excuse my being always late. You know in the church which I formerly attended the service began at eleven, and it seems more natural to me to come at that hour than at half-past ten."

The wife of one of our most distinguished novelists has a most hospitable heart, and frequently invites her friends

to dine informally, but she then forgets all about the matter. When they appear in her drawing-room at the time named, she smilingly observes:

"Now, did I ask you to dinner? Well, well, I'd quite forgotten it, but I'm delighted to see you. Just wait one moment while I put on my bonnet, and we will run around the corner to the restaurant and have a charming evening together."

7. Absent-minded Women. A number of college girls became interested in settlement work in a city near by, and invited one hundred Jewish children to spend a day in the college grounds. A simple luncheon was prepared by the girls, consisting of milk and unlimited supplies of sandwiches. Unfortunately, the sandwiches were all made with ham, and a certain chill was thrown over the feast as one by one the conscientious but disappointed little Israelites opened them and laid aside the meat.

A young girl came to her aunt in despair, with a beautiful cloth suit covered with tarry oil. "Never mind," comfortingly observed the elderly and experienced matron, "vaseline will take it all out." The girl industriously rubbed the skirt well with the vaseline, but saw no improvement. In despair she called the aunt to look at the garment, now a mass of grease. "Mercy!" gasped her distressed relative. "Did I say vaseline? I meant gasoline."—**C. B. BURRELL.**

8. Abuse Loses Effect. A calumnious abuse, too often repeated, becomes so familiar to the ear as to lose its effect.

9. Accuracy of God. When the last tubes of the tunnels under the Hudson River for the Pennsylvania Railroad were about to be joined, the borings from the two shores meeting under the river, a young civil engineer, named Richardson, was chosen because of his marked ability to make the final survey that should bring the tube ends together perfectly. So accurate was the work that when the tubes were joined the two ends were less than one-eighth of an inch from being exact.

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But with God the accuracy is so complete that it can be foretold to the smallest fraction of a second as to what time a certain star will rise on a certain evening a century hence, and in that time it has traveled, not the few thousand feet of the length of the tunnel, but through spaces so vast as to be utterly beyond human thought, and at such speed as appalls us to describe.

10. Acquaintance with God. A little child went home from Sunday School, and said: "Don't you know, mother, we have been hearing about a man who used to go for walks with God. His name was Enoch. He used to go for walks with God. And, mother, one day they went for an extra long walk, and they walked on and on, until God said to Enoch, 'You are a long way from home; you had better come in and stay,' and he went." That was a true version. Enoch had become so familiar with God that he just went in and stayed.

11. Action and Endurance. The life of man is made up of action and endurance; and life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or in patient perseverance.—H. P. LIDDON.

12. Action and Indolence. Indolence is a delightful but distressing state; we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame.—HAZLITT.

13. Action, Present. Press on! for in the grave there is no work and no device. Press on! while yet you may.—N. P. WILLIS.

14. Action, Consequences of. Our actions are our own; their consequences belong to Heaven.—FRANCIS.

15. Acts, not Wishes. A New England clergyman, enforcing on his congregation the necessity of practical godliness, and contrasting the early Christians with those of the present generation, very properly remarked, "We have too many resolutions and too little action. 'The Acts of the Apostles' is the title of one of the books of the New Testament; their resolutions have not reached us."

16. Activity in Business. Some time ago an insurance company called a large number of its agents from all over the country to New York for a consultation which lasted several days. The last day there was an excursion "down the bay," given by the company to its agents. On the return trip one of the insurance officials noticed that an agent, a young man from the West, was talking earnestly

with one of the officers of the boat. The official's curiosity was aroused, and a conversation with the young man disclosed that he had thought he "might as well be busy while in New York." The result of his activity was that he succeeded in writing a policy for the clerk of the hotel where they stayed, for an elevator-man in the building where the insurance offices were, and for one of the mates of the excursion boat.

17. Adaptation. On some of the moors, when the grouse have been shot at by more or less successful sportsmen for the greater part of the season, they naturally become shy, and then the trick is adopted of "carting for grouse." A horse and cart in charge of a smock-frocked driver is sent across the moor, and the sportsman gets at the birds who have no fear of the rustic wagoner under cover of this familiar object on the landscape. If pastors would tie workmen to them, let them approach them in their shops—go "carting for workmen."

18. Adaptation, Necessity of. The Syrens adapted the style and matter of their songs to the inclinations of their hearers. They had bold and stirring strains to entice the ambitious, softer melodies for the lovers of pleasure, and still different notes to draw the covetous on to destruction.

19. Added Things. A young man who had come to honor declared: "I was like a purchaser who went to a jeweler and bought a set of costly gems, and the jeweler said to him, 'When any one chooses jewels so precious as these, we always throw in the casket.' And so I sought first the Kingdom of God, and these other things have been added—friends, position, influence, and many blessings."—*Sunday School Journal*.

20. Admiration, of Beauty Only. The beauty that addresses itself to the eyes is only the spell of the moment: the eye of the body is not always that of the soul.—GEORGE SAND.

21. Adoption, as Child of God. Rev. Dr. C. I. Scofield tells of a man who discovered what the new birth with adoption into God's family means. He says: "There drifted into my house once a human wreck. He had been the editor of a great daily newspaper, and was a man of rare gifts. It was the old story; little by little the drink habit had fastened upon him and had dragged him down to a living hell. I could not tell him to 'assert his manhood'; he had none. I told him that he could be born again;

that he could become a partaker of the divine nature, and a son and heir of God. He fell upon his knees. 'My God!' he cried. 'Can a dog like me become God's son?' And he poured out his heart, giving himself to Christ. I shall never forget his transfigured face, nor the singular solemnity and loftiness of his bearing as he took my hand and said, 'I am a child of God.'"

22. Adoption, as Children of God. When the late King Edward VII visited this country in 1860 as the Prince of Wales, he sailed home on a ship that encountered a very severe storm, and was driven far out of her course. The voyage was so long delayed that all the food, excepting the salt fare of the crew, was entirely consumed. The Prince himself was compelled to be satisfied with this scanty provision. And yet, though enduring hardship for a time, he still had the consciousness that he was the son of the Queen of England and heir to the throne.

Christians suffer trial and hardship in this world like other people, but in it all they are comforted and sustained by the assurance that they are the children of God.—LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

23. Adopted Child Beloved. "Yes, I know," said a young married man whose home had been childless until he and his wife adopted an orphan baby, "most childless husbands and wives are afraid to adopt children for fear of the heredity that may crop out in them or for fear they won't be able to love them like parents love babies of their own. But the only people who worry about those things are the people who haven't tried it. Since we took our boy into our home I have had many conversations with other men who have adopted children, and every one of them overflows with enthusiasm about his boy or his girl. The experiment has quite invariably worked to their satisfaction. Our little lad is to my wife and myself the most wonderful child that ever lived; he is our one consuming pride. In fact, I honestly believe that there is something tenderer in the parental relation to an adopted child than to a child of natural birth. The voluntary choice to take and rear a child seems to make love and the sense of responsibility all the keener."

"Ye have received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father."

24. Adoption, Defined. The statute law of the State of New York defines adoption to be "the legal act whereby an adult

person takes a minor into the relation of child, and thereby acquires the rights and incurs the responsibilities of parent in respect to such minor" (L. 1873, Chap. 830, Sec. 1). And the law gives the child not only a right to, but requires that he shall take the name of the one adopting him, while it confers upon him the other rights and privileges of a born son.

An English author thus defines: "Adoption is an action whereby a man takes a person into his family, in order to make him a part of it, acknowledges him for his son, and receives him into the number, and gives him a right to the privileges of his children."

History tells us that Napoleon, immediately after the battle of Austerlitz, adopted all the children of the soldiers who had fallen, and had them supported and educated at the expense of the State. They all, as children of the Emperor, were permitted to attach the name of Napoleon to their own (Abbott's Napoleon, Vol. I, Chap. 31). And we are told that while among the American Indians it was the fate of captives taken in war to be cruelly put to death, a captive had one possible chance for his life. He was sometimes saved to be adopted into a family in place of a warrior who had fallen in battle, in which case he was regarded as that chieftain resuscitated, was reckoned to stand in his place, and even to assume his relations of consanguinity (Bancroft's U. S., Vol. III, Chap. 22).

"And if children then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ."

25. Adoption Gives a Big Brother. The Rev. A. T. Guttery tells this story: "A little boy of mine came home one day bearing the marks of battle. I found he had been in conflict with a boy much bigger than himself. I said, 'Were you frightened, Arthur?' He said, 'No.' I said, 'You ought to have been. The boy was bigger than you.' 'I wasn't, dad,' he replied. 'You see, Norman [his big brother] was only just round the corner!' It is a grand thing to have a brother in reserve! Oh, my brothers, reverently I can tell the poorest, vilest, weakest man in London that if only he will set his face toward the light, though all the powers of hell give him battle, he has a big, omnipotent, redeeming Brother, not round the corner, but at his very side."

26. Adoption Makes Us Heirs. A missionary in Brazil was making her usual visits when she came upon a poor,

ignorant, ragged woman whose face was radiant, sitting in her little thatched hut with a copy of the Gospels on her lap and an "A, B, C" book by her side. When she saw the missionary she said, "Oh, Señora, I'm an heiress. Just think of all these riches for me." The missionary saw her labor hard to read the words, and asked, "Why do you take so much trouble to read?" The reply came, "It is his will. Just think how ashamed I would be to meet my Lord and have him ask, 'Did you receive the inheritance? Did you read my will?' And I should have to answer, 'No.' Oh, Señora, I want to learn it by heart, for he left it all for me." Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ; greatly too good as that may seem it is not too good to be true.

27. Adoption Makes Us God's Sons.

Billy Sunday says: One day in Chicago I stood in front of a bank. Up dashed an auto—I suppose it cost \$10,000 or \$15,000—a magnificent French car. Out stepped a frail sort of man, a large, fair head, tapering chin, large, lustrous blue eyes set apart in that intelligent forehead, straight nose. I said, "Who is that?" They said, "That is J. Ogden Armour. He is head of the pork-packing trust." In he walked. I stood and looked. I saw a frail, weak young fellow that looked as though he might fall with the winter's blasts as they swished around the corner of one of our huge skyscrapers. I said, "Who is that young fellow?" "That is Marshall Field, Jr. That is the son of the merchant prince, heir to \$155,000,000." Down the street went a man, corpulent, weighing 300 pounds, heavy of jowl, heavy of frame. I said, "Who is that?" "That is Stephen A. Douglas, Jr., son of the great opponent of Abraham Lincoln. One of the keenest men in the United States Senate." I looked and saw a keen-looking man with Van Dyke beard, lustrous eyes, dressed in the height of fashion; a man you would turn to look at as he walked the street. I said, "Who is that?" "That is Robert T. Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln." Would it not be great to be a son of a great man? Great, yes, but I stand here an heir to the kingdom of God. I'm a son of God through faith in Jesus Christ.

28. Adoption, Privilege of. A young girl made her home in a family of wealth and influence. She enjoyed all the privileges of a daughter of the house and was looked on as such. She was often asked whether she was adopted, but she would reply that she had never been quite will-

ing to break off her family connections. But by and by her benefactor died suddenly, without a will, and she found that she was a penniless orphan. She had no claim to an inheritance. So with the man who enjoys the privileges of the gospel, but does not become Christ's brother, adopted into the family of God's sons.

29. Adoption, Rights of. Under Hindu law, when a son is adopted into a family, he becomes entitled to all the privileges of sonship—not only to property privileges, but to political privileges as well. An illustration of this is found in the case of the Sepoy rebellion in 1857 in India. One of the occasions of the mutiny was the refusal of the English Government to recognize Nana Sahib as peshwa or ruler in the district around Cawnpore.

The reason of the refusal was that Nana Sahib was not the son, but only the adopted son, of Baja Rao, the expeshwa of the Maharatta kingdom. But while the English Government esteemed the adoptive relation lightly and refused to recognize it, and therefore refused to recognize Nana Sahib as peshwa the Hindus esteemed it as giving to Nana Sahib all the political as well as property rights of a natural son; they rallied around his banner and succeeded for the time in annihilating the English forces at Cawnpore. So zealous were they in maintaining the rights which follow adoption!—*Christian Observer*.

30. Adoption, Spirit of. A sixteen-year-old girl in Florida had a sweet experience in this wise: One night before retiring to rest she knelt, as usual, to pray at her bedside. She had been in the habit of addressing God as "Our Father." But the Spirit had been revealing to her her personal need of a divine helper and had revealed God as personally interested in her. So, instead of using the customary form, "Our Father," she said, "My Father." At once a flood of new joy filled her soul and she seemed to feel the hands of God himself laid upon her head in gracious benediction.

The Bible doctrine of adoption is very comforting. St. Paul puts it in this language: "Ye received not the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are children of God," etc. (Rom. 8: 15-17). (See also Gal. 4: 4-7.)

31. Adoption, Spirit of. "Ye have not

received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." If a man were bought by a Roman citizen as a slave, well might he fear, for his master thereby acquired the power of life or death over him, without any legal obligation to promote his happiness. But if he were bought as an adopted son—and we "are bought with a price"—the adoptive father by that act bound himself to treat him as a son, and give him the inheritance. So he who is adopted as a son of God receives the spirit which accompanies this adoption, the spirit of gratitude, of love, of zeal for the honor of his adoptive father, and of care to please him. And beyond this there is the spirit of confidence that he will not fail in his expectations of the future.—*Christian Observer*.

32. Adoption, State of Privilege. It is a blessed state of privilege we come into as the sons of God. Its realization may receive very helpful emphasis by an illustration Mr. Moody once used at Northfield, to show the distinction between a servant, a guest, and a son. He pictured a reception-room in a private residence at an early morning hour. It was entered by a man who proceeded to open the shutters and put things to rights. No one needed to be told that he was a servant. Shortly after another man entered. He walked around the room examining the portraits, paintings and ornaments as if they were new to him; and finally taking a book sat down to read. Evidently he was a guest. Next came rushing into the room a rollicking boy of sixteen. After a bright "good morning" to the guest, he darted into the library, overhauled the mail lying there on the table, hurried into the dining-room to see if breakfast was ready, lifted one or two covers to see what was to be served, and then, hearing familiar footsteps in the reception-room, he rushes there and flings himself into the arms of the master of the house, who had just given the guest a warm handshake of welcome, but to this boy gave a hug and a kiss. No one needed to be told that this boy was the son.

Mr. Moody finished thus: "Truly we are the servants of God, and it is a blessed privilege to serve him. Surely we are the guests of God, and it is an unspeakable honor to visit the King." Then raising his voice with one of his glad shouts, thrilling his great audience, he added: "But we are more than

servants; we are more than guests; we are the children of the great King. God is our father, and Jesus is our elder brother; we are joint heirs with Christ."

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God." What manner of men therefore should we be when entrance into and membership of the very family of God has been secured for us by the sacrifice and death of Christ our Saviour? We are told that the Israelites, even when they had manna, wished for the onions and leeks of Egypt, and, even when God was feeding them, sighed for garlic. That was bad enough; but what was it beside the folly of those who accept anything in place of the blessedness of sonship to God in Christ Jesus?—H.

33. Adoption, What It Does. We need a spirit of adoption to take us out of the foundling hospital of the world, and to put us into the celestial family.—G. D. BOARDMAN.

34. Advance Always. There is a wide, shallow river in Arizona, the Rio Puerco, that has this peculiarity—its bed is nearly all quick-sand on which you may travel with safety providing you keep moving, but the instant a halt is made the treacherous sands begin to engulf you. How like the world that is! God never intended that we should tarry in it since "the fall." The Christian must keep moving or become submerged in its sands.

35. Advance Ordered. It is said that when Napoleon was crossing the Alps the soldiers grew weary and faint-hearted with the long, wearisome, difficult climb and began to lag in their march. The great Commander ordered the music to play, and for a time new life was infused into weary hearts and all went well. But he noticed that some of the men soon showed signs of weariness and discouragement, and he placed these men in a vast battalion by themselves and then ordered the musicians to play for them the sweet home songs of France to awaken a love of country and to fire them with new enthusiasm. That had a fine effect upon many, but still there were many who drooped and lagged. Then he ordered all the laggards to be placed in a corp by themselves and ordered the trumpeters to sound forth a charge to battle. When lo! every Frenchman's heart was fired with frenzy for the conflict. No enemy was seen, no artillery was heard, no bayonets glistened in the

sunlight, but the rolling sound of the trumpet meant war, and that was enough for any Frenchman in the vast army.

Now, we have had a long, hard march up the Alps of hard, hard times, and many a soldier of the cross has grown weary in the march. You have heard the sweet songs of home, and many have taken new heart and marched well for a time, but, Oh, there are laggards still. Sound the trumpets.—REV. B. L. AGNEW, D.D.

36. Advance, Lacking. Dr. Len G. Broughton tells of a church which reported to its Association as follows: "Members received, none. Dismissed, none. Died, none. Married, none. Given to missions during the year, nothing. Brethren, pray for us that during the next year we may hold our own."

37. Advance, Planned for. Philip H. Patchin, the newspaper correspondent, calls attention to the fact that commanding generals do not decide upon an advance over night. "No one pores over a chart now and suddenly declares, 'We will strike here to-morrow morning.' For a new offensive, like the 'big push' of the Allies on the Somme, preparations required months.

"Once under way, with the habit of advance established, general movements, on a three or four mile front, take weeks of preparations, while minor operations, even though only a part of a general movement, require days of careful study and planning."

Is it not true that most of the advance made by the church in "capturing" subjects for the kingdom comes about in just that way in our Sunday School? And are we not wise in thoroughly planning our work so that we shall be able to prosecute a wise, constant campaign which shall secure every member on our rolls? Revivals are fine and desirable, but it is probable that the long, steady campaign nets the greatest results in the long run.

38. Advancement, Christian. Every time I receive notice from a certain insurance company that a premium is due a card is inclosed containing this inquiry: "Are you carrying all the insurance you should for the protection of your family?" It reminds me to ask Christians this question: "Are you increasing your interest in the Kingdom of Christ?"—MERLIN FAIRFAX.

39. Advent. See Christmas. See Christ, Birth of.

40. Advent, Second. See Ascension of Christ.

41. Advent, Second. The Rev. Dinsdale T. Young says: "For nearly twenty years now a spiritual enrichment has come into my life and ministry, because I have realized the great New Testament revelation of the personal return of our Lord. Dr. Andrew Bonar told a story of a plain man in one of the Scottish Presbyterian country kirks who had learned this precious doctrine. The man spent a Sunday in Edinburgh, to play the part of a sermon taster. When he returned to his village, the people asked him how he liked the Edinburgh preachers. His reply was, 'They all fly on one wing. They all preach the first coming of Christ, but they do not preach his second coming.' Nothing recovers evangelical fervor, and rekindles missionary passion, and gives a yearning for entire sanctification, like a realization of the great fact that 'He comes,' that he may come at any moment."—*Christian Age*.

42. Adversity. See Difficulties.

43. Adversity. On the morning of her execution, Lady Jane Grey wrote a letter in Greek to her sister on the blank leaf of a Testament in the same language, and in her notebook three sentences in Greek, Latin, and English, of which the last is as follows: "If my faults deserved punishment, my youth, at least, and my imprudence, were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will show me favor." Fuller says of her: "She had the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen: the bust of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor, for her parents' offences."

44. Adversity Blessed. The winter's frost must rend the burr of the nut before the fruit is seen. So adversity tempers the human heart, to discover its real worth.—BALZAC.

45. Adversity Blesses Us. God's corrections are our instructions; his lashes our lessons, and his scourges our schoolmasters.—AUGHEY.

46. Adversity, Blessing of. In 1553, Sir Thomas Palmer was led from the Tower to execution. He said, "I have seen more in the Tower than ever I saw before, for there I have seen God. I have seen myself and beheld nothing but slime and corruption. I submitted myself to God, beseeching his mercy and pardon, and I trust he has forgiven me."

47. Adversity Cleanses and Clarifies.

There are minerals called hydrophanous, which are not transparent till they are immersed in water, when they become so; as the hydropheane, a variety of opal. So it is with many a Christian. Till the floods of adversity have been poured over him, his character appears marred and clouded by selfishness and worldly influences. But trials clear away the obscurity, and give distinctness and beauty to his piety.—PROFESSOR HITCHCOCK.

48. Adversity Develops.

Luther Burbank is said to have grown a cactus without spines. It is an especially good food for goats and sheep. The Lord has always turned the thorny experiences of life into the best of food for his sheep.

49. Adversity Elicits Talents. Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents, which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant.—HORACE.

50. Adversity, Love Lent. Men think God is destroying them because he is tuning them. The violinist screws up the key till the tense cord sounds the concert pitch; but it is not to break it, but to use it tunelessly, that he stretches the string upon the musical rack.—BEECHER.

51. Adversity Makes Friendship. The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly welded by the fiercest fire.

52. Adversity Overruled for Good.

It is said that when the larch-tree was brought from Southern Europe into England, the gardeners thought that because it came from a warm climate it needed heat. So they tried to grow it in hot-houses, but it withered and seemed to die, and they threw it out of doors. Then it began to grow, and became one of the most beautiful trees of England. It does not follow, because some of us are thrown out of doors into the cold blasts of adversity that God has forgotten us. Some souls would wither and die under hot-house treatment. Let us ever bear in mind that our Father can caress us with the cold frost as well as with the warm sunshine. . . . There is no more enviable condition than that of a person who has been expanded by heaven's frost.

53. Adversity Reveals Gems. As the flint contains the spark, unknown to itself, which the steel alone can awaken to life, so adversity often reveals to us hidden gems, which prosperity or negligence would forever have hidden.—H. W. SHAW.

54. Adversity, Sting of.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—BISHOP HORNE.

55. Adversity Strengthens. In the anti-foreign outbreaks in China in 1900 a mob of infuriated Boxers destroyed an American mission station only to discover that the missionaries proposed to rebuild on a still larger scale. As the new structures arose above the ruins of the old there were many angry threats of destruction, but the counsel of one wise man prevailed. "Listen to me," he said. "Let us not do this. At first the Christians built but one story; now they are building two stories; if we destroy again they will build to the sky."

56. Advertising the Church. Along the Mexican border, in Arizona, some 300 or 400 persons have perished by thirst. Recently a number of sign-posts were stationed at various points indicating to tourists where water could be obtained, for the entire region is so arid and the watering places so widely separated that some such plan is necessary to save life. There are many prosperous, fertile districts in the vicinity, but they are separated by these great stretches of desert.

It is the privilege and duty of the church to see that the thirsty world is apprised of the availability of the water of life. Let us plant the "signs" all along the way and in every place. There cannot be too many.

57. Advice, Kindly Given. Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into, the mind.—COLERIDGE.

58. Advice Rejected. Remember this: they that will not be counseled cannot be helped. If you do not hear Reason, she will rap your knuckles.—FRANKLIN.

59. Advice Unwelcome. Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most like it least.

60. Affection by Care. How cling we to a thing our hearts have nursed.—MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

61. Affection Reaches Heaven. Of all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.—BEECHER.

62. Affliction. See also Difficulties. See Easter. See Heaven.

63. Affliction Blessed. I have a small mantel clock that refuses to run only when it is lying on its back. It just can't operate while in a normal position. Some people in our town are mighty like that clock. The only time they are pious and teachable is when they're ill or handicapped in some other way. "Before I

was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word."

64. Affliction, Blessing in Disguise. Rabbi Akiba was compelled by persecution to wander away from his native land among deserts and wilds. All he had was a lamp by which he used to study the Scriptures at night, a cock which awakened him in the morning and an ass upon which he rode. One night, being greatly fatigued, he entered a village and asked a night's lodging. He was churlishly refused, and sought shelter in a neighboring well. He felt it rather hard of the people, but consoled himself with the thought that God was with him and would take care of him. He lit his lamp, but had hardly read a chapter when a violent storm burst upon him and extinguished it. He then lay down to sleep, but had hardly closed his eyes when a wolf came and killed his cock. Later in the night a lion came and devoured his ass. The next morning the rabbi went back to the village to see if he could secure a horse to enable him to go on his journey. Imagine his surprise when he found that a band of robbers had plundered the village during the night and killed its inhabitants. The rabbi thanked God for his seeming evils, saying, "Had not the hard-hearted people refused me shelter, I should have suffered their fate. Had not the wind put out my lamp, the robbers would have seen the light and murdered me. Had not my two companions been killed, they might by their noise have informed the bandits where I was." In the same way many of the things which come into our lives, and seem unjust, and hard to bear, often prove to be blessings in disguise.—*Hebrew Tales.*

65. Affliction, a Training. Affliction is a sort of moral gymnasium in which the disciples of Christ are trained to robust exercise, hardy exertion, and severe conflict.—HANNAH MORE.

66. Affliction, Benefits of. Some one tells of a noted violin-maker who always went into the forest himself and chose his violin woods from the north side of the trees. Is not this a precious suggestion to those living in the north rooms of the school of experience, working out the problems of faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity? Be of good cheer! The work of the world is being done by those toughened in the storms of life. God knows where his choice bits of timber grow.—*Christian Age.*

67. Affliction, Benefits of. "I have before me two stones, which are an imitation of precious stones. They are both perfectly alike in color; they are of the same water, clear, pure, and clean; yet, there is a marked difference between them as to their luster and brilliancy. One has a dazzling brightness, while the other is dull, so that the eye passes over it, and derives no pleasure from the sight. What can be the reason of this difference? It is this. The one is cut in but a few facets, the other has ten times as many. These facets are produced by a very violent operation. It is requisite to cut, to smooth and polish. Had these stones been indued with life, so as to have been capable of feeling what they underwent, the one which has received eighty facets, would have thought itself very unhappy, and would have envied the fate of the other which having received but eight, had undergone but a tenth part of its sufferings. Nevertheless, the operation being over, it is done forever: the difference between the two stones always remains strongly marked; that which has suffered but little, is entirely eclipsed by the other, which alone is held in estimation and attracts attention. May not this serve to explain the saying of our Saviour, whose words always have reference to eternity: 'Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted'—blessed, whether we contemplate them apart, or in comparison with those who have not passed through so many trials."

68. Affliction, Blessings from. You may think you see farthest in the daytime, but you don't. At midnight you see the stars. You would be dreadfully short-sighted if you had to live always in daylight.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

69. Affliction Blest. During Dr. Payson's last illness a friend, coming into his room, remarked sympathetically, "Well, doctor, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back."

"Do you know why God puts us on our backs, at times?" said Dr. Payson, smiling. "No," was the answer. "In order that we may look upward."

70. Affliction, Cause of. Charles II and his brother James went to see Milton to reproach him. He finished a profusion of insults by saying: "You villain, your blindness is the visitation of Providence for your sins." "If Providence," replied Milton, "has punished my sins with blindness, what must have been the crimes of

your father, which it punished with death?"

71. Affliction, Christ Comes in. Some years ago several little boys were camping out in an old building some distance from any house. In the night a terrific thunder-storm arose, and the boys were greatly frightened. In the midst of the storm's uproar they heard some one at the door, and, more frightened than before, they clung to each other in an agony of fear. One little boy, however, ran to unfasten the door and led in a man. "It's my father," he said quietly; "I knew he'd come." It takes faith to recognize the Saviour in the storms of life.

72. Affliction, Christ Comes in. We never realize that we have fully seen the Lord till we behold him in a storm. When the clouds are black, the winds high and the waves rolling, then to hear him say, "Peace be still," to feel tranquillity in the heart like the glassy sea where he is walking, is an experience never to be forgotten. We need to pass through some great exigency of loss, bereavement or persecution in order to realize how fully the divine presence comforts, sustains and enlarges our manhood.

If our life has been in lovely valleys, amid beautiful gardens, flowers and fruits, we have walked pleasantly with the Master and felt it good to be there; but when called to climb the summits of sacrifice, to scale the heights of self-denial, bearing the cross up the rugged hill, what visions we have had of Christ's power making us more than conquerors! What vistas of new horizons have appeared, showing that Delectable Mountains are grander than gentle valleys! Even the solitude of the desert is made beautiful by his divine indwelling.

Christ comes so much nearer to the soul in the storm or on the desert, in solitude and suffering, than in hours of prosperity and happy surroundings. He speaks from the bush of fire to a desert wanderer that he may become a leader of the people of God, a helper to redeem a world. Such solitude is sweet if Jesus be there as a partner of our joy. He can make the desert blossom as the rose and make everything live whither his river of life cometh.—REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

73. Affliction Common to All. Mæcenas was the minister and favorite of Augustus. His body was weakened by excesses. He was tormented by con-

stant wakefulness. He would probably have sacrificed both wealth and power for the common boon of sleep enjoyed by the meanest of his slaves. But for three years preceding his death he never slept.

74. Affliction, Consolation in. She was a physician's wife. He was a man of a strong, sunny nature, who carried good cheer into his patients' homes, to sustain them in weakness and discouragement, and still carried back enough to fill his own home. His frail wife needed all the sunshine and vigor of his personality to sustain her; and it did not fail. She seemed to live so much by the strength of his spirit that when he passed away suddenly after a month of especially hard work, her friends said, "It will kill her!"

But the ties between husband and wife were too strong to be broken by the incident of death. The memories of the past were as real as his presence had been. The religious life and the faith in God that they two had shared together did not fail her. By the doorway of the living-room she fastened the card that he had sometimes left, in short absences, on his office door: "*GONE OUT—BACK SOON.*"

Those who came with consolation went away, themselves consoled. They felt behind this frail form and lips that smiled while they quivered, a mysterious power, a spiritual experience that had united two souls in a marriage that death itself could not annul. More than one went out from her presence to find, in the years that followed, a strong, although secret consolation, in the deathless companionship, through memory, of his lost ones, and in the cheery suggestion of that brief message. The gospel of Jesus is in those four words: "*GONE OUT—BACK SOON.*"

75. Affliction Deepens Life. I remember, years ago, standing on the bridge over the Harlem, looking at a vessel passing up the stream, when a friend at my side said, "I can recall the time when no such boat could have come up this river." "Why not?" I asked. "Because," he replied, "the channel was not deep enough." "And what deepened it?" I asked. "Blasting," was the laconic answer. When we ask God to give us the power to bear the sufferings of others (the real meaning of sympathy), we may not see at first that this glory of usefulness can only come as the Master's came, through suffering. The capacity of the

river for bearing its large vessels was made greater only by blasting.—MARGARET BOTTOME.

76. Affliction Glorifies. Dr. Stuart Holden has told his congregation how, when he visited a factory in the North of England where costly china was being made, the thing that interested him most was the painting of the finished product. "It had been through many processes, and was taken to a studio for the artist to complete. I saw the pattern being put on in various colors, and noticed that a great deal of black was being used. On asking why, I was told, 'It is black now, but it will be gold when it comes out of the fire.'" Is not this just as in our lives?

77. Affliction, God's Presence in. One beautiful day we were wandering in the olive groves of Southern Italy. By and by we ran upon an old olive mill. A quaint thing it was, too. There was the massive log beam. Attached to the beam was a huge stone disc, like a mill-stone, slowly revolving in a circular trough filled with olives. As the ponderous stone traveled slowly around, it kept crushing out the rich olive oil, which was dripping in a tiny stream into the waiting vat.

As we stood watching the primitive mill at its work, it seemed strange that there should be no person present. No one was watching. No one seemed to care. And there seemed to be none to regulate or direct its movements. But we were soon undeceived. For presently there came a whistle, a snatch of a song, and a glimpse of a human form among the silver-leaved olive trees. At once we knew the owner was there. He was on the watch. He knew all about what was going on. He knew just when the work was done, just when to stop the mill from its grinding and crushing of the juicy olives. True he had been unseen to us. But all the while he was present, watching, guarding, overseeing, and ready to stop the mill the instant that its work was finished.

Chastened one, perchance to-day you are in the place of suffering. God does not seem to care. God does not seem real. God seems to be far away. But you are mistaken. Learn Moses' secret amid trials. Do you remember it? "He endured as seeing him who is invisible." He "practiced the presence of God." He kept thinking of God just as though he could see him by his side. He lived and bore and suffered just as though the in-

visible God were an hourly, visible reality.

Do thou likewise. Endure as though Christ stood by your side; as though his cooling touch were caressing your feverish brow; as though he were pillowing your weary head upon his bosom; as though he were whispering in sweet, quiet tones: "My child, in the fierce flames of that seven times heated furnace, I walked with my Hebrew children. So walk I in every furnace where my children suffer. So am I here with you. Endure as though you saw me, for my presence is just that real."—JAMES H. MCCONKEY.

78. Affliction Guided by Love. There was found in an African mine the most magnificent diamond in the world's history. It was presented to the King of England to blaze in his crown of state. The king sent it to Amsterdam to be cut. It was put in the hands of an expert lapidary. And what do you suppose he did with it? He took this gem of priceless value. He cut a notch in it. Then he struck it a sharp blow with his instrument, and lo! the superb jewel lay in his hand, cleft in twain.

What recklessness; what wastefulness! what criminal carelessness! Not so. For days and weeks that blow had been studied and planned. Drawings and models had been made of the gem. Its quality, its defects, its lines of cleavage had all been studied with minutest care. The man to whom it was committed was one of the most skillful lapidaries in the world. Do you say that blow was a mistake? Nay. It was the climax of the lapidary's skill. When he struck that blow, he did the one thing which would bring that gem to its most perfect shapeliness, radiance, and jeweled splendor. That blow which seemed to ruin the superb precious stone was in fact its perfect redemption. For from these two halves were wrought the two magnificent gems which the skilled eye of the lapidary saw hidden in the rough, uncut stone as it came from the mines.

So, sometimes, God allows a stinging blow to fall upon your life. The blow seems to you an appalling mistake. But it is not. For you are the most precious jewel in the world to God. And he is the most skilled lapidary in the universe. Some day you are to blaze in the diadem of the King. As you lie in his hand now he knows just how to deal with you. Not a blow will be permitted to fall upon your shrinking soul but that the love of

God overrules it, and works out from it depths of blessing and spiritual enrichment unseen and unthought-of by you.

Can that then be love which allows its own to suffer? Yea, verily. For our thought of love is that which always spares us suffering. But God's thought of love is that which is always seeking our highest good and will even use suffering to accomplish its end.—JAMES H. McCONKEY.

79. Affliction in Death of Children. Do children grow in heaven? Consider this quotation from Ephraim the Syrian:

"Our God, to thee sweet praises rise
From youthful lips in Paradise;
From boys fair-robed in spotless white,
And nourished in the courts of light.
In arbors they, where soft and low
The blessed streams of life do flow;
And Gabriel, a shepherd strong,
Doth gently guide their flocks along.
Their honors higher and more fair
Than those of saints and virgins are;
God's sons are they on that far coast,
And nurslings of the Holy Ghost."

Poetry? Yes, but poetry relieves the poverty of language and the necessity for compendious expression, it clothes with metaphor intelligible to our reason that which would otherwise remain inscrutable. The confessional phrase, "made perfect in holiness," does not mean that at death we have reached that degree of perfection beyond which nothing better can arise. Future life implies future growth. Life can never reach a point where it may be considered complete, any more than we can reach a point in a series of cardinal numbers, 1, 2, 3 . . . which may be considered complete. Life here or hereafter implies movement—progress. Because I believe my blessed ones are growing in glory I am striving to keep pace with them here, that I may not be far removed "in plane" from them hereafter.

80. Affliction, its Opportunity. In one of the famous lace-shops of Brussels there are certain retired rooms devoted to the spinning of the finest and most delicate lace patterns. These rooms are altogether darkened, save for the light from one small window falling directly upon the pattern. There is only one spinner in the room, and he sits where the narrow stream of light falls upon the threads he is weaving. "Thus," you are told by your guide, "do we secure our

choicest products. Lace is always more delicately and beautifully woven when the worker himself is in the dark and only his pattern is in the light."

Does not the same beautiful and mysterious result appear in work of any kind, when surrounding shadows compel the toiler to fix his attention solely upon the task in hand—the task upon which falls the concentrated light of life? When a soul finds itself shut in by disappointments, trials, bereavements, disciplines or physical limitations to its divinely appointed task, the one thing it is best fitted to do or teach in this world, how marvelously the pattern is wrought! What new power and beauty appear in both work and character! That one small window through which falls the light of Heaven full upon our task is, how often, the essential condition of highest achievement!—*The Continent*.

81. Affliction, Kiss of God in. The other day, in the midst of the hurrying traffic of a great thoroughfare, an old, poverty-stricken woman was leading a blind youth by the hand. He had a battered concertina hung round his neck. His face was marred, plain to ugliness; he had the look of one but half-witted. But he was clearly her son. There was the same face, the same contour of form, though he was slightly the taller. They came along, she impassive and heedless of everything but her charge. Suddenly they stopped, and, moved by some impulse, she leaned forward and kissed him tenderly. Few noticed it, but there was content in the face of the blind fellow, and a firmer grip of the sole hand that upheld and guided him. Some of us in our blindness and loneliness have felt the kiss of God and the pressure of his hand. We are content that the crowd eager for novelty should sweep by, assured that all that they can find or give is worthless in exchange for Love that passes knowledge.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

82. Affliction Looked Wrongly Upon. Dr. G. F. Pentecost tells about going to see a parishioner who was in deep affliction. He found her embroidering a sofa pillow cover. He asked her to let him take it in his hand. He purposely turned it on the wrong side, and then remarked to her that it did not seem beautiful to him, and that he wondered why she should be wasting her time upon it. "Why, Dr. Pentecost," she replied, "you are looking at the wrong side! Turn it over." "That is just what you are doing," he replied; "you are looking

at the wrong side of God's workings with you." Down here we are looking at the tangled side of God's providence; but he has a plan—here a stitch and there a movement of the shuttle—and in the end a beautiful work.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

83. Affliction Needed. A young man had worked for years to establish himself as a peach grower and had invested his all in a small peach orchard which bloomed bounteously—then came the frost. He didn't go to church the next Sunday, nor the next, nor the next. His minister went to hunt him up and inquired the reason. The discouraged young fellow exclaimed: "No, and what is more, I'm not coming any more. Do you think I can worship a God who loves me so little that he will let a frost kill all my peaches?" The old minister looked at him a moment in silence, and then replied kindly: "Young man, God loves you better than he does your peaches. He knows that while peaches do better without frosts, it is impossible to grow the best men without frosts. His object is to grow the best men, not peaches."—REV. J. F. COWAN, D.D.

84. Affliction, Not God's Desertion. When we are bowed down with grief and care, when it seems as if there were "no use trying," when everything is black, we may well think of the word of an old colored mammy, who, after listening to a speech of Frederick A. Douglas, in which he pictured in disheartening terms the outlook for the negro rose and said solemnly, "Frederick, is God dead?"

If you and I, at times, act as if we thought he were, then by just so much are we marring the fair page of our Christian strivings. Look up, "Behind the clouds is the sun still shining." How can it be otherwise when God reigns and is in his heavens?—E. ROOT.

85. Affliction Overruled for Good. Dr. Moon of Brighton, England, at the very height of all his mental powers and acquisitions, became totally blind. At first there was constant rebellion against God. "What are all my powers worth now, when I am shut up here and the whole world shut out?" But Dr. Moon began to ask himself if it was possible that he might help blind men to read the Word of God; and while his own eyes were sightless, he invented the Moon System, or alphabet. And that has gone now into twenty different countries, and has assimilated to itself the languages of

those countries, and from three to four millions of blind people all over the world are reading the Word of God in their native tongues, because Dr. Moon's eyes became blind under the providence of God.

86. Affliction Overruled for Good. A picture represents a boat laden with cattle being ferried across an angry, swollen river in a time of storm. Judging from the threatening clouds and the play of the treacherous lightning, one would conclude that the poor dumb cattle were marked for destruction. But the title of the painting is simply: Changing Pastures. Many times we imagine that God's plans mean disaster and affliction, but he is simply "changing pastures" for our good and the welfare of our brethren.

87. Affliction Overruled for Good. A foreign substance finding entrance within the shell of an oyster hurts its sensitive body. Unable to expel it, the oyster covers it with a secretion that polishes its surface, rounds it into a sphere, and when the oyster dies, a pearly gem is revealed, flashing all the tints of the skies. Is not the exquisite jewel worth unspeakably more than the pain? Paul's thorn in the flesh thus grew, by Divine grace and comfort, into a flashing diamond for his eternal crown of rejoicing.

A mother in the far East, who had given back to heaven her two little ones, was visited by a friend, who told her of a story of a rich king, who once gave a beautiful pearl to a poor woman. This treasure gave her exceeding joy; her chief care was to keep it safe. One day the king came and took the pearl into his hands and carried it away with him. The lonely woman wept in her sorrow, fearing she had been unfaithful. Then the king came and gave her a diamond, filled with beautiful sunlight. This she kept longer than the pearl, and it filled her with delight. One day, the king said, "My daughter, give me the diamond; I have need of it." She pleaded piteously, but at last yielded and her treasure was gone. Soon after, the king invited her to his palace. On entering a beautiful room, she saw both the pearl and the diamond in splendid settings, far more brilliant than when she surrendered them. Then the king said, "Look into this glass." She looked and saw a crafty counterfeiter taking from her house the pearl and diamond, and putting in their place a base imitation.

The king said, "This would have happened if I had not removed the gems to my palace."

The sorrowing mother realized by this story that the heavenly Father knows when best to call the pearls of the household into his palace, where he may keep them safely for our homecoming. He sees what pearls of purity are forming in sorrowing hearts, when we are longing for the angel children. He knows in what a little while he will return them to our arms.

Is it not well to remember that we reap the best harvest when we sow in tears and that one day we will return, bringing our sheaves with us; that storms make us more quickly seek the harbor; that the cross of affliction, it is said, is the best piece of furniture in the household.—REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

88. Affliction, Perfection by. As the musician tightens the strain on his viol strings, yet is careful not to snap them asunder, but only to secure a sweeter melody and better accord, so, says Cawdray, God through affliction makes his own children more perfect instruments for his service here and in the life to come.

89. Affliction, Purpose of Good. God's dealings are right and good for all his people. Sometimes we are helped by being hurt. A skilled physician about to perform a delicate operation on the ear said reassuringly to the patient, "I may hurt you, but I will not injure you." How often the Great Physician speaks to us that same message if we would only listen! Richer life, more abundant health, for every child of his, is his only purpose. Why defeat that purpose?—*Sunday School Times.*

90. Affliction Reveals Character. A few years ago, in Newark, a large building was under construction. While they were building they had erected a high boarding around the lower story. Then along came the bill poster and covered this boarding with the fantastic posters that catch the eyes of children. One day our little girl came home from school and said, "Oh, papa, they are tearing down the building up here." I said, "I guess not." "Oh, yes, they are." I took her by the hand and we walked back and I saw what had happened. The building had been completed, and when they wanted to reveal its beauty and its adaptability for life and use they had torn away the boarding. A great sorrow, a great disappointment, comes. What

does it mean? That God is tearing down the building? Oh, no, God says, "My child, I am just tearing away the boarding that the world may see the real building, your character, your life."—*Record of Christian Work.*

91. Affliction, Singing in. The habit of the thistle-bird, which always sings persistently when in trouble of any sort, is a good one to imitate. A gentleman living in the village of Silver Creek, Nebraska, had heard under his window, for many successive days, the persistent song of one of those little birds, and finally called the song to the attention of a naturalist friend who constantly studied birds and their ways. Upon investigating the source of the notes, the friend discovered that the thistle-bird was a captive in its nest. A ladder was brought and bird and nest were taken down for examination. One leg of the little prisoner had become entangled in the wool which formed the nest's lining, and it took twenty minutes of painstaking effort before the leg was freed. When this was done, the spectators were greatly surprised to see the bird fly away a trifle unsteadily but apparently not at all injured. The bird's parents or some of its feathered friends had kept it supplied with food during its captivity. But the remarkable part of the story is that its habit of singing was the cause of its release.—*St. Nicholas.*

92. Affliction, Songs in. Some of the best friends a minister has are other ministers. One of the best friends I ever had, a minister now gone to his reward, once told about calling by invitation to see a sick friend in a city hospital. He was told that the patient for whom he made inquiry was in the sun-parlor. "Would he go up to it? He thought he would. He certainly would like to go anywhere away from this reek of iodoform. A page in many buttons offered to go up with him and show him the way. He passed in the elevator many sick rooms through whose open doors he caught sight of pale, bedridden invalids, weary nurses and feebly pacing convalescents. But when the elevator stopped and its iron-plated, fire-proof door was opened, he found himself in a veritable palm-garden and his friend, sitting in a wheel-chair smilingly waiting his approach. He did not preach a sermon then and there, but he made a mental note of the fact that even to a hospital, filled with evidences of suffering and distress, there is a sun-parlor bent over by the sky

and overlooking city and sea—if you only go high enough.”

I wonder if we all realize that these shut-ins have much spiritual power and influence which can be exerted even while thus closeted apart from the world?—H.

93. Affliction, Strength in. A young wife, suddenly bereaved, was walking the floor in helpless and bewildered agony. Finally she turned to the group of would-be comforters, sitting in silence, and pleaded, “Oh, pray for me. Pray that I may understand it.” One of the women threw her arms around her and replied: “No, dear, let us not pray to understand it. Let us just pray for strength to hold on; for faith to help us until we see the light.”—*Youth's Companion*.

94. Affliction, Sympathy in. During one of Queen Victoria's visits to Scotland she heard of a poor woman whose child was stricken by a sad accident. It melted her mother-heart and she went to the hut of the humble peasant. Her visit gave new life to the mother so that the neighbors marveled at her resignation. She was asked the reason of it. She replied: “The Queen's visit lifted me above my sorrows.” Then she was asked: “What did the Queen say? What did she give? What did she do?” Her answer was: “The Queen said nothing; the Queen gave nothing; the Queen did nothing. She was so broken down that she cried with me as though her heart would break.” Sympathy like that will win the lost and help the troubled anywhere.

95. Affliction, Test by. A jeweler will tell you that an imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone, but sometimes the inexperienced eye cannot detect the difference. A simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation diamond is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles even under water and is visible. The contrast between the two when under the water will be apparent to the least experienced eye. Many of us have failed at the “water test.” God places us under the waters of trouble, and we no longer shine for him. But if our faith is true, we shall shine even under the water.—*Sunday Circle*.

96. Affliction, Teaching Us to Sing. Before the war the majority of our singing canaries came from Germany. Just as we depended upon that country for dyes and drugs, so we relied upon Germany to send us our feathered songsters. The people of the Hartz mountains made

a business of training canaries, employing small orchestras to play such arias as “The Bird Song” from Pagliacci, and other compositions containing bird notes, to thousands of fledglings which were assembled in dark rooms, in order that nothing might distract any bird's attention while it was being taught to sing. The melodies were played over and over again daily, until the canaries had acquired their beautiful scales.

When the war came on and Germany sent no more canaries, a breeder of birds in Harlem, so we are told, invented a mechanical teacher to take the place of the trained birds formerly available. This instrument was a sort of a graphophone which played trills, rolls, chirrups, etc. To a reporter the inventor's wife said: “We run this ‘professor bird’ for three-quarters of an hour four times a day. The pupils practice their lessons in the intervals. Canaries do not copy what they have heard like parrots, but they improvise. The mechanical device serves as giving suggestion or inspiration. Each songster then gives his impression of what singing should be, warbling in his own individual manner.”

But the importance of covering the cage, or placing the birds in a dark room, is mentioned as of special importance.

Many of the sweetest joys of Christian hearts are songs which they have learned in the bitterness of trial. Their experience may be likened to that of the Hartz Mountain canaries, or to that familiar case of another little bird that never would learn the song the master would have him sing while the cage was full of light. There was too much to take his attention. He would listen to the many voices and learn a snatch of one song, a trill of another, a polyglot of all the songs in the grove, but never a separate and entire melody of his own. But the master at last covered the cage he was in and made it dark all about him. Then he listened to the one song he was to sing, and tried and tried again, until at last his heart was full of it. Then when he had caught the melody, his cage was uncovered and he went on singing it sweetly ever after in the light.

It is often with our hearts as with that bird. Many of the loveliest songs of peace and trust and hope God's children sing in this world they have been taught in the hushed and darkened chambers of sorrow. But once having learned them in the shadows they continue to sing them ever after in the light.—H.

97. Affliction, The Afterward of. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward (we need to have regard to the afterward of trial) it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby."

Like the photographer with his picture, God brings out in many a life its loveliest beauties while the curtain is drawn and the light of day shut out. The darkness does not tell of displeasure; it is only the shadow of the wing of Divine love folded down over us for a little, while the Master adds some new touch of loveliness to the picture he is bringing out in our souls.

Now this is the lesson we all need to learn from the disciplines of life. They are intended not to hinder but to help us, not to cast us down but to lift us up. "I never saw until I was blind," exclaimed a man who had neglected spiritual things until this affliction came upon him. Many a man never found himself until he lost his all. Adversity stripped him only to discover him, impoverished him only to make him rich. Many a man has been ruined into salvation. The lightning which smote his dearest hopes opened up a new rift in his dark life revealing possibilities in his nature of patience and endurance and trust he never dreamed he possessed before. It is a solemn prayer and yet one we should all be ready to offer:

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me."

—H.

98. Affliction, The Ministry of. At some convention meetings at a sanatorium in North China, a young American surgeon was wheeled in on a spinal carriage, and sat there in most of the meetings. His arm was bound up, and he looked a wreck. I was told the story of that man, one of the most brilliant young surgeons who had ever been sent out by his Board in America to serve in China. He arrived just at the beginning of the terrible Boxer year, and ere he had been in China four months he had received such wounds, and in particular such wounds to his operating hand, that he could never again hold an operating knife, and all the preparation, all the diligence, all the sacrifice of past years seemed to have gone by the board. Now

listen! I expressed my sympathy to the leading member of his mission at that loss. He said to me: "Mr. Holden, that man has done more by his life of enforced inactivity, that man has done more to show what Christ is by his disability, than he could possibly have done by his surgery; that man has been a greater blessing in our mission than anything we have to record of God's goodness since the mission was founded!"—REV. J. STUART HOLDEN, D.D.

99. Affliction, Use of. There is a beautiful figure in one of Wordsworth's poems of a bird that is swept from Norway by a storm. And it battles against the storm with desperate effort, eager to get back to Norway. But all is vain, and so at last it yields, thinking that the gale will carry it to death—and the gale carried it to sunny England, with its green meadows and its forest glades. Ah, how many of us have been like that little voyager, fretting and fighting against the will of God! And we thought that life could never be the same again when we were carried seaward by the storm. Until at last, finding all was useless perhaps, and yielding to the wind that bloweth where it listeth, we have been carried to a land that was far richer, where there were green pastures and still waters.—G. H. MORRISON.

100. Affliction, Use of. In the great iron foundries, in making Bessemer steel, the process of purification is watched through a spectroscope, in which the changing colors of the flames show exactly when the metal is perfectly ready for its uses. When the flame becomes a certain precise shade of color then the great crucible is tilted and the metal poured into molds. So the great Divine Refiner, the loving Christ, sits down by the crucible of our discipline and chastening, watches intently to see when the fire has done its work; and when this is reached, the metal is removed from the flames. Not a pang, a pain, or a sorrow that is not necessary to our purifying, will he permit.

101. Afflictions Clarify. Afflictions clarify the soul.—QUARLES.

102. Afflictions not Punishment. Extraordinary afflictions are not always the punishment of extraordinary sins, but sometimes the trial of extraordinary graces.—MATTHEW HENRY.

103. Afflictions Promote. Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions.—MATTHEW HENRY.

104. Afterglow Lacking. A match

company advertises one brand of matches as having "no afterglow," and, therefore, not so liable to cause fire when thrown aside after lighting. That suggests, by contrast, the fact that there is no afterglow in the lives of some Christians whom the minister is called upon to bury. They were honest and decent enough as citizens, and there were some other admirable traits in their lives, but there was no warm, helpful, cheering "afterglow." Nobody ever became "hungry" to know of Jesus Christ with his comforting, thrilling companionship because of their passionate witness for him. They had missed something. They had come to Kadesh-Barnea and turned back into the drab monotony of "wilderness life." They had not gone on. Wilderness life has no "afterglow." What is admirable for matches is tragedy for character. Is there a glow in your life for him now? Then there will be an afterglow.

105. Afterward, The. "Father," says a little girl in one of George Macdonald's poems, "What is poetry?" And the father answers, "One of the most beautiful things that God has ever made." Then he shows her some poetry, but she does not see its beauty. It is not beautiful to her eyes, as her mother is beautiful, or the flowers, or the stars. The father closes the book, telling her she must wait till she is older, and then she will love poetry for its loveliness.

It is only "afterward" that many of life's strange happenings are understood by us. Jesus one day had been talking to his disciples of the cross, with its agony and shame, that lay before him. No wonder that they were startled and dismayed. But "after these sayings," he took the three who formed the inner circle of the twelve, and showed them the glory of the Transfiguration.

106. Age. See also **Old Age.**

107. Age and Feeling. Age . . . is a matter of feeling, not of years.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

108. Age, Classified. There are three classes into which all the women past seventy years of age, that ever I knew, were to be divided: 1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch.—COLERIDGE.

109. Age, Happiness of. "How old are you?" a little German boy once asked Dean Stanley. "Sixty," was the answer. "Why," said the child, "all your life is over." "No," was the answer, "the best time is yet to come."

110. Age, Happy. As sailing into port

is a happier thing than the voyage, so is age happier than youth; that is, when the voyage from youth is made with Christ at the helm.—REV. J. PULSFORD.

111. Age, Lovely. Childhood itself is scarcely more lovely than a cheerful, kindly, sunshiny old age.—MRS. L. M. CHILD.

112. Age, Signs of.

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless of my dress;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing,—yes,—
I'm growing old.

—SAXE.

113. Age, Slowly Discovered. The easiest thing for our friends to discover in us, and the hardest thing for us to discover in ourselves, is that we are growing old.—H. W. SHAW.

114. Age Transfigured. One's age should be tranquil, as one's childhood should be playful; hard work, at either extremity of human existence, seems to me out of place; the morning and the evening should be alike cool and peaceful; at midday the sun may burn, and men may labor under it.—DR. ARNOLD.

115. Age, Unhappy. There is nothing more disgraceful than that an old man should have nothing to produce as a proof that he has lived long except his years.—SENECA.

116. Age Unwelcome. Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.—SWIFT.

117. Age, Young in Spirit. If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should not grow old.—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

118. Aged Christian. An aged Christian, with the snow of time on his head, may remind us that those points of earth are whitest which are nearest heaven.—CHAPIN.

119. Aged, Treat Lovingly. I feel I am growing old for want of somebody to tell me that I am looking as young as ever. Charming falsehood! There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.—LANDOR.

120. Agnostic, Creed of.

Some people think the sky is blue,
And morn is bright with fragrant dew;
I can not tell!

That earth is fair in sunset's glow,
That flowers are sweet, it may be so,

I seem to love them well!

Some people think that two and two

Are four; I really wish I knew,

The point to clear!

But what is clear or dark to me,

Since all I do, and all I see;

May be illusion sheer?

They talk in glowing terms of love,
And of the heart, what may that prove?—

A mere machine,

The blood's swift flow to equalize.

Yet wife, and child, and friend, we prize,

Sweet phantoms these, I ween!

Something there is, that faith they call,

A golden chain that circles all,

And, by God's grace,

Links earth with heaven, and makes life
plain;

We grope in twilight—'twere a gain

To reach some stable place!

And there is death, a wondrous change!

As though a butterfly should range

Beyond the sky!

Another world? I can conceive

It might be blest could one believe.

Were it worth while to try?

We own a God; the wraith we crown

Is Doubt; and on a shadow-throne,

In vacancy.

He sits supreme; but all is naught!

Since I must think thought is not
thought!

And I may not be I!

—UNIDENTIFIED.

121. Agnosticism Answered. A clergyman was once accosted by a doctor, a professed deist, who asked him: "Do you follow preaching to save souls?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a soul?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the doctor, "there are four of the five senses against one upon the question whether there be a soul."

The clergyman then asked: "Are you a doctor of medicine?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a pain?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," said the clergyman, "there are also four of the senses against one upon the question whether there be a pain. And yet, sir, you know that there is a pain and I know that there is a soul."

122. Aim. See also **Success in Life.**

123. Aim, Divided. He who begins by halving his heart between God and mammon will end by being whole-hearted for the world and faint-hearted for Christ. We are so constituted that it is impossible for us to exercise a divided allegiance; we must be out-and-out for God, or we shall be in-and-in for the world and all its interests.—A. J. GORDON, D.D.

124. Aim, Persistent. A young woman was struggling to get an education. She had to drop out for a year on account of sickness in the family. Her class passed on. Twice again she lost her class by having to stop. Discouraged? Not in the least. She kept sweet, kept taking a fresh start, kept pushing ahead. "I'll get there." And she did, with honor. Instead of falling down over obstacles, she made stepping stones of them.

125. Aim, Singleness of. The captain of an ocean steamer is in charge of 1,500 people, and has authority over a thousand activities. But his great business is to get his ship alongside the pier at New York, safely at any cost, and as swiftly as may be. That one business settles many questions which might otherwise trouble the captain. He looks at every subject which claims his attention, and asks, "Will it hinder?" "If not, will it help?" And those questions keep his life properly narrow, so that it stays in its rightful channel. And this is exactly what singleness of aim does for the Christian. Without such unity of purpose the distractions of worldliness will overwhelm him, and the purity of his life will be lost.

126. Aim, The Highest. When a student was anticipating his first appearance in the intercollegiate games, a friend said, by way of encouragement, "If you do not get the gold medal, you may win the silver one." The reply came quickly: "I never try for a second prize."

127. Aim, The Importance of. At a certain place in the Alps there is a monument to a guide who had perished

when attempting to make the ascension of the mountain. The simple inscription on the stone is, "He died climbing." It is a noble tribute to a heroic man. He was in the line of his duty. His face was forward and upward. Higher and higher was his aim, not in a vain ambition, but in the line of duty. Without fault of his own he fell, the sacrifice to duty. Not lost, but living still, his simple monument telling the story of a life of pure and high aims, that shrank not from perils and death when he heard the call. "He died climbing." The words are an inspiration to men everywhere, an example that calls others to the same faith, even though it may have the same perils.

128. Allegiance. *See also Confessing Christ; Loyalty; Independence Day.*

129. Allegiance Divided. If I divide my time, my strength, and my means between these worldly things and the service of Jesus Christ, by a well-known law I simply neutralize the good by the evil; nay, even worse, for a little folly destroys much good, as a single particle of permanganate will deeply tinge a glass of water clear as crystal.

130. Alliance With King. *See God, Making Alliance With.*

131. Altar, Family. In the life of John G. Paton we are told that the custom of morning and evening prayer was ever maintained in his father's household. Until the day of his death, at seventy-seven years, he failed not, and when the last day of his life came, he was heard repeating the Psalms and breaking forth into prayer, and John G. Paton says: "I never can remember that any day ever passed when this was omitted. No hurry for the market, no rush for business, no arrival of friends, no trouble or joy, ever prevented our kneeling about the altar while the high-priest led us to God, and offered himself and his children there. The worst woman in the town where we lived crept up to the window and heard my father pleading for sinners in his prayer, and was saved."—REV. O. F. MERRILL.

132. Altar, The Family. Every father should be a Christian, and every Christian father should be God's priest at the family altar. It is said of John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides, that he testified to the lifelong influence of his father's prayers. "I have got my last boy into the kingdom," once wrote a Highland minister. "Tell me all about it," said his father to the boy at the

church examination. "It was your family worship, father," the boy replied. Commenting on this incident, the Rev. F. W. Sweet writes (in the *Christian Herald*): "The child which does not have the example and memory of family prayer has been robbed by its own father." Does a "family robber" live in your home?

133. Altruism not New. "Altruism" is not a twentieth-century discovery; thirty-four centuries ago it was enacted: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

134. Ambition. *See also Success In Life; Service.*

135. Ambition, A Noble. Here is Henry Ward Beecher's idea of ambition: "A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration; the other, ambition. Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man aspires." But of course the word "ambition" may be applied to noble aims, too.

Listen again to Mr. Beecher: "Men are not so much mistaken in desiring to advance themselves as in judging what will be an advance and what the right method of it. An ambition that has conscience in it will always be a laborious and faithful engineer. The liberty to go higher than we are is given only when we have fulfilled amply the duties of our present sphere. Men rise upon their performances, not upon their discontent."

136. Ambition, A Noble. Alice Freeman Palmer used to say that she wanted to put herself into people. Her consuming ambition was to influence young people for good and to encourage her students to follow the highest ideals. Her words express her own noble ambition: "You want to put yourself into people. They touch other people, these touch still others, and so you go on working forever."—W. J. HART, D.D.

137. Ambition, A Worth-while. It is one of those psychological miracles which are constantly enriching life that a man should prefer Labrador to London, and missionary work among the poor and uneducated to medical practice in the great, cultivated capital. And yet, because Doctor Grenfell thus chose, a whole people has been lifted to a higher and more comfortable plane of living. Labrador is Dr. Grenfell's empire.—W. J. HART, D.D.

138. Ambition, An Honest. One of the old artists was chiseling with great pains on the back part of a statue. "Why do

you carve so carefully the tresses on the back of your statue?" asked one; "it will stand high in its niche against the wall, and no one will ever see its back." "The gods will see it," was the reply. We should do our work just as honestly where it will be covered up and never seen by human eyes as where it is to be open to the scrutiny of the world; for God will see it.—DR. J. R. MILLER.

139. Ambition, Cultivate. At a lecture a young man was almost startled with the words, "Young man, if you can't be first, be foremost." This became his ambition. He knew that there were others cleverer than he was, but he determined to be among the first at least.

140. Ambition, Consecrated. When Spurgeon was beginning to feel conscious of the wonderful powers with which God had endowed him, he was one day walking across a common and seemed to hear a voice speaking to his innermost consciousness these words: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." Mr. Spurgeon accepted the words as they flashed into his mind as a divine message, and from that time made a fuller consecration of himself to God.—*Sunday-School Chronicle.*

141. Ambition, Dangerous. Apollo promised Phaëthon to grant him any favor he might ask. He prayed that he might be allowed to drive the chariot of the sun for one day. Apollo tried to dissuade him, but in vain. He was not able to control the fiery horses. They departed from their usual track, and heaven and earth were threatened with a universal conflagration. Jupiter perceived the danger and struck Phaëthon with a thunderbolt.

142. Ambition, Effect of. It was the ambition of a young man to own one of the fine farms he saw as he drove a team with grain to the market. With an ambition to do his best he became Governor of Ohio and a United States Senator for repeated terms. It was the ambition of a good man to be president of a large college. He filled such a position for sixteen years. It was the ambition of a youth on a flatboat on the Ohio River to own a fine farm he saw in his travels back and forth on the water. He saw the day when he was the rightful owner of that farm.—REV. L. D. CHAPIN.

143. Ambition, Failure of.

I'm tired of sailing my little boat

Far inside of the harbor bar;

I want to be out where the big ships float—

Out on the deep, where the great ones are!

And should my frail craft prove too slight

For storms that sweep those wide seas o'er,

Better go down in the stirring fight

Than drowse to death by the sheltered shore!

—DAISY RINEHART.

144. Ambition, False. In an old fable there was a magic skin, the wearing of which would get a person everything he wished. But each wish that was granted shrank the skin; and by and by, when the wearer got what he wished, the skin squeezed his breath out. The fable is true. The magic skin is false ambition. Every time the false ambition is attained, the person shrinks. On the other hand, every time we promote a true ambition there is an expanding of the whole nature, and an enriching of the whole being. A man in one of our large cities was worth several hundred thousand dollars, but he was so miserly that he denied himself the comforts of life, not even allowing himself sufficient food and a comfortable bed. He had lived wholly for self, and just before he died he asked prayer for himself, saying: "I have made the great mistake of putting the wrong things first in life. I have sought the chief seats, but I didn't know what they were."

145. Ambition, Proud. One of Æsop's fables says that there was a tortoise once that was very unhappy because he had no wings and could not fly. As he saw the eagles and other birds having a good time floating through the air he said to himself, "Oh, if I only had wings, as those birds have, so I could rise up into the air and sail about there as they do, how happy I should be!" One day, the fable says, he called to an eagle and offered him a great reward if he would only teach him how to fly. "I never shall be happy," said the tortoise, "till I get wings and fly about in the air as you do." The eagle told him he had no wings to give him and did not know how to teach him to fly. But the tortoise pressed him so earnestly, and made him so many promises that finally the eagle said, "Well, I'll try what I can do. You get on my back, and I'll carry you up in the air, and we'll see what can be done."

So the tortoise got on the back of the eagle. Then the eagle spread out his wings and began to soar aloft. He went

up and up till he had reached a great height. Then he said to the tortoise: "Now, get ready. I'm going to throw you off, and you must try your hand at flying." So the eagle threw him off, and he went down and down and down till at last he fell upon a hard rock and was dashed to pieces. Proud ambition to fly has cost many people their lives.

146. Ambition for Service. When William Carey heard that his son Felix had become an ambassador, he simply said, "Felix has drive into an ambassador." Though the world would rank young Carey higher than his father, it would be well to remember that ambition for the honors of the world should be as nothing compared to ambition for whole-hearted service for Christ.

147. Ambition, Have a High. Spurgeon draws a lesson from an exercise taught by a professor of the art of growing taller. The professor advised his pupils to reach as high as ever they could, first thing in the morning, and each morning to try to reach a little higher than the day before, even if only the hundredth part of an inch.

Some of us need to be taught to reach a little higher. We are aiming too low. Our ambitions circle around the things of time. We want to succeed, to earn a competency, to have a beautiful home and the comforts of life. Good enough, but too low. Our ambition must rise to aspiration, and the aim of our desire must be eternal things, character and love, which endure forever.

Ambition must never be allowed to foster discontent. No man, says Henry Ward Beecher, rises on discontent, but on performance. While reaching higher we must dig deep foundations for the structure we hope to raise. The way upward lies through the duty of to-day.

When Louis Napoleon was in prison and everybody laughed at his foolish attempts upon France, he kept saying: "Who knows? I am the nephew of my uncle, and I may yet sit upon the imperial throne." And he did. Who knows what we may become if we aim right and act right? It is worth while to try for the highest and the best.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

148. Ambition in a Class Motto. Dr. Henry van Dyke tells of a graduating class, which, holding its commencement in a church, put upon the walls the class motto, "Whither Bound?" To the people that came to the church that afternoon to a funeral service the motto, which had

been left standing, was solemnly suggestive. We are bound for a far country. It is folly to take chart, compass, supplies, and pilot only for the harbor's mouth.—REV. EDWARD B. BAGBY.

149. Ambition, Sanctified. Ambition for country is patriotism. Ambition for mankind is philanthropy. Lord Shaftesbury was a philanthropist. He was the champion of all good causes. Philanthropy was his passion. One who knew him says of him: "One principle consecrated his whole life. The love of God constrained him to the service of men, and no earthly object or consideration, however natural, innocent or even laudable, was allowed, for a moment, to interpose itself between him and the supreme purpose for which he lived. He was by nature a man of keen ambition, and yet he twice refused office in the House, once in the chief secretaryship and three times a seat in the Cabinet, because acceptance would have hindered him in his social legislation and philanthropic business."—REV. D. L. CHAPIN.

150. Ambition to be Like Christ. We have read of monks of old that shut themselves in their cells and gave themselves to days and years of thought and contemplation of Christ in order that they might become like him. It was their ambition to resemble him, however mistaken they may have been in their methods. Can we find a higher purpose or a harder task?—C. E. World.

151. Ambitions, Daring. Espouse daring ambitions. "Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe," cries Byron. Aim high, for Christ, trust him. "No great deed is done by falterers who ask for certainty," writes George Eliot.

Do not admit defeat. When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of his enemies and they asked in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" he placed his hand upon his heart and answered, "Here!" With Christ all things are possible.

Be ambitious for character. "It is better that great souls should live in mean habitations than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses." What if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls?

Be ambitious for knowledge. "If a man empties his purse into his head," writes Franklin, "no man can take it from him." But let us first seek knowledge of God, without whom we can never understand anything aright.—C. E. World.

152. Ambitions, Questioning Them. There remains just one allowable ambition. It is twofold; to be the most and best that we can be; to do the most and best that we can do. And how can this lofty ambition ever be realized?

Never by the works or efforts of depraved, impotent human nature,—impotent because sin-paralyzed. But abundantly, gloriously, omnipotently realized by letting God do for us that which our ambition craves. And when we say “by letting God do for us,” we mean the marvels of what he means by his grace,—his grace through Jesus Christ.

How can we be the most and the best? By letting Christ become our life, our actual being. And how can we do this? By receiving him as our Saviour from the awful penalty and paralysis of our sin. When he becomes our Saviour, he takes us into literal, organic union with himself, grafting us into himself, as a branch into a vine; and now he and we are one life, one Spirit; our life is indeed the Best and the Most, for “I have been crucified with Christ, and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me.” Nothing less than God’s best can satisfy our best ambitions; and Christ is God’s best, and Christ is ready to be our life.—*Sunday School Times*.

153. Ambitions, True. True ambition does more than dream; it toils, it climbs. One day a young cigar-maker in Maine dropped into the law court to spend an idle hour. As he listened to the lawyers he decided he, too, would become a lawyer. He toiled for many years before he realized his ambition; but he made good and became a famous attorney. He toiled. That is the secret of success. The upward path means labor.

Dr. William H. Thomson says that after fifty years of study of the devastation and sorrow wrought by tuberculosis bacilli he would rather have the power to cause the tears shed on its account to cease than to be the greatest official or property owner on earth. Surely it is a worthy ambition to alleviate human misery.

A doctor who goes into his profession merely to make money and to rise to fame is choked with what Shakespeare calls “foul ambition.” But one who sees the opportunity to assuage suffering, to heal disease, or to banish it, and so benefit humanity, is taking Christ into his ambition.—*C. E. World*.

154. Ambitions, Worthy. Paul was

ambitious to become a soul-winner (Rom. 10:1). Moody was consumed with the same passion for saving men. So was Jerry McAuley.

Livingstone is an example of a missionary ambitious to plant the cross in the hearts of the heathen world. All missionaries have been ambitious to win the world to Christ. Is it worth while? Why?

There are plenty of business men who have taken Jesus Christ into partnership with them, and will do nothing in business that he would not approve. What a splendid ideal for a young man to set out with—to take Jesus into everything he attempts! How would it affect life and success?

Are we ambitious to build a truly Christian home? That is within our reach; it depends upon ourselves, and, largely, upon how we begin. What constitutes a Christian home? The family altar; reverence for God and his word; kindness; service; generosity; helpfulness.—*C. E. World*.

155. America. See also Independence Day; Thanksgiving.

156. America, Hating. In a Polish village where many of the men had been in America, this dialogue took place a few years ago between a fellowship student of the Home Board and one of the native men:

“How do you like America?”

“I hate your country.”

“Hate it? And why?”

“All they want of us in America is our muscle. I hate it.”

“Ours is a great country. We have the finest school system in the world.”

“That may be. I was never in one of your schools.”

“My country, too, is a land of religion, of churches.”

“I was never in a church in America.”

“Why not?”

“No one asked me to go. I was there six years.”

“Well, what do you think of American homes?”

“I was never in an American home. I slept in a bunk house, ate at an eating house, and worked all the time—seven days a week, twelve hours a day. I went to America a strong man. I came home broken down in health. All your country wants of us is our muscle. I hate it!”

157. American, One Hundred Per Cent. Mary Antin, a fourteen-year-old Jewish girl in a Boston school, felt that Boston Harbor, Crescent Beach, Chelsea

Square, were all hallowed ground to her. She could sing, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and feel it as she felt that God was her father. In her book she tried to interpret this America to other young people. She said: "The young people of America will either accept the crown offered as rulers of the America of tomorrow, or they will grub and wallow among the rubbish, mud and mire when they might be kings and queens."—*The Expositor*.

158. American, The Real. Do you think of the North American Indian as a dying race? Well, you have another guess coming. He is actually increasing in numbers. Modern sanitation and medical science have started him on the road to new racial life and vigor.

But with few exceptions, the white man who has taken the continent has never done his duty by the North American Indian. Consider that when given an education the Indian has become an "intelligent, loyal and useful citizen; that more than ten thousand red-skinned Americans have been serving in Uncle Sam's army; that Indian braves and squaws took ten million of Liberty Bonds in the first two loans."

On the other hand, "sixty per cent. of the Indians are non-Christian, while only half of those who have been converted are Protestants; 260,193 of the 335,998 Indians in the continental United States can neither read nor write, and only one-third of the entire Indian population can speak English."

We have become a great nation on the land of his forefathers, have we no duty to him? The Indian is "coming back." Should not we see that he "comes back" from savagery to Christian civilization?

159. Amplifiers, Through the Holy Spirit. What has been called by one scientist at least, "the most important electrical device that has been developed during the twentieth century," consists of a little vacuum tube amplifier not more than an inch and a half long and a little more than half an inch in diameter, or about as large as a fair sized Georgia peanut.

Already, through its perfectly marvelous amplification of power, as well as sound, it has enabled us to talk around the world without wires, saves ships in fogs, guides aeroplanes, magnifies the human voice a million times so that it can be heard in a perfectly enormous crowd, as was the case when President Harding delivered his inaugural address,

brings sound to the deaf, locates ore and oil deposits, improves the work of X-rays, and promises to do a number of other marvelous things. And all this through the increasing of electrical power which passes through its simple construction.

How suggestive that is of what the power of Christ, through his Holy Spirit, has accomplished and is working in the world! Each simple, consecrated life permitting him to increase his power; each generation amplifying it and passing it on to the following generation; what Light, Liberty and Love shall not this old world yet witness. The single issue with your life and mine is: "Will you let my power, unhindered by self, flow through you?" Let the answer be clear and without fear.—REV. P. J. GILBERT.

160. Amusement Approved. It is exceedingly deleterious to withdraw the sanction of religion from amusement. If we feel that it is all injurious we should strip the earth of its flowers and blot out its pleasant sunshine.—CHAPIN.

161. Amusements. See Happiness.

162. Amusements are Costly. It is said that New York City pays \$6,500,000 yearly to be amused, and \$5,500,000 to be persuaded to right living by her five hundred pulpits. *Zion's Herald*, of Boston, suggests that it would be more creditable if the one million dollars difference were on the side of the church instead of being on the side of the theater. So it would, and if Christian people would withdraw their support from public amusements and give it to the five hundred churches, the difference in favor of the churches would be probably more than a million dollars.—*New York Observer*.

163. Amusements, Card-Playing. Twenty years as a card-player and thirty years of observation give me these answers: (1) It wastes precious time, and leads one from recreation to dissipation. (2) It develops the gambling instinct, as a result of which society indulges freely in games at which a "prize" is offered, and easily tolerates poker-playing for stakes. Judge Moon said in charging the grand jury recently, "In progressive euchre an example is set that is in violation of the law, and is just as demoralizing as gambling." (3) As a broad-gauge Westerner, in a city where gambling was licensed, once said, "Cards are the gambler's implements, and card-playing in a measure identifies one with

that class." (4) It not only dwarfs one's spirituality, but not infrequently destroys his influence. (5) What did the passenger on the wrecked steamer *City of Columbus* mean, as, awaiting death, he threw into the sea a pack of cards, saying, "I do not want to leave the world with these in my pocket"? Conscience and common sense "got in a good deal of work" before I surrendered. When I ceased kicking against the pricks, I had to quit card-playing.—REV. RUFUS B. TOBEY.

164. Amusements, Difficulty of Choosing. There are certain amusements that in themselves are vicious. People find amusement in being cruel—bull-fighting, teasing animals and people—in singing evil songs, in giving way to passion, in gambling. With these the Christian is not troubled; he has settled permanently all questions concerning them. The staggering difficulty in this amusement-dizzy age of ours is to choose the best from among the things that are good, or perhaps, not bad. I have just so many years to live and just so much to do and I cannot afford to waste a minute of time on a thing in itself good, if at the same time I might be doing something better. We must remember that there is "a time for every purpose under heaven." A prayer-meeting might be a sin at a time when a boy or girl ought to be taking his daily exercise and vice versa. Some of the things mentioned by Solomon as having a proper place in our lives meet occasionally with wholesale condemnation from good people who have seen them carried to excess or done at the wrong time. The function of recreation is to recreate, and amusement that goes beyond recreation is not worth while. Recreation rebuilds body, mind and spirit. It is a sin to amuse oneself with anything, however good it may be, that goes beyond this.—BERNARD L. RICE.

164a. Amusements, Dissipations of. The habit of dissipating every serious thought by a succession of agreeable sensations is as fatal to happiness as to virtue; for when amusement is uniformly substituted for objects of moral and mental interest, we lose all that elevates our enjoyments above the scale of childish pleasures.—ANNA MARIA PORTER.

165. Amusements Divert the Mind. After Napoleon Bonaparte had killed the Duke D'Enghien the indignation of the French people was so intense that there was danger of a revolution. The wily Emperor quieted their consciences by

producing for them the most magnificent ballet that Paris had ever seen. They rushed to the theater and forgot their grievances. It is hard for conscience to assert itself when the pleasure-seeking spirit is master.

Everything that any one ought to enjoy, the Christian may enjoy. What is sinful or hurtful to body, mind or soul should not be indulged in by any one, and such indulgence displaces a purer enjoyment. If the young Christian will take Jesus Christ as the umpire of his life, submitting to him his pleasures as well as his duties, his life will be full of light, and the shadows that come will only refresh.—A. C. DIXON, D.D.

166. Amusements, Doubtful. The secular press reports that a set of young men who lead Knobnoster, Mo., society, in making up the invitation list for a ball, included the names of all the ministers in the town, never dreaming one of them would attend. At 10 o'clock in the evening, however, while the ball was in full swing, the Rev. T. H. Brigham, Methodist, and the Rev. Frank Russell, Cumberland Presbyterian, both earnest opponents of dancing, put in appearances. The music stopped, the dancing ceased, and while the merrymakers wondered, Mr. Russell produced a Bible and began reading. When he had done Mr. Brigham dropped to his knees and offered up a fervent prayer. The services lasted half an hour, and practically broke up the ball. All of which goes to show that righteousness and unrighteousness do not grow from the same tree, and hence, every tree is known by the fruit it bears.

167. Amusements, Doubtful. We should make life confession. The British consul at Colon, Panama, says: "One of the most effective answers I have heard to the oft-recurring question of doubtful amusements in the Christian's life was that given at a Question Meeting at Keswick Convention some years ago by a speaker who quoted a conversation between a worldly church-member and her pastor. The worldly one, defending her practices, said, 'But, Mr. X., I can take Jesus Christ with me to the theater and ballroom.' To which the pastor quietly replied: 'Indeed, is that so? You can take Jesus with you. I did not know that was the order—that it was yours to lead and his to follow.'"

168. Amusements, Doubtful. "I think a Christian can go anywhere," said a young woman who was defending her continual attendance at some doubtful

places of amusement. "Certainly she can," rejoined her friend, "but I am reminded of a little incident which happened last summer when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide to the party. "Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine?" she asked, petulantly. "Yes, mum," returned the old man, "there is nothing to keep you from wearing a white frock down there, but there will be considerable to keep you from wearing one back."

169. Amusements Given Up for Better Things. A man who was seeking to become a Christian bemoaned the lot that would come to him if he gave himself to Christ. "I shall have to give up so much!" he said. "There are many things I can do now that I can't do then." "But," said a Christian brother, "there are many things that you can't do now. You cannot eat mud or drink it." "No," replied the man; "but I don't want to do a thing like that." "That's just it," was the reply. "And when you become a thoroughgoing Christian, all sin will become distasteful to you. You will not want to commit it."—*Christian Herald*.

170. Amusements, Light Upon. The meetings held by Billy Sunday usually affect conditions in a city for a considerable time. After one of his campaigns, a young girls' club was holding their usual meeting. Several members had "hit the trail." The question under discussion was whether they should hold the monthly dance which had been regularly held previous to this campaign. They prided themselves on the fact that the crowd was made up of "select folks," either brothers or sweethearts of the members. But many of the girls who had "gone forward" spoke in words like this, "No, girls, I cannot dance any more after what I have heard. I am not so afraid of the effect upon myself, but I understand many things now that I never thought of before. I cannot do it again." Finally a girl who had not "hit the trail" arose and said, "Girls, I have not 'hit the trail,' so that does not influence me. But I have learned from hearing what Mr. Sunday has had to say about dancing. I suggest that the club end its dances." This is the best answer to the questions about amusements—to let the Light of the world shine in the heart, for all things are made manifest by the light.

Christ has come to destroy the works of the devil, and no other destructive agency is so powerful.—*Sunday School Times*.

171. Amusements, Mistaken. There is a humorous story of a man who went to an optician's office, and asked for an extra strong pair of glasses. When urged to give the reason for his request, he said that he had been picking blackberries, and had mistaken a bee for a berry, and was about to put it into his mouth when the sting of the bee in his finger gave him a rude awakening.

It seems to me we ought to make a "survey" of the amusement question (we have been surveying almost everything else) to be sure that we are not mistaking bees for blackberries. Certainly some of us are getting stung by the kind of recreations we choose.

Thousands of people are demanding more amusement, even in the church. Millions of dollars are being spent without knowing whether we are getting the real thing or only a sham. In the absence of a science of recreation the devil steps in, and takes all the profit and leaves us the froth. "Why," some one asks, "may we not have more of the amusement that strengthens and enliven instead of weakening the mental and moral fiber?"—REV. J. F. COWAN, D.D.

172. Amusements, Popular. Speaking of popular amusements, Dr. Torrey says: "As to the theater, some plays are utterly demoralizing and others are positively wholesome. They put on a good, clean play once in a while to catch green Christians. The question of amusements we must each settle for himself. Shall a Christian dance? Do what you know will please your heavenly Father. If it pleases him to dance, dance. But if I danced on Saturday night, how many would want to hear me preach on Sunday? How many would want to hear me preach the gospel of the living Christ when they knew that I had spent the night before with my arms entwined around some other man's wife? You wouldn't, I wouldn't, none of you would. A ball is the anteroom of something worse. The waltz originated in Paris. It should never have gone any further."

173. Amusements, Questionable. One of the most pertinent and witty queries which we ever found in a question-box was recently discovered, and read somewhat as follows: "Since the way to heaven is a straight and narrow way, can

the Christian get through who carries a large load of playing-cards, dancing-pumps and theater tickets, unless he be a pretty slim sort of a Christian?" The question carries its own answer. Since it is not our province to judge any one, we would not say that such a person never got through the straight and narrow way, but we think it not uncharitable to say that the larger his load of this sort, the "slimmer" he must necessarily be as a Christian when he gets through. Some people seem content to be saved "so as by fire," or, as our friend of the question-box would doubtless put it, "to get into heaven in a very emaciated condition." But that evidently was not our Lord's idea of the Christian life when he said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

174. Amusements, Questionable. A young lady asked, "If I become a real Christian, can I dance and go to the theater if I like?" "Certainly," said the other; "if you like." "But," said she, "I thought all of you Christians looked upon these things as wrong." "I can dance and go to the theater if I like," said the other. "Why don't you do it, then?" she asked with a puzzled look. "Because I don't like," said the other; "for the Lord has taken away my taste and love for these things, and it would make me positively unhappy to engage in them. I find so much pleasure in serving the Lord, and so much joy in the experience of salvation, that I have no love for these worldly things." If a professing Christian loves to do wrong, or even wants to engage in that which is questionable, there is something wrong with his religion. It is right to keep as far away as possible. A clean heart will not dally even with that which is questionable.—*Methodist Protestant.*

175. Amusements, Questions About. Do they rest and strengthen, or weary and weaken the body?

Do they rest and strengthen, or weary and weaken the brain?

Do they make resistance to temptation easier or harder?

Do they increase or lessen love for virtue, purity, temperance and justice?

Do they give inspiration and quicken enthusiasm, or stupefy the intellectual and harden the moral nature?

Do they increase or diminish respect for manhood and womanhood?

Do they draw one nearer to or remove one further from Christ?

176. Amusements, Testimony of. A Chinaman, says the *Christian Advocate*,

applied for the position of cook in a family in one of our western cities. The lady of the house and most of the family were members of a fashionable church, and they were determined to look well after the character of the servants. So, when John Chinaman appeared at the door he was asked:

"Do you drink whisky?"

"No," said he. "I Clistian man."

"Do you play cards?"

"No, I Clistian man."

He was employed and gave great satisfaction. He did his work well, was honest, upright, correct and respectful. After some weeks the lady gave a "progressive euchre" party and had wines at the table. John Chinaman was called upon to serve the party, and did so with grace and acceptability. But next morning he waited on the lady and said he wished to quit work.

"Why, what is the matter?" she inquired.

John answered:

"Clistian man; I told you so before, no heathen. No workee for Melican heathen!"

177. Amusements, Testing of. Amusement and recreation are not chief ends in life; they are means to an end. They either help or hinder the best life of Christ's followers, whether boys and girls or grown men and women. When we recognize this, we have a touch-stone by which to test every form of amusement that is offered to us. To limit our amusements to those that better fit us for our real service in the kingdom is not to make a burden of our amusements, nor to destroy any of that healthy spontaneity which adds so much to our best enjoyment. With no lack of whole-souled relaxation and abandonment to amusement for the time being, one can say, as one ought to say, "I will have nothing to do with anything that unfits me for my best work or that dulls my highest moral sense."

There are many games, like tennis, baseball, football, golf, checkers, chess, that call for skill and skill only in their play, and that tend to refresh and recreate one physically and mentally, without interfering spiritually. So it is with recreation or exercise of any sort: if, like walking or riding, reading good fiction, social calls, music, and bright conversation, it is made to contribute to, rather than detract from, one's best equipment for the service to which Christ calls, his followers may be very sure that

it will have their Master's approval.—*Sunday School Times*.

178. Amusements, Test of. It is said that the Emperor Valentinian was so habitually devoted to the sports of the amphitheater that at length his prime minister was moved to remonstrate with him, saying: "You are neglecting the affairs of state. The empire suffers for your joys." Thereupon the Emperor registered a solemn vow that he would never again cross the threshold of the arena; and history affirms that he never did. It behooves us as Christians to renounce, in like manner, any sort of recreation that does not re-create our wasted energies for better service in the supreme business of the Christian life.—REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.

179. Amusements that Fritter Away Time. Pleasure seeking weakens character and makes it easy for us to be captured and destroyed by evil habits. I have read of some cavalymen who during five or six years of rest taught their horses to dance to the music of the band. It was great sport, but when they were riding into battle and the band began to play, hoping to inspirit the soldiers, the horses stopped in the charge and began to dance. The result was the enemy swept down upon them and conquered them.

Many a man has lost the battle of life for the same reason. He is so possessed by the pleasure-seeking spirit that when he ought to be serious and dutiful he is dancing or gambling or in some other way frittering away his time.—REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.

180. Amusements, The "Feel" of. A counterfeit banknote may be detected more quickly by the hand than by the eye. It often looks much like the real article. The silk fiber of the genuine bills may be imitated quite closely by pen and ink lines; and the photo-engraving process allows for an exact reproduction of the engraving work. The paper, however, used by the government for currency has a distinctive "feel" of its own that no one accustomed to handling money can mistake.

A lady who had received a position in the treasury department at Washington expressed a fear lest she allow bad money to pass undetected. An older employee assured her that she need feel no anxiety since the first time a spurious banknote came into her hand she would know it at once by the "feel," and experience an almost automatic repulsion.

When, in due time, a counterfeit bill did appear on the desk before her she found the prediction to be true. To touch it was enough, in spite of its clever disguise.

How many practices there are which it is hard on first sight to label either morally good or bad! We cannot make out a real case against them, especially when we see them indulged in by many respectable people. We only know that we are not quite comfortable in certain company or following certain pleasures. Some subtle sense tells us that this thing is not helpful to our highest development. The "feel" of the situation is not right. Happy he who is keeping his spirit so sensitive to evil contacts that no noxious practice may steal undetected into his life!

181. Amusements, Those to be Avoided. Amusements should always be avoided when they are associated with any great evil institution. The people of Israel played before the golden calf. Their play was associated with the evil institution of idolatry. Paul said that he could eat meat offered to idols, for he regarded an idol as nothing and it would not, therefore, injure him. He had a right to eat, but he had the higher right which was the right to give up his personal right for the good of the weaker brother. He therefore determined to surrender this right and exercise the higher right of self-denial for the benefit of others.—REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.

182. Amusements, Those to be Avoided. Amusements that injure the body, weaken the mind, or corrupt the morals ought to be avoided. So with amusements that vitiate our joys. The German proverb says, "The good is enemy of the better and the best." Amusement, fun and pleasure may be good; but joy is better. Amusement is the dash of the spray, the sparkle on the surface; joy is the flow of the deep current in the soul. We should not sacrifice the current for the spray or the sparkle. Whenever, therefore, we find that amusement is entrenching upon our joy, we should sacrifice amusement, that joy may be saved.—REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.

183. Amusements, Untimely. The late Dr. Maltbie Babcock was once invited to a social gathering on Saturday evening. He replied: "You see, I am a preacher. I must keep myself in an antiseptic condition for to-morrow's work. I must not allow the edge of

my spiritual sympathies to be dulled by worldly things, for it is my business to preach to living men, and I may at any moment be called to minister to the dying." It should be the business of all Christians to keep themselves in a condition to minister to the living and dying. If we cannot do this and indulge in certain forms of amusement, there is but one thing left for us to do,—cut off the amusement.

184. Amusements with a Margin of Safety. Suppose it should be discovered that the Brooklyn Bridge would bear only one pound weight more than is to be put upon it to-day. The bridge would still be perfectly safe, but the instant this discovery was made the bridge would be shut up at each end. All traffic would be instantly stopped. Why? The bridge is safe. Yes, but the margin is too narrow. There is no preparation for emergency, for unforeseeable strain. This is the way men act for the protection of human bodies. Shall they be less careful, more reckless, blind to essential principles of life, in their care for greater things? Does not the soul need its margin of safety as well as the body?

The man is most dependable who in all things in life stays away from all debatable boundaries and puts a surplus of cleanliness and abstention on his life. It is the man with the margin of whom you know where he is and how much of him is there. Over the boundaries the mists often hang; even when the line is defined the fogs are over it and men who loiter too near it are lost sight of. Human nature is weak, too, and cannot bear too much, and it is dangerous to let it play too near to peril. The utterly and entirely dependable life will stay out and keep itself clear. And the stronger and truer it is the more careful it will be to do this.—*Sunday School Times.*

185. Amusements with Poison. There is an old legend of an enchanted cup filled with poison, and put treacherously into a king's hand. He signed the sign of the cross, and named the name of God over it, and it shivered in his grasp. Do you take this name of the Lord as a test. Name him over many a cup which you are eager to drink of, and the glittering fragments will lie at your feet, and the poison be spilled on the ground. What you cannot lift before his pure eyes and think of him while you enjoy is not for you.

186. Ancestry. A marshal of France

had risen from the ranks to a dukedom by his own ability and perseverance. He was snubbed by some hereditary nobles in Vienna. He retorted, "I am an ancestor, you are only descendants."

187. Anchor, The Best. About the harbor of New York there are some wrecking steamers which spend all their time fishing for anchors. One notable success in anchor fishing was the recovery of the six-ton anchor attached to the United States cruiser *Brooklyn*. The loss was caused by a flaw in one of the links of the cable, and occurred at the Government anchorage off Staten Island while the cruiser was getting under way. Great uncertainty prevailed as to the probable location of the anchor, and the wrecking steamer spent several days dredging before they found it. The best anchor in the world is the anchor that Paul tells about in his letter to the Hebrews, where he says that God has confirmed his promises to us by an oath, that "we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us, which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."

188. Anchor, Short. Some time ago a beautiful boat was launched on Lake Champlain. Shortly afterwards a storm came up and the boat began to drift. The captain ordered the anchor out but the boat continued to drift. Again he thundered the command, "Out with the anchor." They told him the anchor was out, but the boat continued to drift, and eventually went down. The anchor chain was too short.—VANCE.

189. Anger. See Hate; Hatred.

190. Anger Against Evil Only. Anger is implanted in us as sort of sting, to make us gnash with our teeth against the devil, to make us vehement against him, not to set us in array against each other.—SAVAGE.

191. Anger, a Destructive Acid. The storage battery of an automobile does wonderful things; it explodes the gasoline, and so brings to bear the power that moves the car, and it lights the car at night. But all this work depends upon the current of electricity in the battery, and that current depends upon the sulphuric acid there. This acid must be weakened by water, and the water must be kept at a certain height, fresh water being supplied as the old water evaporates. The water is squirted by a rubber "gun" through a dozen holes in the top

of the battery. A man was filling his battery thus when he found he had put in too much water. He sucked some out with the "gun" from each of the twelve holes, and squirted it on the garage floor. Then he put the "gun" into his tool-case. He found the next day the cloth and leather articles in the tool-case eaten to a powder, and great holes eaten in his shoes and the legs of his trousers where the acid-laden water had spattered. Next time he will be more careful.

Moral: Anger is an acid; keep it out of your life.—CALEB COBWEB.

✓**192. Anger Rebuked.** The author of the famous tract, "Come to Jesus," at one time engaged in a theological dispute. He sat down and wrote to some publication of his opponent an answer bristling with sarcasm and invective, sharp and cutting as a razor. Reading it to a friend, the latter remarked, "It is a masterpiece of invective. You fairly flay him alive. What have you decided to call it?" "I have not thought of a title," was the reply; "can you suggest one?" "Well," came the response, "how would it do to call it 'Go to the Devil,' by the author of 'Come to Jesus'?"

193. Anger, a Scourge. Bad temper is its own scourge. Few things are bitterer than to feel bitter. A man's venom poisons himself more than his victim.—CHARLES BUXTON.

194. Angels. See also *Heaven*.

195. Angels, Belief in, Warranted. We have a right to believe in angels. Christ believed in them, and he knew.

The belief in angels is a very comforting one. Angels do not any longer appear among men—that is not necessary, now among men—that is not necessary now that Christ has appeared in the flesh. But we know that angels are watching over us, that they are aiding in the work of Christ's kingdom, and that they are praising God in the courts of heaven. And we know that if we are true to our Redeemer we shall join them there some day.

The word "angel" simply puts into English letters the Greek word for "messenger." Both in the Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Greek of the New Testament the word angel is applied to human messengers. Usually, however, throughout the Bible angels are supernatural, being spirits of a higher order than men. It is not correct, though it is very common, to speak of our loved ones who have passed into the next world as angels. They are with the angels but

they are a different kind of being.—C. E. *World*.

196. Angels Sought. If you woo the company of the angels in your waking hours, they will be sure to come to you in your sleep.—G. D. PRENTICE.

197. Animals, Cruelty to. Robert Louis Stevenson was remonstrating with a person in the street who was ill-treating a dog. "What business is it of yours?" the man retorted. "He ain't your dog." "No, but he's God's dog," Stevenson replied, "and I'm here to protect him."

One ought to protect the dog that cannot protect himself. There is a saying, that "he who beats his horse will beat his wife," which, though it may not be true in particular cases, is nevertheless true in general. The person who inflicts needless pain on "God's dog," is out of touch with the spirit of our Heavenly Father, without whose notice a sparrow does not fall to the ground. Besides, cruelty to dumb animals whether in boy or man, is cultivating those brutal and coarse instincts at the expense of all that is manly and chivalric in his own nature. Not long ago a farmer was fined, because instead of keeping his stable and cows clean and free from flies, he cut off the cow's tails. Surely the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, but a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.

198. Animals, Cruelty to. A gentleman traveling through the western part of the state a few days stopped off to look at a piece of land that was offered for sale at a bargain. In going to the place it was necessary to cross a tract where the prairie dogs lived. His companion had a target rifle, and requested him to take a shot at one of the little animals. He did so with deadly result, and to the great disturbance of his own peace of mind. The wounded beast barely had strength to crawl into its den probably to suffer and die. "Thinking it over afterward," said the gentleman, and he was a gentleman through and through, "I couldn't figure out where I had profited by taking the life of one of God's happy creatures, and I made up my mind then and there never to be guilty of such a cruelty again. Even a prairie dog has a right to live."

199. Answer, A Soft. "Yes," said a manager of a department store, "perhaps it does seem as if that girl at the complaint desk was too gentle and shy to handle the customers. I tell you, that's exactly the sort of girl to put there. I've

tried capable, hustling girls, and extra intelligent girls. But you see the average comer at the complaint desk isn't trying to cheat the store. Most of the complainers are irritated. Things have gone wrong. They blame the store. They want to speak their mind, and when the girl tries to explain and shows them they are in the wrong (they usually are, through making some mistake or other), it only tangles things up, and makes them angrier than ever.

"Now, this kind of girl doesn't explain, except in a very gentle, hesitating way. She lets them talk, and she looks shy and troubled, as she feels. Nine times out of ten the customer looks at her, and calms down, and is half ashamed of being angry before the complaint is finished. Why, I've known women go up there so angry they could hardly talk, and yet end by saying, 'Never mind. It may have been partly my fault, of course. I'm sure you'll fix it right'—and the girl gets it all straightened out in her gentle way, and they are more than satisfied. Oh, it's a great scheme! I hit on it by accident, because I hadn't any other girl to put there one week. But I'll never change back to any other kind of girl—no, sir!"

If he had known his Bible as well as his business, he would have remembered a certain old proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." King Solomon never entered a department store, but in spite of the centuries his wisdom applies there, as this true story shows.—*The Expositor*.

200. Anticipation. W. Robertson Nicoll has given a story of Garfield that is not familiar. Garfield, as is well known, was a lover of literature. He was infatuated with the *Pickwick Papers*. So much so that he put off reading the last part, holding the delight in sweet anticipation, and read again and again the first part. The Christian has the blessed memories of the past and the delights of the present and the anticipations of the future. But that future will never be exhausted. It is ever "more and more. All things are yours, things present and things to come."

201. Antidote, The Great. In the operation of Christian therapeutics we inevitably witness the practice of spiritual homeopathy. The agony of the cross as the unfailing remedy for the "world smart," as the Germans call it, is set forth in Mr. J. S. Stone's little verses, "The Exchange of Pain":

'Tis peace in pain to know that Pain
Secured us pain's eternal end;
And that the more exceeding gain,
To which by grace our souls ascend,
My great Redeemer won for me
By more exceeding agony.

Beholding Thee—in what repose,
By what still streams of Paradise—
Beholding memory of Thy woes
Still in those deep pathetic Eyes—
Ah me! what blest exchange for pain,
If I attain, if I attain!

This divine philosophy of like curing like is taught in Heb. 2: 14.

202. Anxiety. See also **Faith; Trust.**

203. Anxiety Avoided. Anxiety has no place in the life of one of God's children. Christ's serenity was one of the most unmistakable signs of his filial trust. He was tired and hungry and thirsty and in pain; but we cannot imagine him anxious or fretful. His mind was kept in perfect peace because it was stayed on God. The life lived by the faith of the Son of God will find his word kept; "My peace give I unto you."—MALTBIE BABCOCK.

204. Anxiety, Cure for.

Oh, ask not thou, "How shall I bear
The burden of to-morrow?"
Sufficient for the day its care,
Its evil, and its sorrow.
Thy God imparteth, by the way,
Strength that's sufficient for the day.

—LADY TEIGNMOUTH.

205. Anxiety, Destructive. It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and trust are sweet juices.—BEECHER.

206. Anxiety, Like Black Birds. Florence Nightingale relates that when she was on her way to the Crimean War, the sailors told her a strange story about birds with black wings and blue breasts which flew across the Black Sea during stormy weather, and which sometimes perched on the masts, but which had never been caught. On dark nights they went to the Muhammadan graveyards, roosted on the boughs of the cypress trees, and mingled their doleful notes with the sighing of the winds. The Moslems declared that the spirits of the wicked dead dwelt in these birds and that their plaintive notes were the

wailing of the lost. Anxiety, with its cruel beak and its blue-black shadow, is not unlike those weird birds. If we trust God, we may live free from anxiety.

207. Apology, His. A clergyman, having forgotten his notes one Sunday, apologized to his congregation by saying that he would have to depend upon the Lord that morning for what he might say, but in the evening he would come better prepared. This may have been a slip of the tongue, but are there not some who, if they were to speak right out from their inmost souls, would deliberately use the same language?

208. Apostasy. *See also Fidelity; Faithfulness.*

209. Apostasy. The kiss of the apostate was the most bitter earthly ingredient in the agonies which Christ endured.—E. L. MAGOON.

210. Appetite Lacking. I read once a pathetic story of a lady of one of our Northern cities who possessed rare refinement and great wealth, but had lost her health. In this sad condition she was advised by her learned physician to visit one of the tropical islands in search of that which was of more value to her than all earthly possessions. After she had lived there for some time she wrote back to her friends, saying, "This is a most lovely place; the climate is perfect, friends are very attentive to me, and the finest food and tropical fruits are furnished at my command; but if I only had an appetite!"

She had the offer of all that heart could wish, but lacked an appetite, and died in a month! If she could only have relished her food she would have lived. And how many there are all about us who are dying spiritually because they have no appetite for heavenly food!

211. Appointment, Keeping. Bishop Seybert on one of his long journeys had to cross a stream, when much swollen by recent rains. He was warned not to attempt to ford. His reply was: "I have an appointment across the river, and in the name of the Lord I am going to ride in. The Lord can help me through." Getting upon his knees on the saddle he ventured on; the horse soon got beyond his depth, and so was compelled to swim. To the astonishment of the spectators, the noble beast bore him safely to the opposite bank, and Seybert filled his appointment that evening in spite of storm and flood.

212. Apperception. A fish worm boring in the mud comes up under a lily plant and says: "I have found a lily." A fish swimming in the water comes to the stalk and says, "I have found a lily." A man in a boat comes to the flower and says: "I have found a lily." Which has the truest conception of the lily, the worm, the fish, or the man? The people of the eighteenth century, like the worm, found the stalk. Those of the twentieth century, like the man, found the flower—single yet, but it will be double. You must have a house before you can live in it.

213. Appreciation. An old Scotch woman always had a good word to say for everybody. One day a friend said, "Janet, I believe you would find something good to say of the devil himself." "Weel," remarked Janet, "he's a very industrious body."

214. Appreciation. "I had sung two solos at a fashionable church, after which I boarded a car," says a celebrated soprano singer. "An old woman whose clothes indicated great poverty, got in and sat down beside me, her face shining with pleasure as she recognized me.

"Lady, I want to tell you how I like your voice," she said. 'It goes right to my heart, and makes me so happy, just as if I'd heard the angels sing. I thank you.'"

When the conductor came for the fares, the old woman counted out ten pennies, and insisted on paying for herself and the singer. "I want to," she said, "for I like your voice so much, I like your voice." The singer said that no compliment she ever received touched her so deeply. If we appreciate what God has done for us, he will be pleased.

214a. Appreciation, Doubtful. Max O'Rell, the celebrated lecturer, was once complimented by a young man who thanked him for the most pleasant evening of his life. Max replied, warmly expressing his pleasure that his lectures could throw any sunshine in the way of his fellow mortals; and the young man replied that in this case the sunshine was very thick indeed, as upon the evening of the lecture all the folks attended except his best girl, and he was thus enabled to pass an entire evening alone with her for the first time.

215. Appreciation Helps. "There! I was just dying for a word of praise!" laughed a woman in answer to a compliment on some bit of work she had been

doing. "Not much—not very much; just enough to keep me going!" To one who has ever known the sweetness of loving appreciation, there is no hunger like the lack of it. Let this knowledge make us a little tender, a little quick to notice, a little generous and outspoken in our admirations. It is such an easy way of helping.—WELLSPRING.

216. Appreciation, Influence of. One day, after business hours, a merchant sat at his desk in a mood of depression. Although a faithful Christian worker, life seemed to offer him few encouraging results for his labors. Just then the postman left a letter from British Columbia. He opened it and glanced at the signature. It was from a young man who had been under him for five years, and who two years ago had left for the West. It ran as follows: "Dear Mr. G—: I am writing to thank you for all your goodness to me while in your office. I am succeeding beyond my best expectations in business and yesterday I became a member of the church having decided for Christ two months ago. For these two blessings of God I owe all to you for in both business and religion you have been my example. I hope in this new land to help others as you have helped me."

A new light came into his face. The old restlessness passed forever. He walked with the step of youth. God had held the goblet of life to his lips and he had drunk deep.—C. C. WYLLIE.

217. Approval. The great sculptor, Donatello, when he had finished the splendid statue which he carved on the front of the Church of San Michele in Florence, waited for the judgment of the greatest living artist in sculpture, Michael Angelo. And at last Michael Angelo came to look at it. There was St. George on his lofty pedestal. The master of all sculptors looked at it, and looked with long-continued gaze. The features were perfect, the figure faultless, the pose magnificent, the marble seemed to him alive. His eye glowed with rapture of admiration. The crowd around waited to hear what the master would say. At last his lips opened, and he exclaimed: "Now march."

218. Arbor Day. *See also Nature; Spring.*

219. Arbor Day. Arbor Day has brought about a revolution in American taste. From tree destroying we have come back to tree planting.—JOHN HAIRD WILSON.

220. Arbor Day: Botany Lesson.

Do potatoes ever get dirt in their eyes?
Does the neck of a squash need collars
and ties?
Are flower beds made up with blanket
and sheet?
And wee lady's-slippers fit what kind of
feet?

221. Arbor Day: Complaint. From a boy:

I've one complaint against the trees,
It doesn't seem just right
The way they stand with outstretched
arms
To catch a fellow's kite.

—ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

222. Arbor Day: Firmly Rooted. "And he shall be like a tree planted" (Ps. 1:3). Every breath of air may stir the leaves, but a tree itself that is firmly rooted is unmoved by the fiercest storms. The only life that can hold up steadfastly against all trials and temptations is one whose roots take hold on eternal truths that cannot be shaken.

223. Arbor Day: Forests Self-Supporting. Our Government cuts from the national forests the timber as it matures, leaving the small trees to grow up. Under private ownership all the trees would be cut off or burned off. Thus the national forests are a powerful agent in conservation. Besides, the constant watch against forest fires saves to the country another enormous amount of timber that would have been lost under the old wasteful methods.

In spite of the heavy expense of caring for these forests, one-third of them are now self-supporting, their expense being paid by the sale of timber and of the forest resources. As time passes the forests will become ever more valuable and productive, instead of disappearing altogether.

224. Arbor Day: Fruit Bearing. "That bringeth forth his fruit in his season" (Ps. 1:3). Thousands of the trees that are most carefully tended would hardly receive a moment's thought, were it not for their fruit. It is the fruit that decides whether the tree is good or bad, worth keeping or fit only for fire-wood. The test is the same for those that own the trees or that look at them; it is for their fruit that life is given to them; it is by their fruit that they are judged.

225. Arbor Day: God's Planting. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted" (Ps. 104:16). Man may cultivate and train some trees, but only God

gives them life, and the mightiest trees are of his planting. Culture and training of our powers are to be valued and sought, but the noblest traits of character must be gained by direct communion with God.

226. Arbor Day: The Jolly Tree.

If you never have planted a Jolly Tree,
Don't wait for an Arbor day,
But take a bit of advice from me,
And do it without delay.
It starts from a little, smiley seed,
And quick as a flash 'twill sprout;
And when you have tasted the fruit,
indeed,
You never will be without.

As soon as the smiley seed is in,
At once it begins to grow;
And the dear little giggly-buds begin
Their gay little heads to show.
And truly amazing it is to see,
How in less than a wink and a half,
A giggly-bud can grow to be
The jolliest kind of a laugh!

The fruit is a cure-all, the doctors say—
The very thing for the blues;
And when 'tis applied in the proper way,
Is good for a bump or bruise.
Plain bread and butter a treat will be,
With Jolly sauce on the tray,
Oh, come, let us plant a Jolly Tree,
Nor wait for an Arbor day.

—P. F. CAMP.

227. Arbor Day: Lessons from the Forest. "Dost thou not know, friend, that a tree which grows by itself is more exposed to winds and storms than another that stands surrounded with other trees in the woods?" Such was the reply which a hermit in America made to George Whitefield when he asked him if he found that the solitary manner of living had lessened his temptations.

The evergreen has its message—keep always fresh and young. Don't get rusty. Don't lose your sympathy with youth and the world. Keep young. Be an evergreen Christian.—*C. E. World.*

228. Arbor Day: Lily Lesson. Of course the lily tells of purity. It is a white flower growing out of black soil. So a man can rise above his environment and be pure in an impure world. From a pure life comes a sweet fragrance, an atmosphere that is inspiring.

229. Arbor Day: Nature's Beauty. LaFarge writes in his biography: "I feel in every part of each second that nature is almost too beautiful—all of it, every millionth part of it, light and color and

shapes. . . . Each little or big blade of grass in front of me, and there are millions, has its shape and composition. The colors are exquisite." These sketches by the way are God's unnoticed offerings to man. But only those who find him in his place of work and walk with him in the fields of his joy can know their worth and promise.

230. Arbor Day: New Life. Nearly all trees shed their leaves each year. Even what are called evergreens shed their leaves. As the fresh leaves of the evergreen are fully grown before the old leaves change color, the fall of the old ones is not noticed—the tree is always green; but if you will look under a pine-tree (which is an evergreen) you will find the ground covered with long brown needles which were once green leaves. Each tree, when it casts its leaves, is left with buds which will swell and burst and throw out new leaves.

231. Arbor Day, Purpose of. The great object to be attained through the observance of Arbor Day is the cultivation of a love for nature among children, with the confident expectation that thereby the needless destruction of the forests will be stayed and the improvement of grounds about school buildings and residences will be promoted.—A. S. DRAPER.

232. Arbor Day: Reproof of Waste. In the days of plenty, slabs and sawdust were made and thrown away with reckless prodigality. The mills originally operated with circular saws, made of thick steel and chewing up a large part of every log they went through. As the forest began to disappear and lumber came to have a value, the lumbermen realized that twenty per cent. of their logs were going on to the sawdust pile, and the mills were fitted out with band saws. Thus it was possible to get six boards where before they got but five. But the sawdust of past years could not be made over into usable form; and there it lies to-day, extending out into the lake—two hundred acres of made ground which is nothing but the sawdust, slabs, bark, and other refuse from the one-time battery sawmills, much of which would have been saved by present-day methods, and lying there as a monument to man's prodigality with these things which Nature has placed at his disposal.

233. Arbor Day, Results of. Tree Planting on Arbor Day for economic purposes in the great West has given to the prairie States many thousand acres of

new forests, and inspired the people with a sense of their great value, not only for economic purposes, but for climatic and meteorological purposes as well.—WARREN HIGHLEY.

234. Arbor Day: Plant a Tree. It was at once a happy and practical suggestion that led to the institution of Arbor Day. He who plants a tree for shade or to beautify his property provides not only for his own comfort, but for the comfort and welfare of posterity. He plants for the future, as for the present; for others, as for himself.

235. Arbor Day: Plant a Tree.
"What does he plant who plants a tree?"

He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civil good,
His blessing on the neighborhood
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land;

A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree."

236. Arbor Day: Plant a Tree.

Plant a tree!
Nurture it well!
Who can tell

Whom it may shade at noon?
The insects, the birds,
The flocks and the herds—

To them it will be a boon—
Perchance to thee!
Plant a tree!

Plant a tree!

It will stand
With a helping hand

For all that come into its reach,
The strong, the faint,
The sinner, the saint—

What a lesson a tree can teach
To thee and to me!
Plant a tree!

—EMMA C. DOWD.

237. Arbor Day Prayer. O Lord, we thank thee for a day so sweet and fair as this, when the trees lift up their hands in a psalm of gratitude to thee, and every little flower that opens its cup and every wandering bird seems filled by thy spirit, and grateful to thee. We thank thee for all thine handwritings of revelation on the walls of the world, on the heavens above us and the ground beneath; and all the testimonials recorded there of thy presence, thy power, thy justice, and thy love. Amen.

238. Arbor Day Song. It has come again, the wonder, the miracle, the ever-new delight. Nature has opened her out-

door pleasure garden, and the birds and bees and insects are with us, like the clown in the circus crying "Here we are again! Just the same as ever—only a little more so." The Spring-time offers all the old attractions, in the same eternal charming fashion, old as the rock-ribbed earth, new as the green leaves on the lilac bush.

Weeks ago there were tokens and fore-runners. Who can tell the first signs of Spring? The green grass under the melting snow, the swollen buds of the pussy-willows, the bee crawling slowly up and down the gray trunk of the sugar maple, all these are sure and certain hints. And listen to these mystic rhymes—

Whenever you see
On bush or tree
The lady-bug and her children, three,
Or hear a cry
As the wild geese fly,
Then clap your hands, for the Spring
is nigh.

When the sun shines bright,
And the catfish bite,
And the robins chirp in the morning light,
And the wild bees hum
Round the old tree gum,
Then shout for joy, for Spring has come.

As soon as Dame Nature throws off her shy, cold airs, and coyly unveils her woodland beauties, we hear the cry that goes up from every living thing—from growing plant, weed and flower, from bug and butterfly, from bee and bird. It is the cry of invitation, "Come out into the world of fresh air and sunshine! Come out and join with us in the Song of the Open Road!"

239. Arbor Day: Spiritual Lessons. Nature affords many an illustration of the spiritual life. When the Master walked on earth a man among men he gathered his illustrations from the objects about him—the sky, the trees, the birds, or the flowers offered him a rich field from which he might draw his words of comfort or reproof. Palestine is said by travelers to be a land of flowers. They strew the ground like a fairy carpet, blooming in the richest profusion. From the lilies about his feet the Master drew his most beautiful illustration and taught a lesson of faith and love that has comforted many a tired soul. In this age of rush and hurry, to the restless heart they whisper words of content-

ment. The material things of life absorb the time and the attention to such an extent that they too often become the whole sum of life.—H. S.

240. Arbor Day: Tapping Our Strength. When a boy of twelve, imaginative and sympathetic, I visited a sugar-orchard. The gaping gashes in the gray sides of these monarchs of the woods, the sugar-maples, gave me childish sorrow as I saw their life-blood flow away.

The maples can have no knowledge of the approach of their enemies. But we Christian trees of the Lord full of sap, must watch lest the world, the flesh, or the devil tap the stream of our lives and turn its currents into channels of dissipation and dishonor, thus robbing us of the joy, and our Lord of the glory, of our fruitage.

Lord, "take us the little foxes that spoil our vines." We will watch out for the big foxes that would steal our fruit, but these stealthy little fellows that nibble at our lives in a small way, who look so innocent and harmless, from these, good Lord, deliver us.

241. Arbor Day: Talking in Their Sleep.

"You think I'm dead,"

The apple tree said,

"Because I have never a leaf to show,

Because I stoop,

And my branches droop,

And the dull, gray mosses over me grow;

But I'm alive in trunk and shoot,

The buds of next May

I fold away,

But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I'm dead,"

The quick grass said,

"Because I have parted with stem and blade,

But under the ground

I'm safe and sound,

With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.

I'm all alive and ready to shoot

Should the spring of the year

Come dancing here,

But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I'm dead,"

A soft voice said,

"Because not a branch or root I own.

I never have died,

But close I hide

In a plump seed that the wind has sown,

Patient I wait through the long winter hours.

You will see me again,

I shall laugh at you then

Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.

—EDITH M. THOMAS.

242. Arbor Day: The Trees' Clothes.

So many clothes the trees possess;

Each season they put on new dress;

White in the spring, in summer green,

In autumn red; they're always seen

In winter robed in somber grey,

Unless a snowstorm comes, some day,

And then in white once more they're seen

With jewels that befit a queen.

Which I like best I cannot tell,

Because I like them all so well.

243. Arbor Day: Tree Game. The

tree game can be played by any number

of children, boys and girls participating.

The questions for this game may be read

from a slip of paper, each guest having

an opportunity to guess the answer. The

list may be extended:

Which tree expressed longing? Pine.

The traitor's tree? Judas.

The most level tree? Plane.

The schoolmaster's tree? Birch.

The parental tree? Pawpaw.

The "deadhead" tree? Upas (you

pass).

The tree at the shore? Beech.

The personal pronoun tree? Yew.

The historical tree? Date.

The tree a part of the hand? Palm.

The tree you fish for? Bass.

The tree naming pork? Mahogany.

244. Arbor Day: The Trees' Lovers.

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Spring,

"Their leaves so beautiful

To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," Summer said,

"I give them blossoms,

"White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Fall,

"I give luscious fruits,

Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?

"I love them best,"

Harsh Winter answered,

"I give them rest."

245. Arbor Day: Trees Teaching Hos-

pitality. The trees teach us a lesson of

hospitality. They live with doors open

to bird and insect and squirrel and hu-

man being. A naturalist estimated that

one great tree entertained more guests of various kinds than the Waldorf-As-toria, and that without money and without price.—*C. E. World.*

246. Arbor Day: Tree That Plants Itself. The mangrove is possibly the only tree in the world that has the sense and the power to plant itself. The fruit of this strange member of treedom is about the size and shape of an ordinary pear, and tucked away inside of it is one small seed. In that one seed there is imprisoned an impatient treelet that cannot wait to be planted in the ordinary way, but begins to grow while it is still inside the fruit. The first real hot spell of weather brings out slender roots from every pear hanging on the mangrove tree, and these tiny white strings begin to grow so fast that in an amazingly short time they are several feet long. A slight wind knocks the fruit off, and as they strike the ground the big ripe pears pop open, freeing the little sprouted seeds which at once begin to burrow down into the earth with the ends of their long roots. And so faithfully does each seed attend to the business of growing that before very long all about the parent tree will be seen a thriving forest of miniature mangroves.

Let us grow thoughts and habits that will plant themselves and grow.—*H.*

247. Arbor Day: Upward. The trees look up and reach upward. They get all the sunlight they can. They are optimists, seeking to live where the air is clearest and the conditions best. The biggest apples grow in the top of the tree. The lives that bear the best fruit for him are those that reach up into the light, that look into his face.—*C. E. World.*

248. Arbor Day: The Unfading Leaf. "His leaf also shall not wither." Ps. 1:3. It takes not only a fruit-tree, but a tree with an unfading leaf, to picture a Christian. He is always flourishing. Sorrows, afflictions, what are commonly thought to be misfortunes, may befall him often; but he has success so genuine that it cannot be marred by any or all of these.

249. Arbor Day: Voices of Trees. Every tree has a voice of its own. The oak roars, the beech shrieks, the elm has a deep groan, the ash moans, the pine whistles, the birch sighs, the mulberry sings and the willow whispers. These minor strains combine to make, next to the birds, the great choir of nature.

There are as great a variety in the qualities of trees as in the temperaments of men. Some men are like the oak in strength and steadfastness, others like the elm for shade and shelter. Some are like the hickory for unyieldingness; others are like the giant sequoias for majesty, grandeur and genius. Some are like the willow in sorrow and suffering, while others are like the myrtle trees that clap their hands for joy. Some are fruitful in deeds of benevolence and kindness, while others are barren as the boughs of winter. Some are changeable as the seasons; others perennial as the evergreen.—*REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.*

250. Arbor Day Witticism.

"Do all nuts grow on trees, father?" asked Charley, eating his dessert.

"They do, my son," said his father.

"Then what tree does the doughnut grow on?"

"The pan-try, my son."

—*ROBERT R. ORR.*

251. Arbor Day: When Observed.

"Preservin' de trees would be easy," said Uncle Eben, "if ev'ybody had de same hesitatin' feelin' toward a woodpile dat I always 'speriences." No doubt Uncle Eben was lazy and laziness is no grace. But he had hold of one proper idea at least, that there is a duty we owe in the way of forest preservation. We think that pastors and Sunday School superintendents may well make much of Arbor Day with its lessons, and of the season of Spring.

There is no set time uniform in all States for the observance of Arbor Day; but in most of the States it comes either in the last week of April or the first week in May. Let us make much of the day, with lessons from God's out-of-doors. God speaks to men through his great Book of Nature, as also in his Written Word.

252. Armor, The Christian's. Vulcan forged an armor for Achilles. Arrayed in this he performed prodigies of valor. The Christian arrayed in the armor of God can conquer every foe.

253. Arms, God's. Says A. J. Lyman: "A man came to me the other day and said: 'My dear fellow, I have failed in business. The bottom has dropped out.' The first part of his sentence was true enough, but not the last part. *The bottom never drops out.* Still underneath pain and failures are the Everlasting Arms."

254. Ascension, Beginning of Reign. Christ's ascension is not his separation from his people, but the ascension of his

throne and the beginning of his reign as the head of the Church which "is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all."

255. Ascension of Christ. "How do you know your mother is upstairs," inquired a man of his nephews and nieces, who were studying their Sabbath-school lesson, "The Ascension." "I saw her go," answered one. "You mean you saw her start upstairs," said the uncle. "Perhaps she did not get there, and she may not be there now, even if she has been there." "I know she is there," said the youngest child, "for I went to the foot of the steps and called her and she answered me." "Yes," mused the uncle, "the disciples said they saw their Master ascend into heaven, and they know he is living, but that is not so strong a proof as that he speaks to me, and I know it is his voice."

Yes, Christ rose from the dead and ascended into heaven. We believe it on the testimony of the Gospels. But we believe it especially because we hear the voice and see the work of the living, reigning Christ.—H.

256. Ascension, a Culmination. The Ascension was the appropriate bloom and culmination of the Resurrection. Had Christ, after the Resurrection, died a natural death, or had he simply disappeared from view into unknown obscurity, the Resurrection as a proof of his divine power, and pledge of his undimmed and undiminished existence would have gone for nothing. And the Ascension of our Lord has some most precious lessons for us.—*Homiletic Review*.

257. Ascension to Fulfill. He is taken up, that he may fulfill his design in dying, and give the work of our salvation its last completing act.—JOHN FLAVEL.

258. Ascension to Power. Christ "ascended," not to depart from earth, but to take the throne of His Kingdom on earth. "He sat down at the right hand of God." God's reign does not consist in sitting upon a distant throne! It consists in omnipresent power and authority. To sit at his right hand means to share his Authority and Omnipresence.—TALMADGE ROOT.

259. Ascension Day: Christ Acting Through the Holy Ghost. The continued acts of Christ are "through the Holy Ghost." He had told his disciples that it was really expedient that he should go away, in order that his greater

work through the Holy Ghost might begin. Whatever was done, therefore, after Christ's death and resurrection, after he had finished his great work of atonement, was to be regarded in a particular sense as under the influence of the Holy Ghost. Even his parting instructions and commission to the apostles were to be regarded as coming within the department of the peculiar activity of the Holy Spirit. Under these instructions and accompanied by this Spirit the apostles were to go forth and by his aid to convert the world.—H.

260. Ascension Day: Christ's Continued Work. "While they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight." Acts 1:9. The account of the ascension of Christ is the connecting link between gospel history and Christian church history, between the work of Jesus during his earthly life and his continued work ever since. It contains the finish of the most important episode of history, the earthly sojourn of God incarnate. It contains the beginning of that sojourn's most transcendent result, the mediatorial and yet-to-be triumphant reign of Jesus.

Christ's life in the world is divided into action and doctrine, the things he did and the things he taught. Luke had written to his friend Theophilus before. But he wants him to know now that the "former treatise" was only about beginnings. The things spoken of were the things Jesus "began to do and teach." His present writing he wishes him to understand as a second volume of the acts of Jesus and a further record of the teachings of Jesus. Well we know today that "began" does not stop with any written record. The fountain has become the source of an ever-flowing river of grace, giving the world an ever-widening stream of blessing. The gist of the gospel is that Jesus lives to-day and personally directs his followers.—H.

261. Ascension Day: Christ Intercessor Now. Jesus had fulfilled the office of Redeemer, which must be discharged on earth, and took up that of Intercessor, which must be fulfilled in heaven. That was one reason for his ascension. Another he gave in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John—that the Holy Spirit might come and complete the earthly work which Jesus had begun, and be in all places at the same time, whereas Jesus, in his human body, was in but one place.—REV. JOHN F. COWAN, D.D.

262. Ascension Day: Legacy of Peace.

One reason that Jesus' going away meant peace was because of whom he was to send in his place. Frances Ridley Havergal received an Æolian harp, with a letter of instruction for using it so as to produce music. She read the letter hastily, and tried the harp with her fingers. It made only ordinary music. She read again the instructions, and noted that she must place the harp in the window and let the breezes of God sweep its strings. This she at once did, and sweeter music never floated on the air. The Spirit is God's breath, and if we place the life where he can sweep over it he will bring into the life a wondrous harmony and peace.

263. Ascension Day: Power for Use.

When Christ told his disciples that they were to be endued with power from on high, he never left the impression that they were to have the power for the sake of having it; power is given for use; preparation is for service. The apostles not only learned work, but they learned the value of working together.—REV. JOHN F. COWAN, D.D.

264. Asking. *See also Prayer.*

265. Asking Largely. Theodore Monod was once telling a little friend about Christ healing blind Bartimæus. "And what," said he to the boy, "would you have asked from Jesus if you had been blind?" "Oh," said the child, with glowing face and kindling eyes, "I should have asked him for a nice little dog with a collar and chain to lead me about." How often do we ask for the blind man's dog instead of the seeing man's eyes!—*The Sunday School Chronicle*.

266. Asking and Receiving. A blind beggar asked a gentleman for a cent. The gentleman offered him a dollar, but the beggar kept asking for a cent. At last the gentleman went close to him and shouted in his ear, "Here is a dollar for you!" When the beggar understood, he accepted the gift with joy, but his deafness would have kept him asking for the cent when the dollar was offered to him. That is the way some of us pray to God. We ask him to forgive us, and he at once puts all our sins behind him, and offers to make us his sons. But we keep on begging for pardon, when he wants to clothe us in royal robes.—*C. E. World*.

267. Aspiration. *See also Ambition.*

268. Aspiration. Walter Scott tells us how gypsies stole the noble's child, carried him to a foreign land, left him to grow up in ignorance, and made the

heir to an estate and a titled name hew wood and draw water. But all the time some memory burned in the child's heart. The boy awakened from dreaming of a fair, sweet face bending over him, from dreaming of the wide halls of a great manor house. So it is with man. He is an exile and he has wandered far. Yet he was born under the shadow of the throne and reared for the purple. The vision of the glory he has known, but lost, ever haunts and torments him.—NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D.

269. Aspiration. That was a wonderful tribute an old Scottish woman paid to George Matheson, the blind preacher. When asked why she moved from her basement to a sunny garret, she replied, "Ye canna hear Matheson preach and live in a cellar." Is it true of our teaching that those who receive it cannot live low lives, or dwell in the darkness? If otherwise, our teaching is vain.—*Christian Herald*.

270. Aspiration. God selects his battalions as did the proud father of Frederic the Great his favorite batch of guards. For the old king wouldn't admit any man under six-feet four into those ranks; and God? God will not allow in his regiments any soldier who fails to stretch himself up towards that divinest pattern, the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

271. Aspiration, Common. The negro king desired to be portrayed as white. But do not laugh at the poor African; for every man is but another negro king, and would like to appear in a color different from that with which Fate has bedaubed him.—HEINRICH HEINE.

272. Aspiration, Influence of. What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind, for the moment realizes itself.—MRS. JAMESON.

273. Aspiration, Spiritual. "The fault is in the chimney," said the expert who had come to see what was wrong with the kitchen range. "A stove has, of course, no draught in itself; it is only its connection with the flue that makes the fire burn and the smoke ascend, and the higher the chimney the stronger the draught. At shops and foundries, where the fierce fires are needed, they run their stacks up to a great height. Your stove clogs, chokes and smokes, because your chimney is too low. You must build higher."

His words reminded us of other fires

that burn low and choke too easily: of love and aspiration so often clogged by life's daily worry and fret; of faith that only smolders instead of flaming bright and bearing away the petty troubles and worries which seek to smother it; of hearts and lives that grow cold and dull because their upreach is not high enough. The upward drawing is not strong enough to give vigor to the flame and to whirl away the refuse. We must build higher.—*Wellspring.*

274. Associates Make Us. If you always live with those who are lame, you will yourself learn to limp.—*From the Latin.*

275. Assurance. See also Faith; Hope.

276. Assurance. A man comes to me and asks if I am married. I tell him I hope so; at times I feel that I am. Sometimes I think I am. Do you not see what a reflection that is on my marriage vows? Some one asks me whether I am an American, and I tell him I hope so. Don't I know that I was born on American soil of American parents? Spurgeon said that he did not want any man to tell him how honey tastes; he knows.—*MOODY.*

277. Assurance. Dr. John McClintock once told Moncure D. Conway that no theological statement had ever satisfied him like the voice of Jenny Lind singing: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

278. Assurance, Apostolic. The apostles were sure that they had received the Holy Spirit. In those days the knowledge of the possession of the Spirit was a distinguishing mark of the Christian. To-day it is a mark of very special piety, which one hardly dares lay claim to without effrontery.

The Holy Spirit himself was the source of the apostles' certitude concerning spiritual things. "We know that we are of God." "We know that all things work together for good." "We know that he hears us, whatsoever things we ask." "We know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord." "We know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him."

279. Assurance, Apostolic. The apostles were sure of their own conversion. "We know that we have passed from death unto life." "Are you a Christian?" one asks of another to-day. "Are you saved?" "I think so," comes the answer; "I hope so." But why does he not know it? "Are you married?" you ask a stranger. "I think so. I hope so." Imagine a man saying that.

There were no such fogs about the apostles' testimony. "We know that we have passed from death unto life." "We know that he was manifested to take away sins." "We know that we are of God."

280. Assurance, Christian. "Hereby know we that we know him." So wrote an apostle to a band of fellow-Christians long, long ago. "We know." Not "we think"; not "we hope"; not "we have reasons for supposing." There is astonishingly little supposition in the Bible. "We know"; and more than that,—“we know that we know.” There is certainty multiplied into certainty, assurance doubly grounding and undergirding itself, till it stands forth, not as a vain boast,—there is no boasting here,—but as a testimony, a radiant testimony of the certitude which is possible in religious things.—*Sunday School Times.*

281. Assurance, Christian. Our safety depends upon a word of God. It depends upon a provision he has made for us. But our certainty depends upon our believing his Word. We get safety when we believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. We get certainty when we wholly rely upon God's Word. The sprinkled blood makes us safe. The spoken word makes us sure. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life." That settles it. No "ifs" or "ands" or "perhapes" about it. If you would be sure of your own blessing, then listen not to the unstable testimony of inward emotions, but to the infallible witness of the Word of God. Steer by the compass above.

"Once it was the blessing,
Now it is the Lord;
Once it was the feeling,
Now it is his Word."

Ask that man whose debt was paid by his brother: "Do you feel that your debt is paid?" "No," is the reply, "I don't feel that it is paid; I know from this receipt that it is paid, and I feel happy because I know it is paid." There is the relation between faith and feeling. Believe in God's love to you as revealed at the Cross of Calvary. Trust that love and provision. Then you will feel happy because you know you are saved.—*H.*

282. Assurance, Christian. It is said that some one once asked Melvin Trotter how he knew that he was converted. "Why, bless your heart," was the an-

swer, "I was there when it happened."

283. Assurance, Foundation for. An old lady accepted Christ as her Saviour late in life; and found in him such joy that she could not keep still about it; she was praising God and talking about it all the time. One day a friend said, "You seem pretty confident about this salvation of yours. I would not be too sure if I were you; suppose the Lord should let you slip through his fingers." "But," said the old lady, "I'm one of the fingers." She was right. Every one of us who has accepted Jesus as our Saviour is a member of his body, part of himself.

284. Assurance Founded on God's Word. Certainty is a secret of success in the Christian life. Uncertainty concerning God's work for us often means fear and failure. Knowing is better than "trusting," if by "trust" we mean a half fearful uncertainty,—as when one says of himself, if I asked whether he is a Christian, "I trust I am." If our "trust" in such a case means uncertainty, it is indeed not trust at all. We must and we may know positively, unquestioningly, in the matter of our salvation.

Is it a discouraging thing to declare confidently that God is always to be trusted? Upon what does a person's unshaken confidence that he is a Christian rest? Simply upon God's word. Here is his word, by his Son: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life." And again that Son says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life." How Mr. Moody used to ring out the word HATH, as he quoted that precious pledge of God! Not, shall have eternal life, but hath it now. Not, shall pass out of death into life, but hath passed out of death into life.—*Sunday School Times*.

285. Assurance, Gift of God. Contrast with certitude the words of the brilliant young woman, "My guess is as good as your guess!" On her theory, she was hardly entitled to affirm as much as she did. She certainly was not entitled to say, "I know that my guess is as good as your guess." The most she was entitled to say was, "I guess that my guess is as good as your guess." That is the way this theory of ignorance destroys itself. Thank God, we are not under

its power! It is provided that we shall know.

We have an "anothing." We have a promise, "They shall all be taught of God." Is God a good teacher? Then I care not how blind and obtuse I may be, I may cease scurrying to men's books and to men, and in place of second-hand knowledge possess vision for myself. This makes one joyful. This makes one bold and confident. This gives light on life's problems and influence over others.

286. Assurance, God Given. How hard people have worked to show that we cannot know! After a religious discussion at a dinner party, a brilliant young woman summed matters up for her interlocutor by saying, "My guess is as good as your guess." So we hear people say constantly, "I do not know, and I do not think that any one knows,"—universalizing their ignorance. Some years ago Herbert Spencer wrote a book called "First Principles," in which he talked with a great show of wisdom about the "relativity of knowledge," saying that all knowledge was relative to the perceiving mind, and therefore limited by it; no two persons see the same rainbow; no two persons can see the same truth. So Professor Huxley coined the word "agnosticism" to cover our "necessary" human ignorance. But how seldom the word is heard to-day. Why? Men are more impressed to-day with the possibilities than with the limitations of knowledge.

If my knowledge is limited, it is nevertheless real so far as it goes. And when we come to religion, we come upon knowledge which God imparts; and when God imparts a thing, he imparts it adequately, in such shape that it can be really known. A man may know, when God has provided that he shall know, may he not? Or are we prepared to take the position that the great and all-powerful God cannot make a limited being know the things that he wants him to know?—*Sunday School Times*.

287. Assurance, Ground of. Archibald Brown tells the story of a Scotchman who in a public meeting bore witness that he was saved and knew it. An infidel asked: "How do you know it?" "I happened to be there when the thing was done!" was the quaint rejoinder.—*Homiletic Review*.

288. Assurance vs. Guessing. At a dinner party a brilliant young woman, fertile in doubts, sat beside a clergyman. After a religious discussion, she summed matters up, as she thought, by saying: "My

guess is as good as your guess." Perhaps. Perhaps even better! But her guess was not so good as his knowledge.

Contrast such words as these: "We know that we have passed from death unto life" (1 John 3:14). "(We) know him on whom (we) have believed" (2 Tim. 1:12). "We know that . . . he hath given us of his Spirit" (1 John 4:13). "We know that all things work together for good" (Rom. 8:28). "We know that we have the petitions that we desired of him" (1 John 5:15). "(We) know that (our) labor is not in vain in the Lord" (1 Cor. 15:58). If I cannot know, then carelessly toss human knowledge into the stream of evolution. But those who do this should realize that in so doing they have tossed their own theories in also, and nothing is certain.—*Sunday School Times*.

289. Assurance, How Obtain? But how can we know certainly that we are saved?

1. By the sure warrant of the Word of God.

2. By the witness of the Spirit in our experience.

3. By the habitual bent of the life.

The Bible repeatedly declares that we may know it, from Genesis to Revelation. John wrote his First Epistle on purpose to make this plain to believers. In this brief epistle he says, We know, etc., about forty times, and we hope, are trying, etc., not once.

290. Assurance in Death. When Michael Faraday was dying—and Michael Faraday had the intellect of twenty ordinary men—some one said to him, "Mr. Faraday, what are your speculations now?" "Speculations?" said Faraday, "I have none, I thank God! I am not resting my dying head on guesswork. 'I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to guard that which I have committed unto him against that day.'"—DR. A. T. PIERSON.

291. Assurance in Storm. A young Norwegian sailor who used to meet with us was on a voyage shortly after his conversion when a storm was encountered, in the midst of which one of the elder men said to him: "There is only seven-eighths of an inch between us and hell," which rather unnerved him for a moment, but lifting up his heart to God he received this message: "Underneath, are the everlasting arms," and knowing that the ship was thus undergirded he was of good cheer.—ERNEST A. WRAIGHT.

292. Assurance, Lack of. "What!" exclaimed a stranger, talking to an old farm laborer, "you've walked four miles to and from the farm every day for over sixty years? Why didn't you move nearer your job?" "Well, you see," responded the laborer, "I wasn't really sure whether it was a permanent job or not." A similar attitude of mind is often found in Christians when they simply "hope they are saved," but lack assurance.—*Christian Herald*.

293. Assurance of Salvation. Assurance of salvation is the privilege of the child of God. John declares, "We know that we have passed from death unto life." God would not have us to be in ignorance all the while whether we are saved or not. He does not desire that we should go on with a terrible uncertainty whether we are the child of God or the child of the devil. Nothing disqualifies us for doing God's work more than a doubt as to our own salvation. Mr. Moody used to illustrate this in this way: "If I were in the river and didn't have a firm grip on something, I couldn't help anybody: I've got to get a good hold for myself before I can help some one else. There's no liberty, peace, rest, joy, power, until we have assurance."—*Christian Observer*.

294. Assurance, Secret of Power. Christian assurance is the secret of power. James Martineau, the famous Unitarian writer, used frequently to go to hear Spurgeon in the great London Tabernacle. Some one once protested, saying, "You do not believe what he says." "No," Martineau replied, "but he does!" That is the secret of power. When God puts spiritual sight into us, even unbelievers will flock to us, constrained against their own unbelief by the fact that we know first-hand the things of God.

295. Atheism. See also Doubt.

296. Atheism, Applied. Louis A. Walker contributes the following from Theodore Parker's "Practical Atheism": French scientists came to the conclusion after some experiments with spider webs that they would make a more durable and beautiful cloth than the silk from the silkworm. Measurements showed that they could secure a finer thread from the spider than from the worm. They overlooked the fact that the spider is not a social insect—he lives on the death of others—he is carnivorous, while the silkworm lives on vegetation.

To complete their experiments, they

gathered a number of spiders together, and furnished them with flies and all the food they could eat. After a few days they opened the room to gather the webs. Only a single spider remained. They had fought and killed each other until only the king spider was left alive.

297. Atheism, Dangerous. "The infidel who by his cavils would undermine the foundations of Christian hope, is like the madman who recklessly pushes from him the lifeboat which is his only hope of rescue from the wreck," says one writer. "Christianity does hold out hope which has proved substantial and consolatory to thousands, but what has infidelity done?"

298. Atheism, Result of. At the time of the French Revolution, the public determined at the instance of Gebet, archbishop of Paris, to abandon Christianity and to substitute instead the worship of liberty, equality and reason; churches were quickly despoiled, and civic feasts substituted for religious festivals. The convention also enacted that time, instead of being reckoned from the birth of Christ, should hereafter count from the birthday of the French Revolution—the year to begin anew from that date, September 22, 1792. That the Christian Sabbath might not be observed, the months were to consist of thirty days each, a day of rest being granted only at the close of each decade (every ten days). Under the Directorate, established by a new constitution in 1795, the laws of Robespierre were repealed, the churches were reopened and Sunday took its rightful place in the calendar.

299. Atheism, Shallow. A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—FRANCIS BACON.

300. Atmosphere, The Right. Dr. Jowett in a sermon tells us that the old gospel is the very thing needed in order to bring about the solution of our very grave social problems. He says that the faithful proclamation of it will create an atmosphere so that our difficulties may be overcome.

I went into a shop where they paint and enamel and varnish fine automobiles. It was exceedingly hot there, while it was zero weather outside. And when I spoke of it the workman said: "Varnish will not run properly with the temperature below eighty. In fact, you can not do this at all unless the room is warm. We must create an atmosphere for this

work." There are manufacturing plants that must ever be warm or the products cannot possibly be of high grade.

At one time I broke a great bronze key, belonging to an old church lock, right in the middle of the long stem. I took it to a metal worker and he laid the two parts together and with a blow-torch made the broken ends exceeding hot, allowing an outside bit of metal to fuse in with the break, and in just a few moments the key was whole again. It would have remained just two broken bits unless the temperature had been made very high. It became whole in a certain atmosphere.

There is nothing in this world that will banish cold and warm the hearts and lives of workers and capitalists like the gospel of the Son of God. Preach it! And if we do, we will get the temperature so high that the broken ends of society may come together and form one mighty Christian whole for the King of kings.

301. Atonement. See Christ, Death of. See Cross. See Good Friday.

302. Atonement. In the Doré Gallery in London there is a picture, the foreground of which consists of a group of people of every condition, all turning beseeching looks upon a far-away figure. It is the Christ, wearing robes of dazzling whiteness, bearing a cross, with a hand uplifted beckoning to those weary, broken-hearted ones to come to him. That is the Christ who draws all men unto himself.—*Westminster Teacher.*

303. Atonement, Assurance of. I was asked to call on a sick woman in a hospital. She told me she had been a professing Christian and a church member for years, but never had had the assurance she was saved. She did not seem able to grasp the fact that Christ's Atonement could save sinners. I said, "Supposing I had in one hand four hundred and ninety-nine pennies and in the other a five-dollar gold piece, which would you rather have?" She said, "Why, the gold piece, of course." Then I said, "Just as the gold coin is worth more than four hundred and ninety-nine pennies of copper, so in God's sight Jesus was worth more than all the people who ever lived on the earth put together." Then I added, "Jesus became a man that he might die, but being God his death was of infinite value. Death did not choose him and could not, for he had not broken the law, so he chose death; and not having any sin to die

for, he put his righteousness in the opposite side of God's scale to our unrighteousness. And in that way his death more than overbalanced all our sins. Therefore God can be just and the justifier of all that believe in Jesus." "Oh!" she said, "I see it. God laid on him all my sins and I go free, and now I know I am saved."—H. D. KENNEDY.

304. Atonement by Blood. A mother said to her little boy, after the chapter describing the Passover had been read in church, "You might have gone out before that, for you could not understand it." "Oh, yes, I did," said the little lad. "It was a beautiful story—I loved hearing it. It was about the blood of the Lamb, and they were all safe."—*The Quiver*.

305. Atonement by Calvary. Out in our western country, in the autumn, when there has not been rain for months, sometimes the prairie grass catches fire. Sometimes when the wind is strong the flames may be seen rolling along, twenty feet high, destroying man and beast in their onward rush. When the frontiersmen see what is coming, what do they do to escape? They know that they cannot run as fast as that fire can travel. Not the fleetest horse can escape it. They take a match and light the grass around them, and then take their stand in the burnt district, and are safe. They hear the flames roar as they come along; they see death bearing down upon them with resistless fury; but they do not fear. They do not even tremble as the ocean of flames surges around them, for over the place where they stand the fire has already passed, and there is no danger. There is nothing for the fire to burn. And there is one spot on earth that God has swept over—Calvary.—D. L. MOODY.

306. Atonement, by Christ's Blood. In Ireland a teacher once asked a little boy if there was anything God could not do, and the little fellow said: "Yes, he cannot see my sins through the blood of Jesus Christ."—D. L. MOODY.

307. Atonement, by Cross. Captain Guynemer, the intrepid French flyer, who was killed some time ago, had gained the French military medal, the cross of the Legion of Honor, and the Croix de Guerre with fourteen bars, denoting fourteen mentions in dispatches. Guynemer is said to have been in a Parisian drawing room where he was being congratulated by some ladies about his latest exploit. "That was splendid," said one of

them. "You have now won the Legion of Honor, the military medal, the war cross; what other decoration can you yet win?" "The wooden cross," he replied quietly.

308. Atonement, Heart of Christianity. There is a strange legend of old St. Martin. He sat one day in his monastery cell, busily engaged in his sacred studies, when there came a knock at the door. "Enter," said the monk. The door opened and there appeared a stranger of lordly look, in princely attire. "Who art thou?" asked St. Martin. "I am Christ," was the answer. The confident bearing, and the commanding tone of the visitor would have overawed a less wise man. But the monk simply gave his visitor one deep, searching glance, and then quietly asked, "Where is the print of the nails?" He had noticed that this one indubitable mark of Christ's person was wanting. There were no nail-scars upon those jeweled hands. And the kingly mien and the brilliant dress of the pretender were not enough to prove his claim while the print of the nails was wanting. Confused by this searching test-question, and his base deception exposed, the prince of evil—for he it was—quickly fled from the sacred cell.

This is only a legend, but it suggests the one infallible test that should be applied to all truth and to all life. There is much in these days that claims to be of Christ. There be those who would have us lay aside the old faiths, and accept new beliefs and new interpretations. How shall we know whether or not to receive them? The only true test is that with which St. Martin exposed the false pretensions of his visitor: "Where is the print of the nails?" Nothing is truly Christ which does not bear this mark upon it. A gospel without a wounded, dying Christ is not a gospel. The atonement lies at the heart of Christianity. The cross is the luminous center, from which streams all the light of joy, peace and hope. That which does not bear the marks of the Lord Jesus cannot be of him.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

309. Atonement, the Greatest Indemnity. The greatest money indemnity ever asked, up until the close of the great World War, and moreover paid and paid promptly, was the \$1,000,000,000 which the new-born Empire of Germany demanded from the conquered French in 1871. The French could not bear to see those uniformed German "men in

possession" in every city of France, and every peasant gave liberally of his meager earnings to pay the indemnity. This, indeed, was an indemnity of war, but the greatest of all indemnities was paid by one man for the purchase of peace. Jesus Christ paid an indemnity for us which we could not have paid. To pay this debt would have bankrupted, would have ruined, every sinful son of Adam. Jesus Christ should ever be man's dearest friend, for he satisfied the claims of divine justice. We should as peasants of this earthly kingdom pay our best to him who paid his all for us. The only interest he asks on this investment, which he made wholly for us, is that we give him a share of our love. He does not ask a quid pro quo; he asks that we give him our hearts. When heaven makes a demand on a man, it is, "My son, give me thine heart."

"Jesus paid it all, all to him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow."

310. Atonement, Influence of. "God and the Soldier" is a book by two ministers of Scotland, and contains a record of their experiences, observations, and impressions while doing service on the battle-fields of Europe. No hymn, they testified, was more earnestly sung than the very familiar one, "When I survey the wondrous cross." The soldiers were especially moved when they came to the lines,

"See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

"It must be remembered that those who sang it had verily given their all. They understood the spectacle of love in pain for us. . . . They saw how there were non-combatants giving what service they could, and they also saw that the fighting men had to be the fit, the strong, and the young. So they had to die for those who could not fight. They had to take the burden of the actual conflict, and they took it willingly, for they understood. And so it was not difficult to understand that their burdens were laid on the shoulders of One who is mighty to save."

311. Atonement, Sacrificial. John Muir told a story of a living example of the atonement which he heard among the

Indians of Alaska. There had been war all summer between two strong tribes. One old chief saw that unless it stopped soon and his people had a chance to lay in their winter supply of berries and salmon, they would starve; so he went out under a truce flag to ask the chief of the other tribe to stop and go home, telling the reason. The other chief said his tribe would not stop fighting because ten more of his men had been killed than of the enemy. Then the chief said to him, "You know I am a chief. I am worth ten of your men. Kill me in place of them, and let us have peace." The sacrificial request was granted, and in front of the contending tribes the old chief was shot. When Mr. Young and Mr. Muir came to this tribe they said, "Yes, your words are good. The Son of God, the Chief of Chiefs, must be worth more than all mankind put together. Therefore when his blood was shed the salvation of the world was made sure."

312. Atonement, Sacrificial. To save four comrades Corporal Homer Wheaton threw his body over a hand-grenade, knowing that it meant certain death for him.

This young man had been a student in Syracuse University, and The Syracusan relates the circumstances concerning the gallant youth who sacrificed his own life to save the lives of four others. Sergeant Edward Creed has told the story, having been in France at the time, and also having full knowledge of the facts.

A grenade squad of five men was picked to make a raid through No Man's Land. They were in a dugout, loaded down with grenades, awaiting the order to advance.

One grenade fell to the floor. The firing-pin had been drawn. In five seconds the grenade would explode. The five men stood in terror, knowing that when it exploded they would be killed.

Corporal Wheaton did not try to pick up the grenade, but over the instrument of death he threw his own body. It exploded under him, killing him. But the other four men were saved.

"I stood at his grave with the firing squad," says Creed, "performing the last ceremony. Every man that could possibly get away from the front line attended the burial of the man who gave his life for his comrades. While the chaplain was praying, French planes were circling overhead. In the distances could be heard the booming of the Boche guns,

shelling our positions; and answering them were our Yankee guns. The last note of taps had echoed o'er the battlefield, and Corporal Wheaton had passed from us, but he will never be forgotten."

It was a nobly sacrificial act, and the story of his heroic deed will continue to be told.

The great principle of vicarious sacrifice, the giving of one's own life for the life of others, finds a central place in the teaching of Jesus Christ. The Son of Man, whose mission in life was to minister to others, and not to be ministered unto, also gave "his life a ransom for many." Paul, who often expressed the sacrificial purpose of Christ's death, drew a suggestion from the Old Testament when he said, "For our pass-over also hath been sacrificed, even Christ."—REV. W. J. HART, D.D.

313. Atonement, Saved by. Socrates, the wisest of the Greek philosophers after Plato, said, "O Plato, Plato, God can forgive sin, but I cannot tell how!" Jesus Christ crucified is the secret.

314. Atonement, Saved by. In a brilliant company of clever men some time ago, the great subject of Christianity came up for conversation. The manner of Christ's redeeming work was discussed. Many beautiful and wonderful theories concerning this were introduced, but the one admittedly the best fell from the lips of one who is recognized as one of England's great men, great because of his goodness, transcending his greatness. In the midst of a reverent silence he rose and said, "Gentlemen, the manner of Christ's redemption is a wonderful thing. In my humble opinion, Jesus Christ was the Great Master Chemist and Artist of all time." Then, picking up a Bible, he said, "We have heard many strange theories to-night, but this Book tells me that the Great Master Chemist and Artist used a bright red to produce a pure white in a dead black." Then amidst a quietness which was as the hush of God, he read once again the story of the Crucified, and men went out from that meeting feeling that they had been brought face to face with a wondrous reality, and rejoicing in the gift of God's great Son.

315. Atonement by Substitute. During the retreat of the Allied forces after the battle of Mons, a French officer fell wounded in front of the French trenches. The enemy's shrapnel was bursting all around him where he lay entirely unprotected. Seeing his danger, a private

soldier crawled out from the trench, dressed his wounds as best he could, then, placing himself in a protecting attitude, whispered, "Don't fear. I'm between you and the shells. They've got to hit me first." That is how God protects us.—*Sunday Circle*.

316. Atonement by Substitution. A traveler recently returned from Africa relates that one day, overcome by intense heat, he fell asleep on the baked earth, but on awaking had the sensation of thoughtfulness of his attendants who were standing around him, receiving upon themselves the fierce glare, and sheltering his recumbent body from the vertical rays of the sun. In truth the whole world rests in the shadow of him who stands between us and the consuming fire of outraged law, and by virtue of his interposition a thousand blessings are ours.—DR. W. L. WATKINSON.

317. Atonement through Christ. "I never see one of those blue-garbed wounded men, whom we now meet so frequently in our streets, without thinking, 'The chastisement of my peace was upon him,'" said an English preacher to his congregation when his nation was in the period of stress and suffering because of war.

"O Love divine, what hast thou done?
The incarnate God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

"Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

318. Atonement, Twice-Bought. A boy of a mechanical turn of mind made himself a toy motor-boat to sail upon a stream of water that flowed near his home. On taking it to the stream he found it was defective, and it sailed away from him far beyond his reach. After many efforts to recover it, he was at last compelled to return home without it. To him it was lost. Not long after he was surprised to find in a window of his town a boat with a card attached: "This motor-boat for sale. Price, five shillings." It was his! He made his loss known to the owner, but it was futile. He could have it for the price of five shillings. He went home and told his

father of his predicament. The father heard the story and said, "Here's the money; go and buy back your own boat." And when he at last received it from the vendor he hugged it to himself, and said, "You are twice mine; I made you, and I bought you!" So we are Christ's by a two-fold claim: he made us, and he redeemed us. He made us his the second time by a great price.

319. Atonement not Understood.

You say, "I cannot understand the Atonement." It is not needful to understand it, but to see that Jesus crucified saves you. A missionary went to a town in Mesopotamia to labor among the Syrians, Mohammedans and others there. Thirteen long years he toiled among them before he had a single convert. "Your words sound well," they told him, "but we cannot understand them. Why should you come to us with these words? Why are you not content to leave us as we were?" Then came the cholera. Those who could, fled, leaving the sick to die uncared for. The missionary stayed. He went into home after home and cared for the stricken ones, till at last, his life utterly spent with weariness, he succumbed himself to the disease. Those whom he had saved bore his body without the city wall and tenderly buried it.

Long afterwards another missionary came to that city. He expected to find the work of his predecessor forgotten, but, nine miles out from the city, the people met him with great joy. They took him to a grove outside the city and showed him a grave. "This is the grave of a man who died for us," they told him. They understood now the words the missionary had spoken, and they built a fine, large stone church and dedicated it to his memory and to the service of the God whom he served.

Jesus loved and labored among men, and comparatively few there were who understood his teachings. And then he gave his life for them upon the cross, and marvelous was the growth in number of his followers. He had died for their sins. How his death was an atonement, an at-one-ment, reconciling them to God, they could, perhaps, not understand, but the sacrifice of the cross they could see, and the power of the cross they could feel, for, being lifted up, he drew all men unto him.

320. Atonement, Vicarious. The vicarious atonement for sin accomplished by the cross of Jesus Christ is every-

where taught in the Scriptures by symbol, by direct teaching, by event and by the expression of believers. The symbols of the Old Testament persistently tell of a sin-bearer who carries the load of sin for men. Old Testament poet and prophet teach the covering up of sin, and in most exalted language tell of him who was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, upon whom was the chastisement of our peace, and by whose stripes we are healed.

John the Baptist pointed to Christ as the "Lamb which taketh away the sins of the world." Our Lord declares he gave his life "a ransom for many," and he teaches unmistakably that his death was not a defeat, but a voluntary sacrifice for the life of his people. "I lay down my life for the sheep." "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This command have I received of my Father." (John 10:18.)

Paul everywhere teaches that "Jesus died for our sins," and "bore our sins in his own body on the tree," and "He became sin for us."

This great truth of Scripture has ever been an offense to sinful men, although for them it is the most precious truth ever given. "Christ crucified was to the Jews" (the ritualists) "a stumbling-block," and "to the Greeks" (the rationalists) "foolishness," "but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God."—*The Presbyterian*.

321. Atrophy from Neglect. In every realm nature withdraws her gift from him who neglects or misuses it. Neglecting vision, the mole is punished with blindness; neglecting wings, the flying-fish finds these members hanging feebly by its side; neglecting to use the sap it receives, the branch withers, rots and falls away from the tree; while that monk who made a vow not to lift his hand from his side for a period of years found at last his arm a withered, helpless thing—dead, yet hanging to a living body. For use is life, neglect is atrophy and death. There is no talent that comes unasked; there is no grace of mind and heart that stays un urged. Happy, indeed, is he who hath ears to hear the still small voice that whispers, "He who neglects his finer spiritual sentiment shall find that the inner light hath failed."

322. Attention, Power of. When Mr. Gladstone was appointed vice-president of the Board of Trade by Sir Robert Peel, he had no talent or taste for figures and matters of finance. He did not want the place, but accepted it from duty. He gave himself at once with entire energy to the task. He became a master of finance. No man ever in Parliament had such a grasp of the questions of finance and could make them live in a speech as could Mr. Gladstone. It was the result of intense attention.

323. Attention, Steadfast. Old legends tell that the looker into a magic crystal saw nothing at first; but, as he gazed, there gradually formed themselves in the clear sphere filmy shapes, which grew firmer and more distinct until they stood plain. The rawhide dipped into the vat with tannin in it, and at once pulled out again, will never be turned into leather. Steadfast and continued attention is needful if we are to be "doers of the Word."

324. Attraction of the Gospel. Rev. William Arthur says that "That house of God which becomes noted in a neighborhood as a place in which many sinners have been 'transformed by the renewing of their minds' will, by a certain instinct of our unredeemed humanity, soon become a center of attraction, not only to those who, with scarcely any light, are groping after the truth, but even to many who are still hardly going on in sin. The greatest fame of Christianity is the fame of the cure she works."

325. Audacity, Divine. There is a true story of a ship wrecked where it looked hopeless of rescue. The captain of the nearest life-saving crew ordered his men to launch the boat. "It can't ride such a sea," protested one. "Even if we reach the wreck, we can never row back." "Boys, we don't have to come back," said the captain, quietly. In that spirit they put out, saved every person on the wrecked ship, and reached shore in safety.—*Boys' World*.

326. Avarice. A hunter set his dog upon a hare. "Catch, catch," the hunter cried, and the dog ran swiftly, finally caught the hare, and held it until the hunter came. The latter took the hare by the ears, then said: "Let go, let go!" and the dog obeyed; the hunter then put the hare into his bag.

Several farmers had watched the hunt and an old farmer remarked: "An avaricious person is like this dog." Avarice drives him on with the cry: "Catch,

catch," and the poor man obeys and enters the wild chase after earthly treasures. When he thinks they are his, death comes and calls to him: "Let go, let go," and the poor dupe must part with the riches he strove so hard to acquire.

327. Avarice. It may be remarked for the comfort of honest poverty that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil.—HUGHES.

328. Avarice. A story is told of a young man who picked up a sovereign lying on the road. Ever afterward, as he walked along, he kept his eye steadfastly on the ground in hope of finding another. In the course of his long life, he picked up a goodly amount of gold and silver, but all these years he saw not that heaven was bright above him, and nature was bright around him, but kept his eye upon the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he knew this fair earth of ours only as a dirty road in which to pick up money as he walked along.

329. Avarice Defeats Itself. The avaricious man is kind to no person, but he is most unkind to himself.—JOHN KYRLE.

330. Average Christians. A pointed story is told of a farmer who prided himself on his morality, and who, when pleaded with to become a Christian, always replied that he was doing pretty well as he was. Employing a man to build a fence around his farm, he went out one day to see how the work was progressing. "Is the fence good and strong?" he asked. "It's a good average fence," answered the man; "if some parts are a bit weak, others are extra strong. There are gaps here and there, but I have made up for it by doubling the rails on each side of the gap." "What," exclaimed the farmer, blind to the point which the workman was seeking to drive home, "do you mean to tell me that you have built a fence with gaps in it? Don't you know that if a fence is not perfect it is worthless?" "I used to think so," said the man, "but I hear you talking so much about averaging matters with the Lord that it seemed to me we might try it with the cattle."—*The Quiver*.

331. Baby. See also *Children's Day*.

332.—Baby, A

A bald red head,

A puckered face,

Hands blindly wand'ring

Into space;

A wee faint smile,
 A stalwart squall,
 And yards of clothes
 To hide it all;
 Yes, that's a baby.

A bunch of sweetness
 Full of bliss,
 A thing to cry
 About and kiss;
 A blessing sent
 Straight from above,
 A pound of love,
 A ton of lore;
 Now, that's a baby!

—UNIDENTIFIED.

333. Babies Valued. The President of Brazil, while a candidate, was twitted by his political antagonists with catering to sentiment because he kissed a baby in its mother's arms. Later he said to a newspaper reporter, "I'll tell you why I kiss babies. I think of a fatherless and motherless boy of whom, at five years of age, a generous republic took charge. It gave him an education. This boy became a doctor of laws, and to-day he is president-elect of this country; for I was that boy, and that is why I always kiss babies—they are the potential men and women. The one whom I kissed in its mother's arms may be a future Messiah of his country in some political crisis or humanitarian issue."

334. Backsliders. Ships have been lost by running against those half-sunken hulks known as derelicts. These subserve no purpose except destruction, and have no direction but to danger. There is in the current of spiritual life characters whose mission is destruction. Even the most harmless of them are hinderers, and if they are ever restrained, it will require the omnipotent energy of Almighty God.

The first work of preparation for a revival is to raise these hulks and buoy them out into the channel of life. In the Scriptures and popular language they are called backsliders. They have had a distinct identity in every age of the Church's existence. When they are brought back from their aimless wanderings to do again their "first works," we may know that the vital temperature of the Church has risen. It is not easy to get those who are benumbed by freezing to come in out of the cold. Whether we regard them as derelicts or backsliders, their condition and habits are identical.—*The Presbyterian*.

335. Backsliding, Cure for. Very few

people have ever heard of a "sick" pearl, but it seems that even these beautiful gems pine and lose their color at times, and can be restored to health only by a prolonged visit to their ocean home. At the foot of a cliff under the windows of the Castle of Mirimar, formerly the residence of the Mexican emperor, Maximilian, at a depth of eighty feet below the surface of the Adriatic, is a kind of cage fashioned by divers in the face of the rock. In that cage are some of the most magnificent pearls in existence. They belong to the Archduchess Rainer. Having been left unworn for a long time, the gems lost their color and became "sick," and the experts were unanimous in declaring that the only means by which they could be restored to their original brilliancy was by submitting them to a prolonged immersion in the depths of the sea. They have been lying there for a number of years, and are gradually but very slowly regaining their former unrivaled orienry.

Here is a hint for curing sick souls. Put them back into their native element of prayer and communion with Christ.—H.

336. Backsliding, Danger of. The *Raleigh Christian Advocate* quotes from "Alice in Wonderland" the truthful paradox that "you have to run as hard as you can to stay where you are." It is certainly true that we will retrograde if we do not run. But we must run in the right direction and "so run that we may obtain."

337. Backsliding, Danger of. The Christian life is like riding a bicycle; if you do not go on you go off.—W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS, D.D.

338. Backsliders Defined. A minister's little girl and her playmate were talking about serious things. "Do you know what a backslider is?" the former questioned.

"Yes; it's a person that used to be a Christian and isn't," said the playmate, promptly.

"But what do you s'pose makes them call them backsliders?"

"Oh, that's easy. You see, when people are good, they go to church and sit up in front. When they get a little tired of being good they slide back a seat, and keep on sliding till they get clear back to the door. After a while they slide clear out and never come back to church at all."

339. Backsliding Determined. "My people are bent on backsliding from me."

A rule I have had for years is to treat the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Friend. He is not a creed, a mere empty doctrine; it is Christ himself that we have. The moment we have received Christ he should become a Friend to us. When I go away from home I bid my wife and children good-by; I bid my friends and acquaintances good-by; but I never heard of a poor backslider going down on his knees and saying, "I have been near you for ten years; your service has become tedious and monotonous; I have come to bid you farewell. Good-by, Lord Jesus Christ." I never heard of one doing this. I will tell you how they go: they just run away.—D. L. MOODY.

340. Backsliding Explained. "Mother," said little Ned one morning, after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "No, that wasn't the reason, it was because I slept too near where I fell out." Persons backslide because they go to sleep so near where they get into church. To prevent backsliding get into the middle of the church and work so hard that you don't go to sleep.

341. Backsliders, Gradual Overthrow. I know quite well that there are some people who grow gray in a night, but one does not meet them often. There are some sins which wither, and blight, and blast life as with a lightning flash. But they are not the common sins. That is not the commonest experience. There are some trees which are overblown in one great blast of the winter's gale. But the real cause of their overthrow is found if you examine the trunk, in which the process known as dry rot has been going on for a long time. The storm only makes visible that which has been going on destructively without any announcement.

And in the same manner we go on backsliding gradually, so gradually as to attract no attention; and then some crisis of demand comes, some crisis of duty, some great crisis of sorrow or loss, something that shakes life to its very foundations. And then the destructive processes of the past are all unveiled and discovered in the overthrow.—REV. J. STUART HOLDEN.

342. Baptism, Jesus' Mark. Out on the cattle ranches of the West the unbranded calves that roam at large are known as

"mavericks." They are claimed by the man who is the first to get his brand on them at the annual "round-up." A little Western girl had been baptized one Sunday by the Methodist minister of the town. Her schoolmates questioned her the next day as to the meaning of the ceremony. "Well," she said, "I will just tell you. I was a little maverick out on the prairie, and that man put the Jesus mark on my forehead so that when he sees me he will know that I am one of his children."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

343. Beacon, A Saving. Far out on the desert of Arizona is a lighthouse, erected for life-saving, like the towers that rise above the dashing waves of the Atlantic coast. Below it is a great well,—Cullen's Well, it is called, two hundred feet deep. At the well meet roads, leading from many points in the desert. There is no water for fifty-five miles to the eastward, nor for thirty-five miles in any other direction. The road leading from Hassayampa Creek to the well is "blazed" by the graves of those who have died of thirst upon their way. Men have died a dozen or more, within a few miles from the point where the life-giving liquid is to be found. Two miners expired by the roadside almost within sight of their goal, and a prospector's body was found within rifle-shot of the little station. Then it was that John Drew, the keeper of the well, in mercy determined to establish his lighthouse. Far up on a tall cotton-wood pole every night there now swings a lantern, to be seen for many miles across the level plain,—a light of promise to the traveler, a life-saving beacon not marked on the mariners' charts.—JAMES H. MCCLINTOCK.

344. Beauty by Association with Christ. Being with Christ shows. It was said of the apostles that people "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." Christ's main way of training the twelve was to have them with him. It is said: "He appointed twelve, that they might be with him."

The president of one of the largest banks of New York City told that after he had served for several years as an office boy in the bank over which he now presides, the then president called him into his office one day and said, "I want you to come into my office and be with me." The young man replied, "But what do you want me to do?" "Never mind that," said the president; "you will learn about that soon. I just want you to be in here with me." "That was the

most memorable moment of my life," said the great banker. "Being with that man made me all that I am to-day." What must the disciples have received by being with Jesus? There is a wonderful transforming influence comes from being with Him.

345. Beauty, an Attainment. A London beauty specialist, who is said to be achieving wonders in his profession, advises his patients to "think beauty" if they wish to become beautiful, and to emphasize and cultivate whatever few admirable traits they may have.

There is nothing new whatever in this theory. It is a well-established scientific fact that the human face is affected in its expression by one's thoughts. A study of the faces of wicked and godly people will prove this. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." The constant meditation upon spiritual matters will produce that higher form of beauty of life and character which is infinitely superior to physical beauty.

346. Beauty from Christ. Only when we so surrender our lives to Christ that he enters into us can we thus repeat his life. There is a legend of the later days of Greece which illustrates this. A prize was offered for the best statue of one of the deities. A country lad, who believed in this particular god with all his heart, had a passionate desire to make the statue. He wrought manfully, but, lacking the artist's skill and experience, the figure he produced was wanting in grace and beauty. Then the legend relates that this god, seeing the lad's loving endeavor worthy to manifest his character before the eyes of men, helped him. While the other competitors were laughing at the boy's crude work the god himself entered into that pathetic marble failure, glorifying it with his own radiant beauty.

This is only a heathen legend, but it illustrates what Christ does for all who truly live for him, and with loyal heart and diligent hand seek indeed to show to the world his beauty. He enters their hearts, and lives out his own blessed life in them. Poor indeed may be our best striving, but Christ in us will glorify it.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

347. Beauty of Christ Mirrored. We have read of a little child who had been thinking about the unseen Christ to whom she prayed. She was trying to picture to herself what he might be like. By and by she came to her mother with the question, "Is Jesus like anybody I know?" The question was not an un-

reasonable one. Every true disciple of Christ ought to be an answer, in some sense at least, to that child's inquiry. Every little child ought to see Christ's beauty mirrored in its mother's face. Yes, and this privilege should not be limited to the children of good mothers, but ought to be one enjoyed by every one who anywhere looks upon a Christian.—H.

348. Beauty in Becoming Like Christ. A beautiful statue stands in the marketplace. It is that of a Greek slave-girl, but she is well dressed, tidy and handsome. A dirty, forlorn, ragged slave-girl passes by. She sees the statue, stops and gazes at it in rapt admiration. She goes home, washes her face and combs her hair. Another day she stops, in passing, to look at the statue. Next day her tattered clothes are washed and mended. Each day she stops to look at the statue, and each next day she has imitated some of its beauties, until the dirty ragged slave becomes completely transformed; she becomes another girl. This is the way Christ teaches. He does not hurl his own individuality upon others; he simply lives and works and loves before men, not to be seen of them, but to inspire them to a holy emulation.

349. Beauty by Beholding. A returned missionary who had lived many years in a heathen land, said that what impressed him most when he came back to America was not the stately buildings, the mechanical improvements on every hand, or the handsome girls and young women, but the beautiful old ladies. Heathen women grow ugly as they grow old. This he attributed not so much to hard work as to vacant minds and unimproved hearts. The reverse is often seen in our country. Not that certain charms which belong to youth can be retained with advancing years, but other and better ones replace them.

There certainly is a "beauty of holiness" which is often seen in the face of the aged saint. It is said of God's redeemed ones, "His name shall be in their foreheads." Have we not seen it even here written on the brow of some sweet and lovely Christian, while yet in the flesh?

How is character transformed? It is by beholding. Beholding the glory of the Lord we are changed into the image of the glory. That is, those who find the likeness of Christ and look upon, ponder it, grow into likeness to Christ. Something of the glory of his face passes

into their faces, and stays there, and shines out so that others see it.—H.

350. Beauty by Contagion. Henry van Dyke says: "What you look at longest you grow to look like." This sentiment has often been put into words, but never perhaps more pithily. The face is the exponent of one's emotions. What one looks at creates emotions, good or bad. Consequently in time, one's face will reveal the likeness of that on which he has looked long and earnestly.

The ancient Greeks filled their homes with stalwart sculptures in order that their sons looking on the same, day after day, might develop perfect forms. They hung on the walls of their homes the most delicate presentations of art, expecting that their daughters would become like what was thus portrayed. Nothing misshapen or misproportioned was allowed in the house to cause the misshapening of the body or mind of their growing children.

351. Beauty, Developed. Beauty is developed by living in an atmosphere of the beautiful, and by cultivating the companionship of those who are beautiful in their lives. We naturally fall into the habits of speech and action of those with whom we associate. If we are to be beautiful, we must choose our companions with the greatest of care.

"Out of the heart are the issues of life." We grow beautiful by thinking beautiful thoughts, and reading books that hold up high ideals. Bad sights, bad books, bad pictures and bad plays do much to destroy the appreciation of the beautiful among all classes of people.

The Bible teaches us how we may grow beautiful. It holds up for our study and emulation the most beautiful life ever lived on this earth. It tells us of the love and patience and charm of the Man of Galilee. His words were so full of truth and beauty that even his enemies said that never man spake as this man speaks. The little children were attracted and drawn to him by the sheer beauty of his personality.

The new birth changes the inward life and renews the whole man, so that the outward expressions are purer and lovelier. Paul could say that the things he once loved he now hated, after he was born again. The man or woman who is born again becomes more beautiful as the years go by. Outward beauty fades with the passing of the years. Beauty of the soul is infinitely superior to beauty of the face.

For ages, men and women have sought the secret of perpetual youth and beauty. Powders and potions have been concocted and applied. On the cross of Calvary Christ poured out a potion that is able to cleanse away sin and uncleanness, and make the soul within pure and beautiful. The Holy Spirit gives new life, which at length matures in the beauty of holiness and in the fullness of a perfect man.—REV. MATTHEW F. SMITH, D.D.

352. Beauty, Heart Deep. "Beauty is but skin deep." That is a skin-deep saying. Beauty is heart deep. It is out of the heart we desire it. It is out of the heart it grows. This is not a mere saying like the other. It is the fact and secret that we are eager to penetrate. There is, indeed, a skin-deep beauty—a mere unearned, unliving, bodily inheritance; but out of some heart, through some life-earning it must always have been originated and evolved.—MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

353. Beauty, Inner. A famous lady, who once reigned in Paris society, was so plain when she was a girl that her mother said, after gazing at her for a long time with a distressed expression: "My poor child, I fear it will be very hard for you to win love in this world—indeed, even to make friends!"

It was from that hour that the success of this woman, known to the world as Madame De Circourt, dated. For a little time she took the matter sorely to heart. Then, humbly, but sweetly and untiringly, she began to be kind—kind to the pauper children of her native village, to the servants of her household, even the birds that hopped about the garden walls. Nothing so distressed her as not to be able to render a service.

As the years wore on, her good will toward every one made her the idol of the great city, which was eventually her home. Although her complexion was sallow, her gray eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her some of the most noted men of her time. Her life-long unselfishness and interest in others made her, it is said, irresistible, and young and old forgot the plainness of her features in the loveliness of her life.

354. Beauty from Inside Outward. "Shine Inside." This is the sign which on the cold days of winter one may see in the windows of barber-shops and shoe-blackening places, indicating that the boot-black is within doors. And with another thought than that conveyed by the sign

I said, "That's it; 'shine inside.'" Where else should we "shine" but inside? To "shine inside" is to shine outside. Many a face has a beauty not born of earth because it has a "shine inside." At evening the cathedral windows throw their reflections upon the snow only because the chandeliers within are lighted. There's something shining inside.

The radiance of a life born of the Spirit has its source not in the outward life; there's something "shining inside."—*Epworth Herald*.

355. Beauty Marred by Sin. Moldering away on the wall of the old mansion in Milan, Italy, hangs the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. Like every masterpiece, the painting required many years of patient labor, and, as a result of that labor, it is perfect in its naturalness of expression and sublime in its story of love. In addition to these qualities, it has an incident in its history that contributes not a little towards making it the great teacher that it is. It is said that the artist, in painting the faces of the apostles, studied the countenances of good men whom he knew. When, however, he was ready to paint the face of Jesus in the picture, he could find none that would satisfy his conception; the face that would serve as a model for the face of Christ must be dignified in its simplicity and majestic in its sweetness. After several years of careful search, the painter happened to meet one Pietro Bandinelli, a choir boy of exquisite voice, belonging to the cathedral. Being struck by the beautiful features and tender manner that bespoke an angelic soul, the artist induced the boy to be the study for the painting of the face of Jesus. All was done most carefully and reverently, but the picture was as yet incomplete, for the face of Judas was absent. Again the painter, with the zeal of a true lover of his art, set about in search of a countenance that might serve for the face of the traitor. Some years passed before his search was rewarded and the picture finally completed. As the artist was about to dismiss the miserable and degraded wretch who had been his awful choice, the man looked up at him and said, "You have painted me before." Horrified and dumb with amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bandinelli. During those intervening years Pietro had been at Rome studying music, had met with evil companions, had given himself up to drinking and gambling, had fallen into

shameful dissipation and crime. The face that now was the model for the face of Judas was once the model for the face of Christ.—*The New World*.

356. Beauty, Result of Love to Christ. A teacher in a Japanese girls' school was asked, "Do you receive only pretty girls?" The questioner was told that they took all who came. "But they are all pretty." "We teach soul-culture," was the only explanation. "Well, I don't want my daughter to become a Christian, but I want her to get that look on her face." A fine testimony to the influence of the love of Christ.—*The Christian Herald*.

357. Beauty of Soul. The beauty of nature is most fully apprehended by the most refined, sensitive soul. It is worded, pictured, sculptured or sung only by those who have attained a high inward development. And beauty becomes more and more spiritual as we pass from the beauty of nature, of forms and faces, to the beauty of friendship, of the home, and the soul. . . . The noblest product of the universe is the beautiful soul—that is, the manly, developed, masterful soul; one that has attained peace through trial, and grace through exercise. The supreme grace is the beauty of spiritual devotion, the love that denies itself, the heart and genius of the Christ.—HORATIO W. DRESSER.

358. Beauty, True.

Wouldst thou be beautiful? Oh, let
Thy every thought be pure;
Think only of the good and true,
The things which shall endure;
Seek ever the companionship
Of One beyond compare,
Whose beauty far surpasses
That of the lily fair.

Walk daily in the footprints
Masked by the ever glow
He has left us of His glory
Here on this earth below.
Your thoughts and your ambitions
Bring captive to His will,
And the sweetness of the secret
Of the Lord your soul shall fill.

Throw open wide the windows
Of your soul, and let the rays
Of the Sun of Righteousness shine in
To brighten all your days.
He will satisfy your longings
And transform you by His grace,
Till the beauty of His image
Shall glorify your face.

—RETTA BRYSON TITUS.

359. Beauty in Unlikely Places. Humboldt was once deeply touched. He found a flower—and it was on the edge of the Vesuvian crater. Dust had settled in the hollow of the lava ashes. When the rains fell there, a cupful of rich soil was ready. A bird of the wind had borne a seed and had dropped it in this soil on the crater's lip. And from it grew a beautiful flower. No wonder the great scientist was moved by a glimpse of beauty in such a place! In our pilgrimage we come now and then upon lives that seem utterly dreary. Their life history is but desolation. Sorrow and sin have stripped them bare. Yet even in these waste places in life a flower can be made to grow whose aroma and beauty will cause one to forget all the barrenness.

360. Beauty to Utility. Mr. Reid's best illustration was the parable he told about an American forest. A stranger walking in the wood saw a great tree newly felled. He supposed that such a monarch must be destined for a pillar in some palace, or a mast in some great vessel. "Questioning one of the woodmen, he was surprised to receive the answer: 'That tree is going to be split up for matches. The whole of this forest is going into match-wood.' A match is a little thing, but it can kindle a big fire."—*British Weekly*.

361. Beauty Within. One day a number of years ago a thoughtful girl was reading an old book. As the girl read her eyes lingered on one sentence which seemed to have a special message for her that day. As she pondered it it took fast hold of her thought until she began to breathe it as her own. It was a prayer—"God make me beautiful within." It was the beginning of a new life for the earnest-hearted young girl. God had found her and touched her heart.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

362. Becalmed Christians. Dr. John Goucher related the following incident at one of the Lake George conferences: "One afternoon we were sailing on the ocean in a beautiful yacht when suddenly the wind died away completely. After remaining motionless for a long time it became evident that we would have to spend the night there. Just as we had resigned ourselves to the inevitable, we sighted a steam tug in the distance. When it drew near the captain threw us a line and in a few moments a thrill ran through the becalmed yacht and she followed in the wake of the powerful little tug." Christian, is your life or your

church becalmed? Christ will throw you a line and take you to your haven—not only the haven of heaven, but the haven of opportunity, usefulness and success.

363. Belief in God's Word. *See also Bible; Scriptures.*

364. Belief in God's Word. Two children were playing on a hillside, when they noticed that the hour was nearing sunset, and one said wonderingly, "See how far the sun has gone! A little while ago it was right over that tree, and now it is low down in the sky." "Only it isn't the sun that moves, it's the earth. You know, father told us," answered the other. The first one shook his head. The sun did move, for he had seen it; and the earth did not move, for he had been standing on it all the time. "I know what I see," he said, triumphantly. "And I believe father," said his brother. So mankind divides still—some accepting only what their senses reveal to them, and others believing the Word of God.—*The Christian Herald*.

365. Belief, Happiness of. To believe is to be happy; to doubt is to be wretched. To believe is to be strong. Doubt cramps energy. Belief is power. Only so far as a man believes strongly, mightily, can he act cheerfully, or do anything that is worth the doing.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

366. Belief, Reward of. If you wish to be assured of the truth of Christianity, try it. Believe, and if thy belief be right, that insight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward of thy belief.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

367. Belief, A Statement of. It is said that the devil once asked a pying man, "What do you believe?" The poor man, fearful of being caught in some heresy, replied, "What the church believes." The devil demanded, "And what does the church believe?" He replied, "What I believe." Again, he was questioned, "What do you believe?" He answered once more, "What the church believes." Many Christians could do no better.

368. Belief by Wishing. What ardently we wish we soon believe.—YOUNG.

369. Bell that Came Home. Two hundred years ago a fine, big bell was cast and hung in the tower of a Buddhist monastery about ten miles from Tsinan, China. For many decades the notes of this bell sounded across the country, but the monastery was finally deserted. About forty years ago a descendant of the man who cast the bell was converted and soon won others of his clan to worship God. Soon he had

a Christian school opened in his village. After the Boxer days, when the indemnity was paid to Christians who had lost property, he succeeded in getting the local Christians to contribute one-tenth of this to the building of a church to the honor and praise of the God who had heard. Then the bell was brought from the temple of the god who could not hear, and hung in front of the church of the God who did hear. This Christian man afterward studied and became an evangelist, and although over eighty years old is still faithfully witnessing to a large circuit.

370. Bell, The Church. Shall we have church bells? The Sabbath morning air is charged with the spirit of rest. As the hour of nine is struck, little children once more prattle the golden text, to their mothers' listening ears. The dignified superintendent gathers up his ideas, and perhaps thinks of the streets where he may meet young men whom he is trying to enlist in the Bible class. With Andrew's example in mind he strolls along that way and says, "Come, boys."

The church bells chime. The commercial traveler at the hotel yawns, wonders if they have a church directory in the office downstairs; thinks if he can get dressed in time he may attend morning service somewhere. The harmonies suggest all the good that has not been choked out by the thorns of this wicked world, and his inevitable contact with it.

Is it worth while? Shall "the children of this world" be wiser than "the children of light"? Yet there are people who sternly argue that they ought to know when it is time to go to church, without the assistance of church bells.

371. Bells, Message of the. We passed old Trinity Church, in lower Broadway, one morning last week. It was a typical March day, although February had not yet counted out its hours. A boisterous wind was tearing down the street, carrying clouds of dirt, and the unmetled heaps of snow in the street and covering the churchyard were powdered with black dust. People hurried along, holding their wraps tightly about them and absorbed only in reaching their destinations. Then out on the wings of the wind floated the chimes and they were playing "Whiter Than Snow." Verse after verse, with the chorus, rang out, sometimes the notes almost swept away by the gale or drowned by the clang of the trolleys and

the jolting of heavy trucks, and then rising triumphantly with their message to all who would listen:

"Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee forever to live in my
soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every
foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow."

How much the message was needed by the toil-worn, sin-stained crowds who passed, by those who were transacting business in the offices whose windows look out on Trinity for several blocks around!

372. Bells, Mission of. We are told in the Koran that beautiful bells are hung upon the trees of Paradise in such a way as to be stirred by wind from the golden throne of God whenever the blessed ones in his presence wish for music. It is to this that the author of "Lalla Rookh" refers in the lines:

"Bells as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted
trees
Of Eden, shook by the eternal breeze."

Nothing arrests the attention of curious and thoughtful more than the mystery of chimes dropping down through the air from one of the loftiest steeples of a church or cathedral.

373. Bell as a Missionary. At a town in India is a bell that has persuaded two Hindus to come and be baptized. Each morning this bell sounds its musical summons for prayers in a C.M.S. mission compound. A young man, employed as a servant next door, wondered why the bell rang, and inquired of a Christian fellow-servant. The explanation interested him and he tried to find out more from a non-Christian sweeper who worked in the mission compound. This man had read some of the Bible, and told as much as he could about the foreigners' religion. Next the young Hindu came to one of the missionaries, and it was agreed that he should attend regularly at the mission to be taught. Within two months he had learned to read the Bible for himself. His baptism not long after made the second which has taken place in Ghaziabac through hearing this mission bell ring for morning prayers.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

374. Bell, The Passing. The solemn and impressive custom of announcing death by the tolling of the church-bell will soon be but a vague and distant memory.

"The passing bell" has itself passed away, and its slow measured accents no longer tell the story of the departure of one more soul.

The brief notice in the daily papers, while it conveys explicit information, fails to give something that the bell's tolling carried with it. The solemn rhythmic tones awakened a momentary vibration in the breast of every listener, and bade each pause for sympathy and meditation. The bell admonished the sinner to repent, and warned the thoughtless to take heed and mend his ways. It spoke clearly and comprehensively, and bade all scattered and preoccupied inhabitants attend its story.

The bell's voice is identified with all the deepest and most sacred human emotions. It has bespoken joys and sorrows of all mankind for centuries. Is its voice to die away and have no part in the life of the future?

The wedding-bells ring out no more save in some song or story. The Christmas chimes are seldom wafted to our ears. The church-bells ring but faintly now and under constant protest.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day" only in verse; a sunset gun to-day gives greater satisfaction. The Angelus sounds merely in pictorial form; the fire-bells give place to still alarms; the dinner-bell is silenced in polite society, and sleigh-bells are discarded.

What is the future of the bell? That happy silver tongue that has sung out the joys of all the world; that solemn tone, that has mourned for the nations' dead, and voiced the nations' woes, and summoned to their knees the nations' worshippers!—*Atlantic Monthly*.

375. Bells, Song of.

Listen all,
Listen all!
Only give heed
To this urgent call.

Hear us ring,
Hear us ring!
"Peace to your hearts
Is the song we sing."

Love is king,
Love is king!
Message of joy
From the tower we fling.

Ding-a-dong,
Ding-a-dong!
Happy the day
When you heed our song!
—S. E. MYERS.

376. Bells, how Tuned. When certain bells in a chime produce a discord they can be tuned. The tone of a bell may be raised or lowered by cutting off a little metal in the proper place. To lower the tone the bell-tuner puts the bell in his lathe and reams it out from the point where the swell begins, nearly down to the rim. As the work proceeds he frequently tests the note with a tuning-fork, and the moment the right tone is reached he stops the reaming.

To raise the tone, on the contrary, he shaves off the lower side of the bell, gradually lessening or flattening the level, in order to shorten the bell, for of two bells of equal diameter and thickness, the shorter gives the higher note.

A notable instance of bell-tuning occurred at Lausanne, where twelve bells, in three neighboring steeples, had only seven separate notes, and produced a most curious discord.

377. Benefits. See also **Thanksgiving; Thanksgiving Day.**

378. Benefits, God's Unnumbered. I was walking along one winter's night, hurrying toward home, with my little maiden at my side. Said she, "Father, I am going to count the stars." "Very well," I said, "go on." By and by I heard her counting, "Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, two hundred and twenty-five. Oh, dear," she said, "I had no idea there were so many!" Ah! dear friend, I sometimes say in my soul, "Now, Master, I am going to count thy benefits." Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness, and I say to myself, "I had no idea that there were so many."—MARK GUY PEARSE.

379. Best, Bettered. Lieut. Eddie Rickenbacker, all-American ace and former speed king in the auto racing world, while conversing about some of the knacks of his hazardous profession to a newspaper correspondent, explained the meaning of the word "Gimper," as used by the flyers:

"A gimper is a bird who would stick by you through anything," explained Rickenbacker. "If you were in the air and ran into a dozen Boches and were getting the worst of it, perhaps, and the fellow with you stuck with you and gave it to them until the Heinies went back

into Hunland you'd know he was a gimper.

"If he didn't have motor trouble, and his gun didn't jam, or he didn't accept any one of a dozen good excuses for zooming off home and leaving you to do the same if you could get away, he'd be a gimper all right. A gimper is a scout who does everything just a little better than he has to."

380. Best, Get the. The oldest son got the best, the double portion. God wants all his children, the youngest as well as the oldest, to get the best, but alas many are content with second-best. How often we see a sign marked "seconds" in the stores. These goods are cheap because they have flaws in them. God provides all his followers with means to get the best. Why, then, are we foolish enough to be content with second-best in the worth-while things of life?

381. Bethlehem, Bells of. When Dr. Guthrie was minister of the Barony Kirk in Glasgow, a godless old woman living near by was troubled by the ringing of his bell. She presented herself at the minister's study and related her experience in this way: "I am here not because of your preaching, Dr. Guthrie, but because of your bell. It always seems to be saying, 'Come! Come! Come!' and I have resented it. But the other night I dreamed; in my dream I seemed to be walking in a garden when you entered with a watering-pot; and, going about, you watered the plants one by one until, coming to a poor, scrawny thing, you passed it by. I called to you, 'Water that, too.' But you answered, 'No, my good woman, it would be useless; it has no root.' When I awoke, the bell was ringing and still saying, 'Come! Come! Come!' Then I wondered if I were the poor, fruitless thing. So I have come; tell me, what shall I do?"

It is a scientific fact that a sound-wave moves outward from its center, in concentric circles, until its vibrations touch the uttermost borders of infinite space. Therefore let us ring the bells of Bethlehem. The sphere of their message grows wider and wider with the passing years.—H.

382. Beyond. See also *Heaven*.

383. Beyond, The. Deut. 34:1. "But what is on the other side of the hill?"

That was the question. That is always the question. My friend and I had been spinning along in the car, the towering mountains and the shining harbor behind us, whilst each bend in the road presented

us with a fresh unfolding of the ceaseless panorama of woodland, pasture, and stream. We were bound for nowhere, and as far as we could see the road led there. We were out for the pure sake of being out. All at once a sense of chilliness crept over us, and we were reminded that even the wealthiest days become bankrupt at last. Should we turn round and go home? There was only one objection. Right ahead of us lay a long range of hills. They had attracted our attention a few hours earlier as we sat under a big tree at the side of the road enjoying an al-fresco lunch. During the afternoon their massive forms had crept nearer and nearer, as the car had sped swiftly towards them. They captivated our fancy and lured us on. There was something taunting and challenging about them.

"Shall we turn round and go home?"

"But what is on the other side of the hill?"

That, I say, is the question. It is the oldest question in the world, and the greatest question in the world. All the pathos and all the tragedy of the world are crammed into it. . . . That is how history and geography—and everything else—came to be. . . . And yet, for the matter of that, every man knows what is on the other side of the hill. Immensity is on the other side of the hill. Infinity is on the other side of the hill. . . . Immensity and Infinity—and Eternity. This is why the pilgrims of the ages have been struggling with bleeding feet up those precipitous slopes. They hoped that, from the summit, they might catch one satisfying glimpse of the Beyond.

384. Bible. See *Word of God*. See *Scripture*.

385. Bible, Abiding. When Prof. Curie announced the discovery of radium, men marveled and declared it to be unlike any known thing because of its constant impartation of energy without loss of strength.

Yet here in the Word of God there has been a ceaseless impartation of Divine truth to the saving of many souls without any decrease in its value.

386. Bible, Applied. I would that every student of the Bible would take the motto which Bengel took for his guidance in study: "Apply thyself wholly to the Scriptures, and apply the Scriptures wholly to thyself." Some are applying themselves wholly to the Scriptures with microscopic intensity of search and

research, but they neglect the other half.

387. Bible, Believed. A Japanese in endeavoring to describe a friend of his to an American, seizing the Bible exclaimed, "He believes this book very much!" There are some Americans who call themselves after the great name who would have to be described by just the opposite characteristic. By the way, how do your friends describe your attitude toward that Book?

388. Bible, Artist's Inspiration. A writer in the *World's Work* has paid a graceful tribute to Mr. George Tinworth whose remarkable panels are to be seen in many English cathedrals, and other places. After a reference to the artist's remarkable familiarity with every detail of the Old and New Testament narratives, the writer goes on to show that the little lad in impoverished circumstances and sordid surroundings, was literally fed upon the inspired Book:

The Bible is the chief source of his inspiration. The Bible was the only book which his mother read, and she knew it from cover to cover, and took care that her only son should know it too. In his childhood he was steeped in the Scriptures.

The result of this training at his mother's knee is powerfully shown in Mr. Tinworth's noble and artistic handiwork.

389. Bible, the Best Book. Late in life Coleridge, who had ranged so widely through all literature, withdrew from his usual studies and took with him on his travels only a small English New Testament, saying to his friends: "I have only one Book, and that is the best."—BARROWS.

390. Bible, its Bindings. In one of his addresses Dr. Campbell Morgan, after reminding his hearers of Ruskin's words, "You cannot give your children the Bible bound in Morocco," said, "Was Ruskin right? I have four boys and three are ordained and one is going to be, God willing, in about a year or two. How did they get their Bible? They got it bound ardently and beautifully in mother, and they had it bound perhaps a little more coarsely in dad."

390a. Bible, Blessing of. A friend of the Rev. John W. Butler, of Mexico City, found in an interior town in Mexico a boy who seemed very different from the "lounging, heavy crowd in the plaza." After talking with the boy a few minutes he realized that he had discovered a "real

jewel among pebbles." When the boy told him that he did not smoke or drink, the stranger asked him why. "Oh," he said, "we have a book at our house, and in this book are many things that make one think about things. I read, and then I wonder if it is wrong to do this or that; and I think it is wrong to use stimulants, because it makes one dizzy and lazy. It is the Holy Bible. It makes us different from the rest of the people. We are happier, we are more healthy, we are better in every way, and I wish there were more of these books here. I wish that more might read, and understand, and be different."—ALMA H. BLEW.

391. Bible Bread. If then you ever get weary and languid for a moment, "Taste the powers of the world to come," and you will be refreshed and invigorated. We have a beautiful illustration in the story of the sick soldier. He was given up to die, and his father hastened from a long distance to his bedside in the hospital. He lay half-conscious, and nothing that father or attendants could do could rouse him till the father said: "Here is a loaf of your mother's bread which I have brought you." "Bread from home," said the dying man; "give me some." And from that hour he began to mend. Bread from heaven! Don't fail to eat it every day, O Christian. You are in the world, but not of it, and you will die if you eat the native food. Feed upon the Word of God; live upon the promises of God; satisfy your souls with the hope of God which he has revealed to you in the Scriptures. "This is the bread which cometh down out of heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die."—DR. A. J. GORDON.

392. Bible, Bribed to Read. When I was five years old my mother offered me a dollar if I would read the Bible through, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelations. I confess that my price has risen since then; but in my boyhood I had more leisure and less cash than I have now. My total income was six cents a week; and as I was expected to deposit one cent in the contribution box every Sunday, I always regarded my income as five cents, unconsciously prophetic of the modern income-tax law. I am glad my mother bribed me to read the Bible, and glad that she forced me to pay my way in church. At first I thought more of the dollar than of the Holy Writ; but as I became interested I found keener

joy in the race than in the prize.—
WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

393. Bible, Busy. A Japanese has been in the habit of posting on his door this notice when he leaves home for his work in the morning: "I am a Christian; and, if any one likes to go in and read my good Book while I am out, he may."—*East and West.*

394. Bible Changes Things. Christianity waged no war directly against such social evils of antiquity as slavery, but it killed them much more effectively by breathing into the conscience of the world truths which made their continuance impossible. It girdled the tree and left it to die. It changed the climate, and this changed the vegetation.—*Missionary Review.*

395. Bible as a Charm. At the Bible Teachers' Conference in London, a speaker from the British and Foreign Bible Society told of a Korean gambler who bought a copy of the New Testament and sat on it when gambling, thinking he was bound to win. The first night he lost \$5.00, the second night \$3.00, and then he decided that the doctrine must be against gambling.

396. Bible Circulation. When I visited Mexico, a year or so ago, I found that in various places congregations had been formed and held together that no living preacher had addressed. Soldiers had left copies of the New Testament, and the people had read them, forsook their grosser sins, and met together to talk and read and pray. One day I went up into a mountain or high hillside where was a cave, a kind of amphitheater in a fort, where the people had met by one and two hundred to avoid persecution of the government, and there they read the Scriptures and sang and prayed. The same thing occurs in Syria and among the Mohammedans in Arabia. Wherever God's Word is circulated it stirs the hearts of people; it prepares for public morals. Circulate that Word, and you find the tone of morals immediately changed. It is God speaking to man.—
BISHOP SIMPSON.

397. Bible, Circulation of. The old picture of Martin Luther, standing before a copy of the Scriptures carefully chained to a wall in the crypt, is suggestive. The Roman Church kept the Word of God fastened by chains. Wyclif, Tyndale, Erasmus, Reuchlin, Luther, Melancthon, and the Westminster divines found the old Book in the Temple, rescued it from an enormous rubbish heap of traditions

and decrees, and restored it to the world through the magnificent translations which they made. Then modern history began. With the beginning of the Sunday-school, the Church entered upon another era of Bible recovery. Societies were formed for its multiplication and distribution. Within one hundred years the British and Foreign Bible Society has issued a hundred and seventy-five million copies; and the American society has issued a million a year for seventy-five years.—DR. GEORGE C. LORIMER.

398. Bible, Chart of Safety. Danger is doubly dangerous when we do not know that it exists. A concealed enemy has a deadly advantage. Years ago a Pacific steamship went down off the coast of Alaska by striking an uncharted rock. Four hundred lives were lost. A man who was able to swim ashore through the numbing slushing ice, saving himself and another, told later of the criticism that was expressed after the accident, because there were any uncharted rocks in that course. There are no uncharted rocks in our life course. God has made the chart; it is our Bible. Better still, we may have on board and in undisputed control all the time a Pilot who has been this way before and who knows all the rocks and perils. God has done all that he can to keep every human life from ever knowing the meaning of the word "wreck." And he has done enough. It is for us to decide whether we will accept his guidance and safety.—*Sunday School Times.*

399. Bible, Chart and Compass. No sailor would think of embarking for an ocean voyage—or even on one of our Great Lakes—without a compass, that by night, and in storm, he may be able to steer a safe course to the desired haven. Yet more accurate and unerring is the compass of intuition, so we call it for lack of knowing what it really is, in the brain of wild birds who migrate a thousand miles north or south each season and return to the same feeding and breeding grounds.

How sure we may be that, as Bryant says in his "Lines to a Waterfowl":

"He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy
certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will guide my steps aright."

400. Bible Brings Community Good. A young lawyer, an infidel, boasted that

he was going out west to locate in some place where there were no churches, Sunday Schools or Bibles. Before a year was out he wrote to a classmate, a young minister, begging him to come out where he was and start a Sunday School and preach, and "be sure to bring plenty of Bibles," closing his letter with these words, "I have become convinced that a place without Christians and Sabbaths and churches and Bibles is too much like hell for any living man to stay in."—*Record of Christian Work.*

401. Bible Criticized. And the lack of biblical knowledge which some of the critics show is amusing, if not alarming. I read of one the other day who said he could not accept that story about the ark; he was a dealer in lumber, and the ark was 450 feet long, 75 feet wide and 45 feet high, and if it had been filled with food and animals it must have weighed thousands of tons. "Now," he said, "you cannot make me believe that men could carry such a thing as that through the wilderness."

402. Bible Dedicated. Carey and his associates in India translated the Bible into several score of tongues, and put it within the reach of 300,000,000 people. Whenever a volume was completed, they laid it on the communion table and dedicated it to Christ.

403. Bible, Demand for. Two and a half million copies of the Revised Version of the New Testament were either bought or ordered by English-speaking people within forty-eight hours after it was declared ready for delivery. And the whole of the Revised New Testament was cabled across the ocean, and appeared the next day in the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, complete.

404. Bible, Enduring. A colporteur in Bohemia, traveling through a Roman Catholic district, was surprised to come on a locksmith, who knew the Bible well. He learned that seventeen years before, the priests had gathered all the copies of the Bible together, and made a bonfire of them. A gust of wind carried away two burning pieces out of the bonfire, which he had picked up and read. The first words that caught his eyes were, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." So impressed was he that he and his father saved a whole Bible out of the burning, and became Bible readers and Bible students.—F. B. MEYER.

405. Bible, Finding the. One day, when Luther was twenty, he opened

many books in the library to learn their authors' names. One volume attracted his attention. He had never seen its like. He read the title. It was a Bible, a book unknown in those times. He was astonished to find other matter than what the church had selected to be read to the people during public worship. With indescribable emotion he turned over the pages. He first read the story of the boy Samuel. "O that God would give me such a book for myself," thought he. He read it again and again, and the new truth began to dawn upon his mind.

406. Bible, God's Love Letter. The Bible is the Father's great love letter written in his own hand and personally addressed to each one of his children. In it we have the thoughts of his mind, the desire of his soul, the movements of his heart, the sacrifice of his love. Here we see him as he is. Here he tells us plainly what he would have us through Christ to become. The uplook and outlook are most glorious. "Like him." More than this we cannot ask. "Like him."—*The Presbyterian.*

407. Bible, God's Message. Are we alive to the message? When those miners in Colorado were buried alive, one day a boy in a field thought he heard a tapping on a deserted iron tubing. He went for help, and men came who decided that the miners were alive. Quickly an electric wire was brought over the mountain. A bulb was lowered so that the miners had electric light. Food was sent down, and messages of love from the miners' families. One miner knew a little of telegraphy, and so at last communication was established. There was a sensitive wire, and these little signals, giving the news of the life of these men, who for days had been supposed to be dead, filled the whole camp with a riot of joy and thanksgiving. And is it nothing that at last some nerve in man responds to the signals that come from the hitherto unseen and unknown God?

408. Bible and the Heart. All of us have seen one-dollar gold pieces with the Lord's prayer engraved on one side. But recently this feat has been outdone by a New York gentleman who has performed the seemingly impossible feat of engraving the entire Lord's prayer on the head of an ordinary pin, to which he has added his name and the year, making altogether 276 letters and figures.

What a waste of effort! He could have improved his time to better ad-

vantage had he done what David did, who said, "Thy word have I hid in my heart."

409. Bible, a Guide. General Grant told Bishop Simpson that all through the war he felt that God was using him as an agent in the salvation of the republic and while President he addressed a letter to the Sunday Schools of the country, in which he said: "To the influence of the Bible are we indebted for all the progress made in true civilization and to this we must look as our guide in the future."—REV. J. C. IGLEHART.

410. Bible, How It Steadies. A young university man, speaking of the quagmires into which some of his professors delighted to lead their students, said: "When I was through my course, I didn't know what I believed so far as religious teachings were concerned. I wasn't sure what the Bible really did teach. . . . I couldn't tell what my faith was. I said to myself, 'I can't go on this way; I must have a working basis.' So I read my Bible over again, studied the faith that had made my father and mother the best people I ever knew, and so finally came back to my old camping-ground."

411. Bible Inconsistencies Unimportant. Nothing General Howard ever said impressed me more than that response of his, after he had accepted Christ in the old barracks room at Tampa, kneeling before the table with his Bible on it, surrendering to Jesus. In the morning he met one of his officers who said, "Howard, I hear that you have become a Christian." "Yes," Howard says, "I have, and I am not ashamed of it." "Why," he says, "I can show you a hundred inconsistencies in the Bible." "Perhaps you can," says Howard, "but you can't show me that last night I did not surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I have been so happy I couldn't sleep. I can wait God's time for the explanation of the inconsistencies."

412. Bible Inexhaustible. Many doubtless have read Kate Douglas Wiggin's story of "Patsy." She relates how he brought an orange to his teacher one day with the words, "Here's an orange I brunged yer; it's been squz some, but there's more in it yet."

This is the blessed fact about our Bible, "There's more in it yet." It is our mine of resource.

413. Bible, Ignorance of. A Harvard student recently dropped into a box they have (for questions and answers among the students) the question: "Where can

I find the story of Sisera and Jael?" He received a deserved reply, as follows, "In the Bible, you heathen!" (The questions are written on slips of paper, and any one who knows the answer, writes under it.)

414. Bible Inextinguishable. When a certain man wrote a book against the Bible a few years ago, a skeptic met a plain Christian man and said to him, "There's an extinguisher put upon your Bible now." "Ah," said he, "we have had many extinguishers upon our Bible, but they have all proved to be wooden extinguishers, and the light has burned through them, and it now shines more brightly than ever."

415. Bible, Influence of. Moffatt told how, wandering in an out of the way part of Bechuanaland, his party found a woman who was a Christian. They asked her how she, surrounded by heathen, had kept the flame alive. She showed them a little Dutch Testament, given her when a girl, and said, "That is what keeps the oil burning within me." The flame of consecration must feed upon the oil of God's Word.

416. Bible, Influence of. It was in a western city and a great convention then in progress had brought a multitude of people, filling and overflowing the hotels. To accommodate their guests hotel managers had to resort to "doubling up," and this put five traveling salesmen into one large room where there were three beds. When the men went up to their room one proposed that they have a game of cards before retiring. One of the men said that he had some writing to do, but would not hinder the others if they wished to play. When the man who proposed the game went to bring the table he found a copy of a Gideon Bible lying on it, and turning to his friends, he said, "When I must remove my mother's Bible from the table to enjoy a game of cards I will not play." And so the game was not played.—ALBERT M. BILLINGSLEY.

417. Bible, Influence of. "I know nothing about what the learned men call the external evidences of revelation," said the stern, matter-o'-fact old Highlander to Claudius Buchanan, "but I will tell you why I believe it to be from God; I have a most depraved and sinful nature; and, do what I will, I find I cannot make myself holy. My friends cannot do it for me, nor do I think any angels in heaven could. One thing alone does it—reading and believing what I read in that blessed Book; that does it."—*Free Churchman*.

418. Bible, Influence of. At Manila, the Filipino who assisted in 1908 in translating the Tagalog Bible gave this testimony: "I became a Christian through reading the Bible. When I saw in St. John iv:24 that 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth,' I began to think that worshipping God through idols must be wrong, and from this I was gradually led on to the truth. At first my father and brothers were very bitter against me; I said but little to them, but gave each of them a Bible and asked them to read for themselves; in time they, too, became convinced, and are now Christians."—*Report of British and American Bible Society.*

419. Bible, Influence of. A German missionary from the province of Shansi, China, tells of a man who came to the mission station to buy a Testament. He lived a long way off, and had never seen a foreigner or heard a preacher of the gospel. A copy of Matthew's Gospel had come into his hands, and he wanted to know more of the doctrine. When he arrived at the station the missionary was not at home. The man waited, and in the meantime read the New Testament through nearly three times. When the missionary returned the visitor was ready for baptism. An illuminating illustration of the power of the Word!

420. Bible Inspired. One may hold that the Scriptures are inspired of God upon external evidence alone, but he will hold this truth in the letter only; it will have no vital influence upon his life. This question was once put to a Christian teacher: "Do you hold such and such a truth?" "No," was the response, "it holds me." He knew it to be true. Well, says Tholuck: "Luther is just the finest example to prove that a simple, upright mind and pious heart will know how to put the true interpretation upon the words of the Saviour. He abode in the word and he knew the truth. It was his through experience."

421. Bible in the Home. It is told of the mother of a family whose husband was an unbeliever, who jested at religion even before his children, that she, nevertheless, succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. When she was asked how she managed this, she said: "Because to the authority of a father I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible on my table. This holy

book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent, that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit any fault, did they perform any good action—I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reprov'd or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures alone has wrought the prodigy which surprises you."—WILLIAM MUIR.

422. Bible, a Lamp. From early Christian times, great quantities of lamps, running into hundreds, have been found in the recent excavations of ancient Gezer, and some of them are inscribed with such inscriptions as "The Lord is my Light." It would seem that from the early belief that the spirit required food and drink—and weapons, too, for they have been found in great numbers—gradually developed the thought that light was more needed in the dark underworld, and this in early Christian ages led to the lamp, symbolizing, in the darkness of the tomb, him who is the "Light of the World." It is interesting, too, to notice how these customs survive in the Orient to-day, where lamps and candles are kept burning around the corpse among both Christians and Jews, and are burnt for many days after the burial in the death chambers.—*Biblical World.*

423. Bible, a Light. We have been told of a man of Christian purpose who went a distance of one or two miles into a neighborhood where few could read, to spend an evening in reading the Bible to a company who were assembled to listen. As he was about to return by a narrow way through the woods, he was provided with a torch of light-wood or pitch-pine. "I objected," said he, "that it was too small, weighing not over half a pound." "It will light you home," answered my host. I said, "The wind may blow it out." He said, "It will light you home." "But, if it should rain?" I objected. "It will light you home," he insisted. Contrary to his fears, it gave abundant light to his path all the way home. Just so will it be with every one who will take the Bible torch to guide his feet along the narrow way. Does some one bring criticism of it? Answer, "It will light me home." Does another offer objections? Urge again, "It will light me home." To every argument of distrust or doubt let your persistent answer be, "It will light me home."—H.

424. Bible Lost. Henry Rogers had a remarkable dream—of how the world woke up one morning to find that God

had withdrawn his gift of the Bible. It had disappeared! Not only was every complete copy of the Bible turned into a volume of blank leaves, but from all literature every extract taken from the Bible, every record of ideas suggested by the Bible, had vanished; with the result that all the great classics of literature were left riddled and unintelligible. And what right should we have to complain if God did call back the great Book which is treated with a neglect so wicked, and inspires an interest so faint?

425. Bible, Mary Jones'. A young Welsh girl, named Mary Jones, dearly loved the Bible, but the only chance she had to read it was by walking two miles to the house of a relative. By hoarding chance pennies until she was sixteen years old she saved enough to buy a Bible of her own. The price at that time would be \$6.25 in our money. She walked twenty-eight miles along difficult and lonely paths to the only place she knew where Bibles were sold, and found that Mr. Charles, in charge of the place, had sold his last copy. Stirred by her tears, he gave her one which had been laid aside on order of a friend, and Mary Jones happily walked the long miles home. Her story, told by Mr. Charles, was influential in founding the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804, the first national society for the printing and circulation of the Bible.—HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY.

426. Bible Message. When Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, came out of the Tower of London and saw the scaffold upon which he was to be beheaded, he took out of his pocket a Greek Testament, and looking up, exclaimed: "Now, O Lord, direct me to some passage which may support me through this awful scene." He opened the book, and his eye fell upon the following text: "Alone; yet not alone." He instantly closed it, saying, "Praise God, this is sufficient for me and for eternity."—*The Expositor*.

427. Bible, Its Mysteries. In his great address, "The Making of a Man," the Hon. William J. Bryan advises young men, when challenged by unbelievers to explain the mysteries of the Bible, to ask them in turn to explain the everyday occurrence on the farm—how a red cow can eat green grass and give white milk that makes yellow butter. A thing may be true, even though you cannot explain how, nor understand why.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

428. Bible, Mother's Book.

We search the world for truth; we call
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from the quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

429. Bible Neglected. A story is told of a minister who taught an old man in his parish to read. He proved a proficient scholar. After the teaching had come to an end, the minister was not able to call at the cottage for some time, and when he did he found the wife at home.

"How's John?" said he.

"He's canny, sir," said the wife.

"How does he get on with his reading?"

"Nicely, sir."

"Ah! I suppose he can read his Bible very comfortably now."

"Bible, sir! Bless you! He was out of the Bible and into the newspaper long ago."

There are many other persons who, like this old man, have long been out of the Bible and into the newspaper. They have forsaken the fountain of Living Waters, and have gone about muddy pools and stagnant morasses to seek something which might slake their thirst.—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

430. Bible, Not Equaled. A Brahmin said to a missionary: "We are finding you out. You are not so good as your Book. If you were as good as your Book you could conquer India for Christ in five years."—*Bible Society Record*.

431. Bible a Personal Message. The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, was once preaching in Shanghai, when a company of godless sailors came into the meeting. He devoted himself to them with great energy, and before they left he made them promise to write out Isaiah 53: 5, putting their own names in the place of the pronouns thus: "He was wounded for —'s transgressions; he was bruised for —'s iniquities; the chastisement of —'s peace was upon him, and with his stripes — is healed." Some months later, when Mr. Taylor was again in Shanghai, these same sailors came to him, and reminded him of the incident. With great joy, they told him that they had done as he requested, and, in doing it, had found God. Whoever

personally seeks Jesus will find him.

432. Bible, Priceless. Adoniram Judson, the American Missionary in Burma, had translated the Bible into the Burmese language when war was waged between Burma and England, and he was put in prison, suspected of being a spy for England. His sufferings were terrible, for he was bound for nineteen months with three sets of fetters (sometimes with five), and confined in a loathsome cell. Mrs. Judson, knowing that the precious manuscript would be found and seized in her home, at first buried it; and then, fearing that it would decay if left longer in the ground, she wrapped it about with cotton and made it into a pillow for her husband in his cell. Once the pillow was stolen by the soldiers, but Mrs. Judson redeemed it by giving them a better one. Then one night Dr. Judson was hurried off to another prison and his pillow was thrown out into the prison yard. There one of his faithful converts found it and took it home, because it had belonged to his beloved teacher.

Dr. Judson mourned for his lost Bible, but long afterwards, to his great joy, he found it uninjured in the house of his convert. Is it not wonderful that this book was saved? Dr. Judson lived to see thousands reading it and keeping its laws.—*Tarbell's Teachers' Guide.*

433. Bible, Prosperity By. The eminent patriot, Garibaldi, while struggling for the deliverance of Italy from the Austrian and Papal power, wrote to the Earl of Shaftesbury, saying: "The best of allies you can procure for us is the Bible, which will bring us the reality of freedom."

434. Bible Reading. A friend remarked that a member of his church came to him with an air of pride, and said, "I have been through the Bible five times this year." His pastor looked at him and then queried: "How often has the Bible been through you?" He reads and hears God's Word well who seeks to realize it in his life. More knowledge of God's Word will be gained by a single effort to live one of its commands than by a year of reading with no effort to keep the Word of God. Trusting a promise will enable one to know its sweetness far better than to commit it to memory.—*Sabbath Reading.*

435. Bible Reading. Some years ago a lady went to consult a famous New York physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms,

and answered his questions only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end: "Go home and read your Bible an hour a day, then come back to me a month from to-day." And he bowed her out before she could protest. At first she was inclined to be angry; then she reflected that at least the prescription was not an expensive one. She went home determined to read conscientiously her neglected Bible. In a month she went back to the doctor's office a different person, and asked him how he knew that was just what she needed. For answer the physician turned to his desk. There worn and marked lay an open Bible. "Madam," he said, "if I were to omit my daily reading of this Book I would lose my greatest source of strength and skill."—*The Wellspring.*

436. Bible Reading. The first real help I ever received in the mastery of the English Bible was from a layman. He and I were fellow-delegates at a certain Christian convention, and thrown together a good deal for several days. I saw something in his Christian life to which I was a comparative stranger,—a peace, a rest, a joy, a kind of spiritual poise, I knew little about. One day I ventured to ask him how he had become possessed of the experience, when he replied, "By reading the Epistle to the Ephesians." I was surprised, for I had read it without such results, and therefore asked him to explain the manner of his reading, when he related the following. He had gone into the country to spend the Sabbath with his family on one occasion, taking with him a pocket copy of Ephesians. In the afternoon, going out into the woods, and lying down under a tree, he began to read it. He read it through at a single reading, and, finding his interest aroused, read it through again in the same way, his interest increasing, and again and again,—some twelve, or fifteen times, I think he added. "When I arose to go into the house," said he, "I was in possession of Ephesians, or, better yet, it was in possession of me, and I had been lifted up to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus in a sense in which that had not been true of me before, and will never cease to be true of me again."—JAMES M. GRAY, D.D.

437. Bible Reading. In one of my early pastorates I asked one of my parishioners how she was getting along in her Christian life. She replied: "Very poorly. My life is a disgrace to me and

to the church; it is a disgrace to Jesus Christ. I don't understand why it is." "Do you study your Bible every day?" I asked. "Oh, no; but I study it occasionally, when I have time." A little baby was lying in a baby-carriage near by, and I said: "Suppose you should feed that baby once in two hours to-day and once in six hours to-morrow, then let it go back and feed it every two hours the next day, and keep up that process, do you think the child would grow?" "No," she said; "I think the child would die under that treatment." "And yet that is just the way you are treating your soul."—R. A. TORREY, D.D.

438. Bible, Reflecting Christ. In the city of Washington there is a unique and remarkable copy of the Constitution of the United States. If one examines it closely it appears simply a chaos of irregular lines and peculiar lettering. But when the visitor steps back and views it in proper perspective he is suddenly surprised to see the face of George Washington looking out upon him. The lines are so spaced and the letters are so shaded as to make a good likeness of the Father of our Country. And just as Washington's face shines through all our early history, as crystallized and reflected in the Constitution, so does the glorious Face of Christ look out upon us from the pages of our Bible.

439. Bible Regenerates. Two sisters, absent from each other for some years, met. One had come under the influence of the Bible and become a Christian. The other said, after a few days, "I do not know what is the matter with you, but you are a great deal easier to live with than you used to be."

440. Bible, Rejected—Accepted. At the Paris Exposition, a New Testament in French was given to a lady. She gracefully accepted it, looked into it, then angrily tore it up and threw the fragments into the street. A poor woman, sad and troubled, passed by, saw the bits of paper, gathered some of them up and began to read. As she read them she exclaimed: "I must get more of this; wherever can such words be found?" She took the bits to a policeman near by and asked him. He directed her to the Bible Society's depot near by. Timidly she went in, presented the bits of paper, begging for the book that had such precious words. It was gladly given her, and the redemptive story was told her, with the result that she accepted Christ at once.—*The Expositor*.

441. Bible Reproof. Wilmot, the infidel, when he was dying, laid his trembling hand on the Bible, and said solemnly, "The only objection against this Book is a bad life."

442. Bible, Road to Christ. A young man in England, just starting out in life, went to an old and experienced minister for advice. The old man bade him notice that every smallest village all over England had in it somewhere a road which led directly to London. "Just so," he continued, "every Bible text has in it a road leading to Jesus. Be sure you find that road, and follow it; be careful not to miss it once."

443. Bible, Roosevelt's Testimony. Every thinking man realizes what many forget, that the teachings of the Bible are so interwoven and entwined with our whole civic and social life that it would be literally—I do not mean figuratively, I mean literally—impossible for us to figure to ourselves what that life would be if these teachings were removed. Almost every man who has by his life work added to the sum of human achievement of which the race is proud, of which our people are proud, almost every such man has based his life work largely upon the teachings of the Bible.

I plead for a closer and wider and deeper study of the Bible, so that our people may be in fact as well as in theory "doers of the word and not hearers only."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

444. Bible and Science. Dr. H. C. McCook says: "I believe in the Bible from beginning to end, and believe in a word of God that has no mistakes. For one hundred years natural science declared that Solomon made a mistake about ants being harvesters, and Smith's Bible Dictionary apologized for this mistake in a most learned way. But a minister went down into Texas and Colorado, and camped out among the ants, and as the result of his investigations published a work showing that the naturalists for one hundred years had been wrong. The Bible makes no mistakes even about ants."

445. Bible, Show the Meaning of. There are three Bible verses carved in the vernaculars on marble slabs on the side of the Presbyterian Church in the midst of the native city of Allahabad, India. Thousands pass them by every day, but in India only one man out of ten and two or three women out of a hundred know how to read them. One day, four years ago, an ascetic who had spent

twenty years of his life in wandering from one shrine to another stopped, looked, and listened to their message. "That's what I've been hunting for all these years," he said. He was directed to the campus of the Christian College, where he asked for information to "understand" what he had been "reading." From there he was taken to the venerable Dr. J. J. Lucas, for over forty years a beloved Presbyterian missionary. His teaching made him clearly understand what he had read. Dr. Lucas later baptized Prem Das, and he became one of the village preachers in his itinerating district down the Ganges River. I saw him preaching one of his first sermons there.—REV. STANLEY A. HUNTER.

446. Bible, Soldiers'. General Toral commented in a Spanish journal on the fact that his men during the battle of Santiago, when they had opportunity to examine the American dead, usually found a Bible or a Testament on the bodies.

447. Bible, The Source of. When Columbus discovered the river Orinoco, some one said he had found an island. He replied, "No such river as that flows from an island. The mighty torrent must drain the waters of a continent."

So this Book is not from the finite, but the Infinite. It springs from the depths of divine wisdom, love and grace, and is but a hint of the power and love that lies back of it.

448. Bible, God Speaking. A lady looking at Rembrandt's picture of "An Old Woman," in the Metropolitan Museum, said:

"That is not a picture; it is the old woman herself."

So our hearts often feel when reading, or hearing, the Bible. "That is not a book, it is God himself speaking to our souls."

This is true in a far higher sense than that in which any work of human art by painter or sculptor presents objects. The artist may, indeed, as Rembrandt did, paint his own soul into his pictures. But God is omnipresent, the living God, who first spoke those words, and speaks again to us, while we read or hear, just as truly as he did to the first recorder of those words.—REV. S. W. BOARDMAN, D.D.

449. Bible, a Standard. A little boy saw his father using a spirit level to see if his work was "true" and straight. "What's the use of being so careful, father?" he asked. "It looks very good." "Guessing won't do in carpenter work,"

said his father, sighting along the edge of a board, and shaving it the least bit. "You have to be exactly right. Folks guess at too many things. God doesn't like that way of living." "But there aren't any spirit levels for living by!" laughed the boy, watching him. "Yes, there are," said his father, earnestly. "You'll find them in the Bible. Try all your actions by that. Make them true and straight, and no guesswork about them."

450. Bible, Strategy of. Down in the railroad yard the other morning I saw a box car loaded with railroad ties that had been thoroughly soaked in a creosote solution. I noticed on this warm day that this one car was completely free from pestiferous bugs and insects of all kinds, though the cars about them were alive with all kinds of life. The clean, antiseptic creosote created an atmosphere that was so uncongenial to the pests that they avoided it. The Christian whose life is constantly immersed in the Word frees himself from the pestiferous little worries and temptations of life. He is "clean through the Word." The atmosphere of the Word is inimical to their presence.—MERLIN FAIRFAX.

451. Bible Study. To do God's work we must have God's power.

To have God's power we must know God's will.

To know God's will we must study God's Word.—MOTT.

452. Bible Study. Study the Bible, and not about the Bible. Much that is called Bible study is not Bible study at all. Satan kept men for years from any interest in Bible study, but now that there is a great and growing interest in it he keeps them from real Bible study. Questions about the authorship, date, etc., of the various books of the Bible are both interesting and important; but studying these things is not studying the Bible. Mr. Moody once asked a recent graduate of a great university why he did not give his life to teaching the English Bible. The young man replied, "I don't know anything about the Bible." "Why," Mr. Moody said, "you have a high-priced professor employed in your university just to teach the English Bible." The young man said, "Mr. Moody, would you like to know how we study the Bible? We have spent the last six months trying to find out who wrote the Pentateuch, and we know less about it now than when we began." That was not Bible study.—R. A. TORREY, D.D.

453. Bible, Sword of Spirit. At Edward the Sixth's Coronation (he being but a boy only nine years old) three swords were brought to him as signs of his being king of three kingdoms. He said there was one yet wanting. When the nobles about him asked what that was, he answered: "The Bible. That Book," added he, "is the sword of the Spirit, and to be preferred before these. That ought to govern us. He who rules without the Bible is not to be called God's minister or king. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to rule the people, and perform all our affairs."

454. Bible, Sword of the Spirit. The late Major Whittle encountered a very clever skeptic in a tramcar. "I am no hand at an argument," he said, "so I lifted up my heart in prayer to God that he would help me. Soon the skeptic said something, and I answered him with a text. He said, 'I wish you would put away that Bible, then I could talk to you.' I answered him with another text. Then he produced some other argument, and I gave him another text. Again he said, 'Put that Bible down, and talk sensibly.' But no, I knew my strength, and so I answered him again with a text. Then there was a solemn silence, and soon he rose and left the car." Let us use the Bible, and God will give us his blessing, and we shall have the victory.

455. Bible-Taught Christian. Of a Chinese convert it was said after his death, "There is no difference between him and the Book." A Brahman once said to a missionary: "You Christians are not as good as your Book. If you were as good as your Book, you would convert India to Christ in five years."—*The Revivalist*.

456. Bible, Test of Character and Life. Back in the days when paper money was at its worst some one tells of making a purchase in a shop kept by a Scotch woman. He laid the banknote on the counter, and the shopwoman took her "banknote detector" to test it. At length she thrust back the money saying, "Ah, man, it winna stan' the book." So, when all is said and done, the Bible is the ultimate test of life and character.—DR. BURRELL.

457. Bible, Timeless in Utterance. When President Eliot was requested by the authorities at Washington to select a sentence for a conspicuous space in the great library, he said there was nothing in the history of literature more worthy than a pair of lines from the prophet

Micah. Accordingly there they stand, as true in the twentieth century as when they were first uttered: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

458. Bible, Transforming Effect of. Dr. Robert Moffatt was a great missionary to South Africa. One day a native came to him in distress, and said that his hunting-dog had eaten two pages of his Bible, and now he would be useless for the hunt. The man argued that because reading the Bible tamed down fierce warriors so that they no longer cared for cruel warfare, it would do the same for a dog. He was right at any rate, as to the Bible's transforming effect on men.

459. Bible Transforms. A man a few years ago went from the Far East to Jerusalem, in order to make a survey of the Holy Land. He was a noted Jewish lawyer. He took a Testament with him, not because he believed it was the Bible, but because he believed it would help him to find out the true geography of the Holy Land. While seated on the hillside one day, he began to read about that land, and his eye fell upon the margin referring him to the 22nd Psalm and the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. He read them over, and instead of finding out the geography of the Holy Land along the Mediterranean Sea, he found the Holy Land in heaven, and became one of the greatest converts to the true faith among the Jews, and at this day is preaching the Gospel of Christ to thousands of people every Sunday.—S. P. LONG.

460. Bible, Treasures of. A story is told of a nobleman in a foreign country visiting the home of some poor peasants and leaving a piece of money hidden between the leaves of the family Bible. Sometime afterward, the story goes, he visited the same home, and opening the Bible he found the piece of money undisturbed, although the poverty of the home was apparent. Evidently the family did not know what was hidden among the pages of their Bible.

How many other treasures, far more precious than money, are hidden between the covers of the dear old Book! We slight it sometimes. When all is well with us, we do not realize what the Book of Books holds, when in sorrow or difficulty or danger, we seek help from its pages, then how many hidden treasures we find.

"I never knew," relates John Bunyan, "all there was in the Bible until I spent

those years in jail. I was constantly finding new treasures."—A. G. MAHON.

461. Bible, Trusting. A man was compelled one night to cross a wide frozen river. Notwithstanding the assurances of those who were thoroughly familiar with the region and repeatedly crossed on the solid ice, the traveler feared to undertake the trip but finally began to crawl his way over. When near the middle of the frozen stream he was startled by a sound in the distance and caught sight of a negro driving a heavy team of horses pulling a great load of *pig-iron*; yet there was not the least sign of a crack in the ice. What a foolish thing to fear and crawl after that! Will the Word of God hold? Some fear to trust it. Why, man, it *can't* fail.

462. Bible, Understanding the. The more you know of God's Word, the more you can know God's Word; and the more you are living by God's Word, the better you can understand God's Word.—JOHN A. BROADUS.

463. Bible, Unknown. A worker in connection with the Irish Church Missions spoke to an old man, over eighty years of age, about the Saviour's willingness to save. The man listened respectfully, and replied, "I like what you say, but my Bible says, 'When the sinner meets God, his sins will be so heavy that the scale will be against him. His only hope is that the blessed Mother of God will come and place her hand upon the other side of the scales and balance them. She will save us just when we are despairing. She is the sinner's hope.'" The visitor asked to see the book which contained this story. A copy of the famous "Glories of Mary" was produced. This was the old man's Bible. The visitor did not leave till the man had bought John's Gospel and other Scriptures. Eighty years of age, and till then the Bible utterly unknown!—*Christian Herald*.

464. Bible, Unknown Book. The Bible is an unknown book to multitudes of Roman Catholics in France. It is also an unknown book to multitudes of French free-thinkers. One would imagine that M. Painleve, the Minister of Education for the French Republic, might have an acquaintance of some sort with the greatest piece of literature of all time, the book which lies at the base of Western civilization. He may have, but it is clearly not enough to save him from grotesque mistakes. At recent commemorative exercises in honor of fallen

French soldiers he exclaimed: "'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'" as said the great English author, Hall Caine." M. Painleve did not realize that Mr. Caine was making a quotation from Paul, one so familiar to English readers that he did not consider it necessary to give the source.—*Record of Christian Work*.

465. Bible, Unused. The Rev. Dr. Fitchett was once invited to go into the country to perform a marriage ceremony at a certain house. They searched everywhere for a Bible, but could not find one. At last, in the attic, they came across an old sea-chest, and found a Bible inside. Singularly enough, on the outside of the chest was written, "Not wanted on the voyage!" That is how many people treat God's Word. They banish it from their business, their pleasure, their lives, their homes, and suffer accordingly. *It is wanted on the voyage.*—*S. S. Chronicle*.

466. Bible, Value of. A blacksmith in Camdentown, England, noticing a good-looking book on a second-hand bookstall priced at a penny, bought it. He took it home, and after attempting to read it, threw it up on a shelf in disgust. One of his lodgers saw the book and, noticing the date, 1450, asked permission to show it to the British Museum authorities. The blacksmith was asked to call at the museum, and the secretary, to his surprise, asked him what he would take for the book. The man was too confused to answer and still more so when the secretary asked him if he would consider an offer of £60. As he remained dumb, the secretary immediately raised the price to £90, which was at once accepted, though in great bewilderment. The book was the first ever printed by Gutenberg and was priceless to the museum. Twice had it been lost and once stolen from its owner, after which its history was unknown till it was found on the bookstall by the blacksmith.

What would you take for your Bible if you couldn't buy another?

467. Bible, Valued. When the arrival of the cart which carried the first load of the sacred Scriptures to Wales, in 1816, sent by the British and Foreign Bible Society, was announced, the Welsh peasants went out in crowds to meet it, welcomed it, as the Israelites did the Ark of old, drew it into town, and eagerly bore off every copy as rapidly as they could be dispensed. The young people were to be seen spending the

whole night in reading it. Laborers carried it with them into the field, that they might enjoy it during the intervals of their labors, and lose no opportunity to become acquainted with its sacred truths.—MAUD WILLIS.

468. Bible, Vitality of. In the last persecution of the pagans against the Christian Church there was in the Council of the Emperor an apostate Christian. They were considering how best to crush Christianity out of the Roman Empire, when this apostate said, "It is of no use to burn the Christians, for if you burn every Christian alive to-day, and leave a single copy of the Scriptures remaining the Christian Church will spring up again to-morrow." Accordingly the Emperor issued a decree ordering the destruction of the Scriptures. The Bible in the heart is sure to secure consecration in the life.

469. Bible, Your. "Your books; your marked books; your marked Bible, is your best biography."

470. Bible's Great Messages. A noted orator tells us that when some one asked Charles Dickens for the most pathetic story in literature, he answered the Prodigal Son; that when Mr. Gillman asked Coleridge for the richest passage in literature he pointed to the first sixteen verses in the fifth chapter of Matthew; and when another consulted Daniel Webster on the greatest legal digest of statute law on the brotherhood of man he said the Sermon on the Mount.

471. Bigotry, Defined. Bigotry is chronic dogmatism.—HORACE GREELEY.

472. Bigotry Without Vision. The bigot is like the pupil of the eye, the more light you put upon it, the more it will contract.—O. W. HOLMES.

473. Birthday, Verses for.

This is your birthday, sweet, my sweet!
A new year like a pearly street
Is gleaming for your dainty feet.

This is your birthday, dear, my dear,
And may you tread the glowing year
All joyously, without a fear!

This is your birthday, love, my love,
And may your heart's wish as a dove
Light on you from the skies above!

And on this birthday, love, sweet, dear,
When only blessings must appear
Oh, say 'tis meet that I draw near!

474. Blessings. See Thanksgiving.

475. Blessings, in Reserve. God's

promises are ever on the ascending scale. One leads up to another fuller and more blessed than itself. In Mesopotamia, God said, "I will show thee the land." In Canaan, "I will give thee all the land, and children innumerable as the grains of sand."

It is thus that God allures us to saintliness. Not giving us anything till we have dared to act, that he may test us. Not giving everything at first, that he may overwhelm us, and always keeping in hand an infinite reserve of blessing. Oh, the unexplored remainders of God! Who ever saw his last star?—REV. F. B. MEYER.

476. Blessings Shared. A poor boy in a London hospital was brought a pitcher of milk. "How far," he asked, "can I drink down?" One of four or five children, he had never had a whole pitcher of milk for himself before. "My dear children," said the pastor, "enjoy your holiday to the full, ask yourselves how far you can drink of the cup of pleasure yourselves, and how much you will share it with others, the poor and sick little ones whom the Saviour loves as much as you."

477. Blind Following. A scientific journal describes a caterpillar called the processional caterpillar, because they walk in long lines, each one following closely the one in front. The author of the article said he once saw a number of these marching round the molding of a stone vase in his garden. He got some more of them and filled up the gap between the tail and the head of the procession, and watched to see what the caterpillars would do. They went on following each his neighbor in front; they walked round that vase for a week, and covered nearly a mile of distance.

This reminds us of how poor, weak humans will follow each other, never asking whether the one he follows is right or wrong, where he is going, or whether he is worthy of being followed at all.—*Record of Christian Work.*

478. Blindness, Moral. Some time ago a remarkable operation was performed in Boston on a noted archæologist. The cataracts which had formed over his eyes were removed, together with the natural lenses of the eyes, and glass lenses substituted. Wonderful as it may seem, these glass lenses perform the functions of the natural lenses which the surgeons removed. Though over 70 years of age, he points out objects which

are not readily seen by some of his friends who still have good eyesight.

Thousands of Christians whose spiritual vision was very sharp in the beginning of their Christian lives, have allowed a cataract of worldliness to form over their spiritual eyes, thus rendering them morally blind. In order to see aright, this worldliness must be removed and the lens of faith inserted. A new world is then opened up to such.

479. Blindness, Physical and Spiritual. A blind man once applied to an eminent oculist to inquire concerning an operation upon his eyes. He had been blind from birth. The oculist, upon examining his sightless eyes, stated to him that if he would subject himself to a very critical surgical operation, there was a small possibility that a fortunate instant might come when he would see, and only an instant, and then he would never see again. The blind man desired that the oculist should undertake the operation. He was then asked what objects should be placed before him, so that if that instant came he might gain his first and last view of them. He was not long in deciding that question. He desired that the dear friends who had ministered to him in his past years of darkness should be seated in chairs before him. It was done. The oculist commenced, and for a long time persevered with the patience of hope. What emotions filled the minds of the blind man and his friends! It was but a transient gleam, and he saw them no more. That look could never be renewed. His eyes were then closed in life-long darkness. What a look that must have been! Now the images of those friends would be indelibly impressed upon his heart, and the thought of that instant's look would be his solace in all his subsequent years of darkness and gloom.

Will you not now transfer your attention from the illustration to a solemn fact? Sin has blinded your soul, and it is in darkness now. *You have never seen your dearest friend.* Christ, the Divine Oculist, offers to heal your blindness, to open the blind eyes of your soul. The Oculist himself is the friend whom you have never seen.—REV. W. W. DOW.

480. Blood. See Atonement. See Good Friday.

481. Blood, Cleansing. Mr. Briart, a Christian minister, when on his death-bed, was asked how he was and said, "I have no fear of death." Questioned as to what was his hope he replied, "The

finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ is the only ground of my hope. I wish not to retract one sentiment I have held in regard to the truths of God. I have preached, I have ransacked the Word of God and find nothing equal to this, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"—E. L. RAND.

482. Blood, Efficient for All. The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan has said: "I am bound to confess there was a time in my evangelistic work when I had an idea that Christ could satisfy the man who was down there in the slums, but I was always a wee bit afraid if into the inquiry-room there came a man of position and culture; and I tell you the Lord gave me one of the most wonderful illustrations of the absurdity of my fear that I ever had. . . . There came into the inquiry-room a rag-picker, a great, gaunt old man who had grown hoary in the service of sin and Satan. . . . There in our inquiry-room he knelt, and I knelt by him, and I felt quite at home as I spoke to him of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. . . . I looked around, and there, kneeling next to me, was the mayor of the city, a man about as old as the rag-picker, but a man who had all the marks of culture and refinement. I happened to know that some time before the mayor had sentenced the rag-picker to a month's hard labor; he had got out a month ago. There they were, side by side. Presently the light that had broken on the rag-picker broke on the mayor, and I found that the blood needed there was needed here, and I found that the life sufficient there was sufficient here. When the men rose, the mayor said to the rag-picker, 'Well, we didn't meet here last time.' 'No, we will never meet again like we did the last time, praise God!'"

483. Blood, Guilt of. It is related in the early history of Rome that Tullia, daughter of Servius Tullus, the King, returning home, came across the body of her father who had been murdered by her husband. When her charioteer saw it he was shocked and pulled up his horses to turn aside, but his wicked mistress, chiding him, angrily bade him drive on. So she went home "with her father's blood upon her chariot wheels" and that place was called the Wicked street ever after. Two thousand years ago a similar event took place in Jerusalem. The Roman Pilate sought to restrain a wicked nation from murdering an innocent man. With fierce imprecations they angrily

bade him "drive on" and the Jewish race came back from the hill called Calvary with the blood of God dripping from their chariot wheels and the awful wickedness of it has followed them through all the centuries.

484. Blood, Saved by. At the University of Pennsylvania Hospital a woman—Mrs. De Vida—underwent a severe operation. The loss of blood was so great that she began rapidly to sink and was near death's door. The doctors realized that only by the infusion of a quantity of blood from a healthy life could she be saved. They at once appealed to her husband and his brother, who were sitting near; but neither was willing to endure the sacrifice. The call for volunteers brought forth a student—Henry Brown, of Germantown—a hero of the football gridiron. His skin was sterilized, his veins opened and attached to hers, and a pint and three-quarters of blood was transfused. She slowly came back from the border-land of death and the hero passed to his room to rest. When our race was under the power of death, the Divine Volunteer came from heaven, gave his life-blood for us. Since the advent of the Christ humanity has been coming back from the valley of the shadows. There is but one explanation—the infusion of his blood. His death pays our debt to God, and if we are willing to link our lives to his by living faith, the power of his blood will be experienced in our every purpose and deed.

485. Blood, The Saving. We have heard often of life being in the blood. Not long ago in Philadelphia a woman of thirty-five years suffered from anemia and upon the physicians' advice was removed to a hospital. There it was determined that her life could be saved only by transfusion of blood. Her husband offered himself for the purpose. As she apparently was dying immediate action was taken. His arm was bared, he was etherized, his pulse artery severed and inserted into the large vein of his wife's left arm. Every beat of the man's heart sent a stream of warm blood into his wife's body. The effect was soon noticed, her strength returned and she fully recovered. Can one doubt her husband's love for her? Just so, can one doubt Christ's love, who gave his blood to redeem his enemies?

486. Blood, The Saving. Among a number who have openly confessed Christ in the Wuchang Street Chapel is a

man of the official class, who gave heed to the Gospel the first time he came in. He has shown evidence of a real change of heart. He formerly kept a record of his merits and demerits, and when he found (as he always did) that the latter far outnumbered the former, he would bite his tongue until the blood came, and use the blood to blot out the bad record. Now he has found that the only covering for his sins is Jesus' blood.—*Alliance Weekly*.

487. Blood as Seed. When Captain Allan Gardiner was dying of slow starvation on the desolate shores of Picton Island, he yet painted, on the entrance of the cavern which was his only shelter, "My soul, wait thou still upon God, for my hope is in him." Near that mute, pathetic symbol of unshaken trust his skeleton was found. To die of hunger on an Antarctic shore among savages, not one of whom he had succeeded in converting—could anything look like a deadlier failure? And yet from that heroic death of faithful anguish has sprung a great American Mission.—*Regions Beyond*.

488. Boasting, Foolish. I heard of a large meeting in which people were giving their Christian experience, and a very pompous man arose in the meeting and said: "Brethren, I am aboard the old ship 'Zion,' and am sailing heavenward, and I'm going at the rate of sixteen knots an hour, and I shall soon sail up the harbor of the blessed"; and he sat down. Another man pompously arose and said: "I, too, brethren, am on board the old ship 'Zion,' and it is a steamship, and it is a steamship of four-hundred horsepower, and on this steamship I shall soon sail up the harbor of the blessed"; and he sat down. When a plain Christian woman rose and said: "Well, brethren, I have been going to heaven seventy years and I have been going afoot, and I suppose from the looks of things I shall have to go afoot most of the way; and if some of you people that are going by steam don't look out, you'll burst your boilers."

489. Boasting, Folly of. Dumbarton was the last stronghold in the hands of the dethroned Mary, Queen of Scots, and was impregnable, at least to all human appearance. Its commander, Lord Fleming, boasted that he held "the fetters of Scotland," and could land a French force, under cover of his guns, at any time they chose to come, and replace Mary on the throne of the kingdom. But a soldier

who had lived in the fortress offered to conduct a select band up the face of the rock and make them masters of the place. The Regent (Earl of Murray) consented to the plan, and furnished the detachment; and on the night of the 31st of March the guide and the scaling party performed the perilous and difficult feat of climbing the cliff and mounting the wall. The sentinels were easily overpowered, and the rest of the garrison were surprised in their beds.

490. Boasting Punished. Ixion boasted falsely that he had gained the affections of Juno. For this insolence Jupiter cast him down into hell, where he was fastened to a wheel which revolved continually.

491. Book Vehicles.

There is no frigate like a book,

To take us lands away;

Nor any courser like a page

Of prancing poetry.

This traverse may the poorest take

Without oppress of toil;

How frugal is the chariot

That bears a human soul!

—Emily Dickinson.

492. Books. See Bible. See Word of God.

493. Books.

"Books, books,

With golden locks—

Hives of rarest honey;

Story—song,

A friendly throng—

The world for little money."

494. Books. The book to read is not the one that thinks for you, but the one which makes you think.—PRES. MCCOSH.

495. Books.

Give me a nook and a book,

And let the proud world spin round;

Let it scramble by hook or by crook

For wealth or a name with a sound.

You are welcome to amble your ways,

Aspirers to place or to glory;

May big bells jangle your praise,

And golden pens blazon your story!

For me, let me dwell in my nook,

Here by the curve of this brook,

That croons to the tune of my book,

Whose melody wafts me forever

On the waves of an unseen river.

—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

496. Books, Bad. We are told by those who know, that books stored in a bookstore are exceedingly liable to be attacked by rats, who gnaw them for the sake of the paste contained in the binding. Sometimes, however, the highly colored covers owe their brilliancy to the

use of poisonous dyes which prove fatal to the mischievous feasters. We wish this were the worst damage ever wrought by unwholesome literature. We fear that in too many books offered to public gaze there is a worse poison in the printed matter than in the bindings, and one that imperils the spiritual health and even the life of those who read. Look out for poison on the printed page!

497. Books and Boys. Maybe you are not a singing mother. If you can't sing a lullaby, you can stand by and see that your boy or some other mother's boy is switched in the right way.

Two boys in different homes were caught reading "The Boy Burglar of Chicago." One mother threw the book into the fire, and switched the boy. That afternoon he got the remains of the book out of the ashpan, and finished reading it.

The other mother switched the boy—off "The Boy Burglar" onto a better story which she proposed to read him, and now he is reading "The Boys' King Arthur" and "Leatherstocking Tales."

Maybe you are only an assistant in the children's room in the public library, or maybe you have a little mission Sunday-school class or a club of boys or girls. I. K. Friedman tells, in *The Saturday Evening Post*, of the steady encroachment of the good book on the slums. One gang-leader became so deeply interested in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" that he was dumb to the suggestion of his comrades for robbing an Italian fruit-vender. "Youse kids shove off de job," he said, "till I see what Rachel done on Sunny Jim's ranch."

A fat Bohemian mother, who kissed the settlement worker's hand, said with a nod towards her two coatless urchins, "Honest, teacher, this Abraham Lincoln has got them guys 'Nick Carter' and 'Ragged Dick' skinned to the ground."

Mr. Friedman says that the Davis Square Library League books, with the motto, "Clean Hands, Clean Books, Clean Hearts," inscribed in every one, are crowding the dime novel out.

498. Books Chained. In Europe, long before the days of printing, books were fastened to shelves or desks in libraries and churches, to guard against their being stolen, and also to prevent one student's gaining an unfair advantage over another by securing the loan of a book from a too amiable librarian.

The libraries of the English universi-

ties were chained until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when, on account of the inconvenience of using them, the chains were removed. It is recorded that at King's College a man was paid one pound seven shillings, in 1777, for nine days' labor in taking the fetters off the college books. According to *The Antiquarian* there are, however, a few chained libraries still remaining in England. The largest of these is at the Cathedral Church of Hereford, and is the one genuine survival of an old monastic library. It consists of about two thousand volumes, of which fifteen hundred are chained. There are five bookcases and the remains of two others.

The catalogue, which is also chained, classifies the books, many of which are in manuscript, in eight divisions. Each chain is from three to four feet long, according to its position, so that every volume can be placed on the reading-desk. In the center of these chains are swivels, which are useful in preventing their entanglement.—*Christian Observer*.

499. Books, Choosing. Sometimes a father or mother goes to the bathroom cupboard in the dark to get medicine for the suddenly crying child in the crib. And, sometimes, the wrong bottle is taken; and then what anguish of regret in that parent's heart. Who would deliberately do such a thing? But in selecting books for ourselves and our children and our guests, do we not quite too often choose, in the dark, out of a stock that has many a container, perhaps a gilded and beautiful one, that ought to carry the red skull-and-crossbones mark of danger? "Poison!" is what many a book is. If you yourself do not know surely what to buy, ask the librarian at the public library, or some competent lover of books.

Some good books glow with a quiet radiance that soothes one in an hour of overfret about perishing things, strokes gently the excited nerves like mother's hand on a boy's hot brow. Some are like John the Baptizer, burning and shining lights on the path to Christ and salvation. Others flame with indignant heat that shrivels injustice and tyranny, cruelty and greed. There are those that make the reading spirit burn with hope, love, devotion, courage, endeavor. Here and there a book out of thousands gleams across the centuries like an unsetting, everlasting sun hangs in the sky of every succeeding century; books we must be

sure we know and our children know. But many a book has an illuminating power, though but briefly; perhaps forgotten in a generation, a decade, a day, excepting by the one soul of latent power that it awaked to become the great inventor, author, missionary, or martyr of his generation. A sun, a lighthouse, a lamp, a candle, a taper, or the momentary flicker of a match, each good book has its place and value. Are such books on our shelves?

500. Books, Influence of. The great traveler and author, Bayard Taylor, got his liking for traveling from a guide-book to Europe which he read when a boy. He read it with so much care that he came to know it from cover to cover and it decided the bent of his life.

501. Books, Influence of. There is an account of two girls, one of whom read all about the wicked and licentious court of Louis XVI; her cousin read all about Joan of Arc, her noble doings and life. The first, after a time, fell and became an abandoned woman; the second, one of the noblest women of America, foremost in good works.

502. Books, Love of. Over the door of the library at Thebes is inscribed "Medicine for the Soul." When friends are absent or disappoint, when discouragement or loneliness overtake, on the bookshelves we will always find the master minds of the ages, and to us they are always "at home." Their friendship is ever helpful, constant, and true.

He who has learned to love books has found the avenue to contentment, and he who has learned to apply the accumulated wisdom of the centuries, which he gathers through books, to the busy world that surrounds him has found the secret of service.

It is the writers of great books who have voiced the universal brotherhood and predicted the international patriotism. Through books, as through nothing else, any soul may become the most intimate friend of the greatest souls.

Through books we become the heirs of the spiritual life of all the past. Through them the voices of those who have advanced the world become audible to us. For us the orators declaim, the historians recite, and the poets sing. They give meaning to the life that is and aspiration for the life to come. Books are, indeed, the imperishable friend of man and the medicine for the soul.—RICHARD LLOYD JONES.

503. Boy. See *Children's Day*.

504. Boy, Care for.

Don't send a boy where a girl can't go
 And say, "There's no danger for boys,
 you know,
 Because they all have their wild oats to
 sow."
 There is no more excuse for a boy to be
 low
 Than a girl. Then please don't tell him
 so.
 Don't send a boy where a girl can't
 go,
 For a boy or girl sin is sin, you know,
 And a good boy's hands are as clean and
 white,
 And his heart as pure as a girl's to-night.

—UNIDENTIFIED.

505. Boy Equipped with Self-Starter.

Most modern automobiles are equipped with a self-starter. To get the machine going, there is little more to do than to press a button. The days of cranking a car are passing.

Many a boy, however, has not yet reached the self-starter stage. When there is something to be done, he has to be cranked up before he will get under motion. Of course when it comes to going fishing, he has a self-starter all right, and his self-starter will work if there is a ball game at the end of the road. However, when the lawn is to be mowed, or the potatoes to be hoed, or next day's lesson to be studied, one looks in vain for the self-starter to work. There is little hope that the tasks which the boy does not like will be done unless father or mother or teacher uses the crank.

There is not much fun in cranking a car. Sometimes it takes quite a while, and sometimes the car backfires. Nor is it fun to crank up a boy. Often when you think the boy is about ready to start, you find the cranking has to be done all over again. And sometimes the boy loses his temper in the process; that's the way he backfires.

Boys of the finest type are of the self-starter kind, and there are many boys of this kind in every town. I am thinking, now, of such a boy. He loves to go camping; he is a good swimmer; he is fond of every kind of sport. And when it comes to school he is just as enthusiastic. No teacher ever has occasion to crank him. Around home he is always willing to help. This fine-spirited boy is always at church and Sunday-school. When he knows a thing ought to be done, he starts out to do it without any urging.—J. E. RUSSELL, D.D.

506. Boy and Father's Gift. E.

Mitchell Hodges tells the story in the *North American*: I was traveling on a train and met one of the most prosperous business men of my town. In the course of conversation this man said, "Would you like to know what I am going to give my boy for Christmas?" I said, "Yes, I would." Then I thought, "What a fat check that man could write. Perhaps, though, he is going to give him a car." All sorts of indulgent things came into my mind, while the man was pulling out his wallet. He found a piece of paper and handed it to me. This is what I read: "To My Dear Son, I give you one hour of each weekday and two hours of my Sundays to be yours, to be used as you want it without interference of any kind whatsoever."

Then it was my turn to think, "I wonder what that boy will think when on Christmas morning he looks at that slip of paper. If he is the average boy he will probably be dissatisfied; if he is the unusual boy he will realize that his father has given him something that he can never repay."

"How did you happen to decide to give that present?" I asked. "Well," he said, "I was seated in my office one day and a human derelict came in to see me, and when he mentioned his name I said, 'Lad, to see you like this, and with such a father!' 'Yes, I have often heard it said he was a fine man,' the boy answered; 'all his friends have said so; I never knew him.' That made me think, and so I am going to concentrate my time on having my boy know me."

507. Boy, A Growing. A boy asked: "How can I get on in the world?"

Get at some work for which you are suited. Stick at it. Learn it from top to bottom. Excel in it. Know more than any other man. Be more than any other man. Be more skillful in it than any of your competitors.

Save money. Begin to hoard the cents if you cannot afford to lay by a dollar a week. Acquire the habit of thrift.

Get a good reputation for honesty, truthfulness, regularity and trustworthiness. It is business capital. Deserve it. Do not try to deceive the world. You are sure to be found out.

Treasure your health. Avoid excesses of any kind. Sleep enough.

Trust in God. Remember all of your days should be days of loyal service. To be truly religious is not to be sol-

emn, but to do your duty in home and church and state.

508. Boy, The Heart of a. There are birds that build their nests in the forests' depths and then cover them with lichens and leaves from the trees in which they are built that they may deceive those who would disturb their family life. And the average boy will instinctively resort to all sorts of tactics and practice many subterfuges in order to hold his heart from being discovered. And he generally succeeds, not alone in building his cache, but in causing a good many folks to believe that he has no heart. To be sure, there are times when in a surface survey it is difficult to determine between the angel and the animal in many a boy, but the dormant affections are there, which the patient and tactful worker among the youth will discover and make use of.

Every boy has a heart, but few there be that find it. The balances of the jeweler are not more sensitive to the diamond's weight than is the heart of a boy to the world around him. The girl has no more heart than a boy, even though he hides it more deeply, and its hurts strike in deeper and remain hidden longer. A boy will seldom give you a chance to crush him a second time in the same way. In our contact with the boy we must not see too much or hear too much; we would do well to appeal to his heart more than to his reason; give him his rights,—in the end he will have them; it may seem to us at times that he is a long while getting over "fool hill," but trust to his good heart, and believe that, somehow, he is going to win out and mutual confidence will beget success.—W. N. P. D.

509. Boy in Business. "What kind of a boy does a business man want?" was asked of a merchant.

He replied: "Well, I will tell you. In the first place he wants a boy who doesn't know much. Business men generally like to run their own business and prefer some one who will listen to their way rather than teach them a new kind. Second, a prompt boy; one who understands that seven o'clock is not ten minutes past. Third, an industrious boy, who is not afraid to put in extra work in case of need. Fourth, an honest boy—honest in service as well as in matters of dollars and cents. And fifth, a good-natured boy, who will keep his temper, even if his employer does lose his now and then."—*Reformed Church Record*.

510. Boy, Influence of. These were brought by a lad. In Rochester, New York, was a church called the "Brick Church" because it was the first church built of brick in that city. It was not large enough, and many meetings were held to discuss the building of a new one. No one seemed ready to do his part. Early one morning the pastor's doorbell rang loudly. There stood a little fellow with a wheelbarrow containing two bricks which he said he had brought to build the new church with. After breakfast the pastor went down the street and told one after another of his people as he met them that the church would be built, and that the first load of bricks was already on the ground. The people took courage, and a large and beautiful church was erected. It was a little thing for the lad to offer his two bricks, but God was honored. The loan of a book made Carey a missionary. A few earnest words led Moody to the foot of the cross.—MRS. E. GEORGE.

511. Boy, Influence of. One evening at a service in New York City I saw a very distinguished-looking man arise and say, "I will accept Christ." I went back to the hotel and told my wife that I believed that I had been used by Christ to lead a great man to God. I thought I had, but the next day, which was a day of prayer, I saw this man come into the service carrying in his arms a little lame boy. He brought the boy forward, placed him upon the platform, and came over to me. Placing his hand up to his mouth so that the child could not hear, he said, "I want to introduce you to my little Joe; he is going to die." He did not need to tell me that. The little fellow's face was so white, and his hands were so thin! When I came over, he said, with all the pride of a father, "This is Joe; he led me to Christ." I confess I was a bit disappointed. Then he told me the story. He said: "When the mission started, Joe said to me, 'Father, I cannot go, but mother will take you, and all the time you are gone I will pray.' I never came into the house at night that I didn't hear the thud of his little crutch on the floor as he came to welcome me the moment the door was opened. He would spring into my arms and say, 'Did you come?' But last night he did not ask me. I heard him coming to the door, and, as it was opened, he sprang into my arms and buried his face on my shoulder, and I heard him say, with a sob, 'You have come. You have come. I know you

have!"—REV. J. W. CHAPMAN, D.D.
512. Boy, A Lost. Not kidnaped by bandits and hidden in a cave to weep and starve and rouse a nation to frenzied searching! Were that the case, one hundred thousand men would rise to the rescue if need be. Unfortunately the losing of the lad is without any dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real. The fact is, his father lost him! Being too busy to sit with him at the fireside and answer trivial questions during the years when fathers are the great and only heroes of boys, he let go his hold upon him. Yes, his mother lost him! Being much engrossed in her teas, dinners and club programs, she let the maid hear the boy say his prayers and thus her grip slipped and the boy was lost to the home. Aye, his Church lost him!

Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly who pay the bills, and having good care for dignity, the minister and elder were unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the pew, and made no provision in sermon or song or manly sport for his boyishness, and so the Church and many sad-hearted parents are now looking earnestly for the lost boy.

He must be found! He can be found—found just where those two careless but pious parents en route from worship in Jerusalem found their lost Boy; in that particular spot in the Church where interested men were willing to meet him and answer in simple fashion the direct questions of his awakening manhood concerning the realities of life and duty. Here is where the lost boy will be found by men who are willing to look for him!
—Men at Work.

513. Boy, Sample of. When Leonard Wright undertook to sell one hundred bushels of onions to a local dealer, he took with him a peck as a sample. Leonard had bestowed many faithful hours of labor in the growing of those onions. The crop was uniform in quality and size.

Mr. Oakley, the buyer at the freight depot, looked at the onions and pronounced the sample lot satisfactory. He told Leonard to go ahead and haul his onions. He was willing to purchase the whole crop.

When the onions had been racked and sacked at the depot, Mr. Oakley said to Leonard, "You are the first person in a long time whose crop has run as good as his samples."

There are many times in a boy's life when he is called upon, as it were, to submit a sample of his talents. He ought to guard against the practice of pretending to a greater merit than he can regularly live up to. The custom of putting all one's best on the outside is easily fallen into, and is not always done with a view to deceive. However, a boy should take care that his character runs uniform—excellent within as well as without.—H. C. WINTER.

514. Boy Wanted.

Wanted—a boy that is manly,
 A boy that is kind and polite,
 A boy you can always depend on
 To do what he knows to be right.
 A boy that is truthful and honest
 And faithful and willing to work.
 But we have not a place that we care to disgrace
 With a boy that is ready to shirk.

Wanted—a boy you can tie to,
 A boy that is trusty and true,
 A boy that is good to old people
 And kind to the little ones too,
 A boy that is nice to the home folks
 And pleasant to sister and brother,
 A boy who will try when things go awry
 To be helpful to father and mother.

These are the boys who are wanted
 In the workshop, the home and the store;
 The world needs such boys in its business,
 For them there are places galore,
 These are the boys we depend on—
 Our hope for the future, and then
 Grave problems of the state and the world's work await

Such boys when they grow to be men.
 —L. C. HARDY.

515. Boy Wanted, A Strong. So read a sign in a store window as we passed by the other morning. At noon it was gone, presumably because the boy had come. It set us thinking. "Wanted—a strong boy." In how many places that legend might be truthfully displayed! The world wants boys that are strong, first of all, in body. A stomach fed chiefly on cake and peanuts, and a nervous system undermined by the deadly cigarette, make a poor basis for stout, fleet limbs and sturdy arms.

If we were gauging the real power of a boy, we should wish to know something more than the size of his biceps and the tenacity of his grip on a given bit of work. We should want to know about

the strength of his love for that father and mother who have sacrificed so much for his advancement. We should look for some indication of a tie binding him to the house of God as a regular, thoughtful attendant. We should inquire as to the connecting links in his life between his daily conduct and the word of God. Has he come into an earnest, loyal relation to Jesus Christ, as his Saviour and Master? Is he "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might"?

Yes, there is a great demand for strong boys. Satan wants them that he may rob them of their present and prospective vigor. Christ wants them that through their youthful robustness the weak places in his army may be reinforced. The Church of to-day, as well as commercial corporations, may well hang out the sign in unmistakable characters, and keep it displayed—"Wanted—Strong Boys!"—*Cumberland Presbyterian*.

516. Boys, Advice to. In one of the large railroad offices in this country is a comparatively young man who is at the head of a large department. When he entered the services of the company, five years ago, he was green and awkward. He was given the poorest paid work in the department. The very first day of his employment by the company a man who had been at work in the same room for six years approached him and gave him a little advice:

"Young fellow, I want to put a few words in your ear that will help you. This company is a soulless corporation, that regards its employees as so many machines. It makes no difference how hard you work, or how well. So you want to do just as little as possible and retain your job. That's my advice. This is a slave pen, and the man who works overtime or does any specially fine work wastes his strength. Don't you do it."

The young man thought over the "advice," and after a quiet little struggle with himself he decided to do the best and the most he knew how, whether he received any more pay from the company or not. At the end of the year the company raised his wages, and advanced him to a more responsible position. In three years he was getting a third more salary than when he began, and in five years he was head clerk in the department; and the man who had condescended to give the "greenhorn" advice was working under him at the same figure that represented his salary eleven years before.

This is not a story of a good, goody little boy who died early, but of a live young man who exists to-day, and is ready to give "advice" to other young men just beginning to work their way into business. And here it is: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—*Youth's Companion*.

517. Boys, Armor-plated. It is important in these days that there should be armor-plated boys. A boy needs to be iron-clad on—

His lips—against the first taste of liquor.

His ears—against impure words.

His hands—against wrong-doing.

His heart—against irreverence and doubt.

His feet—against going with bad company.

His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures.

His tongue—against evil speaking.

The Christian armor on her citizens gives more security to the nation than all the armor-plate can on her ships.—*Christian Guardian*.

518. Boys, Armor-plated. It is said that boys should be armor-plated these days, so as to be proof against the encroachments of sin—the powerful influences that secretly appeal to the weak places in human nature, and even forcibly assault the stronger ones. This ironclad protection, it is wisely insisted, needs to be on the boy's lips, that he may never taste liquor; over his ears, that he may hear no bad words; about his hands, so that they may engage in no wrong doing; on his heart, that he may not yield to sin in any form; over his eyes, that he may read no bad books and look upon no impure pictures; upon his pocket, to keep out dishonest money; and on his tongue, lest he engage in evil speaking. With such an armor the Christian boy is well protected from the assaults of sin, thereby furnishing more security to the nation than the largest and most efficient army and navy can give. Clothe the individual citizens of the land with this spiritual armor, which amounts to an ironclad protection against sin in all forms, enemies in every guise, and all will be safe and satisfactory in society, church and state.

519. Boys, Do Your Best. A minister tells how when a boy he was a great whistler, and sometimes whistled in unusual and unseemly places. One day, not long since, says an exchange, he came out of a hotel whistling quite low. A little

boy playing in the yard heard him, and said, "Is that the best you can whistle?"

"No," said the minister, "can you beat it?"

The boy said he could, and the minister said, "Well, let's hear you."

The little fellow began his whistle, and then insisted that the minister should try again. He did so, and the boy acknowledged that it was good whistling, and as he started away the little fellow said:

"Well, if you can whistle better, what were you whistling that way for?"

Sure enough, why should not any one do his best, if he does anything? The world has plenty of poor, slipshod, third-class work done by people who could do better if they would. Let every boy and girl try to do their best, whether in whistling, singing, working, or playing; and whatever they do, let them do it heartily as unto the Lord.—*United Presbyterian*.

520. Boys and Girls. See *Girls and Boys*.

521. Boys, Hold On. Hold on to virtue,—it is above all price to you, in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do an improper act.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve well and do you good through eternity.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons seek your company and invite you to join their games, mirth, and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high place, or fashionable attire.—*United Presbyterian*.

522. Boys, the Kind We Need.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid

To do his share of work;

Who never is by toil dismayed,

And never tries to shirk:

The boy whose heart is brave to meet

All lions in his way;

Who's not discouraged by defeat,

But tries another day:

The boy who ever means to do

The very best he can;

Who always keeps the right in view,

And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be

The men whose hands will guide

The future of our land, and we

Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is

A man at heart, I say;

Whose legend on his shield is this:

"Right always wins the day."

523. Boys Influenced for God. A

young man was closing his service as instructor in Robert College, Constantinople. That evening he was in charge of the study-hour of the boys for the last time. The custom was to conclude with a short devotional service. As he looked into the faces of those eager Armenians, Bulgarians, and Greeks whose future had become of vital interest to him because of a most happy three-year intimacy, and over whose lives hung the blackest clouds, he could only read of Christ's sure companionship and then commend them most earnestly to the Father's care. And their response was altogether boyish. Four stalwart Bulgarians lifted him upon their shoulders and carried him along with the cheering crowd to his room in the fourth story. Since that day awful massacre and cruel war have cast their shadows over these young men, but that teacher knows his prayer has been answered, and God's care and grace will enable each to be "faithful to the end."—REV. CARL W. SCOVEL.

524. Boys, Our Greatest Asset. When Napoleon was leading his army through the rugged fastnesses of the Alps, a drummer boy lost his footing and fell to the abyss below. An officer asked the great commander if the army should halt and attempt to rescue the boy, or at least ascertain whether the fall had resulted in death. After a moment's thought, Napoleon's answer was: "No, it is only a boy." Many boys in our own country have lost their footing and many have fallen to an untimely end. But shall we say as did the heartless general, "It is only a boy"? Is not the boy the greatest asset of our country and of the Church of God? We must save the boys to the Church and make of them godly Christian men. This is the high duty and the noble privilege of the Church of God.

525. Boys, Possibilities of. The superintendent of a Children's Home in a large city said to a visitor, "Here is our first boy," turning to the picture of a ragged, forlorn little specimen of forsaken humanity. "And here he is now," he added,

pointing to the picture of a fine looking gentleman. "He is at present attorney for the — R. R. with a salary of \$10,000 a year. He remembers us every year with a generous gift."

526. Boys, Save the. During a Chicago convention, one of the delegates, a young business man from Boston fell in with a burly, red-faced Chicagoan who had evidently just been patronizing the hotel bar. In the course of their conversation the man from Chicago said: "What are you fellows trying to do down at the Battery? You are hot on temperance, I see by the papers. Do you think you could make a temperance man out of me?" "No," replied the delegate, "we evidently could not do much with you, but we are after your boy." At this unexpected retort the man dropped his jocular tone and said seriously, "Well, I guess you have got the right of it. If somebody had been after me when I was a boy I should be a better man to-day."—*Golden Rule.*

527. Boys, Saving. Returning from a local option meeting, a lad climbed upon his father's lap and asked, "What will you vote, Pa, 'wet' or 'dry'?" "'Wet,' of course," replied the man. "Pa, why will you vote 'wet'?" "Because the saloons help to pay my taxes." The son could not understand the attitude of his father on this question, and failed to comprehend how his own father could not understand as he did, having been deeply impressed by a lecture at the schoolhouse a short time previous. "Daddy, ain't I worth more to you than your taxes? If you vote 'wet' maybe I'll be a drunkard some day." These words kept ringing in the man's ears, and to-day there is no stronger advocate of temperance than the boy's father, and he declares, "That boy is worth more to me than all the property I could ever own."—*Evangelical Messenger.*

528. Boys, Training of. There is a great deal of nonsense palmed off on the community about the reaction of the child from over-strictness in parental training. When I hear a man say, "My parents brought me up so rigidly that a reaction took place in my mind, and I have turned away from religion," I have sometimes asked, "Did they teach you to be honest?" "Yes." "To tell the truth?" "Yes." "Were they strict about it?" "Yes." "Has any reaction taken place on these points?" No one man of us learns the multiplication table from the sheer love of it; but I never knew any

one to say that his mind was in reaction against the multiplication table.—JOHN HALL, D.D.

529. Boys, Training of. The outstanding sentence in a recently published life of Roosevelt is one spoken by Mrs. Roosevelt when the last of her four boys had enlisted in the service of his country. Mr. Roosevelt was just a little daunted when the last and youngest left for the front; but Mrs. Roosevelt said to him, "You must not bring up your boys like eagles, and expect them to act like sparrows."—REV. J. H. JOWETT.

530. Boys, Value of. A minister who wanted to use a certain room in the church for the benefit of the boys was hindered by the objections of the ladies' committee, who said, "We paid \$80 for that carpet, and we cannot see it ruined." He said in his pulpit next Sunday that he dreamed that he went to heaven and was watching others come. By and by some ladies came carrying a large bundle, and saying, "Lord, here are the carpets we have kept for you." But the Lord sorrowfully asked, "Where are the boys I gave you?" And the ladies answered in surprise, "Why, they have gone to the other place."

531. Boys with Backbone or Wishbone. I picked up a paper the other day that had something to say about these bones which was very funny and very serious withal. It quoted the Bible statement that many of the Pharisees of Christ's time were his disciples, "but secretly, for fear of the Jews," and then went on to say that there were people nowadays who were just like those of old—people who would like to be good but were afraid of the consequences—ridicule, loss of position or whatever they might be. And then it said of these Pharisees, ancient and modern, "Their backbone is nothing but wishbone."

I have thought about this a good deal since I read it, and I have come to believe that its truth will apply to other than religious things. I ran across what seems to be a bad case of a "wishbone" an evening or two since. A young man came in after tea and spent fully an hour in telling how much he wanted to get an education, how disappointed he felt that his father was not able to send him to college as he had expected, and how distasteful he found his present employment. I suggested that he might use the evenings for study and so gain an equivalent for the college course which was denied him. He "did wish he could, but

when evening came he was tired and really needed rest of mind as well as body." "Other boys have had to work hard and yet have accomplished great things with the odd moments," I remarked as I handed him Smiles' "Self-Help," and asked him to read it. Yes, he knew that. He wished he had more application, but it was so hard not to spend what little leisure he had in pleasanter ways than poring over books all alone. If a fellow could have the companionship of other fellows and the stimulus of class recitations and all that, everything would be easy. How he wished he could have it! But he couldn't. There was no help for it. He'd just have to drudge along in the office. Alas and alack-a-day!

"Wishbone!" said I to myself when at last he said good night and closed the outer door. "Wishbone pure and simple! With his magnificent health and the opportunity he has he could get that college course if he only would. What a pity he doesn't work as hard as he wishes!"—I. REED.

532. Brains and Life. People go according to their brains. If these lie in their heads, they study; if in their stomachs, they eat; if in their heels, they dance.

533. Brakes, Protection of. A lady was on a train on a line that had a very steep grade, and becoming anxious she asked the conductor: "What would be done if an accident should happen and the train slip back?" "We would put on the brakes," "And what if they should not hold?" "Then the double brakes." "And where would we land if they should not prove effective?" "Either in heaven or hell, madam, as we deserve!"

How about your brakes, friend, will they be sufficient, do you think, to keep your life's train safe on the downgrade to perdition when the couplings break that bind you to life?

534. Brands of Christ. Seven years ago a home missionary died, forty-nine years old. He died at that early age of cancer. That cancer was first in his left shoulder, then in his right.

That man was Frank Higgins, sky-pilot to the lumberjacks, and those wounds were a direct result of the pressure on his shoulders of the straps of a pack-sack. Year after year he had carried the pack in his service of the lumberman of the Northwest, a pack that contained some personal necessities and some hymn books and Bibles.

"He was dying," writes Thomas D. Whittles, Higgins' biographer, "he was dying, bearing in his body the marks of the Master."—*The Continent*.

535. Bravery. The bravest are usually aware of the gravity of the danger and difficulties they must face in order to succeed, and it is all the more to their credit that having full knowledge of such things, they march to their duty. "Ney, who was called the lion of the French army, was of highly sensitive physical organization. On one occasion, when he was directing a battle from an eminence under heavy fire, he noticed that his aides were smiling. Looking down, he saw that his knees were rattling against his saddle. "You poor knees," he said, "how you would rattle if you knew where I am going to take you in a minute." Many a man in an humble place has for years "staid by the job" like a soldier though constantly aware of the terrific odds against which he labored. All honor to such an one. He is a genuine hero.

536. Brother, Being a. A young Englishman came to America to preach and was given a charge in a prairie village of western Dakota. After a year a young English girl came out to be his bride. The happiness in the parsonage was short lived. Within a few months the young woman was taken sick and died. The husband was crushed with grief, a stranger in a strange land in his hour of need. While he sat in the darkened house one of his parishioners came to see him. "Brother," he said, "wife and I have been talking over your sorrow. We have not very much money, but we want to do something. If you want to take the body of your wife back to England, where she may rest among her own people, wife and I will bear the expense."

537. Brotherhood. See *Radio Illustrations*.

538. Brotherhood.

That plenty but reproaches me
Which leaves my brother bare;
Not wholly glad my heart can be
While his is bowed with care
If I go free, and sound and stout,
While his poor fetters clank,
Unsated still, I'll still cry out,
And plead with whom I thank.

Almighty: Thou who Father be
Of him, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
That whichsoever fall

The other's hand may fail him not,—
 The other's strength decline
 No task of succor that his lot
 May claim from son of Thine.

I would be fed, I would be clad,
 I would be housed and dry;
 But if so be my heart is sad,—
 What benefit have I?
 Best he whose shoulders best endure
 The load that brings relief,
 And best shall be his joy secure
 Who shares that joy with grief.

—EDWARD S. MARTIN.

539. Brotherhood. In the plant of the Illinois Steel Company, at South Chicago, Sheldon Lacey saw a valve break, releasing deadly poison gas into the room. To hold the valve and stop the gas until the flow could be checked would mean fearful peril, and it might mean death. The men were foreigners, united in the brotherhood of hard labor. Lacey thought like lightning. This was his task. "Get out, boys!" he yelled.

540. Brotherhood of Men. Our bitter feeling toward any human being means defeat in every part of our life. We cannot be right with God while we are wrong with a fellow-man; only the lives that are right with God are winning lives. That is a striking word in a letter from Dan Crawford, the African missionary: "What a settling of old scores there is when the blood of the cross cleanseth away all crookedness between a man and a man, as well as a man and his God. Your straight, strapping African can often be crooked enough; but here we have the change; and now you have a man who is straight of back as well as straight of life, who believes the new doctrine that no man treats Christ well who treats his brother wrong."—*Sunday School Times*.

541. Brotherly Love. When Louis Agassiz was a boy in Switzerland, he and his little brother one day thought they would cross a frozen lake and join their father. The mother anxiously watched them from a window till at length they came to a crack in the ice more than a foot wide. Her heart failed her. She thought, "Louis can get over it well enough, but the little fellow will try to do so, and will fall in." They were too far away to hear her call. As she watched in an agony of fear she saw Louis get down on the ice, his feet on one side of the crack and his hands on the other, like a bridge, and his little brother crept over him to the other side. So

may brother bridge life's dangerous and difficult places for brother.—MYERS.

542. Brothers, Keepers of. Wherever the Christian religion really makes itself felt there we find a growing sense that "no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," but that in a very true sense we are our brothers' keepers. Some months ago, in the Philippines, as the Rev. J. C. Robbins, who had been holding meetings for several days in a certain place, came to the last evening, a woman, a native convert, said to him: "You ought not to leave us to-morrow. You ought to stay longer." But he said: "We have been here four days; you must not expect to keep us. You have had your opportunity, and now we must go on to other places. The woman answered: "Oh, I was not thinking of ourselves, but of those who will come in from the neighboring villages to-morrow. They have never heard of Jesus. And they might hear, if you could only stay. I was not thinking of ourselves, but of them." The young convert in the Philippines, who had learned but a few lessons of the Christ, had come to see more clearly, perhaps, than many of us do, that we are our brothers' keepers.—REV. JOHN A. HAWLEY.

543. Burdens. See Difficulties. See Discipline.

544. Burdens, The Blessed. Glancing out of the window the other day, I saw an express wagon drive up and stop. The driver stepped down, walked to the back of his wagon, looked in to make sure the trunk was handy, turned, stepped toward the door to see the number, slipped in the snow, fell headlong and struck his hand hard against the stepping stone; he rose to his feet rubbing his hand, looked at the stone, at the snow, and probably (man-like) blamed everything but the man who had slipped. After seeing the number, he stepped back, shouldered the trunk (weighing 135 pounds), and walked across the snow without slipping, minding his steps, looking down—he must be careful with such a load on his back.

Blessed burden! it held him up by holding him down, compelling care for fear of consequences. Have you noticed that most men who slip are the men who bear light loads; who are careless because there is nothing to care for?—REV. O. P. GIFFORD, D.D.

545. Burdens, Resting Under. A few years ago while climbing the gray slopes of Lebanon on a fiery hot afternoon in

July, I came to the vicinity of a lime-kiln where men were employed in gathering thorns from the rocky mountain-side, rolling them into huge bales half as large as a cartload of hay and then carrying these swaying prickly burdens to the lime-kiln half a mile away. No more trying, unattractive occupation could be conceived of than the cutting and handling and carrying of these dry and dusty prickles on that waterless, treeless, barren slope under the blazing Syrian sun. While thinking that such labor and toil seemed almost too heavy for the human frame to bear, my attention was caught by one of the huge thorn bundles motionless by the wayside and to my heart's delight there lay the thorn-gatherer asleep by the side of and under the shadow of his burden! I have never ceased to wonder who taught him that secret of bearing his burden of thorns.

That picture, instead of fading from my memory, has become to me a little parable of life. "Every man must bear his own burden." Some of us have burdens of responsibility as parents, as masters, as teachers; others have burdens of infirmities, of temptations, of poverty, of stumblings. Each heart has its own burden and there are sure to be times when the burden grows almost too heavy to be borne. Many a time I have said to my own heart: "Do as the thorn-gatherer taught you," and often I have told my parable to other burden-bearers and have urged them: "Drop your burden for a while and learn to REST under its shadow."—REV. F. E. HOSKINS, D.D.

546. Business for God. The difference between a salesman and a clerk is that the salesman finds customers while customers must find the clerk. In business for God are you a salesman or a clerk? Must sinners find you or do you find them? Does your church find men or must men find your church? One good salesman is worth a dozen clerks.

547. Business Men, Christian. Queen Elizabeth asked a rich English merchant to go on a mission for the crown. The merchant remonstrated, saying that such a long absence would be fatal to his business. "You take care of my business," replied the queen, "and I will take care of yours." When he returned he found that his business through the patronage and care of the queen, had increased in volume and he was richer than when he left.

So every business man can afford to

place the interests of Christ's kingdom first, for the promise is clear and unmistakable, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Make money for Christ, and he will make money for you. Supply his needs, and he will supply yours. Keep his laws, and he will keep you. Do his will, and he will look after your welfare. If losses come, he will see that they are ultimate gains. Link your destiny in time and eternity with Jesus Christ, and bankruptcy will be impossible.

Prize the spiritual above the material. Transmute the seen and temporal into the unseen and eternal. Lay up treasures in Heaven, so that death, which impoverishes the rich worldling, will be your enrichment. Ever seek Christ's "Well done" here, and you will receive it hereafter.—A. C. DIXON, D.D.

548. Call of God Not Heard. Why? Miss Slattery at Northfield told of hearing an older sister calling to the little sister, and the little girl had her hands over her ears. The older girl called louder and louder. Finally the little girl shouted: "Don't call any louder, I can't hear you any way." Is not this the way we often treat God? We make up our minds we will not obey, no matter how long and how loud he may call us.

549. Call Heard. One day during the Boer War, just as the train was starting from Waterloo Station, London, a fine man, hot and weary, entered the carriage where I was sitting, and hastily seating himself, as if more exertion were impossible, exclaimed, "I'm called." He soon fell asleep, and we noticed that he was a stoker, and was black with the soot and oil of his engine. He awoke and again exclaimed, "I'm called." Then he told us he was a reservist, and was to join his regiment at Aldershot immediately. He did not wait to wash or put on his best clothes, but at once obeyed the call of his king. God has called us. Have we answered as readily?—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

550. Call of the People. I was asked to preach in one of the largest and most fashionable churches in the West End of London. As I entered the pulpit and turned to lay my Bible upon the little lectern there caught my eye, just under the lectern, coming between the upturned faces of the people and where I stood, a little brass plate engraven with these words, "Sir, I would see Jesus." And since that time I have scarcely ever

preached or spoken in the name of the Master but, in one form or another, the same petition has seemed to be coming up from the waiting people. It is the desire of many a heart in our home churches to-day to see and hear about the Lord Jesus Christ.—PRIN. T. R. O'MARA.

551. Calumny, A Picture of. Apelles drew an allegorical picture of this vice. A man sits in a listening attitude, beckoning Calumny to approach. Two counselors, Ignorance and Suspicion, stand near him. Calumny is beautiful in form and feature but has a malignant countenance, and flashing eyes. Envy goes before, while Fraud and Conspiracy accompany her on either side. Repentance follows with woeful mien and torn garments. She looks behind her as if calling upon Truth, who is seen slowly advancing in the distance.

552. Calvary, Cost of. "Thanks" probably comes from a word meaning "thoughts." You must think before you can thank. When we give Christmas presents we erase the price, that our friends may not know how much we paid for the article. Do we do this because we are ashamed of the small price or because we do not want them to know how much we paid? Memory will do this same trick if you are not careful. It will rub out the cost mark of Calvary. Your sins have been forgiven, but if you are not careful you will forget the years and the myriads of years through eternity when they are never to appear, the light, the liberty, the joy, the eternal sunshine that are to be yours. It has all been paid for. Wonderful cost! Do not forget the cost-mark of your glorious inheritance in Christ Jesus. How far down he came from the great heights of his glory and omnipotence that you might have life and light and liberty—eternal life.—PAUL RADER.

553. Calvary, Hill of. W. T. Stead used to tell the story of a man and woman who were once leaving a mission in London where they had just sung:

"Down in the valley or upon the mountain steep,
Close beside my Saviour would my soul ever keep.
He will lead me safely in the path that he has trod,
Up to where they gather on the hills of God."

"What are the hills of God, Ned?" asked the woman. The man slowly re-

plied, "I don't know, but I should think one of them is Calvary." Yes, one of those hills of God's joy is Calvary, and it must be climbed before the whole range comes in sight.—REV. A. D. BELDEN, B.D.

554. Calvary, Meaning of. What Victor Hugo said in his grandiloquent fashion, of Waterloo, may be said with all sobriety of speech of Calvary, "It was a change of front on the part of the universe."

555. Cant. Cant is the twin sister of hypocrisy.—BEECHER.

556. Capital and Labor. See *Labor Day*. See *Work*.

557. Capital and Labor. If you were toiling like a slave twelve hours a day for seven days in the week shoveling coal into the roaring furnaces of an ocean liner, for which you received the munificent sum of \$5.00 per week and board; and if the steamship company for which you worked paid 60 per cent. dividends—the profits being nearly \$6,000,000 annually—do you think you would have very much confidence in the professions of the officers of the company who called themselves Christians, especially if they knew that you had to keep a family on the pittance you received and lay by for a rainy day?

A new definition of Christianity in a not distant day will brand such selfish greed as infernal and unworthy of a man who has his name on a church register.

558. Card-Playing. See *Amusements*.

559. Card-Playing, Harm of. The harm (1) of handling the tools of the gambler; (2) of learning the methods of using those tools; (3) of coming under the influence of the tendency towards the tricks and trickery that so commonly go with the use of those tools; (4) of entering even the outer circle of the kind of people who use such tools, and of coming under the influence of the tendency to be drawn into the circles that are nearer and nearer the wicked vortex of such things; (5) of becoming familiar with, and a party to, the lowering of the principle of the lot (commonly called "chance," but really predestination or providence) to the uses of mere recreation; (6) of risking the tendency toward the waste of time in prolonged play; (7) of venturing into the danger of not doing whatsoever one does to the glory of God, in the name of the Lord Jesus; (8) lastly, even though it would do me no harm, there would be the harm it would do to others in any of these ways; and my daily petition, "Lead us not into

temptation," makes it incumbent upon me not to lead any of us into temptation or to lead temptation to any of us.—B. C. M.

560. Card-Playing Hinders. A young man was watching with a dying man. He tried to tell him of Christ, and received this rebuke, "I don't want a card-player to talk to me about my soul." The watcher said he deserved it, but that never again should that be truthfully charged against him.—*Herald and Presbyter*.

561. Card-Playing, Test of. Rev. W. Romaine, being asked to play cards, made no objection, and when they were produced said, "Let us ask the blessing of God." "Ask the blessing of God at a game of cards!" exclaimed the lady. "I never heard of such a thing." Mr. Romaine replied, "Ought we to engage in anything on which we cannot ask his blessing?" That ended the game.

562. Care, God's. Said a father one day: "There is a little lad who is more than all the world to me, and now and then he looks up and pleadingly says, 'Father, won't you please look at me?' It is just the child's desire to be sure of companionship and thought. Blessed is the Child of God who realizes that the Father's face is always turned toward him. 'I will guide thee with mine eye.'"

563. Cares, Harm of. Microscopically minute grains of sand in the aggregate bury the temples and the images of the gods in the Nile valley. The multitude of small cares and duties, which are blown upon us by every wind, have the effect of withdrawing us, unless we are continually watchful, from that one foundation of all good, the love of Jesus Christ felt in our daily lives.

564. Cares, Precious. "Precious cares" was the phrase we heard a mother apply the other day to her three little children. It is clear what she meant. The care of a child, its training, and education, to any one who has a proper sense of parental duty, is one of the most taxing of human responsibilities.

Except to a few wealthy persons it means the sacrifice of leisure, comfort, and many opportunities, and yet it is so rewardful, that some of the chief joys of life come through this self-sacrificing ministration. The true parent gains far more than he or she loses. The care, perplexing and exhausting as it often is, opens a fresh fountain of happiness in the depths of the inner life.

So it always is; the path to the deep-

est and fullest satisfactions. You can attain a certain sort of happiness in isolation from common human experiences, in shirking responsibilities, and in choice of the easiest way, but the loss outbalances the gain.

When you shut out of your life a helplessness to others, a responsibility of a burden that you might justly assume, you are not only closing the door to care, but to joy.—*The Watchman*.

565. Caste. Only where men see that the preacher knows nothing of class or caste distinctions do his reproofs have any power. "I hope," said an English gentleman to Mr. Moody, "that you will be able to do something for the miserable poor in London." "I hope so," replied Mr. Moody, "and I hope also, to do something for the miserable rich."—J. C. FERNALD.

566. Caste in India. Four years ago, in India, a child belonging to a Brahmin family fell into a well. All the men of the family were away and the women were helpless. A man of the sweeper-caste offered to climb down into the well and rescue the boy. The women rejected the offer with horror, for his touch would defile the drinking water of the household and also the boy himself. Hence, the child was left in the well, to be fished out dead later by the clean hands of a Brahmin. Rather death than defilement from the touch of an "untouchable!"—*The World Outlook*.

567. Caste in India. Bishop F. W. Warne, of the Methodist Church, says in *The World Outlook*, that years ago the father of a low caste family in India became a Christian, and later a village pastor. Now these low caste people were out-castes, the despised members of society, shunned as unclean by all the regular castes, "the untouchables," refused entrance even to the Hindu temples.

The son of this Hindu village pastor was sent to a Christian school, then to a Christian college. In the Christian church and school all castes are alike; the out-caste is as good as the Brahmin. This boy was a bright youth and not only gained in knowledge, but in spiritual power. He wrote books for his people; he started missionary societies, purely native organizations. His work was so conspicuously good in the eyes of the Church of England missionaries that at last he was chosen to be the first native Bishop of India. From low-caste to Bishop—a greater transformation than we in this country can readily realize.

568. Catholic, A True. "Oh," said a woman to me the other day, "do you belong to us?" "Well," said I, "who are 'us'? That is a new denomination to me. I belong to him." I like the Augustinian Creed: "A whole Christ for my salvation, the whole Bible for my study, the whole church for my fellowship, and the whole world for my parish, that I may be a true Catholic and not a sectarian."—REV. CHARLES INGLIS.

569. Caution, A Child's. Little Helen, aged four, was in a frightful predicament. The nurse, carrying the cherished two-weeks-old baby up and down before the house, had paused to show the new infant to the bishop, who had asked to look at it. And then the tall grave bishop, of whom Helen stood greatly in awe, had unexpectedly asked the little girl to give him the baby.

How in the world to refuse a request made by such an awe-inspiring person as the bishop the child did not know. But presently she wrinkled her small countenance shrewdly, moved closer to the petitioner, and said, ingratiatingly, "I'll let you have the next."—*Harper's Weekly*.

570. Caution, Lack of. A dense fog prevailed. A custom house officer had finished his day's work, and was about to leave the docks. Being asked if he would like a lantern to enable him to reach the gate in safety, he refused, saying he knew the way well enough. The poor fellow's body was found next morning in the dock water. He had made a false step, fallen over the quay and was drowned. He professed he knew the way but by his walk he denied it.

571. Certainty, Biblical. Some years ago the United States Government was discussing the feasibility of putting a lighthouse at a certain point off the coast of Florida. The government sent out letters to several commanders, asking their opinion regarding the place. One said, "I think it is safe." Another said, "Perhaps there ought to be a lighthouse there." And so the letters ran on, but none of them stating anything definite. By and by they came to a letter which read, "I know there is danger there, for I have touched the bottom there!" That settled it; the lighthouse was built. So, God's Word comes to us—not with "perhappes" and "guesses" and "maybes," but with certainties; and it proposes that every human being should have in his soul absolute certainty of divine realities.

572. Certainty, Christian. It is said that Henry Ward Beecher considered

that the best lesson he ever learned he learned at school in the following way: He was sent to the board to do an example in arithmetic. When he finished, the master looked at it and said, "Henry, you may do it again."

Henry did it again, but, as before, the teacher, after glancing at it, merely remarked, "Henry, you may do it again."

"I think it is right, sir," said the boy, "but I will try it once more."

The third time he tried it, and the third time the teacher merely said, "Henry, you may do it again."

"Why," said young Beecher, "the answer is right; I know it is right."

"Yes," replied the master, "*it has been right all the time*, but you did not know it was. Nothing is right to you until you know it is right."

Much of the discipline of life is simply to teach us confidence in ourselves. We could save ourselves much of that discipline by recognizing our own powers, and adhering more faithfully to the truths God gives us. It is a great folly to be conceited and obstinate, but probably more young men are in danger of distrusting their own thoughts and methods, especially when they see that adherence to them puts them in the minority and makes them a laughing stock. "Go back to your slate and your A B C," says the world to many an enterprising toiler; but the true worker, like Beecher, the Abolitionist, knows when he is right, and goes ahead from the decisive starting point of that decision.

So much, in work, depends on the "state of mind" in which the worker is. It is important in both religion and life to know that you know.

573. Character Building. *See Success in Life.*

574. Character Building.

We are building every day,
In a good or evil way;
And the structure as it grows
Will our inmost soul disclose.

Till in every arch and line
All our faults and failings shine—
It may grow a castle grand,
Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building this,
That can show both pain and bliss—
That can be both dark and fair?
Lo, its name is character.

Build it well whate'er you do,
Build it straight and strong and true

Build it clean and high and broad;
Build it for the eye of God.

—UNIDENTIFIED.

575. Character Building. One of my friends told me of a philanthropist who once bade a contractor who had been most unfortunate, build him a dwelling, and he gave him authority to choose the material and to govern every part of its construction. At last the house was finished, but the contractor had felt that this was an opportunity for him to recover some of his lost fortune, and had put into it the poorest material and the faultiest of work, and when the house was finished the philanthropist said, "This house is for you and your family, and you can live in it as long as you please. It is yours forever." And then the man realized that he had built a poor house in which he must live. Is it not like this with those of us who build weakness into our character and allow sin to rule in our lives? We are building a house in which we must live forever.

576. Character Building. Our English word "character" comes from a Greek word meaning to engrave. Character is what we engrave upon the life tablet. The tools are our thoughts.

Dr. Cuyler likens building character to the building of Cologne Cathedral. The first time he saw the structure it was disfigured by scaffolding; but when he saw it again, many years afterward, it was finished, and was the most magnificent thing from the Alps to the sea. Christians are imperfect as we see them now, but wait until they are finished!

No man can build a perfect character by putting patches on a faulty character. It is said that Nelson's battleship, *Victory*, has been entirely rebuilt by putting in a piece here and there, wherever a rotten timber was found. But Christian character is not the patching of an old life, but the construction of the whole man by a new life principle within him.—*C. E. World*.

577. Character Building. When the ancient temple of Solomon was being built, the whole world was sought through, and its most costly and beautiful things were gathered and put into it. We should search everywhere for whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure, to build into our life. All that we can learn from books, from music, from art, from friends; all that we can gather from the Bible and receive from the

hand of Christ Himself, we should take and build into our character.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

578. Character, Built of Poor Material. There lived at Lockport, N. Y., a member of Congress, who had in his home a Christian servant girl, who, by her industry and integrity won the esteem of the entire family. By and by she married a shiftless, drunken carpenter, and was soon supporting him by her own labors. Her former employer, wishing to do her a permanent good, decided to build her a house on a lot which he owned. And to encourage her husband gave him the job, without revealing the purpose he had in view. The Senator left for Washington, and the carpenter spun out his work through the fall, winter, and spring, cheating his employer in every way he possibly could. In both materials and workmanship the house was a botch job from foundation up. When the Senator returned in early summer the builder informed him that the house was finished, and boastfully added, "There isn't a better house on Pioneer Hill than that house of yours." "Very well," said his benefactor, "then you go home and tell your wife to move into it immediately. And here is the deed to her for the property. So you see you will have a nice house as long as you live." The man was dazed by the discovery that instead of cheating his employer he had been cheating himself. And as the defects of the house became more and more apparent with the lapse of time he was repeatedly heard to say, "Oh, that I had known it was my own house that I was building!" Here is the tragedy of it—to put unsound materials and poor work into our character-house is to cheat ourselves.—*School and Life*.

579. Character, Contagion of. I had two dear friends, in my schooldays, who went to college together, and their lives were interbound as the heart of David was knit to the heart of Jonathan. In the second college year one of the two, one of the finest, most sensitive souls, finished his short course on earth. Not long after I met the other, a man of unexpressed religious faith, though of clean and upright character, and he said, as we talked of our common friend, who had slipped out of our sight for a time, "I do not know where to go now, or where to turn; my light has been taken from my eyes. It was in his companionship that I saw."—ROBERT E. SPEER.

580. Character, Comfort in. "There is just one thing in life that I really regret," said a multi-millionaire, "and that is that I have found it impossible to make any investment that death will not terminate, so far as I am concerned."

"You need regret that impossibility no longer," was the reply. "Ruskin proved that you are wrong in your supposition when he said: 'Only what we have wrought into character during life can we take away with us.' That we can take. But it is not anything that mere wealth will enable us to purchase. It is an investment that has to be made through some continuous moral or spiritual expenditure."—JAMES BUCKHAM.

581. Character and Courtesy. Lady Somerset bewailed the loss of a somewhat ill-bred but extremely wealthy neighbor who had been very liberal in his help to her country charities. "Mr. Smithers is dead," said she. "He was so good and kind, and helpful to me in all sorts of ways. He was so vulgar, poor, dear fellow, we could not know him in London, but we shall meet in heaven."

582. Character, Culture of. In the museum of the University of Pennsylvania there is a marvelous collection of engraved gems and semi-gems. Many of them are in the shape of seals. Many of them are very ancient and of almost priceless value. If you should take one of those ancient seals and press it upon the warm wax you would get an exact copy in the wax of what was engraven on the seal.

Do you know that our word character gets its root-meaning from such an engraven seal? Literally, character means that which has had cut into itself, some sort of indelible mark, and which consequently makes such mark. So the word character has come to mean those essential qualities that have somehow been cut into one, which remains in one, which still stay when what is merely external and hanging on one, as one's clothing does, has been laid away; and by means of which a person makes his mark as an engraved seal does when it is pressed in the warm wax.

Have you ever thought what the word habit means? It comes from a Latin word that means to have. So habit, literally, means that which has one, just as the engraved mark on the ancient seal has the seal, has it irrevocably.

In an address before a body of students I once defined character as the sum-total of one's habits. And a distinguished

teacher told me, after the address, that he thought that as good a definition of character as could be given—the sum-total of one's habits. You see, after all, character is the real, essential person, that by which he makes his mark, as the seal does upon the wax.—WAYLAND HOYT, D.D.

583. Character-cutting. Diamonds can only be cut with the dust of diamonds. The character of man can only be shaped in the experience with men. The many-faceted man is not made in the study, he is ground and polished in society. The highest gifts are social gifts. One might conceivably have faith and hope, alone with God; but even the love which reaches up to our Heavenly Father cannot flourish unless we have neighbors as well as God.

Every one knows the difference in brilliancy, as well as price, between cut and molded glass. We are coming to observe in housebuilding the contrast between good carving and sloppy molded ornaments in artificial stone. In character there is a like contrast between those who live the real life of social intercourse and service and those who wrap themselves in the mantle of selfishness and think of others only as the servants of their pleasures and necessities.

God made no mistake when he placed us amid the perplexities, disturbances and crowding occupations of the world. He is the great artist of soul life. He thinks of his children as diamonds in the rough and is intent on facet-cutting. He means to bring out every sparkle of brilliancy of which our lives are capable and, like the diamond cutter, he does not hesitate to hold us to the wheel, to thwart our evasions of trouble and hinder our endeavors after ease.

584. Character and Destiny. Man cannot run away from himself. Wherever he goes he carries his character with him. His character is his own creation; it is the essential part of himself. What it is in the highest moral sense, he is, and what he is determines his place of abode. Good moral character makes heaven; bad moral character makes hell, and there are but two kinds. Life determines character and character determines destiny. As we live, so we are; as we are, so is our character. He who steals is a thief; a thief is a bad character, and the place for bad character is hell. He who fears God and works righteousness is a good character, and the place for good character is heaven. The same

is true throughout the whole catalogue of human action. The truly regenerated soul, the soul that has been born again, fears God and works righteousness, and goes finally to its own place, which is heaven. The unregenerated soul lives a life of sin, is guilty of sinful acts in word, thought, and deed, and goes finally to its own place, which is hell.

585. Character, Diamonds in. A little while ago I stood in a wonderful diamond mine in Kimberley. I was taken down 2,520 feet, and they gave me a pick, and I brought down some of that blue mold carrying the diamonds to my feet. Some of it crumbled, and I searched with the electric light, but I could see no diamond. Yet in that ground there are diamonds of countless value, and God put them there.—GIPSY SMITH.

586. Character, Fixed. The Greek word "character" means "to cut," to engrave, to make a furrow. That is something different from a pencil mark. You might rub out a pencil line or even the mark of a pen, but a line cut with a tool, a furrow, can't be rubbed out.

587. Character, God Keeps. God has a wonderful way of keeping things immaculate amid intense and pervasive abominations. Sweet flowers spring in pestilential marshes. Guano has been found to contain many beautiful forms of diatoms, which have lost none of their perfection of structure or exquisite loveliness or heavenly purity, despite the strange vicissitudes they have sustained. And those microscopic creatures you take from the mud of slimy pools are pure and radiant as though they had been born in the sun, cradled in the rainbow, and baptized in the silvery dew of the morning. Can God keep these, and will he fail to preserve his faithful children? If you fill your mind with truth, your imagination with beauty, your heart with love, your hands with noble work, if you take fresh drinks from the eternal fountain and renew your strength by waiting upon God; you shall keep your garments as white in Sodom as though you walked the golden streets of the new Jerusalem.—*The Blind Spot.*

588. Character, Gradual Decay of. Builders of steel bridges and office structures have far more to fear from rust than from earthquakes or wind or fire. Now and then violence wrecks one of these magnificent buildings; but all the while through storm and sunshine, day and night, winter and summer, the rust

goes on at every point, gradually eating away the strength of the material. We do not need to be evolutionists to use this as an illustration of the facts which are to be found in the spiritual world. Occasionally a strong character breaks down suddenly under some great sin, but most wrecks are the result of a gradual corroding of character.

589. Character, Growth of. I was riding through the Maine woods the other summer. Everywhere about me were the signs of living things because they were growing things. The fresh leaves were hanging on the trees, and every leaf was helping the growth of the tree on which it hung. The flowers along the rough wagon-trail were all abloom, and every flower was doing its duty towards getting the seeds ready to start and grow next year. The whole forest, and the smaller shrubs and bushes amid the forest, were living because they were all steadily and valiantly at work growing.

But, as we rode on, we came to a great patch of forest which fire had ravaged. And at once we were in a place of death. Not all the summer sun, nor the summer rains, nor the genial summer airs could start in those fire-blasted trees a single bud, or woo forth a single leaf. There was no living there, and so there was no growing. And you knew there was no growing because there was no living. The doom and test of life is growth. And this necessity of growth is over character.

Now the question comes, By what does this living character chiefly grow? There are other answers to this question, but a main answer, and the answer I specially want to make plain is this: One's character grows by what one does.

Deeds react on character. This deed you do is something noble. You have said a kind word, or rendered a helpful service, or resisted a temptation. You have done that, but you have done more too. What you have done has reacted on your character, started or increased a tendency in it, made your character more like what you have done, kindlier, more helpful, and more resistant to the wrong. So your character has grown better through your good doing. Character grows by deeds.—WAYLAND HOYT, D.D.

590. Character, How Formed. Have you ever noticed how an icicle is formed? If you have, you noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot or so long. If the water was clear, the

icicle remained clear, and sparkled almost as brightly as diamonds in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming—one little thought or feeling at a time. If each thought be pure and bright, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be deformity and wretchedness.—*Young Evangelist.*

591. Character, Harmfulness of Evil. The city of Hutchinson, Kansas, is the center of the salt industry of the country. Years ago when the facilities for curing and preserving the salt were not what they are now, a great quantity was exposed to the weather, to the wind and the rain, the frost and the heat, and was consequently rendered useless. It "lost its savor." It was used by the city authorities for road-making, and a fine avenue was covered a foot deep in the "savorless" salt, and for months it was trodden under foot of men and beasts. Robbed of its proper preservative properties, however, it also failed as a roadbed, and soon that highway was one of the worst in the town. Nor was this all. The salt thrown upon the road so saturated the soil that the fine trees which graced each side of the street suddenly dropped their foliage and died, and there to-day we have a treeless avenue and a bad road. A character stripped of its helpful influence becomes not merely negative as to good but positive as to evil.—REV. HUGH T. KERR.

592. Character Has Influence. "I don't see why that man didn't have more influence on his class of boys," said one to another, referring to a Sunday-school teacher. "He used to give them such beautiful talks; I have been in his room and heard them." The answer came with a little laugh. "The talks were well enough, but they were about as valuable as postage stamps without mucilage—nothing back of them to make them stick."—*Forward.*

593. Character in Business. A certain American-made piano is much advertised on signboards along our railways and highways. Below the name of the piano, on the signboard, always appears this motto: "The quality goes in before the name goes on." One of the very best hits in advertising; but it also shows that sermons may be found in signboards as well as in stones. It reminds one of the familiar story of the manufacturer of the Wedgwood ware that bears his

name. It is said that Mr. Wedgwood positively forbade any ware, even a single piece, with the smallest flaw, going out of the factory. He said his name must stand for perfection. A name ought to stand for quality, instead of covering up defect, whether in chinaware, pianos, or character.—H.

594. Character in the Face. Two young girls in the parlors of a celebrated photographer were waiting somewhat impatiently their turn for a sitting. When the studio door was finally opened and two middle-aged ladies emerged, the eyes of the girls ran swiftly over the face and figure of the one who had evidently been before the camera. "Dear me! All this time wasted on her?" whispered one pair of rosy lips. "When I get to be as old and homely as that, I'll not bother with having pictures taken, I can tell you." But the artist was even then expressing to a friend his satisfaction with his sitter.

"I like to take that kind of picture—a face that is full of character," he said. "That patient steadfastness in the eyes, the strong lines about the mouth, will come out finely. Pretty faces are plentiful enough—they mean nothing except that care and time have not yet touched them—but strong, sweet faces have to be slowly chiseled out, year by year, by some workman within."

595. Character, Influence of Good. There is no way of doing good so thoroughly efficacious as being good. One good man given to a town is better than the gift of a park, or, it may be, of a library. One good man is worth more to a town than a hundred of the most learned men who are not good. One good man does not illuminate every spot along the shore, but he stands as a lighthouse from whose lamp, a foot or two in diameter, a light streams miles far over the dark seas of night, and enables the mariner to guide his bark away from the wrecking rocks.—DEEMS.

596. Character and Life. A Dutch city in olden days was besieged by the Spaniards. The attacking army used the battering-ram to try to break through the wall.

The people inside saw that the attempt would be successful unless the wall was strengthened. So the Dutch went to work and quietly built up an inner wall.

The Spanish succeeded in getting through the outer wall, only to be confronted by a stronger wall within. The Dutch were safe.

Is not the lesson plain? The outer

walls of society are good, but they are not enough. Walls within the character are needed. Inner fortifications are necessary, if one would guard one's own purity. A city building has inner iron doors and shutters for fire protection.

Appetites are changed, evil habits are broken off, new resolutions are kept, when the inner walls of life are erected. From within, out,—that is the order of all life, either in nature or in human kind.

597. Character Misrepresented. It is thought that Bacchus was probably a prince who taught the people to till the ground and cultivate the vine. His memory was disgraced in after times by the drunken revels held in his honor.

598. Character Revealed. Mozart and a hunter were walking in a forest. A lark suddenly soared toward the sky, singing as it went, and the huntsman said, "What a shot!" But the musician said, "What would I give, could I but catch that trill." When a breeze arose the huntsman exclaimed, "It will startle the hare," but Mozart said reverently, "Listen, what a diapason from God's great organ!"

599. Character as Security. "Mister, do you lend money here?" asked an earnest young voice at the office door. The lawyer turned away from his desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly dressed lad of twelve years, and studied him keenly for a minute. "Sometimes we do, on good security," he said gravely. The little fellow explained that he had a chance "to buy out a boy that's cryin' papers." He had half the money required, but he needed to borrow the other fifteen cents. "What security can you offer?" asked the lawyer. The boy's brown hand sought his pocket and drew out a paper carefully folded in a bit of calico. It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco. As respectfully as if it had been the deed to a farm the lawyer examined it, accepted it, and handed over the required sum. A friend who had watched the transaction with silent amusement laughed as the young borrower departed. "You think I know nothing about him?" smiled the lawyer. "I know that he came manfully in what he supposed to be a business way, and tried to negotiate a loan instead of begging the money. I know that he has been under good influences or he would not have signed that pledge, and that he does not hold it lightly or he would not

have cared for it so carefully. I agree with him that one who keeps himself from such things has a character to offer as security."

600. Character, Shield of. Some one once asked Charles Sumner what bribes had been offered him in the course of his political career. "What bribes!" he replied. "No bribe has ever been offered me. I have never been solicited, with promise of payment, to pursue any course whatever." It could not have been otherwise with Sumner. He was not a man to solicit temptation, or to dally with it, and people knew it. Usually, the people who are tempted are known to be in the market, with principle to sell. But Charles Sumner, like some other great men of our country, had not a reputation of this kind.

601. Character Tested. "Travelers tell of a tree in tropical countries, the inner parts of which are sometimes eaten out by ants, while the bark and leaves remain apparently as fresh as ever; and it is not until the tornado comes and sweeps it down that its weakness is discovered. But the storm did not make the tree weak, it only revealed how weak it was, and its feebleness was the result of the gnawing of the insects through a long course of time. In like manner, if we let our characters be honeycombed by constant neglect of common duty, or by indulgence in secret sins, or by habitual yielding to some temptation, we cannot expect anything else than ruin when the testing hour shall come, for 'the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.'"

602. Character and Thought. It is a very curious and interesting fact that the word "character," which comes into our English speech directly and without change of sound from the Greek, signifies first the sharp tool with which a seal or die is engraved, and then the inscription or object which is cut in the seal or die. Our character, then, is the image and superscription which we cut upon our life; I say which we cut, for, however much happens to us and bears upon us from outside causes beyond our control, it is true, in the last analysis, that we determine our own character. We hold the tool which cuts the legend on our life, we grave the die, we incise the seal. What are the tools with which we cut character upon ourselves? The tools are thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."—CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D.

602a. Character Transformed. By long processes of attrition, decomposition and pulverization, lava has become soil which, under wise cultivation, produces abundant harvests of sugar-cane for the sweetening of the world, while islands, themselves of a volcanic origin, are now the Paradise of the Pacific. Sugar out of lava! By the grace of God this is what we are getting out of multitudes on fire with evil—sugar from lava!

603. Character, Value of. Wedgwood, though risen from a workman, was never satisfied till he had done his best. He would tolerate no inferior work. If it did not come up to his idea of what it should be he would break the vessel and throw it away, saying: "That won't do for Josiah Wedgwood." Character makes reputation, and Wedgwood pottery, with Wedgwood's character behind it, won world-wide celebrity. There was no evasive secrecy; his art was his holy bride, and he espoused her with open glory.

604. Character, A Word Blossomed Into. Though no one can see the end of what he says and does, the harvest time comes some time, somewhere. Words that the speaker soon forgets may be like good seed sown on good soil. This proved to be so with the words one boy spoke many years ago. After an outdoor evangelistic meeting in New York, a clean-cut Christian young man came up to the speaker, and said: "I was one of the worst boys in New York. One day a boy who kept himself clean and who had a good home invited me to go with him to his house. While I was there his mother asked him to do something, and he answered, 'Yes, mother dear.' His reply struck me hard, for I had never spoken to my mother in that way. I went home and when my mother spoke to me, I said, 'Yes, mother dear.' All the members of my family laughed at me, for nothing like that had ever been heard in our home before. But I made up my mind that I would go on speaking to my mother in that way. From that time my entire life began to improve." And thus one boy's kindness to his mother is still bringing forth good fruit in the life of a man. Words that spring from a good heart are bound to bring forth good fruit.—*The Bible To-day.*

605. Character, Value of. Dr. W. A. Quayle, in *The Sunday School Journal*, says: "Corporations, individuals, every-body wants the man who has an un-

blemished record. Drive this home hard. Strike it into the very granite of youth's heart. Be clean and you need not fear. Be clean and you need not be ashamed. Be clean and business men will feel you safe. Every week I receive one or more letters from business firms as to whether so and so is to be trusted for such and such a place. They are asking a preacher about character. That is a preacher's specialty. Does he gamble, has he ever been dismissed from a position for dishonesty? Does he drink? These are not questions asked about a man or woman entering a church, as they sound, but of a man or a woman entering business. Character counts."

606. Character, Workshop of. The workshop of character is every-day life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is won or lost. Thank God for a new truth, a beautiful idea, a glowing experience; but remember that unless we bring it down to the ground and teach it to walk with feet, work with hands, and stand the strain of daily life, we have worse than lost it—we have been hurt by it.

607. Charities, Public. "The Church of the Divine Fragments" is what some one called the National Conference of Charities and Correction.

608. Charity Begins at Home. A prominent Christian worker went to Mr. Jacob Riis and told him that he and his family wanted a family of foreigners to look after—to help them to be good citizens and lead them to Christ. Mr. Riis found him such a family, and it was a Norwegian woman who for years had been scrubbing this Christian man's office.

609. Charm, Alphabet of. A young Southern girl said to a woman of eighty, who still attracted all in spite of her snowy hair, "Tell me the secret of your charm, and teach me to fascinate people as you do." "My child," was the gentle response, "remember just this: in the alphabet of charm there is no such letter as 'I'; it is all 'you.'"

610. Chastening. See Affliction.

611. Chastening, Blessing of. In the city of Pottsville, Pa., the broken end of a high voltage wire was lying upon the pavement, along which the engineer, Mr. Hildebrand, was walking, unmindful of the fact. Mr. Schlitzer saw the danger and yelled to warn him, but his voice was drowned by the noise around. Picking up a stone he threw it, and hit Hildebrand on the chest. He looked up and avoided the wire just as he was about

to step upon it. With tears streaming down his face he thanked Schlitzer for saving his life. How often the Lord in the use of the chastening rod saves us from some terrible calamity.—C. F. REITZEL.

612. Cheating God. "A Chinaman believes that he can cheat his god," says Dr. R. F. Horton. "He believes, for instance, that he can put a garment upon his child, and write in large letters upon the back that this child has had the cholera, and the god, seeing the letters on the back, concludes that the child has already had the cholera, and will not give the child the cholera again. Even intelligent Chinamen believe that it is quite easy to trick a god and take him in, consequently the whole life of China is riddled, through and through, with trickery and deceit. The ancient Romans claimed that the sacrifice of a white ox was more pleasing to their god Jupiter than any other, and they could cheat him by taking a spotted ox and chalking over the black spots."

613. Cheek, Turning the Other. Abundant opportunity was afforded for putting into practice the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, opportunities not lost upon James Taylor (Hudson Taylor's great-grandfather) and his fellow-Methodists. It was an eloquent sermon he preached in Eastgate, Barnsley, for example, when an angry woman ran after him, frying-pan in hand. She had seen the good man go by wearing a light-colored overcoat, and thought it an excellent opportunity of provoking him into a quarrel. Coming up behind, she vigorously rubbed the greasy sooty utensil all over the back of his tidy garment, using her tongue meanwhile, to the amusement of on-lookers. But it was her turn to be discomfited when Taylor turned round with a smile, suggesting that if it afforded her satisfaction she might grease the front as well. Covered with confusion the woman retired, but the incident was not easily forgotten.—"Hudson Taylor in Early Years," by DR. and MRS. HOWARD TAYLOR.

614. Cheerfulness. See *Happiness*.
See Joy.

615. Cheerfulness.

If you are on the gloomy line,

Get a transfer.

If you're inclined to fret and pine,

Get a transfer.

Get off the track of doubt and gloom;

Get on the Sunshine train, there's room—

Get a transfer.

If you're on the worry train,

Get a transfer,

You must not stay there and complain,

Get a transfer.

The cheerful cars are passing through,
And there's lots of room for you—

Get a transfer.

If you are on the grouchy track,

Get a transfer,

Just take a happy special back—

Get a transfer,

Jump on the train and pull the rope

That lands you at the station Hope—

Get a transfer.

—*Rochester News.*

616. Cheerfulness a Habit. The habit of viewing things cheerfully, and of thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.—SAMUEL SMILES.

617. Cheerfulness, Art of. There is an art in being glad, just as there is art in music or poetry or painting. And it is perhaps as difficult to become perfect in this art as in any other. There is one great difference, however. All of us could not be talented musicians or poets or artists, no matter how hard we might try, while there is no one of us that cannot attain the beautiful art of being glad.

For many months past I have bought my daily paper from a little newsboy who stands on a busy corner of one of the principal streets of our city. He is small and thin and ragged. His home is an old box or barrel or doorway—any place he can find to sleep. More than that, he is a cripple. But in rain or shine, in cold weather or in warm, he wears a happy smile and his greeting as he hands out his paper is enough to cheer the saddest of hearts. His is an art that many a successful man would give thousands of dollars to possess, but is not willing to seek for himself. It is the art of being glad.

That boy is a preacher, whose words are well worth heeding, for he is preaching courage and good cheer and persistence, and these are qualities that we should all aim to cultivate.—W. T. McELROY.

618. Cheerfulness as Christians. One of the names which our Lord applied to his followers was "Sons of the Bride-chamber." From this it would seem that the Christian Church should exhibit certain of the traits of a wedding party. Christians are to be radiant, and they are to light up the world by their glad-

ness. A glum Christian is a poor representative of the glorious Christ. Jesus brought into the world a new type of religion. He broke boldly with the traditions of his own country and the world. Religion in Palestine had become so serious and solemn that it was actually depressing. Piety, when full grown, was somber and awful. Religious men cast a shadow wherever they went. God was supposed to be especially pleased with sad eyes and long faces. A Christian with a moroseful face spoils the festival occasion. It is only when the Church is joyful that she is at one with the blessed God. Whenever she grows funereal or melancholy the world instinctively shuns her, and in doing this the world is right. There is enough of gloom in human life without importing darkness.—*Christian Work*.

✓ 619. **Cheerfulness, Blessing of.** What a priceless blessing is a disposition that is able to look on the bright side of life! Happy moods are golden moods. Take off those green spectacles, and put on those crystal lenses worn by the apostle who said: "All things work together for good to them that love God." Some one asked Admiral Dewey, when he was over seventy-five years of age, though looking much younger, the secret of his youthfulness. He replied, "If you keep your face to the sunshine, the shadows will always fall behind you." A good motto for a bright life. "Set your face to the sunshine."

✓ 620. **Cheerfulness, Blessings of.** Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it.—J. T. FIELDS.

✓ 621. **Cheerfulness and Borrowed Sunshine.** "You don't get much sunshine in here, do you?" said a gentle old lady as we entered the elevator at the back of the big department store.

"Only what folks like you bring in, ma'am," answered the elevator man with instinctive courtesy. "Some folks carry enough sunshine 'round with 'em to light others up a bit."

How many people, I thought, as I stepped out, a moment later, are dependent on others for all the sunshine they get in their lives, and how few of us carry enough extra sunshine around with us to lighten even one dark corner? For all the cheer the passing stranger gets from us we might as well cover our faces with thick crepe veils. And what a lovely mission we are slighting.

Let us smile and look happy as we go

about the streets and into the stores on errands. Maybe we're entrusted with the only rays of sunshine that some people will see all day long.

Let us smile and look happy as we go about our work, too, in school or office or home. Work thrives better in the sunshine just as plants do, and maybe our smiles will make our fellow workers happier in their tasks—our own will go better, anyway, that's sure.

Most of all let us smile and look happy for our own dear ones when we gather together around the home table in the morning; or step into mother's room or grandmother's just at sundown to tell them how the day has gone; or run out to meet the tired father as he lifts the home latch after a hard day's work. These are the people to whom our sunshine means not just the superficial cheering or the little extra touch of happiness—but the very warmth and heat on which their inner lives depend. Let us just shower the radiance of our loving smiles to "warm the very cockles" of their hearts.—UNIDENTIFIED.

✓ 622. **Cheerfulness a Brightener.** One of the best things about being a Christian—having the illuminating, warming, blessing life of Christ in you—is that you have something that will help people to "be of good cheer." There is nothing you should covet more than this Christ-given ability to

"Brighten the corner where you are;
Brighten the corner where you are;
Some one far from harbor you may
guide across the bar;
Brighten the corner where you are."

I like to think of Paul as carrying out the spirit of this song made familiar by the "Billy" Sunday meetings, two thousand years before Ina Duley Ogdon and Charles H. Gabriel wrote and composed it and Mr. Rodeheaver ever sang it.—J. F. COWAN, D.D.

✓ 623. **Cheerfulness, Charm of.** Cheerfulness charms us with a spell that reaches into eternity; and we would not exchange it for all the soul-less beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.—ANNA CLEAVES.

624. **Cheerfulness, Contagion of.** Good cheer is catching, just like laughing. When one gets the habit of finding the best side of things, one naturally is able to help others to the same point of view. True sympathy is not merely tears, idle tears; it is pointing the way out, lifting

the soul above its trouble. A little girl was eating her dinner one day when the sunlight fell on her spoon. "Oh, mamma," she cried, "I have swallowed a whole spoonful of sunshine." Somehow when an inveterate optimist comes near us we swallow the sunshine that radiates from him.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

625. Cheerfulness Contagious. Not so many years ago a team of eight magnificent draught horses from Chicago was taken through Europe, winning first prize at every exhibition. The reason given by the owner for such a successful tour was that the horses, from colthood, had been in the hands of men who invariably wore a smile. He said: "Disposition counts. A smile on the hostler puts gloss on the hair, flesh on the bones, strength in the muscle, gentleness in the disposition, and courage in the effort of the team." Now if the reign of a smile counts so much with the dumb creatures, who cannot "smile back," ought it not to count as much more with human beings who can "smile back," as mankind is higher than the brute creation?—I. Q. MOULTON.

626. Cheerfulness Contagious. After an absence of some forty years a college professor returned to give an address in the place where part of her childhood had been spent. An old man came up to her and said, "You don't remember me." "Indeed I do," was the quick response; "you used to bring sunshine whenever you came to our house." The cheerfulness that had attracted the child made a lasting pleasant impression.

Cheerfulness is contagious. Even the birds with joyous notes put new zest into our life. There are persons that carry such an atmosphere with them that their mere coming into a circle makes a change as if a fresh breeze had entered an open window. There are voices with so hearty a ring that they seem to leave an echo long after they have spoken. No one is wholly lacking in the power to awaken courage in other breasts.—A. W. KELLY.

627. Cheerfulness Cultivated. That is a splendid motto, "Make two smiles grow where one grew before." Why is it that so few people in public "look pleasant"? We are amused at the photographer's earnest, and sometimes almost despairing, appeal—"Now, look pleasant, please,"—as he attempts to fix upon the sensitive plate a permanent likeness that will be free from frowns and evidences of an unhappy heart. But the retina of every

eye that beholds you as you walk on the street and mingle with people in business or pleasure is a camera, and your likeness is reproduced there even though only for a second of time. Who can tell the power for happiness of a pleasant face and a cheery smile to these possessors of such sensitive human cameras? The Japanese teach their maids in the hotels, and those also in higher walks of life the art of smiling. They are compelled to practice before a mirror. The angle of the corners of the mouth reveals disposition. Cultivate the cheerful angle which is upward.—*Christian Observer*.

628. Cheerfulness Defined. Cheerfulness is also an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.—SAMUEL SMILES.

629. Cheerfulness Desired. A lady advertised for a young woman to act as her traveling companion, closing the advertisement thus: "Christian wanted; cheerful, if possible." There is a serious flaw in the Christianity of people who are morose. Gladness is the Christian's birthright.

630. Cheerfulness Enlarges Blessings. I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my eyes away from my troubles, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.—SOUTHEY.

631. Cheerfulness, Examples of. James Russell Lowell is said to have been of a very fun-loving disposition. Light-hearted jest and nonsense were sprinkled plentifully through the long life which was so filled with solid, hard work and achievement.

One day, when walking with a friend, they passed a large building over the door of which was written, "Home for Incurable Children."

"Ah," said Lowell, with a shake of his head, "that is where I shall have to be sent some day!"

Everybody knows of the immense labors of David Livingstone in the inhospitable part of Africa, and of the devotion of his noble wife. Does everybody know that, in the midst of their lonely life, they were often, much of the time, as jolly as a pair of school-boys off on a holiday?

To such an extent did the spirit of

mirth preside over their counsels and undertakings that sometimes Mr. Livingstone would say to his wife: "Really, my dear, we ought not to indulge in so many jokes. We are getting too old; it is not becoming. We must be more staid."

Charles Kingsley was always bent on introducing as much frolic and merry-making into his family life as possible. He was proud to be able to say, "I sometimes wonder whether there is as much laughing done in any home in England as at our parsonage."—*C. E. World*.

632. Cheerfulness Gives Happiness. A little girl, with a quaint old face showing the too early care marks, always had a smile when she spoke of her teacher. When asked why she loved her so she said, "Because she's glad to me," her childish way of telling how that young teacher, out of the gladness of her own heart gave happiness, and a corresponding gladness that warmed the heart of the little one every time she remembered her. The trouble with so many of us is, we have forgotten how to be just glad of the fact that we are in God's beautiful world.—*N. W. Advocate*.

633. Cheerfulness Gives Strength. In the old days of sailing-vessels, when so much turned on sheer force of muscle on the part of the seaman, the chantey-man was no unimportant member of the crew. His power to put spirit into the sailors' songs that marked the time for some of the hard tasks was recognized as adding much to the willingness and energy shown by the others.

✓In time of war a man that went through an army painting dark pictures of the prospect and disheartening the soldiers would be likely to get some harsh treatment at the hands of the authorities. On the other hand, the one that did everything to cheer the army would be recognized as doing a real service to the cause. In the army of the Lord the same principle holds good.—*A. W. KELLY*.

634. Cheerfulness, Habit of. The brain is like a dense forest, and our thoughts are backwoodsmen blazing a trail. When once a certain thought has passed through, it is easier for the same kind of thought to come again. That is habit. Fold a piece of paper, then spread it out. It is easier to fold it again in the same crease than in any other way. That is habit. So, to create a habit of cheerfulness, we must send cheerful thoughts along again and again until the trail in our minds is thoroughly blazed. Then it will be easy to be cheerful.—*C. E. World*.

635. Cheerfulness and Health. Fear can kill. In days happily gone by, more people died from fear of cholera than from the disease itself. That one's state of mind exercises an influence over the body is seen in the fact that we blush, or that we faint. In the one case the arteries expand under the influence of our thought, and the red blood rushes to the face; in the other the heart slows down. If you want to keep healthy, you must learn to cast out worry and welcome joy. Anger, irritation, fear, a criticising spirit, a hasty temper, and all sin-thought, are poisons that flow from the mind to the body.—*REV. R. P. ANDERSON*.

636. Cheerfulness in Christians. Some people live looking within at their failings. Some live looking around at their hindrances. Some live looking at their Saviour—they face the sunny south.—*MARK GUY PEARSE*.

637. Cheerfulness, Ministry of. It is said that in a certain part of the desert regions of southern California the soil is very rich, and a trail across the desert of the occasional local showers may be traced by green flowering plants that have sprung up in the arid soil so lately watered. Water is the only thing needed to make this desert a garden of paradise. It might be that in the human heart there is arid soil, containing seeds of spiritual flowering plants, awaiting the quickening influence of cheerfulness. We have not fulfilled every duty until we have fulfilled that of being cheerful.

"Up and down our lives obedient
Walk, dear Christ, with footsteps
radiant,
Till these garden lives shall be
Fair with duties done for Thee."

638. Cheerfulness, Power of. In the early days of the colonies in America a gentleman upon the frontier was hunting with his friends when he became separated from them, and completely lost his way. Every effort to retrieve his steps led him still farther into the wilderness, and night overtook him in a dense forest. Overcome with fatigue, he lay down under a tree and slept heavily.

In the morning he awoke with a start, with that indescribable feeling that some one was looking at him, and, glancing up, he saw that he was surrounded by hostile Indians, and that the chief of the band, in war-paint and feathers, was bending over him with bitter hate depicted in his features.

He took in the situation at a glance—knew his immediate danger, and had no means of averting it; neither did he understand a word of their language.

But he was self-possessed, knew the universal language of nature, and believed that even under war-paint and feathers "a man's a man for a' that." He fixed his clear eyes upon the Indian, and—smiled.

Gradually the fierceness passed away from the eyes above him, and at last an answering smile came over the face. Both were men—both were brothers—and he was saved!

The savage took him under his protection, brought him to his wigwam, and after a few days restored him to his friends. His kindly smile had saved his life.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

639. Cheerfulness Tunes the Heart.

Cheerfulness is a friend to grace, it puts the heart in tune to praise God. Uncheerful Christians, like the spies, bring an evil report on the good land; others suspect there is something unpleasant in religion, that they who profess it hang their harps upon the willows and walk so dejectedly. Be serious, yet cheerful. Rejoice in the Lord always.—REV. T. WATSON.

✓640. Cheerfulness, Value of. In his old age John Wesley wrote, "I do not remember to have felt lowness of spirits for a quarter of an hour since I was born." Does not this fact throw much light on the great amount of work that he did and the great progress of the movement into which he put his life?

641. Cheerfulness, Value of.

Little Jimmy Godfrey, aged 13, climbed a tree—on in Kansas City—to gather walnuts. He came in contact with an electric wire. One side of his face was burned, leaving an ugly scar. A damage suit against the power and light company was instituted on Jimmy's behalf. The chief element of damage about which the claim centered was that Jimmy had lost his youthful smile. On the witness stand, Jimmy was asked to try to smile. The only result was a puckering of the lips and a melancholy drawing of the face. A physician testified that the smile muscle in his cheek had been bound by the scarred tissue above. The jury promptly returned a verdict giving Jimmy \$20,000. That becomes the officially fixed value of a smile.

Moral: If a smile is worth \$20,000 when you lose it, it is worth \$20,000 when you use it. The world is full of Jimmy

Godfreys—some of 'em little chaps like him, some of 'em big, grown-up folks. Some of 'em are like Jimmy used to be—with a warming, cheering, helpful smile that makes life happier for everybody in it. Some of 'em are like Jimmy is now—"smile muscle" always gone—instead, a deep, dark, foreboding frown that makes the world a little darker and a little gloomier for all who come in contact with them.—*Grand Rapids Herald*.

✓642. Cheerfulness, Wealth of. A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things. A lady and a gentleman were in a timber-yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river. The lady said: "How good the pine boards smell!" "Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!" "No, thank you," the lady replied. "I prefer to smell the pine boards." There is in some homes an unconscious atmosphere which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor can poverty take it away.—REV. WILLIAM T. DORWARD.

643. Child Christians. See Children. See Children's Day.

644. Child Christians. A young lady in a Sunday-school asked her class how soon a child should give his heart to God. One little girl said: "When it is thirteen years old"; another "Ten"; another, "Six." Then at length the last child in the class spoke: "Just as soon as we know who God is."—WILLIAM J. HART, D.D.

645. Child Christians. P. P. Bliss made public confession of Christ at the age of twelve, though from infancy he had given signs of being regenerate. Spurgeon once said that many of the most devoted members of his church were publicly received when only eight years old. Among the Moravians children are trained in Christian truth so early that few of them remember when their religious life began.

646. Child Faith. Dr. David Gregg says: "In the history of the fine arts we read that a little child on the streets of Florence watched for the coming of Michael Angelo, who was on the way to his studio. The child brought with it a large sheet of paper, for it intended to ask the artist to draw it a picture, and it firmly believed that he would. That was a bold faith. Angelo, the man who combined in one soul painter, sculptor, architect, and poet, was in the zenith of his glory. Popes had pleaded with him for the fruits of his genius, and kings had offered him vast sums for a single

work of art. The child's faith in asking him for a picture was daring faith, but it won the day. It went right to the heart of the artist. He could not disappoint such open and sincere trust and expectation. Sitting down on the side of the street, he drew a sketch, then and there, such as no other hand in all the world could have produced. That was what the child expected and believed he would do.—*Epworth Herald*.

647. Child, Influence of. Little Fred, son of Dr. Paton, escaping from the mission house on Amina, rushed into the midst of a ring of savages who were consulting how to kill Dr. Paton, and, leaping on the knee of the chief, threw his arms about his neck and began coaxing and scolding him as "naughty." The fierce brows relaxed, and the men slunk away from the mission premises, disarmed by a child. As the sling and stone were used of God to slay the giant, so was this little child to the preserving of his father.—*Welcome Words*.

648. Child, Love of. A preacher known to me, whose multitudinous duties in a metropolis compelled his being out late almost every night, found on the door of his little girl's room, where the light was burning low, a card, on which was written by a sleepy hand in large and wandering characters, "Come in here, dear dady—good night." He knew that the sleeping little girl was waiting in her slumber for her kiss; and he minded and "came in here."—*BISHOP QUAYLE*.

649. Child, Never Neglect. In a remote district of Wales a baby boy lay dangerously ill. The widowed mother walked five miles through the night in a drenching rain to get the doctor. He hesitated about making the unpleasant trip. He questioned, "Would it pay?" He knew he would receive no money for his services, and, besides, the child, if his life was saved, would no doubt become a poor laborer. But love for humanity, and a sense of professional duty, conquered, and the little life was saved. Years after, when this same child, Lloyd George, became chancellor of the exchequer, the old doctor said, "I never dreamed that in saving the life of that child on the farm hearth, I was saving the life of a national leader."

God is constantly justified in the responsibilities he has placed upon us for preserving life, both material and spiritual, and in withholding from us the power to decide whether or not a little child is worthy to live or die.

650. Childhood, Molded. When a thoughtful child was asked why a certain tree in the garden was crooked, he said he "sposed somebody must have stepped on it when it was a little fellow."

651. Children Bless. Call not that man wretched who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love.—*SOUTHEY*.

652. Children, Care for. "Mother, you have forgotten my soul," said little Anna, three years old, as her mother was about to lay her in bed. She had just risen from repeating the Lord's Prayer. "But, mother, you have forgotten my soul!" "What do you mean, Anna?" "Why—

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.'

We have not said that." The child meant nothing more, yet her words were startling. How many mothers, busy hour after hour fashioning pretty garments and caring for the bodies of their little ones, forget their souls.—*Sunday at Home*.

653. Children, Death of. In a time of cholera a mother lost her two children in one day. When at night her husband came from his business, she said to him, "A friend lent me some jewels, and he now wishes to receive them again. What shall I do?" "Return them by all means," said her husband. Then she led the way to another room, and pointed to the silent forms of their children.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

654. Children Democratic. Your little child is your only true democrat.—*MRS. STOWE*.

655. Children, Early Opportunity. A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which she told him was then four years old. "Madam," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile that gleams over an infant's cheek your opportunity begins."

656. Children, Education of. As life and death are in the power of the tongue, so also we may well say, life and death are in the education of our children; for if they be well brought up it shall be life unto them; but if it be otherwise, they be trained up to everlasting death.—*C*.

657. Children, Faith of. Years ago a clergyman paid a visit to a deaf and dumb asylum in London for the purpose of examining the children in their knowledge of Divine truth. A little boy was

asked in writing, "Who made the world?" and he took up the chalk and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The clergyman then asked in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." A third question was then proposed, eminently adapted to call his forceful feelings into exercise. "Why are you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" "Never," says an eyewitness, "shall I forget the look of resignation which rested on his face as he took up the chalk and wrote, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

658. Children, God's Gift. Let your children be as so many flowers, borrowed from God. If the flowers die or wither, thank God for a summer loan of them.—RUTHERFORD.

659. Children, God's Love for. A lady missionary in the East tells that one day a woman came to her with a baby whom she had found in a ditch. The poor child had been cast out by its own father, as thousands of others in heathen countries had been, because it was "only a girl." In begging the lady to take charge of the poor little unattractive object (it was covered with mud), the woman said, "Please do take this little thing; your God is the only God that teaches us to be good to little children."—N. WALKER, D.D.

660. Children, Face Toward Heaven. Among the old Romans there prevailed the touching custom of holding the face of every new born babe toward the heavens, signifying by their presenting its forehead to the stars that it was to look above the world into celestial glories. That was only a vain superstition; but Christ has taught us how to realize the old Pagan yearning.—DR. L. A. BANKS.

661. Children, Hungry. Sir Ernest Shackleton spoke at a meeting on behalf of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society soon after he came back from his Antarctic expedition. The report in *The Sunday School Chronicle* says: At this time last year he and his comrades were on the homeward march from their "farthest south" journey, and he read the entry made in his diary for the same day last year. It contained the passage, "Very hungry. Dreaming of

food all night; thinking of food all day." This entry might have been made on many other days, said Sir Ernest. They had then been hungry for three months, and during that time they had a full meal only on Christmas Day, the effect of which lasted for merely half an hour. Not one morsel of food was allowed to escape, and if one man dropped a crumb when eating, and did not notice it—the latter being a rare occurrence—it was pointed out to him, and he would wet the tip of his finger and pick up the crumb and eat it. "I think I am entitled to say," said Sir Ernest, "that I know what it is to be hungry. When we came back we said that we would never see a person flattening his nose against a cook-shop window without giving him something. We have great sympathy with every one who is hungry, and always do our best to help them. That is why I want to plead the cause of these waifs and strays. There is no more heart-breaking sight than that of a hungry, miserable, homeless little child."—W. R. CLARK.

662. Children, Influence of. The wife of a prominent lawyer, who had been under deep conviction for several days, gave the following account at prayer-meeting of her conversion: "Last evening my little girl came to me and said, 'Mamma, are you a Christian?' 'No, Fannie, I am not.' She turned and went away, and as she walked off I heard her say, 'Well, if mamma isn't a Christian I don't want to be one.' And I tell you, my dear friends, it went right to my heart, and then I gave myself up to Christ."—*The Expositor*.

663. Children in Heaven. The herbage of the field was nipped off close, and the shepherd wanted to get his sheep up to a higher place where there was good pasture. The way led over a steep bluff, and the sheep did not want to go. Then the shepherd carried a lamb up to the higher ground, and looking down over the edge the little thing called to the other sheep. In a few minutes the mother had gone up, and the rest of the flock had followed her. We are like sheep, and are slow to follow our Shepherd up the steep way towards the heavenly life. Then the Shepherd has to use loving urgency. Sometimes he takes a child to heaven to lead a father or mother thither.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

664. Children, Led by. The minister and his mother stopped at a little Chinese store the other day, for the children are

in the primary Sunday-school. Heretofore about all that could be said was: "How are you? We are glad the children come. Good-by." But this time Mrs. Ah Chong seemed excited. She left her children and drew the mother inside, and with beaming face and broken English said: "I know God now. I know Jesus. I all same you know. Amoe, she tell me. She tell me all you say. I pray God now. Before plenty trouble. Now, no matter. When children grow up I go church all time. I all same kind of mother like you now." They started to tell her more of the way, but she interrupted: "I know, I know. Amoe, she tell." And Amoe is in the primary class only! Verily, "a little child shall lead them."—*The Congregationalist*.

665. Children, Love for. A child was playing in one of the streets of Glasgow, when a heavy wagon suddenly swung round the corner, and, at the risk of her life, a woman darted into the road and snatched the little one from under the horses' feet. A gentleman who saw the brave act asked her if it was her child. "Na," replied the woman, "but it's somebody's bairn." That woman touched the very heart of the subject. If we would bear in mind that God created all men, and that Christ died for them, we would take far greater interest in all men, even those we do not know or love, and be willing to deny ourselves for their sake as the Good Samaritan did.—*CALEY*.

666. Children, Mission of. Children are the to-morrow of society.—*WHATELY*.

667. Children, Models for. Children have more need of models than of critics.—*JOSEPH JOUBERT*.

668. Children Need Kindness. A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.—*LONGFELLOW*.

669. Children, Preachers. Children are God's apostles, day by day sent forth to preach of love and hope and peace.—*LOWELL*.

670. Children, Sensitive. Childhood is like a mirror, which reflects in after life the images first presented to it.—*SAMUEL SMILES*.

671. Children Taught the Bible. A good grandmother, upon visiting the home of her daughter, found that her children had not been taught in the Scriptures. She at once began to remedy the deficiency. They were greatly interested in the Bible stories, as all children are, and one little boy of six was especially struck with that of Moses. Just after

he had learned it, he attended church with the grandmother and heard the minister say something about Moses. "Grandmother," he whispered excitedly, "is that our Moses?" He was overjoyed to find that it was.—*The Christian Herald*.

672. Children, Teach Plainly. The minister was being entertained at the home of one of the elders. While they were at dinner the little daughter of the house said to the minister, "I heard you preach to-day." "You did?" said he. "Can you tell me, then, what I preached about?" "Yes," answered the little girl, "you preached about a man who asked for arms and got legs."

673. Children, Teaching. We once saw this sentence, "Perishable property. Don't switch off," chalked on a car belonging to a freight train. Careless conductors sometimes leave freight cars on side-tracks for a day. Here was one that could not be left even one day off the main track. It had fruit, or something else on board which must be gotten to market at once. Those boys or girls in your class are "perishable property." Don't switch them off the track by any carelessness, or irregularity, or dullness, or severity of yours.

674. Children, Training. Dr. Holmes was asked when the training of a child should begin. "A hundred years before it is born," he replied. This is a strong way of putting the truth that the training of children should begin with the training of their grandparents.—*S. E. WISHARD, D.D.*

675. Children, Truly Valued. Jesus was the first great teacher of men who showed a genuine sympathy for childhood. When he said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," it was a revelation.—*EGGLESTON*.

676. Children, Win Them. President Geo. B. Stewart says, "No amount of organized work among children will take the place of personal relationship—a pastor must aim to keep in touch with the children." And Dr. C. E. Jefferson, of New York City, declares, "I think there is a deep feeling that the pastor and the children belong together—it is very desirable that the minister should preach to the children special sermons."

677. Children, Win Them Young. If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man, you must begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies with working with the boy and not the man.—*ROOSEVELT*.

678. Children, Win to Christ. On

four English-speaking continents I have been for a quarter of a century trying to deal with men and women and children, and, oh, how many boys and girls have come to me and said, when life had become ruined for them, "Ah, Mr. Smith, my life would have been different if my father had prayed, but I have not a praying father, and that makes a difference."—GIPSY SMITH.

679. Children, Win to Christ. The religious revivals in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries became effective through organized religious teaching. The "churchlets in the Church" arose under the pastorates of Spener and Franke, the leaders of German pietism. In these gatherings biblical subjects were discussed and the members edified one another. Zinzendorf organized his followers into bands of not fewer than five and not more than ten, who were under the care of a leader or teacher. Through Bishop Boehler in London and by a personal visit to Herrnhut in Germany, Wesley became acquainted with the Moravian system, and adopted it in the form of the class-meeting of Methodism. Lecky said of the Wesleyan movement: "The Methodists appear to have preached especially to children."—G. W. RICHARDS, D.D.

680. Children, Win to the Church. A man who had been the governor of one of the great states of the Union heard, when he was over sixty years of age, a sermon on the relation of the children of Christian parents to the church. He thought upon the whole subject carefully, and then appeared before the session of the Presbyterian church of the city in which he resided. When they asked him when he became a Christian, he replied that he was the child of Christian parents; that he had been carefully trained in youth; that as a man he had been faithful in all duty as a member of the congregation; that a certain visiting minister had preached a sermon on the relation of children to the church not long previous, and that after careful thought he had come to the conclusion that he had been a Christian since early youth. "My great regret," he added, "is that I have been left to find out the fact until I am over sixty years of age."—WM. H. ROBERTS, D.D.

681. Children, Work for. "How do you get such beautiful sheep?" was a question put to a farmer. "I take care of the lambs," was the reply. There is a word for pastors in that reply. "If I was to

repeat my ministry," said an aged pastor, "I would give my chief attention to the young." Says Dr. Rainsford: "We must put our strength into work among the children. We cannot do much with people over twenty-five years old. The only way to do this is to build the children into the church."—*Presbyterian*.

682. Children, Work for. Miss Margaret Slattery told us that one day she was walking along the street when she heard a little voice say: "Hello, Miss Slattery." She looked around, but saw no one. Again the little voice. She looked everywhere, but still saw no one. Then the little voice said, "Keep a-lookin' up, Miss Slattery." She said, "I looked up and up and up, and finally saw her way up in a tenement house, and when I found her she said, 'You didn't see me, Miss Slattery, because you didn't look high enough.'" Jesus took the little children up into his arms and taught us not to look down for them any longer.

683. Children, Work with. There is nothing in all the world so important as little children, nothing so interesting. If ever you wish to go in for philanthropy, if even you wish to be of any use in the world, do something for children.

We can dress the sore, bandage the wounded, imprison the criminal, heal the sick and bury the dead, but there is always the chance that we can save the child.

If the great army of philanthropists ever exterminate sin and pestilence, ever work out our race's salvation, it will be because a little child has led them.—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

684. Children, Working for. "The Saviour ever had first thought and care for his lambs," wrote Dr. Talmage in "Around the Tea-Table." "Many of us pride ourselves on being gilt-edged, and when we go out to fulfill the Saviour's command, 'Feed my lambs,' we look out chiefly for white fleeces. God hasten the time when our Sunday-schools, instead of being flower-pots for a few choice specimens, shall gather up the lambs on the mountains, facing the wind from the northeast." May we hear the command of the risen Christ, and help the Shepherd of Israel to bring in the lambs whose fleeces have been soiled by sin and neglect, as well as the clean, white ones.—BESSIE M. RAND.

685. Children's Day: Best for Babies. A young lady was talking about her brother, who had just entered the medical profession. She confessed that he

was not much of a physician yet, but he had got far enough along to doctor babies! Of course she thought he was successful in that line. Whether the undertakers and mothers agreed in the verdict is not recorded. Little lives go out so quickly that of all people babies need the best professional skill. The application to the Sunday-school is obvious. The Primary Department needs and is entitled to the best teachers. Those little people are impressible. They believe what is told them. Thoughts of God, of Christ, of eternity, of right and wrong, move them more quickly and abide longer in their fresh souls than in the more hardened natures of adults. Look out for your infant school first, last and all the time.—H.

686. Children's Day: Bible Bees. The "Bees of the Bible" are very numerous. They never sting; they yield a great deal of honey, and it is their nature to be found together in swarms. Here is a specimen of them:

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."

"Be sober and watch unto prayer."

"Be content with such things as ye have."

"Be strong in the Lord."

"Be courteous."

"Be not wise in your own conceits."

"Be not unmindful to entertain strangers."

"Be not children in understanding."

"Be followers of God as dear children."

687. Children's Day: Blind Man's Whistle. In Japan, the blind carry a peculiar kind of whistle, which they blow as they pass through the streets, and the people who hear it move aside and leave the pathway clear for them. There are a great many blind persons in Japan, and, if they were to employ the make-shift of a child or dog to lead them, there would be numberless complications in the narrow streets. When heard in the dead of night, the "blind whistle" has an especially pathetic and mournful sound. There are two advantages in the blind man's whistle. It prevents his stumbling over other people, and it prevents other people stumbling over him. Be careful of your life. Let no one stumble over you.—H.

688. Children's Day: The Camel's Stomach. "As newborn babes desire the sincere milk of the word that ye may grow thereby" (1 Pet. 2:2).

The stomach of a camel is divided into four compartments, and the walls of one of these are lined with large cells, every

one of which can be opened and closed at will by means of powerful muscles. When a camel drinks, it drinks a very great deal. Indeed, it goes drinking on for such a very long time that really you would think that it never meant to leave off. But the fact is that it is not only satisfying its thirst, but is filling up its cistern as well. One after another the cells in its stomach are filled with the water, and as soon as each is quite full, it is tightly closed. Then when the animal becomes thirsty a few hours later, all that it has to do is to open one of the cells, and allow the water to flow out. Next day it opens one or two more cells, and so it goes on day after day until the whole supply is exhausted. In this curious way, a camel can live five or even six days without drinking at all, and so is able to travel quite easily through the desert, where the wells are often hundreds of miles apart.

But Christians cannot live this way. They must drink often, eat often. We need frequency and regularity in prayer, Bible study, church attendance, etc.—H.

689. Children's Day: Catch Them Young. There is an old story about a little fish which cried out to the man who had caught it, saying, "Let me go; I am too small to be worth much; wait until I'm larger." "No, no," said the man, as he put the fish in his basket, "if I wait until you are larger, you won't bite the hook." The Sunday School is designed to hook 'em while they are small.

Young as we are, we are not too young to do wrong, as our parents and teachers well know. We are not too young to form bad habits, which may blight our whole lives. No; and we are not too young to love Jesus, and try to please him.—H.

690. Children's Day Celebration. Few special days in the average Sunday school are looked forward to with such eager expectancy on the part of the scholars as Children's Day. Even fathers and mothers, big brothers and sisters, who perhaps seldom enter church doors, go then if at no other time. With many schools it is practically the end of a year's work and an anniversary corresponding to Commencement Day in our public schools. But in every school it may be a day of unusual opportunity for presenting the joy of the Christ-life and the friendship of the All-Loving One to many who perhaps are not reached at

other times during the year.—*New Century Teachers' Monthly.*

691. Children's Day: Changeable or Fixed. Many wonderful things are done by the Chinese, Japanese and Siamese in raising flowers. One of their most remarkable productions is known as "the changeable rose." The bloom of this rose is white in the shade and red in the sunlight. After nightfall or when it is in a dark room, this rose has a pure waxy-white blossom. When it is taken into the sunlight, a wonderful transformation occurs. First, the petals take on a kind of washed or faded blue color, which rapidly changes to a faint blush of pink. The pink color gradually deepens in hue until at last this rose, which was lily white, becomes as red as the reddest peony that ever bloomed.

It may make a rose very beautiful to be thus changeable, but not so with a young Christian, or an older one either. Like the Psalmist let us say, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed."—H.

692. Children's Day: A Clever Elephant. A gentleman who lived in India for many years tells an interesting story of the cleverness of an elephant which he owned.

This gentleman had two small sons, to which the elephant took a great fancy. So devoted was this elephant that the father felt perfectly safe in leaving his little boys in its care.

One day the elephant and the two boys went off on a tramp together. They remained away so long, however, that the father became anxious, and finally went to look after them. After searching for some time, he came to the river bank, and there a funny sight met his eyes.

The great elephant was standing knee-deep in the mud, with a happy small boy squatting on either side of him, and all three were fishing just as hard as they could. The boys held their rods in their hands, and their companion held his with his trunk. By and by the elephant's line gave a flop, and the boys crowded up to see whether it really meant that he had caught a fish. He had, and while the big brute watched them solemnly, they pulled out the line, detached the fish, and then, putting on another worm, gravely handed the rod back to its owner. It would be very interesting to see an elephant fishing. This story is supposed to be a true one. But this we are sure, the elephant would never have found so much pleasure in the company of those boys if they had not been kind to it.—H.

693. Children's Day: Danger of Contagion. When Queen Wilhelmina of Holland was a little child, she was not allowed ordinarily to share dinner with the older members of the royal household. Only on special occasions was she permitted to make her appearance at dessert and place herself beside some special friend.

One day she was seated beside a fine and courtly old general. Presently she exclaimed: "I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me!"

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of the child's remark.

"On the contrary, I am pleased and honored to sit next to my future queen. Why should I be afraid?"

Assuming a woe-begone expression, the little queen replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles."

No, there is no danger of contagion from dolls, but, children, there is a contagion of character and conduct we get from one another.—H.

694. Children's Day: The Donkey Boy. Once upon a time there was a little boy who never wanted to do as others wished to have him do. When the sun rose in the morning and said to him, "Little Boy, wake up!" he shut his eyes tight and cried: "No! I won't wake up!" And when his mother came to dress him, he kept on saying, "No! No! No!"

It was "No! No!" when breakfast cereal came, and "No! No!" when he was offered a glass of milk; and it was "No! No!" when it came eight o'clock and time to start for school. It was "No! No!" when his teacher said, "John, take your chair and bring it into our circle."

One day when all this had happened, suddenly his teacher looked hard at him and she said: "John, I see you are a donkey boy! Go look in the mirror and see what you look like!"

"No! No!" replied John. But the teacher took him by force and held him up in front of the mirror. And what do you suppose? Why! He really looked like a donkey boy for two little gray donkey ears were starting to grow right under his yellow curls! Think of it!

"I don't want donkey ears! I don't!" cried John. "What shall I do?"

"If you don't want to turn into a little donkey, John," his teacher replied, "learn to obey! It's only little donkeys who always balk! Stop saying 'No!' and learn to say 'Yes!'"

And so John began—right from that

very minute—and he did not grow up to be a donkey boy after all. This story is "just fun" but if you think about it, you'll find part of it very true.—PATTON BEARD.

695. Children's Day: The Grumble Family. Did you ever hear of this family? I mean the Grumble family? Oh, so many belong to it. They are all over the world, and you can tell them just as soon as you see them.

They travel a great deal, too; yes, and they stop in hotels!

This big family is all the time on the watch for something to grumble about; you can't suit them any way, no matter how hard you try.

Don't grow up to be grumbly, children; you will never be liked if you do, and the family is too large already.

Look bright and cheerful and happy, satisfied with everything that is done for you. Join that other large company, the "Happy Family," and so bring comfort and cheer to everybody about you. Children's Day has in it a lot of lessons for the Grumble family. The world is too bright and happy, and God is so good, it seems a wonder there can be any grumblers in it.—H.

696. Children's Day: The Engine Driver's Story. "Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the engine-driver, as he plied his oil can about and under his machine. "A queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it. I was running along one afternoon pretty lively, when I approached a little village where the tracks cut through the streets.

"I slackened up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled onto the track. You can't even imagine my feelings.

"There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slacken much at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over; and after reversing and applying the brakes, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down, my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed, and shouted to me, 'Jim, look here!'

"I looked, and there was a big, black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her.

"My fireman thought it funny and kept on laughing, but I cried like a woman! I just couldn't help it; I had a little girl of my own at home." We wish all little girls, and little boys, too, could know how much they are loved and valued. One of the purposes of Children's Day, and its observance, is to tell you this, children.—H.

697. Children's Day: Enterprising Boy. "Aren't you the boy who was here a week ago looking for a position?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?"

"Yes, sir; that's why I'm here now."

He deserved the place. I am not sure about the truth of this story. Maybe the boy was a little too "smart." But if there was such a boy he certainly showed enterprise. Enterprise is a good trait. Deserve a place in the world.—H.

698. Children's Day: Inside Outside.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."—Ps. 8: 2.

A little girl not seven years old was playing with her dolls in the room where her mother was sitting. All at once she stopped her chattering and fell silent, as in a brown study. The mother knew that something was to come of it. Presently he little one looked up and said, "Mother, do you know; I think that Jesus was the only one who ever dared to live his inside out!" She had discovered the unique man, who had nothing in him which he could not show out to all the world. The wise of this world have often failed of that discovery. This little one had made it. Who taught her? "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." May the same Spirit lead this child through all later years in like discoveries of all vital Divine truth! And may the Spirit lead us all to live lives that will have a good inside to show outside.—H.

699. Children's Day: Jenny Lind's Bird Rival. Jenny Lind had a voice of such wonderful sweetness and purity that the name of the "Swedish Nightingale" was given her. She was also called the "Queen of Song." It is a pretty story

that tells how she once met her rival, a bird, and, after being charmed by his song, yielded him first honors.

As she was out riding in the country with some of her friends, a beautiful bird, perched near by, trilled out such a wonderful series of sweet notes that the great singer was astonished. Having the carriage stopped, she herself sang a few strains of her finest music. The beautiful bird arched his neck, listened quietly to the end, and then began to sing again in such a way that Jenny Lind clasped her hands in joy. Then again she sang, using some of her Tyrolese mountain strains. The bird answered back in its wonderful trills, until Jenny herself acknowledged that the pretty bird singer had really out-caroled her.

Learn to sing, young people. It is a noble attainment. Learn to love, too. Learn to be sweet and true and honest. The Bible has something to say about learning, the best sort of learning: "Learn to do well."—H.

700. Children's Day: A Know-how Girl. "I like her because she is a know-how girl," said Amy.

"What is a know-how girl?" I asked.

"Why, the kind that can tell you what to do when things happen," said Amy. "Sometimes my doll's dress won't go on right, and Daisy can make the arms go in and not break them. And one day I hadn't any lace for the bottom of the skirt, and Daisy took a crochet needle and made some—just as quick! She can do her own hair and tie her sash and make a perfectly lovely bow. She says she made nurse show her. It's so much fun to know how to do things, for sometimes there isn't anybody around to do them for you."

Are you a know-how girl or boy? It is good to know how to do Christian work, too, and help along the kingdom of Christ. Be know-how boys and girls.—H.

701. Children's Day Kept.

Well may the Church keep Children's Day,

And thus draw near the Son,
Who gained His richest human realm,
When children's hearts were won.

Well may the Church keep Children's Day,

And thus draw near the skies,
For in the children's sunny hearts,
The light of heaven lies.

Well may the Church keep Children's Day,

She keeps her greatness then,

E'en now the Christ uplifts a child,
Above all sinful men.

Oh, happy day! Oh, heavenly hour!

When thus the Church shall stand,
Like Christ with smile and touch of grace,

Amid the children's band. Amen.

—GEORGE EDWARD MARTIN.

702. Children's Day: Learn to Be Thankful. In the Pilgrim's Progress there's a little bit about a chicken's way of giving thanks.

Christiana, the Pilgrim's wife, who set out, after him, to go to the Celestial City, had come to the interpreter's house. The interpreter, a great, good, and wise man, was explaining to her and to her boys, and to Mercy, a young neighbor who journeyed with them, the many wonderful and strange sights they saw there. He invited them, by and by, into a room where were a hen and her chickens, and bade Christiana and the others watch them.

After a little, one of the chicks went to a trough to drink, "and every time she drank she lifted up her head and her eyes towards heaven." "See," said the interpreter, "what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up." It is a beautiful grace even the youngest can show—that of being thankful.—H.

703. Children's Day Lesson. There was a toad living in a garden which Lloyd called his own, and he fed it with crumbs every day. He liked to watch it as it hopped about among the plants, darting out its bright red tongue to catch any small insects which came in its way.

One day Lloyd ran to his mother in the greatest excitement.

"My toad is trying to get his skin off!" he cried.

It was true; when Lloyd and his mother reached the toad they saw him pulling his skin up over his head in much the same way that a little girl would take off her high-necked, long-sleeved apron, only it was harder work for him to do it. But he tugged bravely away with his forefeet until he was free, and then what a bright new coat he displayed! And he looked so proud of it!

The toad did that about as easily and quickly as some boys and girls sometimes change their temper and disposition. The toad looked better when he changed his clothes, but a boy or girl looks far from better when he or she

changes mood from kindly to cross, from cheerful to gloomy.—H.

704. Children's Day: Lessons from the Dandelion. "The wind passeth over it and it is gone.—Ps. 103: 16.

Once upon a time, in a tiny, green camp by the roadside, lived a soldier all alone. He had traveled a long way from a dark, underground country, and meant to see something of the world. The first thing that he saw was a broad field, full of waving banners, and he thought what a beautiful place he had discovered, and pitched his tent among the green grasses.

Soon the raindrop elves saw how tired and dusty he was from his journey, and they soothed him with their musical stories, and gave him a refreshing shower bath. Through the clouds came the sun-beam fairies, bringing him a beautiful uniform of green and gold, and a quiver of golden arrows. Then the soldier was very happy, and smiled out at passers-by, and cheered many a weary traveler with a glimpse of his sunny face. By and by Spring went away over the hill-tops, the birds had finished their nesting, and the butterflies came to herald Summer. Then the soldier began to feel tired, and knew he was growing old. His gray uniform had faded, and the golden arrows had turned to silver, and the wind brownies shot them far away. So the soldier crept down among the grasses, and his green camp was left vacant. But everywhere his silvery arrows fell there blossomed bright, golden flowers, and the little children loved them, and called them dandelions.

Some of the Indians tell to their boys and girls this story about the Prairie Dandelion. In the Southland, the lazy old South Wind was resting on the ground. One day, as he looked across the prairie, he saw a beautiful girl with yellow hair. For days he saw the maiden, and every day he said, "Tomorrow I will go and ask this beautiful girl to come and live with me." But the South Wind was lazy, and put off going. One day he saw that the maiden's hair was white as snow. "Oh, the strong North Wind has put his crown on her head!" he sighed, for he thought that he had lost her. But it was not an Indian maiden he saw. It was the Prairie Dandelion, and she vanished one windy day.

Let us do the good things we intend to do now. Opportunity passes. Life is fleeting. Be good now. Do good now.—H.

705. Children's Day: Like Most Quarrels. Ina came in from the country on her fifth birthday to visit her Cousin May. At night they were put to bed early. An hour passed, when heart-breaking sobs were heard from the children's room.

"What is the matter, children?" asked May's mother, entering the dark room.

From under the bedclothes Ina sobbed out, "May won't give me any of her peanuts."

"But May has no peanuts," replied her aunt.

"I know that," sobbed Ina, "but she said if she did have peanuts she wouldn't give me any."

706. Children's Day: Lost Children. A large number of children are lost in New York every year. The largest number ever sheltered at police headquarters in one year was in 1892, the year of the Columbian celebration, when over 5,000 children were lost. More children are lost in summer than winter. During the time of the Italian feast of St. Rocco, celebrated in June, many children of Italian parents were lost. The star day of all the year is said to be the first opening of the public schools after the summer vacation. Many little ones go to school for the first time, and are too small to find their way home. They wander aimlessly about, sometimes covering most surprising distances and finally, tired out and discouraged, they begin to cry. Here some officer takes a hand, and the child is brought to the central office.

So, indeed, it is with God's children. They wander about aimlessly for a few years, some many years. Sin burdened and discouraged, they sink down by the wayside with bitter weeping. Here they find a hand that has been secretly following them stretched out to help. They never realized before that help in time of need was so near at hand. Many travel the way of life and reach almost the end before they discover that God is so near.

On this Children's Day let us every one accept God as our guide. Let no one put off the day; but put our hands in his now. Lost children! Are these not awfully sad words? Saved! Saved! We all may be saved to-day.—H.

707. Children's Day: Love for Children. Every little child is a gift from God. God loves little children. We love them, too, and they bless us and bless the world. So on this Children's Day I wish to repeat to you a beautiful little poem

I found about a baby. I am sure you will all like it.

"Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes of blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle
and spin?
Some starry sparks left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

Whence that three-cornered smile of
bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

But why did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am
here."

Yes, God thought about many parents here, and about us all, so the babies and the older children, too, are here with us.—H.

708. Children's Day: Nuts to Crack.
"Hickory nuts are the best, I think," said Ned to his little brothers and sisters. "They are hardest to crack, but when they are cracked, they are nicer than any other kind of nuts."

"I think peanuts are better," said Tom. "Peanuts are the nicest kind of nuts they sell. They're so easy to crack, and almost always you find two good nuts in one shell."

The other little boys and girls in the group each seemed to have their favorite. Some preferred walnuts, some liked butternuts, and others said that chestnuts were the best.

But when all the rest had told their preference, one curly-haired little girl spoke up quietly. "I think that doughnuts are the best of all," she said.

I think I'll talk about doughnuts to-day. Boys and girls, did you ever hear of the optimist and the pessimist? You know an optimist is the man who always sees the best things in life and the pessimist is the one who sees the worst things. It is said that an optimist is the one who sees the doughnut and the pessimist the one who sees the hole. Boys, girls, be optimists.—H.

709. Children's Day: Possibilities of

the Future. The master, in Luther's day, who took off his cap to his pupils on entering his class-room, drew on himself the blame of his fellow-preceptors for his condescension. "Why should you, a learned doctor, make a salute to a pack of ignorant boys? You ought not to lower yourself by doing anything of the kind." "But," answered he, "they will not always be a pack of ignorant boys. Some of them may grow up to be learned doctors like ourselves, and others may become wise and grave magistrates or distinguished warriors, or skillful counselors in affairs of state. I salute their future, which I see lying behind the round, thoughtless faces that greet me in the class-room." Was he not right? And when standing before the child-audience may not the preacher feel that a future of untold magnificence may be represented there?

710. Children's Day: A Queer World.
A pin has a head, but has no hair;
A clock has a face, but no mouth there.
Needles have eyes, but they cannot see;
A fly has a trunk without lock or key.
A watch has hands, but no thumb or finger;

A shoe has a tongue, but is no singer.
Rivers run, though they have no feet;
A saw has teeth, but it does not eat.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

711. Children's Day: The Rainbow.
"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth."—Gen. 9: 13.

Vibgyor: What a very, very queer word. Perhaps you cannot pronounce it. What can it mean?

It is not really a word. It is some letters put together in that way to help us remember the colors of the rainbow. V stands for violet; I for indigo; B for blue; G for green; Y for yellow; O for orange; R for red. You can easily learn the seven colors in this way. There are so many showers in June that we shall probably see some rainbows. They are formed by the sun shining on the cloud. A great poet wrote,

"My heart leaps up when I behold,
A rainbow in the sky."

He said that because the rainbow is so beautiful. But it is more than beautiful. It is a sign to us of God's promise to Noah that there should never be another Flood. So we love the rainbow because it makes us think of the truth of God, and how surely we may

trust him at all times, when we love and obey him. Young people, old people, all people need to learn the lesson of trust. Let Children's Day bring us all that lesson this year.—H.

712. Children's Day: Room to Smile. The Primary Class met in a wee little room, and one day there were so many, many children that they had to sit very close together to get in at all. One little girl was afraid that her white dress would get mussed up, so she began to scold about how crowded it was. The little girl next to her was having a happy time, and she was so glad to have a great many children there that she did not mind the crowding, so she looked up and said sweetly: "We have room to smile, anyway."

A crowded Sunday School is a good thing. Let us crowd our Sunday School with young people like you until there shall be only room to smile.—H.

713. Children's Day: Roundy-Plump. Roundy-Plump was a fat little bunny, With a hippity-hop that was ever so funny;

He'd hop over hummocks or into a wall As if life were hopping and that was all.

One day he was chased by a savage old cat,

But was saved from disaster by lying down flat

In a big clump of bushes across the road, Where he nestled up close to a sleepy old toad!

One day while out browsing he heard a wild bark

So dived in a wall, ne'er missing his mark,

When a snuffing and scratching right close to his den

Showed Bunny that none too quick had he been!

And if he keeps on like a good little rabbit

To keep out of danger he'll sure get the habit—

A fine little precept for children as well; 'Twill save them more trouble than sermons can tell.

—E. C. CLAPP.

714. Children's Day: Shaking Up Brains. "I can't do this sum," said Hal. "I've tried and tried, and I can't get the answer."

"How many times have you tried it?" asked his mamma.

"Three times."

"Well, you go out and ride your tricycle around the house ten times, as fast as you can, and then come in and try three times more."

Out dashed Hal, and soon came in again, his cheeks glowing. "I tell you it's splendid out," he said. "The fresh air is so good, and I've thought of the way to do that sum, too."

"Got the answer—hurrah!" Hal shouted, after a few minutes.

"I thought your brains only needed a little shaking up," said the wise mamma.

Don't be jealous of the joy of Children's Day. It is just a good way of shaking up the brains, and heart, too, of us all, older and younger.—H.

715. Children's Day Stories. Jamie had caught cold in some way, and was very stiff in consequence. "I think, when I had my bath yesterday," he said, "somebody must have put starch in the water."

Here's another story. It is about a little joker.

"Father," said the little boy five years old, "I saw a lion and a lamb lying side by side in the meadow this morning."

"Tut! tut! James, don't tell me such stories," said the father.

"I tell you I did," persisted the child, "but it was a dandelion."

A three-year-old miss became interested in a peculiar noise and asked what it was. "A cricket, dear," replied the mother. "Well," remarked the little lady, "he ought to get himself oiled."

716. Children's Day: Toad Changes Clothes. A writer tells a story about a toad. She says: "One day last spring my father, sister and I were out in the garden watching a little toad. My father took a little stick and very, very gently scratched one side of the toad, and then the other. The toad seemed to like it, for he would roll from side to side and blink.

I was so interested that when they went in I took the stick and did as my father had done. I thought that if he rolls from side to side as I touch him, what would he do if I ran the stick down his back? I did so, and what do you think happened? His skin, which was thin and dirty, parted in a neat little seam. There was a bright, new coat below. Then my quiet little toad gently and carefully pulled off his outer skin, rolled it into a ball and swallowed it."

Boys and girls, character is not on the outside, like our clothes or like the skin of a toad.—H.

717. Children's Day: The Tooth-pick

Man. Boys and girls, did you ever hear of the tooth-pick man? There's a funny story about him:

"Oh, the tooth-pick man,
With his raisin legs,
And his raisin arms,
Dear me!
And his raisin feet,
And his raisin head,
Met a fearful tragedy,
The result of vanity
You'll see!
The result of vanity.
He gazed at himself in a china cup
And he looked so good he ate himself
up."

The result of vanity! Look out!
Don't be too vain.—H.

718. Children's Day: We Will Be Brave. It is said of an old Roman general that when he heard on a great procession day in Rome the old men shout, "We have been brave!" he sighed: "When they can no longer go to battle, who will take care of the country?" Along came the young men with a shout, "We are brave!" The old man sighed: "Alas! these, too, will soon be gone, and who will take care of the country?" After a while it was said, "Here come the children." The old man leaned over his staff and listened anxiously to distinguish their shout. At last he caught it: "We will be brave." "Tis enough," he cried; "the country is safe."

719. Children's Day: What the Spider Told. "I was spinning a web on a rose vine," said the spider, "and the little girl was sewing patchwork on the doorstep. Her thread knotted and her needle broke and her eyes were full of tears. 'I can't do it!' she cried; 'I can't! I can't!' Then the mother came and told her to look at me. Every time I spun a nice thread and tried to fasten it to a branch, the wind blew and tore it away. This happened several times, but at last I made one that did not break, and fastened it and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled.

"What a patient spider!" she said.

"The little girl smiled, too, and took up her work. And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine and a square of beautiful patchwork on the doorstep."—*Young Evangelist*.

720. Children's Day: When Angry.

Whenever you're angry,
Pretend you're a bird

And sing just a little
But don't say a word.

—*Normal Instructor*.

721. Children's Day: Where the Tail Was. Little Dot was drawing a picture with pen and ink on a paper. It turned out to be a cat without a tail.

"Where's the tail?" asked the mother.

She looked puzzled for a moment and then replied: "Why, it is in the ink bottle yet!" Many of our good intentions are like that. They are in the ink bottle yet. They are not yet definite enough.—H.

722. Children's Day: Watch Your Steps. An interesting speaker related recently, in an effective address, that at the subway stations in New York a man was placed whose business it was to repeat "Watch your step," as passengers were coming to and passing from trains, for a misstep might mean a serious accident if not certain death. This man receives a good salary for the performance of the simple but important duty.

Many an accident might be prevented by watching one's step. It is a true saying, "that it is the first step that costs." Why? Because many persons have been started on the road to ruin by carelessness in taking the first step. After the first step downward is taken it is much easier to take the second, third and so on. The cost of the first step is difficult to estimate, because so many individual interests are involved.

Is not that a good lesson for us all? How important it is that we watch our steps, especially when we are tempted to go to a wrong place or do a wrong thing. Don't make a misstep. Don't take a hasty, thoughtless step. Don't take a wrong step. Watch your steps.—H.

723. Choice. See *Decision Day*. See *Opportunity*. See *Procrastination*.

724. Choice. The strongest principle of growth lies in human choice.—GEORGE ELIOT.

725. Choice of God. The son of Bishop Berkeley once asked his father what was the difference between the cherubim and seraphim. His father replied that the word "cherubim" came from a Hebrew word signifying "knowledge," and that "seraphim" came from a Hebrew word meaning "burning," from which it was inferred that the cherubim were spirits famed for their knowledge, while the seraphim were famed for their burning love. The boy said, "I hope when I die I shall be a seraph for I would rather

love God than know all things."—Rev. W. L. MACKENZIE.

726. Choice, Ultimate. Two trains used to leave the LaSalle station, Chicago, at the same time and for seven miles paralleled each other in their course. The one branchès off and runs eastward until it reaches New York City. The other goes on through the great middle west, over the mountains to the Pacific Coast, until finally the entire continent separates the two trains. Thus it is with men. Two friends start out together. They seem the same on the outside. They belong to the same lodge, they have the same companions, their lives seem much the same. One is traveling the route of the Christian, the other the route of sin. One route leads along the good path to heaven, the other follows the downward path to hell and destruction. We are at this very hour on the way to heaven or to hell. The great sin is to have the chance and neglect it.—EVANGELIST HART.

727. Christ. See *Advent*. See *Atonement*. See *Christmas*.

728. Christ, the Abiding One. Near the capitol in Rome is a room that was a schoolroom full eighteen centuries ago. Across its threshold one morning came two schoolboys with their books. In an idle moment, one with a bit of charcoal traced on the wall the rude cross with an outstretched figure hanging thereupon. Beneath it the boy cartooned the face of his companion, and wrote this inscription: "Alexminos worships Christ." Fallen now the empire, gone the towers and temples. The forum itself has passed to dust, but that boy's attitude toward Christ abides. Not otherwise will it be with us. The years will go, and with them will pass our ambitions, prosperities, successes, friendships. But what we think of Christ will stand forth when life's outer scaffolding falls away, leaving the soul with its open secret revealed.—N. D. HILLIS.

729. Christ for All Men. On the twelve parapets of a bridge in Austria are twelve images of Christ in which he is represented as being occupied in various vocations. There is Christ the carpenter, Christ the farmer, Christ the teacher, Christ the shepherd, and so on. Men coming into the city bow before the Christ who represents the particular trade or work in which they are interested. So he appeals to all men. He is indeed the Saviour for the world.

730. Christ, Anchored to. Dr. Chalmers exhorted a sick person who was

looking too much within and too little toward Christ, with convincing force: "I beseech you, do not cast your anchor within the hold of the ship."

731. Christ Answers Questionings. A man once came to Mr. Moody, and said, "If you will answer this list of questions, then I will become a Christian." Mr. Moody said, "If you will become a Christian and start to-night, and then come to me to-morrow morning, I will answer every question in your list." The man said, "Sir, I will come." That night he accepted Christ as his Saviour. The next morning he came back to Mr. Moody's house, his face shining, and said, "Mr. Moody, I will not have to put you to the trouble of answering the questions; they have all been answered."—*Onward*.

732. Christ Appreciated. The Rev. Dr. J. E. Walker, of China, says: "Once in my touring I came, about the middle of the forenoon, to a family of believers quite isolated; and I was glad to be able to spend a couple of hours with them and continue my journey after dinner. It was a rare opportunity for them, and I was eager to improve it; but I was left to sit alone in idleness while they prepared an elaborate dinner. They meant well, but they did not take the best way, and it was trying to me. However, I got new light on Mary and Martha. It was the opportunity of a lifetime to have Christ in their home and to themselves for a few precious hours."

733. Christ Appropriated. One day this summer I was going out to a steamer with a friend and when near the steamer our boat upset. The river was very deep and very swift, but I had taken two life-belts. I put one on, but my friend who was a good swimmer, put his down beside him. When we were thrown into the water, my life-belt soon brought me to the surface, but my dear friend never came up again. Can we learn a lesson from this? The blood of Jesus is like the life-belt, and faith in him is putting it on. Knowing about Jesus but not believing him is the life-belt at our side that does not save. The Apostle Paul said, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."—H. J. SQUIRE.

734. Christ, Ashamed of. A young man, expecting to go camping, was wondering what he should do about his daily prayer and Bible reading, fearing jest and sport from the rest of the boys. He asked his pastor's advice, and he told

him to go right on with his custom. When the boy returned from his trip the minister asked him how he had gotten along. The reply was, "Oh, just fine! They never found out I was a Christian."

735. Christ, Authority in Religion. Jesus is our authority in religion. About all the things of which he knew he spoke truly. The world has taken him at his word in all that he has said about greatness, character, religious service, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In all these things Jesus uttered the final word. We doubt none, we question none. We are only striving to grow up to his levels. Not one word he said is antiquated; not one truth is outgrown; not one promise has failed. Trusting him and proving him right in all beside, shall I not trust him in this question of eternal life?

736. Christ, Beheld. A big lump of something—a stone supposedly—lay for centuries in a shallow limpid brook in North Carolina. People passing that way saw only an ugly *lump* and passed on. A poor man passing one day saw a *heavy* lump—a good thing to hold his door ajar—and he took it home. A geologist who stopped at the poor man's door one day saw a lump of *gold*—the biggest lump of gold ever found east of the Rockies.

Many people looked upon Jesus. Some saw only a Galilean peasant and turned away. Some saw a prophet and stopped to listen. Some saw the Messiah and worshiped. Some saw the Lamb of God and looked to him to save them from their sins. There are people to-day who see in Jesus simply a perfect man, and they get nothing more from him than the example of his perfect life. Others looking upon him see the Son of God, and having no affinity for anything that is from heaven they simply pass by on the other side. Others looking upon him see the Lamb of God—the divinely chosen Sacrifice and Saviour; and realizing that their greatest need is to be saved from their sins they go to him for cleansing. When you look at Jesus what do you see?—E. L. PELL.

737. Christ Better Than Wealth. A speaker at the International Student Volunteer Convention in Nashville said he had received recently a letter from a college chum whose life was devoted to money-making. He wrote: "Bob, poverty is hell!" Bob replied: "Bill, to be without the love of Christ is hell!" Bob

was right, and rich as well as poor find it so to be in their lives.

738. Christ Our Brother. There are some sad scenes at the landing-place in New York. A little pale boy of ten years, from Sweden, was standing with a tall brother by his side. He noticed some were being sent back, and became agitated. The judge asked him where he was from and he told him. "Have you any money?" He looked up at his big brother as much as to say, "He can talk for me!" The big brother said, "I will stand for him, sir." "You will see he does not become a public charge?" "I will take care of him; he is my youngest brother." The money was put down; the record was made. Then I would like you to have seen the lad's face. It was illumined and he looked at his big brother as much as to say, "You and I are all right. There is nothing the matter with us." He was put through on the merits of his big brother. So we have obtained our standing in the Kingdom of God through the merits of our brother, the Lord Jesus Christ.—REV. A. C. DIXON.

739. Christ Our Brother. An old English fisherman, a devout Christian, anxious to hear Spurgeon preach, went to his church. They were seating pew-holders first. An usher asked him if he belonged there. He said, "No, but do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Yes, I do," said the usher. "Well, he's my brother." They took him forward to a good seat at once.—MAJOR WHITTLE.

740. Christ Our Burden Bearer. A speaker at a Bible conference recently said he was once carrying a heavy suit case and came to a high stairway at the railway station. He was troubled at the thought of lugging his huge bag up that steep flight of steps when he discovered that the stairway was moving! "It is an illustration of salvation," said he to himself. "Christ is my moving stairway."

741. Christ Our Captain. Old "Bust-Me-Up" was a queer-shaped, ugly old tug running between London and Portsmouth. She never came into port but that she collided with some vessel and did some damage. Hence the name! But one day, to everybody's amazement, she came in straight as a die and glided gracefully to her berth, and a sailor standing on the quay couldn't help shouting: "Whatever's come to you, 'Old Bust-Me-up'?" and an old sailor shouted back, "Got a new skipper aboard!" This was the secret of the change. And when

Christ becomes our Captain, he controls us and changes our lives, and he will guide us straight to port. "The Captain of our salvation."—*Sunday at Home*.

742. Christ at the Center. The late Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston had a large dissected "puzzle map," which he gave to his children, saying, "Don't press the parts into their places; you will soon know when they fit." Coming again into the room, very soon after, he was surprised to find the map complete. He felt like saying, as Isaac to Jacob, when the latter returned with the venison, "How is it that thou hast found it so quickly, my son?" "Why, father," was the reply, "there was a man printed on the back, and we saw where the feet, the eyes, the arms and the rest of the body, came, and so it was easy to watch it and fit all in." Christ is the central figure of the Bible and of salvation. If we keep the eye of our faith on him, we shall walk safely the way to heaven.

743. Christ, Central. The writer has in his library a copy of the American Constitution so delicately shaded in the copperplate type that it brings out in relief, as the observer stands off a little distance, the familiar features of George Washington, the founder of the American Republic, and the man who made that great charter of liberty a national and enduring fact. From one point of view it is a chapter of political history; from another, it is a portrait of the Father of his country. So, while the Bible gives us the poetry, the most lofty system of morals, the most vivid portraiture of human character, and the most extraordinary system of spiritual truth,—yet back of all, and above all, it sheds upon us "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

744. Christ of Christmas. The Christmas Christ is a dear, personal Friend. Is he not your Friend?

A gentleman visiting a friend for the first time had not long been seated when the little daughter brought out her birthday text-book. Turning over the leaves from January 1, he read the names of many of her friends. When he came to December 25 he found one line, carefully written, "Dear Jesus Christ." "But, Mary," said the gentleman, "this is only for names of your friends." Looking up into his face, her face flushing with joy, "Why, Jesus," she quietly replied, "is my very best and dearest

Friend, and that is the nicest birthday of all the year."

Let the simple love and faith of that little child be ours. Then will Christ's birthday be to us the best birthday of all.—H.

745. Christ, Coming of. The young wife of an army officer had been separated from her husband's presence almost from the marriage day. She looked for his return each day, receiving with pleasure his gifts and letters, but waiting each day for him. When at last he came suddenly she did not read the letter that had just come, did not open the gift package just then, but rushed to embrace him. So should we wait the coming of our Lord.—REV. FRANK W. SNEED.

746. Christ, the Comforter. A picture lies before me of a young widow clad in the weeds of mourning standing before Father Time, who is designated as "The Mender of Broken Hearts." The picture is a true one to the unbeliever, for time is their only hope, and if he fails to mend the life it will remain broken. But to the Christian, Christ the Comforter comes with healing and in the very midst of death the grave is robbed of its sting. Christ, not time, is the real mender.

747. Christ as Commander. When General Grant arrived at Chattanooga to take command he found a city hard pressed, and a discouraged army. He found the men on short rations, and horses starving. The city was surrounded on every side by the foe. Grant had met with an accident in New Orleans, and was on crutches. But the hour that he arrived conditions began to change. He gave immediate orders for breaking through the line to secure relief. Within five days he had an abundant food supply, and an encouraged army was ready to move against the enemy, certain of victory. How like this is the coming of Christ, the great Commander, into the life. Resources are unused, courage at low ebb, disheartenment saps the life. The Captain comes and leads at once toward the more abundant life.

748. Christ, and the Commonplace. See *Commonplace, Christ and*.

749. Christ, Companionship of. A happy Christian one day met an Irish peddler and exclaimed, "It's a grand thing to be saved!" "Eh?" said the peddler, "it is, but I know something better than that." "Better than being saved?" queried the other. "What can you possibly know better than that?" "The companionship of the Man who has saved

me!" was the unexpected reply.—*Believer's Pathway*.

750. Christ, Confessed. Confess Christ out of gratitude for what he has done in you and for you. A little fellow in a certain hospital had a piece of bone removed from his arm. He got well, but before he left the place he sent for the doctor. "You wish to see me, Willie?" said the doctor. The little fellow reached up his hand and laid it on the doctor's shoulder, and said, "My mamma will never hear the last about you." If we fully realized what Christ has done for us we should say to him, "My friends will never hear the last about you."—*The Christian Age*.

751. Christ, Confessed. The Pullman porter with a contented look was whistling. "That sounds like a religious song, porter," said one of the passengers. "Why are you whistling it?" "Jes' to get folks to askin' me what piece it is, so I can ask 'em if they are right with God. Are you?" In our conversation I learned that he was constantly testifying of his faith in Christ, and that for years he had not made a trip without leading some one to Christ, or at least "stirrin' 'em up."—PAUL GILBERT.

752. Christ, Confessing. In some respects Mohammedans put us to shame. They do not apologize for their religion, and the last thing they want us to do is to apologize for ours. Even a little girl about six years old in Cairo, who was asked if she were a Mohammedan, replied as quick as a flash, "Yes, thank God, I am a Mohammedan!"—MOTT.

753. Christ, Confessing. We should make lip confession. That is a definite duty. An English tabernacle colporteur visited a dying man, and the wife was broken-hearted because the man died without making any confession of faith, but afterwards it was found he had written it on a piece of paper and put it under his pillow. Do not some Christians seem to conceal their "witness" about as completely as that?

754. Christ, His Cross. On the head of Christ are many crowns. He wears the crown of victory; he wears the crown of sovereignty; he wears the crown of creation; he wears the crown of providence; he wears the crown of grace; he wears the crown of glory—for every one of his glorified people owes him honor, happiness and blessedness to him.

755. Christ, Crown Him Lord. I remember at one of our testimony meetings a man got up and said he had got

a great blessing at Keswick. They asked him, "What can you say about it?" "Well," he replied, "I can say this: I was a Christian before I came to Keswick. Christ was my King, but I am afraid he was a constitutional sovereign and I was prime minister. Now he is absolute Lord, and that has made the difference in my life and brought a blessing." Aye, that makes all the difference in the world. "Make Jesus King." "Crown him Lord of all," and you will know the liberty of the glory of the sons of the Kingdom.—REV. W. E. MOORE.

756. Christ, Dedication to. Dannecker, the German sculptor, spent eight years in producing a face of Christ; and at last wrought out one in which the emotions of love and sorrow were so perfectly blended that beholders wept as they looked upon it. Subsequently being solicited to employ his great talent on a statue of Venus, he replied, "After gazing so long into the face of Christ, think you that I can now turn my attention to a heathen goddess?"

757. Christ, His Deity. If men ask us what is the substance of the Christian belief, we point them to Christ, as predicted by the prophets, as disclosed by the Gospels, as interpreted by the Epistles, and as living to-day in the hearts of his people.—BARROWS.

758. Christ, Director to. The city of Venice is built on a large number of islands, and these are divided by one hundred and fifty canals on which great numbers of gondolas or water vehicles move along. Beside the canals there are also many streets on the solid ground through which one can walk. They are very narrow and winding. Crooked and crowded as they are, one may easily lose his way. But to help those who want to find the way a line of white marble has been laid in the street. Following that the traveler will come in safety to the bridge *Onte di Rialto*. Once there, the traveler is at home again. Tourists in Venice say to one another, "Follow the White Line!"

In the crooked, crowded life of the world, a white line has been laid, in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. If it is followed, it cannot but help lead to reality.—HOUSE.

759. Christ, Divinity of. If I were to attempt to prove the divinity of Christ, instead of beginning with mystery or miracle or the theory of the atonement, I should simply tell you the story of his life and how he lived and what he said

and did and how he died, and then I would ask you to explain it by any other theory than that he is divine. Reared in a carpenter's shop, having no access to the wisdom of the other races and people, he yet, when about thirty years of age, gave to the world a code of morality, the like of which the world had never seen before, the like of which the world has never seen since. Then he was put to death. He was nailed to the cross in shame, and those who followed him were scattered or killed. And then, from this little beginning, his religion spread until hundreds of millions have taken his name upon their lips, and millions have been ready to die rather than surrender the faith that he put into their hearts. To me it is easier to believe him divine than to explain in any other way what he said and did.

760. Christ, Divinity of. If Jesus were not divine, why did he permit Thomas to call him "Lord and my God," without rebuking him? Either he was divine or an unbalanced fanatic, or an arrant impostor.

When a backwoods preacher was being examined by the conference committee, he was asked how he would prove the deity of Jesus. The tears sprang to his eyes as he replied, "Why, bless you, my brother, he saved my soul."—REV. GEORGE C. WILDING.

761. Christ Died for Us. The highest form of life is to give one's life for another. This illustration appears in a book recently written by J. N. Greene: "There is an old tradition which tells of a tribe of Seneca Indians once living in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls. They had the custom of holding a festival once every year for the purpose of making an offering to propitiate the Spirit of the Falls. The offering was the most beautiful maiden that could be found in all the tribe. On a certain night, when the moon was shining brightly upon the waters, she was required to step into a white canoe filled with fruits and flowers and, rowing out to the middle of the river, be swept by the current over the falls to a certain death. On one occasion the maiden chosen by the priests for the sacrifice was a daughter of the chief of the tribe. The chief was a stern and brave man, but he loved his daughter with a tender, passionate love. . . . When the fatal night arrived the people were assembled, the moon was shining brightly, and the maiden stepped into the white canoe, paddled boldly out into the cur-

rent, and drifted toward the falls. Then the waiting multitude saw a strange sight that filled them with awe. The old chief was seen to step into another white canoe, and, giving a few mighty strokes, his boat shot alongside the boat of his daughter. Their eyes met. There was a look of infinite love, a swift embrace, and together the chief and his daughter dashed over the falls to the rapids beneath. The old father loved the daughter too much to permit her to take the death journey alone. That was love. The name of the chief was revered because he died with one he loved." This comment, however, is made by Mr. Greene: "The story lacks the superlative element. Better would it have been if the chief had stepped into the boat of the girl and died for her, leaving her yet among the living. It may be a great thing to die with another, but it is infinitely greater to die for another. This is what Christ did. When humanity's boat was about to drift over the falls he placed the feet of the doomed race safely on the shore, while he himself stepped into the boat and went down into the rapids alone."

762. Christ Will Not Disappoint. Rev. J. S. Harrison told this story in an address in Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London:

When the Franco-Prussian War broke out, a young lieutenant in the Prussian army told the girl he loved how he would return and take her to the home he would provide for her. When the war was over the victorious troops returned to Berlin, and entered the city in triumphant procession. Julie stood by the gate waiting for her lover, who was sleeping under the sod in a foreign land. But she said, "He must come, he said he would!" and for forty years, day after day, in all weathers, she was at that corner. Her brain was turned, and one day she fell ill at the spot and was taken to a hospital, where she died. "But thank God," exclaimed the speaker, "Jesus is providing a home for us and will not disappoint."

763. Christ the Door. I heard Dr. Henry H. Jessup, the hero-missionary, tell of the answer made him by a Syrian shepherd. Dr. Jessup noticed that there was no door or gate hung in the entrance to the sheepfold, and asked, "Where is your door?" The man, planting himself in the open space, said: "I am the door." A living door it was. None go out except as he permits, and no one can go in to do harm except he over-

come the strong man who is the door. So with intense emphasis Jesus says to all who follow him: "I am the door."—W. M. S. C. WEBSTER.

764. Christ the Door. Outside one of the beautiful gateways of the magnificent mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, there is a picture of an open Bible with this inscription: "The Lord said, I am the door; by me if any man shall enter in he shall be saved." The Mohammedans left this inscription when they took the temple from the Christians because they could see no reference in it to Jesus Christ. Everything else that suggested Christianity or the cross was obliterated. There are many of us in this day who see no practical, personal meaning in the ancient saying, "I am the door." And yet Jesus Christ is still the door; by him, and by him only, if any man shall enter in he shall be saved."

765. Christ Dying for Sinners. It is said that when Edward I. of England was wounded with a poisoned arrow, his wife Eleanor put her mouth to the wound, and thus risked her own life to extract the poison. But the love of Christ was deeper than this, when he knew that he was risking all that he had and yet did not fear to invest it all in order that he might bring us unto God.

766. Christ Emptied Himself. F. B. Meyer pointed out that the kenosis, or self-emptying of our Lord Jesus Christ at the time of his incarnation, was "like keeping my right hand, by a voluntary act of my will, behind my back, doing all my work with my left hand. Thus Christ voluntarily put behind him certain of his divine powers when he became man."—*Sunday School Times*.

767. Christ, the Essential. In one of his books Archdeacon Wilson tells a significant story. Some of the best and ablest of the students at a woman's college opened a class for teaching the poorest of the men in a neglected suburb. They were fired by the noblest impulse—to give themselves to work for their unfortunate brothers. They read to them, they taught them reading and writing, they sang to them, and the men gathered to them in increasing numbers. After some months they asked the men whether there was anything in particular they wanted to hear more about. There was silence, and then a low whisper was heard from among them. One of the women went up to the speaker. "What was it you wished especially to hear about?" "Could you tell us," he re-

plied, "something about the Lord Jesus Christ?" Men and women who pray and work for the advent of the Golden Age, the coming of the kingdom of God, remember that nothing will meet the soul's needs and satisfy the soul's longings but Jesus Christ.—W. HETHERINGTON.

768. Christ Exalted. While staying over night, not long since, in a small prairie town in Western Kansas, I became interested in a man whose outspoken opposition to the churches made him notorious and branded him as an infidel. He was a barber, and I sought his services out of necessity and curiosity. He did not disappoint me in either his work or his talk. Being a stranger he soon discovered that I was a clergyman, and then told me what he thought of me in particular and all clergymen in general, and hypocrites. It was very cheap talk, even at the price. When he had finished, I asked him quietly what he thought about Jesus Christ, saying at the same time that much that he had said was doubtless true. Immediately the rough exterior of the man was hidden beneath a quiet gentleness as he replied: "What do I think of him? Well, I'll tell you, comrade. I think he's second to none." Then for a few minutes I listened to as fine a tribute as was ever laid at my Master's feet. The world never has nor can misjudge or remain ignorant of the true character of our Lord. God hath highly exalted him in the mind of man. Never mind insults to self. Help others to know Christ.—REV. HUGH T. KERR, D.D.

769. Christ Exalted. Dr. Barbour tells of a young fellow who went off to college. His mother said she would like to go along and get him started right, but he said, "No, mother; let me go and get settled myself." He went. She did not visit him until he was in his second year, and then she went to visit him. After he had shown her the college and the various buildings and class-rooms, she said, "Take me to your room." He said, "All right." She went up to his room. There were a pair of oars, a football, a baseball with some gold letters on it, tennis racket, all the indications of an athletic young college boy. Then she looked up and saw some pictures on the wall that ought never to be on anybody's wall. She was a very wise mother, and said nothing. When Christmas came she stayed there and visited. When his package came from home there

were two. One was marked for his room and upon opening it he found a beautiful picture of Hoffmann's Christ. The mother went up again in the early spring. The boy met her very gladly and showed her around and by and by she wanted to go up to his room. She looked round the room; there were the oars, the football, baseball, tennis racket; then she glanced up where the pictures were before, but they were not there, and then she looked, and facing the door where it was the first thing that you saw as you entered the room, was the face of Christ. She said, "By the way, William, there were some other pictures here when I was here," and he said, "Oh, well, mother, you see they did not fit in with him."

770. Christ, the Exalted One. Jesus had no earthly possessions. At his birth he borrowed a manger from the beasts of the field; he preached a sermon in a borrowed boat; he rode into Jerusalem on a borrowed beast; he ate his last supper with his disciples in a borrowed room; and was buried in a borrowed grave. Yet he stands, the living, risen Son of God, stripped of all earthly possessions, saying, "All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth."—DR. WEEKS.

771. Christ, the Faultless One. In a meeting of twelve hundred men, the preacher gave the men a chance to give their objections to Christianity. The first objector said: "Church members are no better than others. Their lives are inconsistent." "Yes," said the preacher, "that's too true! Church members are not what they ought to be." "The ministers are no good," said another; "they are not like they used to be." "Unhappily that is true, too," admitted the preacher, "we are a poor lot." And so objections were mentioned one after another, and the pastor wrote them down: "Hypocrites in the church," "The church is a rich men's club," "Christians don't believe the Bible any more,"—twenty-seven in all. When they were through the pastor read off the whole list, then said, "Boys, you have objected to us pastors, to the church, to church members, to the Bible, and other things, *but you have not said a word against my Master!*" And in a few simple words he preached Christ to them as the Faultless One, and invited them to Him.

772. Christ, Finding. When Captain Dreyfus was imprisoned on Devil's Island, the world marveled at the ef-

forts made by his devoted wife to be with him. She was willing to sacrifice everything, submit to the same discipline, and endure the same hardships as he did, if she could only be near him. Let such a spirit of devotion, love, and self-sacrifice as was shown in Madame Dreyfus for her husband, enter into our hearts for Christ, and the world will be his in a single decade. If our hearts are aflame with a love for Christ, and devotion to him as Paul's was, we shall always be finding Christ in the Bible, and showing him lovingly to others.

773. Christ, the Foundation. Some years ago Lord Kelvin, the great scientist, gave an address to an audience in which he pointed out the proportion of scientific men who were Christians, and it was seen that the proportion of men of science who are earnest believers is equal to the proportion of lawyers and doctors and bankers and business men. Remember that religion is not only a theory, it is not only a creed, it is the relation of a human soul to a Person. The Bible is a gallery of portraits. Moham-medanism is the religion of a book. Christianity is the religion of a Person. And for the cultivation of that personal relation we must make room in our hearts.—JOHN STORRS, D.D.

774. Christ, Our Sure Foundation. Years ago a terrific storm was sweeping upon the northwest coast. The people in the city said one to another, "The lighthouse has gone down," but three days afterward the keeper of the lighthouse was seen upon the streets of the city. One of his friends said to him, "We heard that the lighthouse had gone down in the storm," and the old keeper looked at him in amazement and said, "Gone down! It is true the storm was the fiercest I have ever known, but in all the time she never shook." This is true of our foundation. Storms of temptation and trial may beset us, but the foundation standeth sure.—REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

775. Christ, a Fountain. The old mythology tells of a person who found a fountain of peculiar qualities, and going down into it, was endowed with immortality. In the Scriptures this fiction is realized in the beauty and solidity of truth. By Jesus Christ a fountain has been opened which imparts the beauty and vigor of immortal youth. No sin is of so deep a stain that here it will not be erased. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though

they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Here the blind wash, and like the man from Siloam's pool, return seeing. Here the leprous soul comes, like Naaman to the waters of the Jordan, and finds himself whiter than snow. David found his soul cleansed from his blood-guiltiness. The waters gushing from the rock smitten by Moses pointed to these spiritual streams springing from the Rock of Ages. No barriers fence around this consecrated spring. "And the spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth, say, Come. And let him that is athirst, Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

776. Christ Given Supreme Place. There is a beautiful story told of an old-time painter, a painter whose heart was so full of love for the Lord Christ that he was willing to sacrifice his own fame and the praise of men for his Master's glory.

The artist had painted a picture of the Last Supper, putting his best effort into the work. Indeed he had lavished time and pains and love upon it, working out every detail with the greatest care. Even the cup that stood on the table was painted with as much perfection as the more important parts of the picture. It was a wonderful cup, richly set with jewels that held the light in their ruby depths and seemed to sparkle and flash, so cunningly were they wrought.

When his great picture was finished and hung, the painter concealed himself that he might hear, unobserved, the comments of those who came to see his masterpiece. And behold, one after another as he looked would cry out, "What a wonderful cup, how it sparkles!" "The cup is surely made of gold and precious stones!" "Such a cup was never painted before!"

Out from his hiding place came the disappointed artist and with a few strokes of his brush painted out the lovely cup, to the dismay of the onlookers. In its place he drew a common cup of clay, such as the peasants use, and colored it in dull and sober tints. When the people upbraided him, saying, "Why did you destroy the jeweled cup?" he replied sadly, "Because it did not fulfill its purpose. I made the cup beautiful because it was for the Master's use, and nothing can be too rich or too carefully wrought to do with him. But if your eyes are holden by the beauty of the jewels so that you cannot see the face of

the Lord Christ beyond, the goodly cup must be sacrificed."

777. Christ, God's Gift. A piece of jewelry was submitted to the most expert valuer in New York City. He applied his test for weight, cut, color, and the like, to the emeralds, balanced the gold against the little brass weights in his scales, considered a minute, and then wrote upon the sheet a valuation, which was so small a fraction of the expected figure that the eager customer uttered a cry of dismay. "They are not first-rate stones, you see," he explained. "Not first-rate," cried the owner. "How can that be? They were a royal gift." "Ah," cried the gray-haired connoisseur, "I have handled many royal gifts, and long ago learned that kings keep their best for themselves." It is not so with the bounty of our King. He gave his only begotten Son.

778. Christ Goeth Before. That is a meaningful remark which a convert in Africa made, as reported by a missionary. "The trail is hard and tangled," he said, "but there is a Man ahead of us." Yes, there is a Man ahead. Jesus always goes before. He is ever in front. He never asks us to tread a path which has not been trodden by his own feet. Yet he does bid us follow. Do we obey?—*Christian Index.*

779. Christ, Healer. "Is your father at home?" a gentleman asked a child on the village doctor's doorstep. "No, sir," the boy answered; "he's away." "Where do you think I could find him?" "Well, you've got to look for him some place where people are sick, or hurt, or something like that. I do not know where he is, but he's helping somewhere."

If one had been seeking for Christ in Galilee, he would have found him where people were sick or distressed in some way. He was always "helping somewhere."—PELOUBET.

780. Christ, Helper. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman said in an address: "You must not only give up, but you must give up and take on." He told of a woman of the world who decided to give up certain indulgences. She did so, but after a short time wrote to him, saying: "I'm going back to my old life because I found the new one didn't work. I found myself, after forming my new purpose, growing cross with my children, and irritable to my husband, so I'll just give it up." The trouble with her was that she gave up, but didn't take on—Christ.

781. Christ, Helper. In a factory where

delicate fabrics were woven, the operatives were required, when the threads at any time became tangled, to press a button, and the superintendent would appear to rectify things. On one occasion, however, though a young girl had just a little while before touched the button for assistance, a woman who was an old hand at the work thought she "knew," and could get along without this formality. The threads became inextricably mixed and much damage ensued. To the superintendent the woman said, "I did my best." To which he replied, "Doing your best is sending for me."—*Homiletic Review*.

782. Christ, His Growing Reign. When Timothy Dwight, soldier poet and theologian magnum atque venerabile nomen, began his presidency at Yale College in 1795, the students there were accustomed to name each other after the French atheists. Jefferson, suspected of French principles in both religion and politics, was soon to become the chief magistrate of the nation. The enthusiasm for Lafayette and for Gallican liberty had inclined the heart of our whole people toward France. The atrociously shallow and unclean, but brilliant and audacious Parisian infidelity of the period looked attractive, even to the most talented and scholarly undergraduates. "That was the day," Lyman Beecher writes in his "Autobiography" (vol. I, p. 43), "when boys that dressed flax in the barn read Tom Paine, and believed him. The college church was almost extinct. Most of the students were skeptical, and rowdies were plenty. Wines and liquors were kept in many rooms. Intemperance, profanity, gambling, and licentiousness were common." Lyman Beecher was in Yale College as a student in his third year, when Timothy Dwight came there as president; and now these two men lie not far from each other in the unspeakably precious dust of the New Haven cemetery. At the first communion season after President Dwight's installation only a single student from the whole membership of the college remained to participate in the service of the eucharist. In all the history of the American Church there has hardly been an hour of greater disaster. The senior class brought before the president a list of questions for discussion, one of them on the inspiration of the Scriptures (Dwight's Theology, Memoir, vol. I. See also Spark's Life of Dwight). He chose that theme for a written debate, asked

the young men to be as thorough as possible on the infidel side, treated them courteously, answered them fairly, delivered for six months from the college pulpit massive courses of thought against infidelity; and from that day it ran into hiding-places in Yale College.

783. Christ, His Name Fateful. A delicate instrument is used for weighing gold at the assay office. It is said that the scales are so minutely exact that when balanced with two pieces of paper of equal size in the pans, if a name be written with lead pencil on one it will add enough weight to the paper to turn the scales. The illustration used to exemplify the accuracy of this instrument is suggestive. It reminds us that at the day when all men will be judged according to the deeds done in the body, the deciding difference between the saved and the lost will be the name of Jesus written on the heart.

784. Christ, His Unifying Power. A famous and beloved university professor, who died not long ago, in referring to an experiment in electro-magnetism, which he was accustomed to perform every year in his class-room work, said that he never repeated this experiment without the increasing sense of awe at the mysterious powers about him and above him. The experiment was this: On an oak table was placed a pile of horseshoe nails. In one corner of the same room was a powerful dynamo. When the electric current was turned on and the poles of the battery were brought up under the table, although they did not touch the nails themselves, immediately there was constituted about the table a field of magnetic force. So long as this field of force was maintained the loose horseshoe nails could be built up into various forms, such as a cube, a sphere, or an arch. So long as the current was on the nails would stay in exactly the form placed, as if they had been soldered together, but the moment the current was cut off, the nails would fall into a shapeless mass. What the field of magnetic force was to the nails we may conceive Christ's unifying, directing power to be to those who come under its influence. And this is the power of life, of endless, divine life.—SAMUEL JUDSON PORTER.

785. Christ, How He Saves. An experience never to be forgotten is that of those who have encountered prairie fires on the Western plains. In the distance they have seen the clouds of smoke, and have smelled the burning grass. If the

winds be blowing from the direction of the fire, their position is one of extreme danger. The swiftest horse can scarcely outrun the flames. On they sweep with the fury of the hurricane, consuming everything in their path. In such circumstances, the only safety is to set fire to the grass at one's feet and when it has burned an open space, stand where the fire had been. The surging waves of flame must cease at the border of the newly-burnt zone.

Now, says a writer, in a very graphic way this illustrates the work of Christ. He interposes himself between the sinner and the waves of destruction that were bearing down upon him. In his own body he bore the penalty of sin. Sin, so to speak, burnt over him; and in the Gospel he is calling men to come to him for safety. Having spent its fury upon him, it cannot harm those who stand with him.

It was on the cross of Calvary that the fire burned fiercest. It was the hour of the prince of darkness. The fury of Satan exhausted itself on the "Sinless Sufferer" there. And "there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Standing where the flames have been, the sinner need not fear the fires of sin. They have no power over him. He has a life that is hid with Christ in God. No power on earth or in hell can pluck him out of the Father's hands. What an assurance of safety! How gladly ought men to avail themselves of it!

786. Christ in Human Form. A story is told of the casting of a great bell in Peking. It is the bell on which midnight is sounded, and it was cast a century and a half ago. Two attempts at casting were made and ended in failure, whereat the emperor sent for Kuan-Yin, the official in charge of the task, and told him he would be killed if he failed. Ko-ai, the man's beautiful daughter, consulted an astrologer, who told her that unless a virgin's blood were mingled with the metal the third casting would fail. She obtained permission to be present when the attempt was made, and just as the white-hot metal was rushing from the furnace into the great mold the devoted girl sprang forward with the cry, "For my father!" leaped into the fiery stream, added her life-blood to its composition, and won her father's success and safety. This is a legend, but we know a still more lovely and heroic truth. The great bell of humanity was

out of tune. It swung gloomily and sadly, and its music was all harsh, grating, discordant. Then our Saviour threw himself from the heights of heaven. His life-blood entered into a world's alloy, and, ever since, the vast bell has been growing sweeter and more attuned to the heavenly music.—*The Ram's Horn.*

787. Christ and the Human Heart. On an old castle wall, says the legend, there hung a strange instrument. Its strings were broken and it was covered with dust. People went in and out and wondered at it. No one saw its use. One day a stranger came to the castle. He entered the hall where the instrument, long unused, hung. Taking it down, he tenderly brushed off the dust and replaced the broken strings. Then, as his fingers swept over it, strains of sweetest music came forth. Those who were near stood in awe and their hearts were touched. They asked each other, "How came this stranger to know the value of the harp?" Ah, he was the master, who had been long absent and now returned unto his own. The human heart is the most wonderful musical instrument in the world. It is far more sensitive than any harp or violin ever made by the skill of man. It can be played upon by anger, or love, or sorrow, or joy, or ambition. Envy and jealousy can extract from it fearful discords, while sympathy and mercy can touch it into a music so sweet that the angels will stoop to listen. Christ is the great musician to whom the human heart belongs. He only can bring out its noblest music.

788. Christ Ignored Rank. A Christian general was once seen talking to a poor old woman. Friends remonstrated with him, saying, "You ought to consider your rank." The general answered, "What if my Lord had considered his rank?"—CHARLOTTE SKINNER.

789. Christ, Image of God. Two young men were talking about their soldiering in France, and one of them was telling what a wonderful man his father was. Pulling from his left breast pocket a package, he displayed pictures of his father and mother, gazing wistfully at them as he showed them to his companion. "Say, Buddy," he suddenly exclaimed, "you have not spoken of your father. Got any pictures to show me what he is like?" "No, I'm sorry, I haven't any of my father with me. Oh, hold on! Yes, I have, and I'll give you one." Putting his hand in his pocket he pulled out a sovereign and offered it

to his wondering companion, remarking, "Here is a picture of my father. Keep it to remember me by." The Prince of Wales smiled into the face of his father on the coin, then sprang into the waiting lorry and went away to another part of the sector. That is the kind of coin we workers among Moslems should always have about us, the one that bears the express image of His Person.

790. Christ, Imitation of. An amateur once brought a number of his sketches to a great artist and asked his judgment as to their merit. They had little or no merit, but the artist was very kind, and refrained from saying anything to hurt the feelings of the amateur. At last, taking up one and looking at it attentively, he said gently: "You had a magnificent landscape before you when you made this sketch." This was something. The young artist had selected something that was worth sketching. There was something before him worthy of his best efforts. His work showed this much at least. It is so with the one who tries to fashion his life after that of Jesus Christ. His life may not be like Christ, but he at least shows that he has had the perfect life of the Master before him for his imitation.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

791. Christ, Incognito. Peter the Great of Russia for nine months labored among the sailors and shipbuilders incognito. If they had known his identity, they would have favored him. So Jesus lived; and now we know that he lived as a man not of the favored kind. So he set an example of loving service and patient endurance. "The Son of man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

Jesus was treated as a man; and when some found out that he was more than man they wished they had done differently. Jesus taught that we ought to treat all Christians as we would treat Christ. So, living incognito, he taught the human race an object lesson. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these," etc.

792. Christ, the Indwelling. In our days one can hear much talk about growth in the Christian life. Well and good, if there is anything in the life that *can* grow. "What a man soweth, that shall he also reap." But if I planted my watch, dare I hope for a crop of watches? Why not? The watch is the product of the trained mind and skillful hand of man, but there is no germ of life

in it that could germinate and bring forth fruit. Christ alone by his indwelling can bring forth fruit in our life that is well pleasing to God.—D. L. MOODY.

793. Christ, the Inevitable. The story has come down to us from the early centuries that when the storm of persecution broke over the Christian church in Rome, the little company of believers besought Peter to seek refuge in flight. His sense, both of loyalty and of honor, rose up in protest. But his friends pleaded that their deaths would be only the loss of a few sheep of the fold, his would be the loss of the shepherd. He set out by night along the Appian Way. But as he traveled a vision flashed upon him of a figure clothed in white and a face crowned with thorns. "Quo vadis, domine?" "Whither goest Thou, Lord?" Peter cried to Christ, who answered, "To Rome to be crucified instead of thee."

"Into the night the vision ebbed like breath,
And Peter turned and rushed on Rome
and death."

That is a parable of the inevitable Christ. Whether we seek him or seek him not, whether we are in the way of our duty or out of it, the vision of Christ shall meet us face to face.—REV. W. M. CLOW.

794. Christ, Influence of. In the life of Thring of Uppingham—one of the greatest schoolmasters in Great Britain—we are told an incident that pleased him greatly. It is a story that came to him regarding a little group of his boys who were spending the summer in France. A visitor in one of the hotels in Paris saw these English schoolboys come in, and overheard their conversation as to what they should do on Sunday. Some of the boys were proposing a certain course of action, and all seemed to agree until one little fellow spoke up and said, "No, I do not agree. I will not do it." And when the other lads urged him to come along, he still insisted he would not. They asked him his reasons. He said, "Well, Thring would not like it." "Well, but," they said, "Thring isn't here; he's in Uppingham." "I do not care," said the boy, "I will not do what Thring would not like." And infinitely beyond any human influence the remembrance of the living God will give direction to a man's moral life.

795. Christ Our Intercessor. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman tells of one of his

friends who was a boyhood companion of Robert Lincoln. He entered the Civil War and went to the front. When Robert Lincoln found that he was a private soldier, he said to a friend, "Write, and tell him to write to me, and I will intercede with father, and get him something better." The young soldier said: "I never took advantage of the offer, but you do not know what a comfort it was to me. Often after a weary march I would throw myself on the ground and say, 'If it becomes beyond human endurance, I can write to Bob Lincoln and get relief; and I would rather have his intercession than that of the Cabinet, because he is a son.'" Every true Christian knows that he has the best friend possible at the Court of Heaven in the Son of God who "ever liveth to make intercession for us."

796. Christ, International. I want to tell you of something that happened last Friday afternoon. The Christian women came to my house that day for half an hour, which we spend in prayer for the women of the world. . . . They held out imploring hands to Christ, saying, "Make our black bodies shine for thee, Jesus our Chief. We are only black women. Thou art the great Chief of the white men, yet we too can love thee." I tried to tell them that he was a *brown* baby,—not white like us or black like them; and that he was a helpless baby needing a mother's love and care; that thus he came to us, the great Chief. Was it foolish to tell them that? They so hate their black bodies, and I fear it is our fault that they do. One woman took her baby off her back, held him toward me, and said, "Small and weak like this? Did a woman bear him and feed him?" "Yes," I said. They clapped their hands and shouted their equivalent to "All hail, Baby Chief!" They had never realized all this before. "We thought he was a white woman's baby," said one, which simply meant that he was ours, not theirs.—A. H. SMALL.

797. Christ Is King. Christ is the "King Immortal." The admirers of Charlemagne set up his poor corpse in its grave, crowned his pulseless temples and put a scepter in his bloodless fingers. Grim mockery! But our King Eternal, not only never dies, but gives us also victory over death.

798. Christ, Kingdom of. An Ottoman prince who had been born and had grown to leadership near the Hellespont, used to pace those shores in royal discontent

that there was no room for him to go forward like his fathers; for the Strait marked the limit of his nation's power. But one night, on which he had come out alone with his despair, the full moon suddenly broke through the clouds, and flashed a pathway to the opposite continent. In a moment his decision was made, and the shining had not faded from the water before an Ottoman band was over and in possession of the first post of these European domains which the Turks had held for five hundred years. Like this and yet how infinitely different, was the glory of the Lord that flashed from heaven upon the eyes of the wondering shepherds on the night of the Redeemer's birth. On this shining pathway, to the shores of the dark earth, came the Prince of Peace to conquer, not by force, but by love, the hearts of men, and thus establish a kingdom that should last not a few fleeting years, but as long as the sun and moon endure.—GEORGE ADAM SMITH.

799. Christ Known by Converts. Will Carleton, the poet, was once a guest overnight at a hotel in a country town, and when he asked for his bill the next morning, to his astonishment the proprietor said there was no charge. But Mr. Carleton was not satisfied with this, and asked the reason. The proprietor told him that some years ago he and his wife had a serious quarrel and had decided to get a divorce. He sent for a lawyer, who drew up an agreement about their property. About that time, however, a volume of Mr. Carleton's poems fell into his hands, and he read "Betsy and I Are Out" and was so deeply impressed with them that he took the book and went to see his wife, and they "made up," and lived very happily afterward. "So," concluded the hotelkeeper, "there'll never be a bill for you in this house, Mr. Carleton." You can track Jesus by the people who are healed and helped by him, and we should so live that comfort and healing will mark our pathway.—*Zion's Herald*.

800. Christ, Learning to Love. A man thus described his conversion to the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse: "I never professed to be a Christian or anything like that; but one morning, as I was going down to my business, I was thinking of those words, 'Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?' I did wish with all my heart that I could answer them as Peter did. I felt very sad that I could not. Then it came to me, 'Well, if I cannot say so much as

Peter, could I not turn them around a little and find something easier?" So I began to think there was one thing I could not say. I could not say, 'Lord, thou knowest that I do not love thee,' and I found some comfort in that. At last I grew bold enough to look up and say, 'Lord, thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I want to love thee.' Then I began to think about his great love for me; I thought of his life, of his words, of his cross, and almost before I knew what I was doing, I looked up and said, 'Thou knowest that I do love thee.'" And at that moment the consciousness of forgiveness and a new life came into his heart.—REV. TILESTON F. CHAMBERS.

801. Christ, Liberator. We once heard Mrs. Jennie Fuller tell of a Hindu gentleman who was brought aboard a ship at Bombay loaded down with chains, carried by his servant. As soon as he was put down on the deck his servant fastened the chains firmly to the deck by hammer and peg. A Christian fellow-traveler inquired of him why he carried this heavy load of chains, and the reply was something like this:

"When I was a young man I was very wicked, and I resolved that I would begin putting on a chain for every sin I committed, and now I have on 600 pounds of chains." Christ sets free from the bondage of sin, and we are reminded of the old-fashioned hymn,

"The lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again."

—EMMA SELLEW ROBERTS.

802. Christ, The Liberator. A man who had been in the State prison at Thomaston, Me., for 43 years was liberated by the governor. He had been condemned to life imprisonment, though insisting upon his innocence, and had been a model prisoner. He wept when he heard of the governor's pardon, and when taking leave of his fellow-prisoners. He had become old in prison and had little idea of the changes that had taken place in the world beyond the prison walls. When asked how liberty seemed he replied: "It feels like a dream. I am dreading a sad awakening now, but it seems real." Even at this late period in life the blessing of liberty evidently was very welcome to him. How much more wonderful is that liberty which Christ gives to all who show their desire of it

by coming to him, the Great Liberator!

803. Christ, the Light. At a discussion in London, a working man was showing what Christ had done to enlighten the world. The Christian nations were the most progressive, the most advanced, the most enlightened. An infidel rose, and said, "It is all nonsense. Gas has done more to enlighten the world than the Bible." "Well, then," replied the Christian, "when you are dying send for the gas man." The laugh was turned against the scoffer.—DR. J. WELLS.

804. Christ Gives Light. The *Epworth Herald* has presented a picture which is full of meaning. It shows pilgrims who at last, after years of hope and effort, have reached Mecca and have gazed upon its holy places. Then, "lest the eyes which have seen the sacred city should profane that vision by looking on unhallowed scenes, the pilgrims kneel on white-hot bricks, the heat from which burns out all power of sight forever. Unto their latest day these blind pilgrims will bear testimony: 'The last thing I saw on earth was the holy city. Since then I have not seen.'" How much better is the Gospel! "See Mecca, and henceforth be blind," says the Moslem. "See Christ, and henceforth find larger and still larger vision," says the Christian. To the one the vision is the end of things; to the other, it is the beginning. The pilgrim sees Mecca, and straightway it is night; the sinner sees Christ, and lo! it is day-break.—W. J. HART, D.D.

805. Christ, Light of the World. A poor Mohammedan was brought to a mission hospital, and was very ill. She had heard about the magic lantern pictures of the Life of our Lord and expressed a wish to see them. She had her wish gratified, as the pictures were shown in the ward where she lay. When the climax was reached with the picture of the crucifixion, she exclaimed, "See, all is dark, the whole world is in darkness, and all the light is coming from Jesus—he is the Light of the World"; and her own face shone with delight, and seemed transfigured with the light in her soul. "Death is no longer dark to me," she said, and soon she passed away.—*Church Monthly*.

806. Christ, The Living. The world cannot bury Christ. The earth is not deep enough for his tomb, the clouds are not wide enough for his winding-sheet; he ascends into the heavens, but the heavens cannot contain him. He still lives—in the church which burns uncon-

sumed with his love; in the truth that reflects his image; in the hearts which burn.

807. Christ, Looking Upon. It is related of Michael Angelo that when he came down from the scaffolding from which he had for some weeks been painting the frescoes of a high ceiling, he had become so accustomed to looking upward that it was with real pain he forced himself to turn his eyes to the ground. Oh, blessed engagement possible to these spiritual orbs of ours! Would that they might evermore be so arrested, habituated, held by the countenance of Divine Love, that we could never be satisfied to turn them from his face!—H.

808. Christ, The Lord. A few years ago we had the privilege of studying, in the Rospighosi Palace in Rome, Guido Reni's great picture "The Aurora." It is on the ceiling, and can be studied only with the greatest difficulty from the floor. But a mirror is so placed on a table that it reflects the picture, and one can study it there with ease and pleasure. God is a spirit, and he is in the heaven, "dwelling in light unapproachable." It was not easy to know him there. But the Incarnation, the Word, becoming flesh and dwelling among us, was the bringing of the reflection of the glorious person of God down to earth in human form and life. Men looked at Jesus and saw the likeness of God, "the express image of his person." He was Christ, the Lord.—H.

809. Christ, Love of. Last year, when I was coming back from America, I traveled with a man of almost world-repute as a surgeon. The first night out some one entered his cabin and took from the table a presentation gold watch, which was, of course, far more valuable than its cost represented. He gave information to the responsible officers, and search was made among the men, but nothing was found. Wires were sent to Liverpool, the ship's destination, giving descriptions to the police, who set to work on the ship's arrival. Four or five days later I met my friend in London, and he said, "I have just had an intimation from the police of Liverpool that my watch has been found, and that they have laid hands on the man, one of the crew, who took it." He professed great satisfaction, but told me no more. One who was traveling with him, his friend and secretary, said to me later: "Do you know what he did? He telegraphed to know whether the man had a wife and family;

and, learning that he had, he put a sum of money in the hands of the police in Liverpool to support them while the man was in prison."

That is very like the goodness that overcomes evil. I do not know whether that thief is converted yet; but I tell you what I do know about him—no man in this world has ever had a better chance than that episode gave him, for he has seen the love of Christ triumphing over his wrongdoing in a conquest which is altogether divine.—STUART HOLDEN.

810. Christ Loves and Makes Demands. See Love, Trusts and Makes Demands.

811. Christ Made Visible. Listening to some men preach Christ is like going through a dark street. There is just light enough at each end (the text and the conclusion) to enable you to stumble along and see objects faintly; but you have to get right close up to persons to recognize them, and strain your eyes to see the numbers on the houses. But what a joy it is to listen to the White Way preachers! Every thought is sparkling with light. You can see the truth from across the street and recognize sin a block away. The Christ is visible all through their sermons.—REV. H. T. GUTHRIE.

812. Christ, Master of Satan. A poor old negro was once a hopeless drunkard, and he tried again and again to get free, and others tried to help him, but he could not get rid of his drunkenness until he was converted. When he was converted there was a wonderful change; and some one said, "So you have got the mastery of the devil at last?" "No," he said, "but I have got the Master of the devil."—W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS, D.D.

813. Christ, The New Way. One of the greatest things the London County Council has done in the last few years is to open up the old slum district in East London. They bought this district for an enormous price. Between Southampton Row and Fleet Street there is a new highway. Years ago it was a congested slum district. The streets were little better than alleys. They were covered with filth, and the tenements on either side reeked with disease and crime. After the purchase by the London County Council these old rookeries were torn down. A broad, straight highway was cut through and after it was all done it was called "The King's Way." That is what Christ has done for the world. He has cut a King's Way for us to march

through. He has opened up the way so that one can walk in safety, and he has paid a tremendous price for it. Will you choose to slink through the old alleys of sin, and the crooked ways of disobedience, rather than walk joyfully down this King's Way which the Light of the World has opened for mankind?—REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

814. Christ Obscured by Men. The illustrious Robertson, of Brighton, was quite right when he declared in ever memorable language, that the highest duty of the Christian minister is to bring his fellow men to Christ, and then himself to get out of the way. When Alexander the Great visited Diogenes the cynic in his tub he asked what Alexander could do for Diogenes. The cynic answered there was only one thing which Alexander could do for Diogenes, and that was to abstain from standing between him and the sun. In like manner, the highest service that any Christian can render me is to abstain from standing between me and the Sun of Righteousness who has already risen with healing in his wings.—HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

815. Christ Only. When Hugh Bradford was being taken from West London to Newgate to be burned, they gave him leave to speak, and it is recorded that that man shouted from the trolley in which he was being conveyed, the whole way down from West London to Newgate, "Christ, Christ, none but Christ!" That is what I would ask of myself and my hearers—that we are always to apprehend and enjoy none but Christ. Look at Gal. 11:20: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Paul won't allow you to think that Christ is only over there in the glory. "Christ liveth in me."—*Life of Faith*.

816. Christ, Opposition to Unavailing. On one occasion a boy, weak in mind, was asked while rubbing a brass plate on a door, what he was doing, when he replied, "I am rubbing out the name." Little was the boy aware that the more he rubbed the more it shone. So it is with those who seek to oppose Christ; the more his truth and power are called in question, the brighter they shine.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

817. Christ Paid Our Debt. Henry Clay was at one time considerably dis-

tressed by a large debt due to the bank. Some of his friends heard of this and quietly raised the money and paid off the debt without notifying Mr. Clay. In utter ignorance of what had been going on, he went to the bank one day, and, addressing the cashier, said, "I have called to see you in reference to that debt of mine to the bank."

"You don't owe us anything," was the reply.

Mr. Clay looked inquiringly and said, "You don't understand me. I came to see you about that debt which I am owing the bank."

"You don't owe us anything."

"Why! How am I to understand you?"

"A number of your friends have contributed and paid off that debt, and you do not owe this bank one dollar."

The tears rushed to Mr. Clay's eyes, and, unable to speak, he turned and walked out of the bank.

This is a faint image of what Jesus Christ has done for us.—*Ram's Horn*.

818. Christ, Painting Life Pictures of. Raphael's chief joy was to paint scenes from the life of Jesus. His last work, the culmination of years of study, was "The Transfiguration." It was scarcely finished when he became ill, and so he had the picture hung in the sick-room that his thoughts might ever be directed to his glorified Saviour. When he died the picture was hung above the body, and, as great crowds came to pay their last tokens of respect to the painter, they beheld above him the vision which had transfigured his life and given birth to his genius.

819. Christ, Our Pattern. A boy in a machine shop was told to drive holes into some iron bars by following a pattern that was given him. He made a few bars correctly, and then mislaid the copy. He thought it would do just as well to make every bar like the last one he had made, but in the first one he copied there was a very slight difference in the position of one hole, in the next it was still worse, and in each succeeding one the error grew greater. When his foreman came to examine the boy's work, he found that several hundred bars must be thrown away, because the boy had not followed the right pattern.

In Jesus, God has given us the right pattern for our lives. If we look upon Jesus' life and character we shall see what God himself is. God has shown himself to us in his Son, and only by

studying his teachings and obeying his words can we make our lives pleasing to his Father and our Father.—TARBELL.

820. Christ, Peace Bringer. In the Great War the German and French armies lay opposite each other in northern France, with a little space between where stood a farmhouse and its surrounding fields. The firing began briskly on both sides, but suddenly ceased! In the yard before the farmhouse there tottered—a baby! It plucked at a yellow dandelion, missed it, clutched again, and burst into crowing laughter. And about the baby there descended peace. Who could fire at the risk of even frightening a laughing baby?

Then a German soldier threw down his gun, climbed out of the trench, ran across the field, picked up the baby, carried it over the French line, and returned to his place. On both sides broke out a great cheer.

What a pity that the ruling powers responsible for the war could not have had trained imaginations to see the hordes of smiling children that their firing would destroy! What a great day of peace that will be when all of us, as anger rises, see before us the smiling face of the Babe of Bethlehem, the Prince of Peace, Who brought joy into the world, and Who, when he was accused answered nothing!—*Tarbells Teacher's Guide.*

821. Christ, Pointing to. "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering."—Heb. 10: 23.

The compass plant in Texas, growing from three to six feet high, has leaves that point north and south, so that the Indian can tell his direction even at night. This fact was denied. But a careful observer found that the young leaves standing edgewise to the earth always point north and south; but the older leaves, loaded with dust and dew, lose this power and point in all directions. Every Christian should be as a compass plant, pointing to Jesus Christ; only those Christians loaded down with sin and care and worldliness fail to do so.—PELOUBET.

822. Christ Preached, Why? Mr. Cunningham, a missionary of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, in South China, told of a native who once came to him and said, "Why don't you preach something else? You have been preaching this Jesus for three days." "What do you eat for breakfast?" the Chinaman was asked. "Rice," was the reply. "For dinner?" "Rice." "For supper?" "Why,

rice!" "What did you eat yesterday?" "Rice." "What have you been eating for years?" the missionary inquired. "Why do you eat rice every day? Why don't you eat something else?" "Because it keeps me alive." "That is just the reason why we preach Jesus, because it is life to us, and we could not live without him," explained the missionary.—BERTHA D. HENSHAW.

823. Christ Presented to Others. Victor David Brenner, the Russian immigrant who found a job in New York making dies at the age of nineteen, is to-day one of the greatest of American sculptors. It was Brenner who put the face of Lincoln on the penny. For this object he preferred the penny to the half-dollar. Why? Just because Lincoln's face on the penny would jingle in the pockets of more people—those common people of whom Lincoln said: "God must love the common people, because he made so many of them." Brenner's Lincoln penny represents more than an artistic or a commercial triumph. Brenner's ideal was to make Lincoln's face on the penny reveal so much of the heart of the great President that even a discouraged laborer might find comfort from the last penny in his pocket by looking upon the face of Lincoln. Upon this, an unknown devotional writer comments: "Paul tells us to put on Christ. The Christian's duty—yes, the Christian's joy—is to imprint the face of Christ on human hearts. It does not take the greatest preacher or prophet to accomplish it. The humblest disciple may perform this crowning work."

824. Christ Made Real. Father used to tell me a story, when we were boys, which he made so real, that we felt that the man whom it was about was personally known to us. And that was not merely feeling. We did know the man by a subtle spiritual law, as unerring as any of the faculties by which we know our friends. It is your privilege thus to make Jesus real.

825. Christ Received Fully. The following is a bit of newspaper wisdom picked up somewhere: "I dreamed," said Molly, "that I was alone in the big room, and a man came up to me with a woman who looked like me but was much prettier. She had red cheeks, such as the doctor said I might have if I'd take my exercises. She was taller, or I guess she must have looked taller because she stood so fine and straight. I began to talk to her. She had the sweetest voice

and she knew everything. She'd read all the books that I've always meant to read, and she could play the piano wonderfully, as I might if I only hadn't stopped practicing. And somehow I felt she never lost her temper as I do, and that everybody who knows her must love her. I don't know how I knew all these things, for I'm sure she didn't tell me. I just sort of felt them the way you do in dreams. Still I didn't know who she was, and she wouldn't tell me, so I asked the man, and he said, 'Why, haven't you found out yet? She's the girl you might have been.' But 'might have been' can become actual fact for us as we receive Christ fully.—JUNIATA ROHRBACK.

826. Christ, Reflecting. It is a law of influence that we become like those whom we habitually admire. Who has not watched some old couple come down life's pilgrimage hand in hand with such gentle trust and joy in one another that their very faces wore the selfsame look? These were not two souls: it was a composite soul. Half a century's reflecting had told upon them; they were changed into the same image. They had become alike because they habitually admired. It was reserved for Paul to make the supreme application of the law of influence. He himself was a changed man; he knew exactly what had done it; it was Christ. On the Damascus road they met, and from that hour his life was absorbed in his. The effect could not but follow—on words, on deeds, on career, on creed. He became like him whom he habitually loved. "So we all," he writes, "reflecting as a mirror the glory of Christ, are changed into the same image." Here is the solution of the problem of sanctification in a sentence: Reflect the character of Christ, and you will become like Christ.—DRUMMOND.

827. Christ, A Refuge. An Italian immigrant was rejected at New York by the Immigration Commissioners. Then he went to Havana, but could not land. Next he sailed to Colombia and was not received. He returned to Cuba, trying to land at Santiago, but was sent back to the ship. Then he went to Jamaica, where the British officials also refused to receive him. He was a criminal, had fled from Italy thinking that he would have no trouble in making a new home in America. What he will finally do we do not know, but are happy to know that there is a refuge for the greatest of sinners with Jesus, if only they come to him repenting.

828. Christ Shall Yet Reign. There is yet standing in Damascus a temple of stone built centuries ago, perhaps at first as a Syrian heathen temple for the worship of Rimmon. When Christianity was spread over the East, this building was dedicated to the worship of Christ. An inscription was placed on an arch, in Greek capital letters, as follows: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." This is a quotation from the Greek Old Testament, Psalm 145: 13. In process of time nominal Christians became indifferent to the faith of Christ, and the Mohammedans took possession of the temple and made of it a Mohammedan mosque. They did not destroy the inscription, and notwithstanding the mosque has been burned in part more than once (the last time in 1894), the inscription yet remains. We may believe that the preservation of this inscription in a Mohammedan mosque, for twelve centuries, is a prophecy that Christ shall yet reign in the earth, King of kings, Lord of lords.—REV. A. J. REYNOLDS.

829. Christ, Rejected. In a city mission, high up on the wall of the room, over the exit door, is a sign that no one can miss as he goes out. It simply says:

*HAVE YOU
REJECTED CHRIST
AGAIN?*

That sign must have set many a poor sinner thinking pretty hard as he passed out into the night. And now, right here in our pleasant room, does it not make some of us wonder how we can possibly go out of this place without accepting Christ as our blessed Lord and Saviour? Will you tell your teacher to-day that you have done so? The cross beckons you, the dear Lord awaits so patiently your word of decision. Let us pray.—*S. S. Times.*

830. Christ, Reproducing. Dr. Robert Horton of Great Britain, some years ago related this incident. "An American father who was absent on a trip in the far East had a child at home over whose bed there hung the father's portrait. Every morning the child looked lovingly at it, and one day said to his mother: 'Mother, I wish father would come out from the frame!' " Jesus is the portrait of our Omnipotent Saviour and Friend revealed in the Word of God. It is his plan to "come out of the frame" and

incarnate himself in our lives so that the world may realize that "He is alive forever more."

831. Christ, Revere His Name. A brother minister stepped with John Ross, of Brucefield, into a hotel dining-room. They sat down at one of the tables and waited to be served. At the table behind them were seated several men, whose tongues seemed to revel in blasphemy. Probably the presence of ministers gave a keener relish to the evil employment, for their talk waxed louder and more offensive while the newcomers listened.

The ministers kept silence for a while, and then Mr. Ross' companion looked keenly over to them and gave them a word of advice. This only made them talk louder and faster. By and by Mr. Ross rose from his seat, and stepped over to the noisy crew. He went straight to the worst of them, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said gently:

"Friend, you and I both owe too much to Jesus Christ to speak ill of him." That was all, but it was enough.

832. Christ, The Revolutionary. Rome allowed its subjects to have any religious ideas they liked provided they did not weaken loyalty to Cæsar. But Rome was not prepared for this brand-new idea that a child born in a manger and reared in a carpenter shop was the royal prince of heaven, the Divine One.

That rocked Rome to its foundations. In the days of Tiberius ten thousand slaves were slain in the arena in a single exhibition, and here came a religion claiming that the life of every man was so sacred to God that even kings would be held responsible for beggars. That is the revolutionary idea that came out of Bethlehem, and has shaken about all the kings off their thrones.—REV. J. F. COWAN, D.D.

833. Christ, Riches in. I remember talking to a theatrical manager, on board one of the vessels going to Australia. He told me he was an agnostic, but he said, "I have been struck by some of your remarks, and I thought I would like to have a talk with you." At the end of the talk he said, "Well, Mr. Grubb, I see one thing." "What do you see?" I asked. "Well, I see," said he, "that if Jesus Christ is anything, he must be everything; but how, then, could I go on with my profession?" Oh, let that agnostic speak to you—if Jesus Christ is anything, he must be everything to you. "Well," said I, "if you will let Christ be what you say he ought to be, you will

have everything." It is true; he will supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.—REV. GEORGE C. GRUBB, M.A.

834. Christ, Our Rock. One of the shortest, simplest, but most suggestive stories ever told at Hill Street Baptist Chapel, Swadlincote, where a large Brotherhood meets every Sabbath, was of a humble but noble Christian woman, who, as she lay dying, overheard the doctor whisper to the nurse, "She's sinking fast!" The dying woman smiled and replied: "I'm not sinking; I can't sink through a Rock!"—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

835. Christ, Rock of Refuge. There is an ancient parable of a dove who made piteous complaint to her fellow-birds that a hawk was thirsting for her blood. One bird counseled her to keep below,—but the hawk can stoop for its prey; another advised her to soar aloft,—but the hawk can mount as high as she; a third bade her hide in the woods,—but this is the hawk's own home. At last one told her to rest in the clefts of the rock. The meaning is clear. The dove is a poor, defenseless soul; Satan is the hawk. Poverty cannot protect from him. Riches are no security. Retirement cannot save, for there are sins peculiar to quietude. There is only one defense; Christ is the Rock.—C. H. SPURGEON.

836. Christ, Sacrifice of. A splendidly heroic example of giving one's own life for the lives of others has been cited by Professor Brumbaugh. Some years ago he was conducting a teachers' institute in Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana. There he found a young woman greatly interested in the work and who had won the commendation of her superintendent. The next year he returned, but he missed this young woman. Professor Brumbaugh inquired for her, and ascertained that she was dead. He thus speaks of the matter: "The cause of her death was told me by one who loved her. She taught a rural school, far back in the pine woods. Her school-house had neither doors nor windows. The children sat on cross-sections of trees set on end. The teacher had no chair, no stove, no protection from the inclement weather. One day in February a severe gulf storm, damp and cold and penetrating, swept over the State. Her half-clothed children suffered from the cold. Without a moment's hesitation she stood in the open doorway her face to her pupils, her back to the cruel cold, that

she might in some degree shelter her pupils. Her love for them cost her life. Pneumonia was that day contracted, and in less than a week she was laid to rest in a bower of roses carried by those that loved her, and for whom she had given the highest expression of love—her life."

Paul finds the supreme example of love in the sacrifice of Christ. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." That death makes its appeal to us, and waits our response.—REV. W. J. HART, D.D.

837. Christ, Our Safety. A butterfly holding the reins which lie upon the neck of a dragon is a caricature presented in the museum at Naples representing Seneca endeavoring to restrain by philosophy the passions of the imperial scape-grace Nero, his pupil. That picture is deeply suggestive. It reveals the consciousness of man as to the utter futility of all earthborn help and leaves an aching void for the added thought which Christianity has to offer—that a soul riding to ruin upon the dragon of unhallowed pleasure can be saved only by having the hands that hold the reins covered by the unseen hand of the divine Deliverer.—JAMES M. CAMPBELL.

838. Christ Saves All Alike. Some one has said that a little fly in Noah's ark was just as safe as an elephant. It was not the elephant's size and strength that made him safe; it was the ark that saved both elephant and fly. It is not your righteousness, your good works, that will save you. Rich or poor, learned or unlearned, you can be saved only by the blood of Christ.—D. L. MOODY.

839. Christ, Saviour. A man in the interior of China, after attending a Christian mission for a while and getting no light, came to the missionary one morning in a happy mood saying, "I dreamed last night; and now I understand. I seemed to have fallen into a deep pit where I lay helpless and despairing. A priest of Confucius leaned over the edge and said, 'Let me give you some advice, my friend; if you get out of your trouble, never get in again.' A priest of Buddha came and stretched his arm over the edge, saying, 'If you can manage to climb up so I can reach you, I will help you out.' Then Christ came. And he climbed down into the pit and carried me out of it."—REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.

840. Christ, Saviour. Beside a bridge over the Kura River in Tiflis, over which

thousands of people go daily, there is a very dangerous place, where yearly many people lost their lives by drowning. Near this place is a charming villa erected by a Caucasian nobleman who was possessed of the passion for saving people. He would sit near the river day by day, smoking and reading the papers or a book. If an accident happened, he would shout for joy, throw himself, dressed as he was, into the river and save the person who was in danger. Several years in succession, he saved eighteen lives each year. This brave nobleman is now dead.

Our Bible tells us of a life saver who still lives—Jesus Christ. He continually stands beside the raging stream of Life, stretching out his hands to save all who call to him for help.

841. Christ, Our Saviour. One night an inquirer, long under deep conviction but still unsaved, dreamed that he was walking along the edge of a terrible precipice and fell over it into a horrible abyss. As he was falling, he grasped a little branch of some bush that was growing halfway down. There he hung, and cried for help. He could feel the branch giving away. He looked into the dark chasm yawning beneath, and again cried out for help. Looking up he saw in his dream Christ standing on the edge and saying, "Let go the twig and I will save you." Looking at the terrible abyss below he could not. He cried again; and again came the same answer. At length he felt the branch slipping, and in the utter desperateness of his despair, he let go the branch, when lo! in an instant, the arms of Jesus were about him, and he was safe. He awoke.

842. Christ, The Seeking. At Kingston, N. Y., a man disputed with a gypsy chief the possession of a fifteen-year-old girl. The chief insisted that she was his daughter, but the other man had evidence, confirmed by the girl herself, that she was his daughter. It appears that she had suddenly disappeared from her home in St. Louis. Her heartbroken father sought the aid of the police, having heard from the girl's playmates that an old woman had enticed the girl away. After many months, police in an Eastern city sent word that a gypsy band there had a girl in it answering the description of his daughter. He hastened to that town, joined the gypsy band and after some time saw the girl and recognized her. He appealed to the police, proved his claim and the girl was turned over to him. Her restoration to her home was

due to her father's perseverance and patience. So Christ seeks *until* he finds the lost. How full of meaning is that word "until"!

843. Christ Really Seen. Pascal says: "There are two kinds of men,—the righteous who believe themselves sinners, and the sinners who believe themselves righteous." Paul belonged to the first class, and so did Charles Hodge of Princeton. He was announcing a hymn one day in the oratory of the theological seminary, and as he read he came to the lines:

"That blood can make the foulest clean,
That blood availed for me."

But he could not read them, try as he would. "That blood availed,"—he could not get beyond that. The strong man bowed before the storm of emotion, and, dropping into his chair, he buried his face in his hands. But we students had no difficulty in singing the whole hymn.—W. S. C. WEBSTER.

844. Christ at Our Side. One day I was to travel by train, says a well-known minister. I met a friend of mine, and told him where I was going. He said: "I am going the same way, but will you join me at an intermediate station?" I looked out for him, and as he came forward I said, "What class are you traveling?" He held up his first-class ticket. "Well," I said, "I've got a third-class ticket, so if you are to travel with me, you must give up your first-class privilege." He did so. I thought it gave us an illustration of a greater thing. Christ Jesus gave up his first-class privilege to travel on earth among third-class sinners. He took the lowly sinner's place and abode with him.—*Sunday Companion*.

845. Christ and Sinners. A celebrated physician who always entered the sick room with a smile upon his lips was asked how he could be living among so many terrible diseases and yet not be overwhelmed by them. He replied: "I always look upon disease from a curative standpoint." The heart of Christ would have broken long before he reached the cross had he not looked upon sin-diseased humanity from the "curative standpoint."—*The Expositor*.

846. Christ, Son of God. A Jewish soldier had been attending services where he heard much of the character and teaching of Christ. He went to his Rabbi and said: "Rabbi, the Christians say that the Christ has already come, while we claim

that he is yet to come." "Yes," assented the Rabbi. "Well," asked the young soldier, "when our Christ comes, what will he have on Jesus Christ?" What the Rabbi said we do not know. What could he say?—*A Camp Pastor*.

847. Christ Straight from God. "Six-years-old tiptoed softly up to the little low crib where one of this world's very latest hopes was lying throned and swathed in the coverlets that love had sewn for its coming. Big brother's face was gravely intent, his eyes bright and shining. He stooped far over, and gazed down at that wrinkled, peevish bit of a face. 'Now, baby brother,' he whispered into one tiny red ear half hid by the clustering black hair, 'tell me about God before you forget.'" "If only we grown-ups could remember," commented the writer. And he adds: "There was One once who did."

Yes, there was One once who did, and he is ready to tell us, and especially so at this Christmas time.

848. Christ, Strong. An elderly lady, whose life had been spent in God's service, suffered terribly from depression during her last illness. Her sense of the presence and love of God seemed entirely to have left her; she was unable to pray; her faith grew feebler and feebler. Her husband, greatly distressed, did all in his power to comfort and encourage her, but apparently his efforts were in vain. "The devil won't give her up without a hard fight," remarked his son-in-law. "Neither will Jesus Christ," was the quick reply, "and he is stronger than the devil." In the hour of death the faith of this life-long servant of God rose triumphant, and she passed in joy to her eternal rest.—*Sunday at Home*.

849. Christ as Substitute. There was a prisoner in one of the dungeons at the time of the French Revolution who was much beloved by many people. But there was one love which surpassed them all. It was the love of his father; and this was the proof of it. The two men bore the same name, and when the son's name was called from among those who were to die, the father answered to it, and took his place, and went to the scaffold, and laid his head upon the block. The blade of the guillotine flashed; the head fell; the father died for the son he loved. That is what Christ has done for us. When we believe this we know what love means. But think what it means to know that this love which has done so

much for us is the love of the Son of God. It sets the seal of eternity upon it. It lifts the sacrifice of Jesus, and lifts us with it, up into the very heart of God.—HENRY VAN DYKE.

850. Christ, Our Substitute. During the Civil War a man was drafted to enter the army. A friend came to him and offered to go in his stead. The substitute was accepted, went to war and was killed. The man who had been drafted had a monument erected over his friend's grave, and on it these words were placed: "He died for me." For each of us the life of Christ has been given.

851. Christ, Our Substitute. In "Around the World Tour of Missions," the author relates that he wished to spend three weeks at Tokio. On the second day the question came to him from the police office: "Who stands for you?" "Japan asked of me not, 'Who are you?' but, 'What right have you to be here?' That right could only rest on the free substitution of some well-known Japanese citizen in my place before the court of justice. The man was found and accepted in my place. Did I break the laws, he would be punished. Did I deserve death, he would die for me." Some one must stand for us in the kingdom of God. The only one who can is Jesus Christ. He shall bear all our iniquities.

852. Christ, The Superman. The great labor leader in England, Mr. J. H. Thomas, said only a few months ago, "The world has never been in a worse condition. What we need is a superman." Yes, Mr. Thomas, and you are going to have him! But he won't be quite the superman that you are expecting. Jesus Christ is the alone and satisfying Superman.

853. Christ, The Theme of Preaching. Dr. Alexander Whyte says in *The British Weekly*: "When the — (a certain journal) cast up to Spurgeon that there was never anything new in his sermons because he was always saying the same old thing over and over again, the great preacher replied that the charge was quite true. For wherever he took his text in the whole Bible, it was his principle and it was his practice, he said, 'to make across country as fast as possible to Jesus Christ.'"

854. Christ, Trust. Speaking in London, Dr. A. C. Dixon said that when the war broke out he was on the *Mauretania*. The first they knew about it was that one night the course of the ship was

changed so suddenly that some of them were thrown out of their berths. The ship plunged for six hours in a thick fog. The next morning they found themselves in Halifax harbor, Nova Scotia. They tried to get out of the captain, a strong, silent, capable Englishman, what had happened but the more they talked the less he told them. They found out afterwards that three German cruisers were waiting for them on the familiar course. "We," said Dr. Dixon, "can trust our Captain to bring us through. It may be dark at times, but one day we shall get out of the fog into the harbor, and our Captain will explain it all."—*Christian Herald*.

855. Christ, The Unseen. Two little girls came home from Sunday-school. "Mamma," said one, "teacher said to-day that we must come to Jesus if we want to be saved; but how can we come to him when we cannot see him?" "Did you not ask me to get you a drink of water last night?" replied the mother. "Yes, mamma." "Did you see me when you asked me?" "No; but I knew that you would hear me, and get it for me." "Well, that is just the way to come to Jesus. We cannot see him, but we know that he is near, and hears every word we say, and that he will give us what we need."—*The Children's Friend*.

856. Christ Unifies. A Buddhist monk in Ceylon who was acquainted with both Christianity and Buddhism was once asked what he thought was the great difference between the two. This was his reply: "There is much which is good in each of them, but the greatest difference is that you Christians know what is right and have power to do it, while Buddhists know what is right but have no such power." This power to do right is "the least common denominator" of all denominations, and because "God reigneth" it will yet reduce all religious factions.

857. Christ Utilizer of Waste. Michael Angelo, the wonderful artist, walking with some friends one day through an obscure street in Florence, saw a block of marble, rough, shapeless, stained, lying amid a heap of rubbish. Others had passed by it carelessly, but his keen eye saw that it was a treasure, and he began to cleanse away the filth that obscured it. "What are you doing with that worthless rock?" said one of his friends. "There is an angel in that block," said Angelo, "and I must get it out."

Out of a bit of smoking flax Christ can make a flame; out of a bruised reed

he can make a pillar in his temple; out of a piece of clay he can make the socket of the eye; out of a piece of bread he can make a meal for thousands; out of a man like Peter he can make a great Apostle. Jesus Christ can make something out of almost anything. He is the great Utilizer of waste.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

858. Christ, Valued. Dear old Rutherford says: "Men want a cheap Christ, but the price will not come down."

859. Christ, the Way. It is a dark, stormy night, and a little child, lost in the streets of the city, is crying in distress. A policeman, gathering from the child's story enough to locate the home, gives directions after this manner: "Just go down this street half a mile, turn and cross the big iron bridge, then turn to your right and follow the river down a little way, and you'll see then where you are." The poor child only half comprehending, chilled by the wind and bewildered in the storm, is turning about blindly, when another voice speaks and says in a kindly tone, "Just come with me." The little hand is clasped in a stronger one, the corner of a warm cloak is thrown over the shoulders of the shivering child, and the way home is made easy. The first one had told the way; this one condescends to be the way.

860. Christ Within. Imagine one without genius and devoid of the artist's training, setting down before Raphael's famous picture of the Transfiguration and attempting to reproduce it. How crude and mechanical and lifeless his work would be! But if such a thing were possible that the spirit of Raphael should enter into the man and obtain mastery of his mind and eye and hand, it would be entirely possible that he should paint this masterpiece; for it would simply be Raphael reproducing Raphael. And this in a mystery is what is true of the disciple filled with the Holy Spirit. Christ by the Spirit dwells within him as a divine life, and Christ is able to image forth Christ from the interior life of the outward example.—A. J. GORDON.

861. Christ, His Wonderful Love. A repulsive-looking old woman who, after a life of unbelief, had been converted, became the subject of persecution at the hands of her godless neighbors. In every way they sought to anger or otherwise disturb the spirit of patience and loving-kindness that now possessed her. Finally an old persecutor, having exhausted all her resources in the attempt,

venomously exclaimed, "I think you're the ugliest old woman that I ever saw." To which the old woman, her face beaming with a light that made her beautiful, replied in tears, "Wasn't it wonderful that Christ could have loved an ugly old woman like me?"

862. Christian Advancement. A bright little girl of about eight summers was teaching a bit of a brother some two years younger than herself to master the art of riding a bicycle. After many fruitless trials the little lad steadied himself as he wobbled from side to side and proudly shouted, "I'm moving! I really am moving!" His sedate bit of a sister eyed his movements calmly, and coldly replied: "Yes, you are moving, but you are not going!" How true this is in the Christian life. Many good people are indeed moving, but they are not going. Bishop Fowler used to put it in this terse and homely way: "Lots of folks are like a yard engine, that toots its whistle, rings its bell, and makes a lot of noise, but never goes anywhere."—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*.

863. Christian, Every-day. This quotation is credited to Anna F. Burnham: "Some one spoke slightly to his pastor of a newcomer in the church as an 'every-day sort of Christian,' meaning an average or commonplace Christian. But the shrewd old minister caught up the word with enthusiasm. 'An every-day sort of Christian, is he? Is he that? I wish I had known it when I gave him the right hand of fellowship. I would have given him both hands. My greatest trouble is with the every-other-day sort of Christians.'"

864. Christian Following Christ. I remember when the Boston subway was opened, between my first and second visits to that city. The first time I found the streets in the center all congested and blocked from excess of car traffic, but on the second visit a subway had pulled the congestion underground and left the streets clear. It was a great engineering feat, and my host that second time said, "We shall go and view our new subway." As we neared the entrance in Park street, he went ahead of me. Let him do it. There are turnstiles and wicket-gates between me and the subway, but I, coming after him, had not to deal with them. It is number one, not number two, of the party who gets the tickets. So all our difficulty comes through our persistent and foolish clinging to the number one place, whereas rest

and peace and the open door come from our becoming number two. How our knuckles get sore beating against iron gates we have no business to try to open. Is it not so? Let the Lord go first, and you fall in behind. Peter is in behind the angel, and the iron gate is to be dealt with by number one of the party. So "it opens to them of its own accord." The iron gate bows to the messenger of God, and Peter, as number two, slips out while it bows to number one. Peter is free!—JOHN ROBERTSON, D.D.

865. Christian in Union with Christ. The Christian life is not an engagement by contract between the Master and his servant. It is the union of two hearts—that of the Saviour and the saved—by the endearing ties of the most intimate love.

866. Christian Progress. Our business in life is not to get ahead of other people, but to get ahead of ourselves.—MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

867. Christian, Unworthy. A professing Christian sold a bale of poor hay to a certain colonel, who rebuked him, and the church member whined, "I am a soldier, too." "You!" ejaculated the colonel in a tone of disgust. "What kind of a soldier are you?" "I am a soldier of the cross," said the skinflint, with a detestable flourish of the hand. "That may be," said the colonel, "but you've been on a furlough ever since I knew you."

868. Christianity. See Missions.

869. Christianity, Active. Relay runners from the Young Men's Christian Association, of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, carried a message of greeting from the mayor of New York to the mayor of Chicago. Each carried the tube containing the message for half a mile and passed it to the next runner. In less than a week the message was carried. Every Christian has a message to deliver. It is a message of hope and good cheer to be passed on to those whom he meets. It is a message from a king. If every Christian who had received the message from the king was to run with it to some one else, how quickly the world would be evangelized. If we were as anxious to get the message of our king to our friends, as these relay runners were to get the message of the New York mayor to the mayor of Chicago, how much better the world would be. Christianity is like a race, it gives the prize only to the persevering. Some appear to be following the old Indian maxim, which says: "It is better to walk

than to run, and better to stand than to walk, and better to sit than to stand, and better to lie than to sit." But Christianity is activity.

870. Christianity, Aggressive. A Baptist missionary came home from India just at the time when the old gospel hymn "Hold the Fort" was at the height of its popularity. Everywhere he heard it sung. The more he heard it the more he disliked it, until at last he went into one of the missionary gatherings of his denomination and protested against the use of the hymn. "'Hold the Fort?' he cried indignantly. 'Hold the Fort?' why, that is the devil's business. Our business, as Christians, is to storm the fort."

871. Christianity, Aggressive. Christianity was never intended by its divine author to be confined to the four walls of a church. Its mission is to enter the city and purge it of its moral leprosy, and to take hold of and cure men and women of all the moral and physical ills which pollute and destroy both soul and body in hell. This it can do only by entering each individual heart; and to do this it must be carried personally and impressed upon the individual conscience as a message of peace and good will. And the preachers and professed Christians who are not, in some effectual measure at least, so carrying and so presenting the gospel to the lost are a travesty on the name Christian.

872. Christianity Defended. Somebody says that "if you want to defend Christianity, practice it. Act, and let others do the talking." The objections to religion are stale, and even the infidels who repeat them are not satisfied with them. A party of scoffers, some thirty years ago, rode through western Pennsylvania in a stage coach. They carried on their ridicule for some time, until a young man, not a professor of religion, was so stirred within that he joined the debate and silenced the opposers. One of them came to him after they had reached the steamer on the Monongahela, and asked to share his state-room. He said that he had a large sum of money with him, and feared that he might be murdered should he take a state-room with a stranger. The infidel had been scorning religion, yet was ready to put his life into the hands of its advocate rather than to trust his fellow-scoffers. The youth is now known as Rev. W. R. Bingham, a Presbyterian clergyman. Infidelity is incapable of defense, but practical godliness is its own best witness.

873. Christianity, Evidences of. We are told that it was Benjamin Franklin who discovered that plaster sown in a field would make things grow. He told his neighbors, but they did not believe him. Early the next spring he went into his field and sowed some grain. Close by the path where men would walk he traced with his finger some letters and put plaster into them, and then sowed his seed broadcast in the field. After a week or two the seeds sprang up. His neighbors, as they passed that way, were very much surprised to see in brighter green than all the rest of the field the writing in large letters. "This has been plastered." Franklin did not need to argue with his neighbors about the benefit of plaster for the fields. For as the season went on and the grain grew, those bright green letters rose above all the rest until they were a kind of relief plate in the field: "This has been plastered."—*The Intelligencer*.

874. Christianity, Living It. Many years ago, when Dr. Meyer was addressing a conference in the Dome, Brighton, he spied among the audience Dr. and Mrs. Handley Moule. The former was detained in conversation at the close of the meeting, and Dr. Meyer, as he walked out with Mrs. Moule, remarked to her, "We have all reason to be deeply grateful to your husband for his books." The reply was a beautiful tribute from a wife to her husband; "I have seen every one of those books lived."—*Christian Herald*.

875. Christianity, Lunar. The *British Weekly* coins this phrase to describe the Christianity of those who substitute the ethics of Christianity for Christianity. It certainly fits.

Moonlight is good and beautiful, but there would be no moonlight without the sun. The moon is a great reflector, but a reflector gives no light unless there is light to be reflected.

The ethics of Christianity, as manifest in the lives of good people, are a testimony to Christ and a reflection of the great doctrines of the Gospel; but without Christ and his Gospel there would be nothing to reflect or testify to.—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

876. Christianity and National Greatness. Not long ago an intelligent Turk raised this question in the Turkish parliament: "Why is there always prosperity in America? Here we have wars and famines, conspiracies and revolutions. They have none of these things over there; why not?" None could answer.

A Japanese visitor to this country several years before this question was asked answered it in these words: "I am no Christian. I do not believe in your Bible nor in your religion. I am what you call a heathen. Yet to me it is perfectly plain that Christianity is the spring of America's prosperity."—*Record of Christian Work*.

877. Christianity a Plus Religion. Christianity is a plus religion. It fulfills the law, not in the letter, but in the spirit, in the sense that it does more than the law requires. It raises the question, "What do ye more than others?" The aim of the gospel is to enable men to do what in themselves they are not able to do. On the other hand, legalism, which historically is Pharisaism, is a straining to meet only the letter of the law. It weighs and measures everything and tips the balance on the small side. Exacting the last jot and tittle for itself it gives no more than the letter of the law requires. Christianity, being inspired by love, is a spontaneous outflow of good will in service and sacrifice, not in accordance with the letter of the law, but the spirit of the gospel. This is what Jesus meant when he said: "Go the other mile also," when that demand is made upon us by the government authorities.—JOHN R. NICHOLS, D.D.

878. Christianity and Social Life. There is no social life outside of Christendom.—WM. H. SEWARD.

879. Christianity that Commends Christ. I saw a good joke in the paper on a friend of mine, a brick-manufacturer and a very fleshy man. He had advertised for a boy. A boy appeared, and he was running over with questions.

"How much wages do you pay?" was the first question.

"Five dollars a week and board," was my friend's reply.

"What kind of board?" said the sharp applicant for a position.

"Well," said the corpulent and good-natured manufacturer, "I eat it."

"Give me the job," said the boy, with a smiling glance at his prospective employer.

Now this is a humorous story, but it has a point that we can see with our eyes shut. The brick-manufacturer was a good advertisement of the board that he gave his workmen. Now, if you and I should ask some one to become a Christian, would he look at the gospel's results in our lives, and say, "I want the job"?

In other words, do we look, speak, and act as if religion agreed with us and we agreed with religion? Are we a living recommendation of our spiritual fare? Are we a good recommendation for the gospel? Would other people long to be fed with our good, to think our thoughts, to speak our words, to dream our dreams and do our work?—G. W. TUTTLE.

880. Christianity's Credential. An old story tells that the Empress Helena went to the Holy Land to find the holy cross. Excavations were made, and three crosses were found; but how were they to know which was the true one? They took a corpse, and put it successively upon one and another, and as soon as it touched the Saviour's cross it started into life. Now we may test the divinity of Christianity in the same way. It makes dead men live.

881. Christianity Transforms. The Fiji Islander of to-day has lost, through years of Christian culture the old savage look. The Christianized Indian has a much pleasanter and more attractive face than the old warriors had. None of us would recognize ourselves in pictures of our old Briton and Saxon ancestors.

882. Christians. *See Christ, Confessing. See Witnesses.*

883. Christians, Finger-post. A great many Christians are like guide-boards; they point to Christ, but do not appear to be going toward him very fast themselves. On the contrary, their confession, unmatched by consecration, makes them appear to be pointing one way and living another. God spare us from being mere finger-post disciples, directing men in the straight and narrow way and yet standing in that way year after year, cold, passionless, and unmoved, never by a rugged self-denial giving any proof that we are going in that way ourselves.

884. Christians, Drifting, a Danger. The spring floods often carry great numbers of logs down the inland streams to the Chesapeake Bay. These logs become a source of danger to shipping. A steamer running into the end of one is liable to sustain serious damage. As these logs float with the tide they are carried back and forth over the same section until washed upon the shore by the waves.

While a source of great danger when drifting, they become valuable timber when caught and towed ashore, and many persons have made hundreds of dollars in a few days saving these dangerous drift logs.

885. Christians, Faulty. A proverb from India says: "A faulty diamond is more valuable than a perfect pebble." So in God's estimation believers, in spite of their faults, are more valuable than unbelieving moralists. Though this is true, let perfection be our ideal!

886. Christians, Fragrant. I visited a large hot-house once in which grew a great Acacia tree. I broke off a small twig and carried it home and put it in a vase. The next day I was surprised to find what great fragrance came from that small twig. Day after day it lasted and not until it had wholly withered and died and crumbled did the fragrance disappear. So much it reminded me of the really true Christian life that carries the fragrance with it from the vine of life until it is through with this life.

887. Christians, Half-way. Aunt Dinah described a young member of her church as having "Jes' enough 'lijion to make her misable—too much to be happy at a dance, an' too little to be happy in prair meetin'." Alas! the type is common—a troubled spirit that halts half-way, afraid to go back, and unwilling to go forward. There is no place in the borderland. The half-way Christian is a torment to himself and no benefit to others.—*Forward.*

888. Christians, How to Become. *See Christ, An Unseen.*

889. Christians, Illuminated. There is a fable of an old lantern in a shed, which began to boast it had heard its master say he didn't know what he would ever do without it. But the little candle within spoke up and said: "Yes, you'd be a great comfort if it wasn't for me! You are nothing; I'm the one that gives the light." We are nothing but Christ is everything, and what we want is to keep in communion with him and let Christ dwell in us richly and shine forth through us.—D. L. MOODY.

890. Christians, Jerky. A preacher down South once observed that he had three classes of members in his church, workers, shirkers and jerkers. Some pastors at the North, we presume, can say as much. We all know the jerker, the man who suddenly takes hold of work as though with the grip of a cable-car, but who only travels a few blocks before he lets go again. These jerky Christians are somewhat amusing and decidedly trying. They seem to be very willing to "take hold," but they have no gift of continuance. The Lord's work cannot well go by jerks. A steady pull,

and a strong pull, and a pull all together is the true way in which to make progress.

891. Christians, Jerky. At an automobile show some time ago a gentleman representing one of the prominent concerns told me there were machines on the market that were propelled by gunpowder. A series of explosions similar to those of a 22-caliber cartridge was the motive power. That auto propelled by gunpowder reminds me of some gunpowder Christians—they go by jerks. When you hear a little explosion you know they are doing something. Very often what you hear is merely sound and nothing more. They have a spark of oversensitiveness. When you touch that flinty spot, you are sure to get a spark, and that spark will make a report every time. Gunpowder Christians are apt to do a deal of damage, for they “go off” frequently at the inopportune time. They are always charged and need but a spark or a sudden concussion to set them off. These gunpowder Christians are quite strong and develop considerable activity at the moment of explosion, but after the energy is destroyed there is nothing but a black smoking shell.

892. Christians, Lacking Winsomeness. “There are some men,” says the author of *Middlemarch*, “whose celestial intimacies do not improve their domestic manners.”

893. Christians, Late-coming. There was once a horse that ran away in the morning and did not return till the evening. When the master upbraided him the horse replied, “But here am I returned, safe and sound. You have your horse.” “True,” answered the master, “but my field is unplowed.” If a man turns to God in old age, God has the man, but he has been defrauded of the man’s work. And the man himself has been defrauded worst of all.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

894. Christians, Living Epistles. When MacGregor’s boy was stolen during the war between the Scottish clans and made to exchange his clothes with a peasant boy, he revealed his identity even in peasant clothes, by the way in which he used the things of the palace. We are known by the way we appreciate and use our Christian privileges. Among our privileges is access to the face of Jesus Christ. If we avail ourselves of this privilege frequently, if we are often found studying this face in its different aspects, we indicate that we are born

from above and are the sons of God.—DAVID GREGG, D.D.

895. Christians Living Epistles. Rev. F. B. Meyer once said, “We (Christians) are either Bibles or libels.”

“You are writing a gospel,
A chapter each day,
By deeds that you do,
By words that you say.
Men read what you write,
Whether faithless or true.
Say! what is the gospel
According to YOU?”

The professed Christian is the only Bible the average American sinner will read, and the question is, What sort of doctrine or precept is he learning from your life? That unconverted neighbor of yours is reading a chapter from your thoughts every day, for “as a man thinketh, so is he”; what is your neighbor’s conclusion as to your thoughts by what he sees of you practically?

That person under your own roof, whether close relative or friendly visitor, is judging your life Scripture by the spirit you show and the words you speak. What is his verdict likely to be of yourself as a walking Bible?—H.

896. Christians, With Name to Live But Dead. Have you ever read “The Ancient Mariner”? I dare say you thought it one of the strangest imaginations ever put together, especially that part where the old mariner represents the corpses of all the dead men rising up to man the ship; dead men pulling the ropes, dead men steering, dead men spreading sails. I thought what a strange idea that was. But do you know that I have lived to see that time? I have seen it done. I have gone into churches, and I have seen a dead man in the pulpit, a dead man as deacon, and a dead man handling the plate, and dead men sitting to hear.—C. H. SPURGEON.

897. Christians Often Too Narrow. A great painter once asked the opinion of a fellow artist concerning a newly finished picture. “Wider!” was the sole reply. “Wider!” If the great majority of Christians would but carefully listen, they would be likely to hear a Voice which they ought to recognize saying unto them of their spiritual life what the artist said to his friend, “Wider! wider!”

898. Christians, Out-and-out. Some men are afraid of being too religious. What we need to-day is men who believe down deep in their soul what they

profess. The world is tired and sick of sham. Let your whole heart be given up to God's service. Aim high. God wants us all to be his ambassadors. It is a position higher than that of any monarch on earth to be a herald of the cross; but you must be filled with the Holy Ghost. A great many people are afraid to be filled with the Spirit of God—afraid of being called fanatics. Fox said that every Quaker ought to shake the country ten miles around. What does the Scripture say? "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." It takes about a thousand to chase one now. It takes about a thousand Christians to make one decent one now. Why? Because they are afraid of being too religious. What does this world want today? Men—men that are out and out for God and not half-hearted in their allegiance and service.—D. L. MOODY.

899. Christians, Second-mile. Going a little farther than one needs to—in the right direction—is the only way to make progress. Not to do better than is expected of us is to become mediocre. A New England railroad president gave this solid advice:

"Let every man in public or private business, whether he is working for himself or for another, a little more than fill the position he occupies. When he does that, and has established the fact that he can do a little more than fill the position, a wider one will open to him, and then he will have an opportunity to a little more than fill that, and he will go on and upward until he finally reaches the highest step in his profession or calling."

Character-building and spiritual growth demand the same rule. It is God's way toward us: "Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over."—*Sunday School Times*.

900. Christians, Stunted. "Several years ago," writes A. C. Gabelein, "we brought from Arizona a small cactus. It is a living plant, but it has revealed no growth whatever; it is just as small as it was when we dug it out of the sand. Yet it is not dead; life is there. This is the condition of many Christians. They are saved; they received life. But the life has not been developed; it is stunted. The chief reason of this sad condition is that the earthly things overshadow the unseen things. There is an undue reality in the passing things and no reality in the real things, the things not seen.

901. Christians, Stunted. I have a friend who recently returned from a stay of a number of months in Japan. I was very much impressed by what he told about some most remarkable trees he saw there. Some of these trees were hundreds of years old and yet not a hundred inches high. He said that the most remarkable collection he saw was in Count Okuma's garden, near Tokyo. Here were pine trees that started to grow in the seventeenth century and at the dawn of the twentieth century they were not too large to be carried in one hand, pot and all. Others, whose seed was planted about the time Columbus sailed for America, were already outstripped by saplings planted inside of two years' time. In another place he saw a grove of Lilliputian plum trees, gnarled and knotted and twisted by centuries of wind and weather, that were none of them too large to grace a dinner table, as they often did when in full bloom. "More marvelous still," said my friend, speaking of the diminutive size of the trees, "there were other little trees planted before most of us were born that were still thriving—it is too much to say growing—in a teacup, while still others had not outgrown a lady's thimble."

Dwarf trees. And how were they made dwarfs? Our friend tells us how: "They nip off the tree's roots, and pinch its limbs, and starve it with little soil, and let it go thirsty and dry, but at the same time keep the breath of life in it until it becomes the very travesty of a tree, a manikin vegetable with the wrinkled face of an old man on the legs of a little boy."

Dwarfed Christians! Is there not a needed lesson we can learn from this little curiosity tree of our Japanese neighbors? We wish dwarfed Christians were as rare and as much of a curiosity as the Japanese dwarfed trees are.—H.

902. Christians, Stunted. "Increase in the knowledge of God." "In" should be rendered "with," and then we have the true meaning, growing by means of the knowledge of God. It is the knowledge of God that makes us grow. Christians are dwarfs because they know so little of God. To think God's thoughts is to grow intellectually, and to know and love God's will is to grow spiritually. An old infant is a sad sight. For a child to be deprived of its growth is a great calamity. I saw such a pitiful object in a hospital, from four years of age there had been no growth for thirty-five years. It must be enough to make angels weep to see Christians many years old who are infants in

size, simply because they have not learned more of God.

903. Christians, Winsome. A dear, sunshiny old man, with whom I was long acquainted, loved a word that we rarely hear nowadays, "winsome Christians." Just divide that word, win-some. Winsome Christians are magnets that are always charged, lights that are always burning. They radiate hope and faith and good cheer to all with whom they come in contact. Young people do not need more sign-boards to point out the way to heaven; what they need is to company with winsome young people who are headed that way and who always keep their eyes upon the goal.—G. W. TUTTLE.

904. Christians Witnesses. Judge Rooney, of Chicago, fined a man \$100 and costs and sentenced him in the jail for 90 days for impersonating a doctor and practicing medicine without a license.

I wonder how many professing Christians, ministers and laymen, would be "hit" by a law fining those who pretended to be Christians and are not. "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead," was Christ's condemnation to the Church at Sardis. Are we leading or misleading people by our pretensions? Unless we repent we shall surely be judged and penalized for our hypocrisy. May we be worthy of our profession!

905. Christian Witnesses. Some tourists were visiting one of the great galleries in Europe, and as they looked at those wonderful, priceless masterpieces on the walls, one of them said somewhat contemptuously to his friend and in the hearing of the curator, "I do not think much of these pictures." The curator said, "Excuse me, sir, but it is not the pictures here which are on trial. It is the visitors."—REV. J. STUART HOLDEN, D.D.

906. Christians, Witnessing. It has been well said: "If Christ has really taken up his abode in a human heart, often he will be seen looking out of the windows!"—*China's Millions*.

907. Christians, and Worldliness. There is a kind of fish which resembles sea-grass. It hides itself in the midst of marine vegetation. Below is the head, looking like the bulb of the plant, and above is the body and the tail, looking like the blade of sea-grass. The ocean currents sway the fish and the grass alike, and so the little fish escapes being devoured by its enemies. It swims along, and one can hardly perceive where fish

leaves off and grass begins, so perfect is the disguise. Now there are a great many Christians whose lives are so blended with the world that they cannot easily be distinguished. They are swayed by worldly maxims and habits; they share with the world in its sinful pleasures. The difference between such Christians and worldlings is not apparent. If this is the kind of Christian life you are living, you need not be afraid of persecution; the world will not think it worth while to molest such a Christian as that. You will not know what it is to drink of the cup that Christ drank of, and to be baptized with the baptism that he was baptized with. But let a man come out into the open; let him engage in some aggressive Christian work; and he will meet the same opposition which was experienced by the One who said: "I came not to send peace, but a sword."—EDWARD JUDSON.

908. Christmas. See Advent. See Christ.

909. Christmas: For All People. There is a very cheering and hopeful thought connected with the advent story. It is in the promise that this good news is yet to reach all people. "And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

May there not be to us something at least suggestive in the fact that Christmas is celebrated on the twenty-fifth of December? It is the first day in the year when the days begin to lengthen. For three or four days before Christmas they are nearly at a standstill. But Christmas day is a trifle longer than the day that preceded it. From that time forward for months the days will grow longer and the nights shorter. The first Christmas morning said to the world's night:

"Henceforth you must decrease while the day shall increase."

From that time to this Christianity has been taking little by little, gradually, from the world's night and adding it to the world's day, and this is to continue until the darkness is all swallowed up in the universal shining of the glorious Sun of Righteousness. This blessed Christmas day is yet to dawn for "all people," all classes, all colors, all nations, all people—even unto the remotest parts of the earth. The world to-day is one year further away from the birth of Jesus, but—glad and happy thought!—it is one year nearer the final triumph and reign of Jesus. Then why not unitedly rejoice

in this gladsome Christmas-tide? For listen again to the angel message:

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—H.

910. Christmas: And the Babe of Bethlehem. Christ has elevated the ideals of mankind from the earthly to the heavenly, from selfishness to self-sacrifice, from sinfulness to holiness, from war to peace. He changed the date of the world's history, beginning a new reckoning of years. "B.C." and "A.D." have the preëminence over "In the beginning." He has put his stamp upon history, poetry, art, literature, reforms and civilizations for all the years of time and the cycles of eternity. Why such influence exerted by the Son of God? Because he was "God manifested in the flesh"; therefore great names were given him—the Prince of Peace, Immanuel, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Lord Jesus Christ, Saviour and Redeemer of Men, Conqueror and Intercessor." But none are sweeter than the Babe of Bethlehem and the Lamb of Calvary.

911. Christmas: Bethlehem's Babe and You. A Baby was born in Bethlehem many years ago. His parents were poor and he had no unusual advantages. He raised no army, he conquered no kingdom, he owned no real estate, and he had no bank account. Neither did he write books or paint pictures or compose music. He was mocked at by the great and died a criminal death. Yet this Man has revolutionized the civilized world. Multitudes have lived and died triumphantly by the power of faith in him and obedience to the doctrines he inculcated, and he has more followers in the world to-day than ever before. His maxims are acknowledged, even by those who reject his authority, to be the noblest and purest that ever have been uttered, and no man has been able to pick a flaw in his character. What will you do with Jesus who is called Christ?—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

912. Christmas Brings Joy. Christ is the great joy bringer. Isaiah foretold that in his government and dominion and victories as Immanuel he would wonderfully increase men's joy, and the total amount of joy in the world. That is one of the truths that may well be given emphasis at this Christmas season.

Rev. C. A. Parker, a missionary in

Vikarabad, India, says: "A few years ago, throughout this district, a Christian song could not be heard unless sung by a Christian worker, or some little children here and there, who had been taught. To-day, all along the roads the people are singing praises to God, and the old obscene songs are given up. The men are singing at the well; the women singing at the mill; the farmers singing in the fields. A few years ago you seldom heard people praying. To-day from thousands of hearts is going up the prayer: 'O Jesus Christ, have favor on me; remember me and save me from sin.' A few years ago, except in the homes of the workers, there was no family prayers. To-day, the family altar is being established all over the field. To-day our common greeting is: 'Are you happy?' And the answer is: 'All happy inside; Jesus is inside my heart.'"

"Joy to the world; the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King!"

—H.

913. Christmas Brings Light. We have read that near the North Pole, the night lasting for months and months, when the people expect the day is about to dawn, some messengers go up to the highest point to watch; and when they see the first streak of day they put on their brightest possible apparel, and embrace each other and cry, "Behold the sun!" and the cry goes around all the land, "Behold the sun!" The world was in darkness. Long centuries had the people lain in ignorance and in sin. The cry of Zacharias was the joyful one: "Behold the Sun! Behold the Sun of righteousness is rising with healing in his wings! The Day-spring from on high hath visited us!"

These words well express the purpose of Christ's coming. It was to give light. What the sun is in the material world that Christ is to us in the spiritual world. He is the author, the source of light. As the face of nature revives or withers according as the influence of the sun is increased or diminished, so the soul of man continues dead or is quickened according as the Sun of Righteousness withholds or imparts his invigorating rays. He hath visited our benighted world.

"The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin,
The light of the world is Jesus."

—H.

914. Christmas Brings Sunrise. A band of fugitives was crossing an eastern desert. The night was dark, but they determined to push on. Soon they lost their way, and had to spend the night in anxiety and fear. It seemed as if the night would never pass. But almost all at once the sun arose, bringing daylight and showing the way of safety. Not one of them ever forgot that sun-rising. So to the people of this world in their wanderings. They were lost—lost in the darkness of sin. But the Day-spring from on high hath visited us, hath arisen upon us, making plain the way of eternal safety. Christ is the Dawn; Christ is our Day-spring, and the purpose of his coming was to give us the light that would lead us to eternal bliss.

But what is the source of all this blessedness? It is "the tender mercy of our God." The original statement is, "The mercy of the heart of our God." This seems to mean not only tenderness, but much more. The mercy of the heart of God is, of course, the mercy of his great tenderness, the mercy of his infinite gentleness and consideration, the mercy of his very soul of love.

God shows his tender mercy that he deigns to visit us at all. His great visit to us is in the incarnation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The Proclamation of the Gospel to a nation or to any individual is a visit of God's mercy.

Our God shows his tender mercy in that he visits us with such wonderful and joyful results. Joy, peace, happiness, hope, heaven—these are all implied in the fact that the Day-spring from on high hath visited us. At this Advent season let us get into our hearts more of the blessedness we may have from the consciousness of the fact that the Day-spring hath visited us, that there is sunrise for our souls.—H.

915. Christmas: Christ-Centered. Christ is the center and source of a true, thorough-going Christmas. Unless we kneel at the manger and there greet a divine Lord, and unless we recognize that God came to earth in the person of the Child born in Bethlehem of old, we have no Christmas at all, but just the relics of an outworn social custom, attended by doubtful buying and giving of trinkets, most of which are more ornamental than useful.

The Christmas Christ is the world's Saviour. At this blessed Christmas season, dedicate yourselves anew to the

making known a world Saviour. We are told that in the city of Madras, India, there is a chapel on the wall of which there is the upper portion of a cross. On one transverse end of the cross there is a pierced hand, the skin of which is brown, after the color of the skin of the people of the East. On the other side of this section is another pierced hand, white, after the color of the skin of the people of the West. It is a glorious symbol of a world Christ.

The inscriptions on his cross were in the languages of the world. Let us, fellow Christian workers, at this Christmas time, consecrate ourselves anew to the whole world. He is the only Peace-bringer for men and nations.—H.

916. Christmas: The Coming of Christ Child. The coming of a child often transforms a family. The Christ Child transformed the family of God on earth. Civilization, education and Christianization, have followed his lead. The humanitarian, philanthropic, and religious institutions of this age are the result of the influence of Jesus the past nineteen centuries. His light will illuminate mankind as long as time and eternity endure. It is shining brighter and brighter as we near the perfect day of his triumph. More hearts welcome the coming of Christmas this year than ever before. More nations are in accord with the angel's proclamation of "Peace on earth, good will to men." More than ever before love rises above hate, truth above falsehood, right above wrong. There is more living for and thinking of others than ever before.—C.

917. Christmas: Or a Christless World. There is a strange old legend of a world that grew colorless in a single night. The clouds became lifeless, spongy vapors; the waves turned pale and motionless; the fire fled from the diamond, and light from every gem. The world turned into a sculptor's world, and all was animated stone. Those that dwelt upon it were saddened and bewildered at the change, and never ceased to mourn for the beautiful tints of flowers and grasses, and the vanished hues of the sunset clouds. All Nature was in mourning, and wore a leaden-colored robe. Nevermore should diamonds sparkle, nor rubies shine, nor dewdrops glisten in the morning light. Nevermore should there be a rainbow on the cloud, or a silver in the falling raindrops. The expanse of lake or ocean should nevermore reflect a blue heaven, nor the stars nor the sun.

The world had passed into eclipse,—into the shadow of death.

This old legend is a parable. It suggests to us a picture of the world without the Christmas Christ. What a dark, dead, dismal world this would be, what an awful world it would be if in that total eclipse of a Christless condition! What if there had been no Saviour?

We celebrate the day of Christ's birth—Christmas, the gladdest, brightest, happiest day of all the year; but will it not be all the happier if we prepare for it by at least for a little time thinking of what the world would be if there had been no Saviour? The bright scene will be all the brighter for having in the background this heavy, dark curtain of the thought of a Christless world.

Others have had this thought. Job had it. He saw man a sinner, and asked how it was possible for him to be justified before God. The apostle John had it, and said: "He that believeth not is condemned already." The writer of the epistle to the Romans had it, when he told of the awful sins of men, and added that God would render to every man according to his deeds. The apostle Paul had it when he told the Ephesian Christians, that before they had been quickened by Christ they were "dead in trespasses and in sin." A Christless world! If there had been no Saviour! No eclipse could be so dark as that.

It would mean a heathenish world. Read Pagan history.

It would mean a hopeless world. Christ put hope into the world. Christmas Day has well been called "The Birthday of Hope."

It would mean a paralyzed world, for where there is no hope there is no action.

It would mean a lost world. Lost! A lost world! If there had been no Saviour!

Are you ready to appreciate the Christmas message? The good news of the Gospel? Are you ready to yield yourself wholly, heartily, gladly to Christ and let him be your Saviour?—H.

918. Christmas: And Finding the Christ. It was difficult for the people of Judea, the shepherds and the Wise Men to realize on that holy night that those baby lips would speak Godlike words to all mankind; that those little hands would wield the scepter of righteousness over the kingdom of a universe. They could not know that the manger held the King of kings and Lord of lords. But millions have been finding out

these mighty truths every century since that sacred hour.

919. Christmas: The Creation of a Child. Christmas is glorious because it is the creation of a child. Man is not the architect of it. It was built in the first place by a baby and the glitter of it was simply the reflection of the light of a baby's eyes. The kings of the earth have often taken counsel together, but they have never conceived anything so beautiful as Christmas. For a marvel so stupendous God fell back upon a child. There was nothing in the world like Christmas till Jesus came. On the day of his birth God called the nations together and set a little child in their midst. From the beginning a full-grown man had stood in the center, but the circle gathered around him had never been joyous. Sometimes the central man had been a general and sometimes a king, occasionally he had been a scholar, and frequently a saint; but no matter who he was, the circle was not enchanted and the heart refused to sing. But as soon as a child was placed at the center humanity began to organize itself in unprecedented ways and to move forward along original lines. It began to sing a new song. The world had for ages been despondent and hopeless and no potentate or miracle-worker, however mighty, had been able to lift it out of its darkness. But when God took a child and set him in the midst, then was the world's mouth filled with laughter and all things became new. This is the difference then between the ancient world and the modern, the first had an adult at the center, the latter has a child. Out of the child-heart—and the child heart is the Christ heart—are coming the forces for the rebuilding of the world. The problem of existence is the task of keeping the child in us alive, the heart that wonders, trusts, and loves.—CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON, D.D.

920. Christmas: Christ Identified with Men. There is a suggestive, though feeble parallel, giving emphasis to this thought to be found in the annals of Christian missions. In the history of evangelical efforts for the salvation of souls there is the story of a missionary, a Moravian, who was sent out to the West India islands to preach the Gospel to the slaves. But he found that they were driven so hard, that they went forth so early and came back so late, and were so spent, that they could not hear. At night they came from their toil to gnaw

their crust and roll in upon their straw for heavy slumbers through their brief hours of repose. The bell and the whip brought them out again at dawn in the morning to go to the fields; so he saw that he could not reach them. It was the white man that oppressed them. He was a white man and they were black. There was no way to preach to them unless he could accompany them in their labor. So he went and sold himself to their master, who put him in the gang with them. For the privilege of going out with these slaves, and of making them feel that he loved them and would benefit them, he worked with them, suffered with them. While they worked he taught, and while they came back from work he taught, and so he won their ear, and the love of God sprang up in many of those darkened hearts. He bowed himself to their condition, and took upon him their bondage in order that he might show his love and sympathy toward them. Let us pause a little in our Christmas joys and think; only to deepen the very joys that we have. Have we not here in this incident the epitome of what Christ did: who, in order that he might mitigate our sufferings and rescue us from sin, its guilt, its power, its penalty, "took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross?" Surely, if there is any one fact more than another the Christmas bells ought to ring out to the world and into the hearts of men, it is this: "Salvation is possible to men."—H.

921. Christmas: Christ Identifies Himself with Our Peril. It is said that when Mrs. Booth, who even more than her husband was the life of the Salvation Army, was a little girl running along the road with hoop and stick, she saw a prisoner dragged away by a constable to the lockup. A mob was hooting at the unfortunate culprit, and his utter loneliness appealed at once to her heart; it seemed to her that he had not a friend in the world. Quick as thought she sprang to his side and marched down the street with him, determined that he should know that there was one soul that felt for him whether he suffered for his own fault or that of another.

Even so Jesus, who was the brightness of the Father's glory, condescended to come down to this world, not only to manifest the Father's love for us, but

also to identify himself with us in our suffering. He was touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and could not bear to see us suffer alone; and so he has come to give help to the helpless, comfort to the sorrowing, and peace to the penitent.—H.

922. Christmas: Christ Welcomed. A royal welcome did await him, though not by men.

Let us notice also the loving attitude in which God is revealed to us in the glad news of that first Christmas morn. The incarnation is simply a great object lesson of God's love. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." How prone we all are to think of God only as an almighty Ruler or Judge of mankind. But what could more touchingly and truly show us the infinite love that fills his bosom under the robes of awful majesty than the birth of the "Saviour which is Christ the Lord?" How it reveals the heart of God as our loving, heavenly Father. The incarnation of Christ proves that God wants to convert all enemies or neutrals into friends and allies. It proves that God is for us, that he is on the side of man in this eternal warfare against sin. In the incarnation of Christ, God declares that he is eager to reconcile man to himself. He throws aside his majesty; he opens the arms of his forgiveness. He shows his great Father-heart of love.—H.

923. Christmas: Christ Welcomed. On the twenty-sixth of October, 1825, there took place an event which deeply concerned the people of New York State and more or less the whole country. It was the completion of the Erie Canal. Cannon had been posted at intervals of ten or fifteen miles all the way from Buffalo to New York City. When the last workman stepped from the canal and it was declared finished, the cannon at the next station sounded, and the next and the next, until in just one hour and thirty minutes the cannon in New York were thundering amid the cheers of an exulting multitude.

Probably some remember when the birth of the Prince of Wales was announced and how throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire there was rejoicing. Here was the longed-for heir to the British throne, so on land and sea salutes were fired, flags were unfurled, and ringing bells declared the joyful news.

But in yonder hamlet of Bethlehem lies the heir to the throne of earth and

heaven! Upon his brow shall rest the crown of the universe! That infant hand shall hold the scepter before which all empires shall fall, until he shall "have dominion from sea to sea and from the river unto the ends of the earth." Yet the village sleeps all unconcerned. No royal salute echoes through its narrow street, nor wakes the surrounding hills. No ringing bells, or banners unfolded in his honor.

But bear in mind that he came not wholly unheralded. A royal salute did greet him. Shepherds on the plains are watching their sheep by night. Suddenly they are startled by a light above the brightness of the moon or stars. The heavens of the Orient gleam with unnatural splendor. Awe-stricken, they gaze on the mysterious scene. Hark! the leader of the angelic choir in solo chant breaks the silence:

"Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"

Then broke forth the waiting angelic host into exultant chorus:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

And up through the air of that bright Christmas dawn that song was carried until it reached the waiting angels and seraphs and saints before the throne of God, and all heaven resounded with the glad message: "Good will to men!"—H.

924. Christmas: Day-Spring. The joy of Christ's advent, the blessedness to the people is nobly set forth in the so-called Song of Zacharias in the first chapter of Luke. This joy, this blessedness, is set forth under the idea of the rising sun: "The Day-spring from on high hath visited us." The word "day-spring" is defined as "the dawn," "the beginning of day," or "the first appearance of the light." It is found quite frequently in the New Testament, but it is rendered by the word "East." It is much like our term "Orient," which really signifies the place of sunrise. "We have seen his star in the east" is a form of saying, "We have seen his star in the day-spring." Our version is very happy in the use of the syllable "spring." In the land of Palestine there is almost no such thing as twilight. The sun comes out from behind the hills quite abruptly and is all on hand at once for the ordinary day's work of flooding the world with light.

The worth of Christ to the world and the joy of his advent is frequently set forth in the Scriptures under the idea of the rising sun or a light in the world. In Numbers he is spoken of as the "Star of Jacob." In Isaiah it is prophetically said: "The people that have walked in darkness have seen a great light." In Malachi it is said: "The Sun of righteousness shall arise, with healing in his wings." Similar descriptions are given in the New Testament, by John the Baptist, who was sent to bear witness that "there was the true light"; by Christ himself, who said, "I am the light of the world"; by Peter, who spoke of the Day-star's arise in "our hearts," and in the Revelation, when Christ is spoken of as "the bright and morning star" and "the light" of the New Jerusalem. What intense joy is implied when it is said: "The Day-star from on high hath visited us!"—H.

925. Christmas: A Giving. Christmas should be a great time for giving—giving of our means for missions—for the world's salvation. We must give or die. Only by giving do we live.

Some one tells the story of an artist who was once asked to paint a picture of a decaying church. To the astonishment of many, instead of putting on the canvas an old, tottering ruin, the artist painted a stately edifice of modern grandeur. Through the open portals could be seen the richly-carved pulpit, the magnificent organ and the beautiful stained-glass windows. Within the grand entrance was an offering plate of elaborate design for the offering of fashionable worshippers. But—and here the artist's idea of a decaying church was made known—right above the offering plate there hung a square box bearing the legend, "For Foreign Missions," and right over the slot through which contributions ought to have gone he had painted a huge cobweb!—H.

926. Christmas Giving. Give of your means. But, all-important, do not forget to give yourself.

A story is told of an Indian man, to whom the Gospel was given—the message of the love of Christ for us. As he listened, his heart was touched, and he said, "I must give Jesus something. I will give him my dog." This was much for a poor Indian hunter to give. His dog was his companion and helper on the hunt, and he loved him. Because he loved him, and because of his helpfulness, he placed a high value upon him.

And this possession, worth so much, he wanted to give to Jesus.

He listened more about the wonderful love of the more wonderful Saviour, and he said, "I must give him my gun." The gun meant his living; but he was willing to give it to the One who had given so much for him.

A little while passed, and he said, "I give Jesus myself." Now the Indian had reached the place where God wanted him—the condition of mind and heart in which he was ready to give all, even self, to the Son of God. Have we reached this place?—H.

927. Christmas: Gives Christ. On a wager, a man once stood on London Bridge for a whole day trying to give away golden sovereigns, and only two persons would accept them. Equally foolish is the world in refusing the greatest of all gifts, God's Christmas gift, which he offers to all.

"'Tis not enough that Christ was born
Beneath the star that shone,
And earth was set that blessed morn
Within a golden zone.
He must be born within the heart
Before he finds his throne,
And brings the day of love and good—
The reign of Christlike brotherhood."

928. Christmas: God Made Visible in. God is invisible. No human eyes have seen him. It is not meant to deny that men have seen manifestations of God, as when he appeared to Moses or to the prophets. But it is certain that no man has seen the essence of God, or has fully known him. God is made visible in Christ. We know him most perfectly through Christ.

Suppose some Eastern king were to send us a picture painted by himself, we should know something of him—of his knowledge, skill, and love of beauty. But if he were to send a long, delightfully written, kind letter, we should know him better. And if he should send upon a visit to us his son, very much like himself, we should know him best. In all three of these ways God has revealed himself to us. The world is a great picture painted by God. Or, to change the figure, suppose you visit a great factory and see order everywhere. It shows that the man who planned and built and arranged such a place had an orderly mind. So in the universe God has made, there is order, and wisdom, and power, and beauty, and goodness manifested as well,

and all telling us of God and revealing him to us. Then, too, the Bible is a letter from God, a long and loving letter to us revealing his very heart, how he thinks of us and what he would have us to be and to do. This is a very much fuller revelation than Nature can make. But Jesus Christ is God's Son, and if we want to know most perfectly what God is like, we must study Jesus. It was to give us this inestimable opportunity that God sent him into the world nearly two thousand years ago, and it is this blessed fact which each recurring Advent season should recall to all hearts and minds.—H.

929. Christmas: God Seeking the Lost. Think of the helpful meaning of the message of a Saviour born. Why did he come; and why in such lowly form? The fact that we need a Saviour implies our being lost. "The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin." "The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost." You know how our sympathies are always aroused when we see anything that is lost. You are walking along the street in one of our great cities. Night is coming on. All at once you come upon a group of people gathered about a little child. You ask what is the matter; and you are told in very tender tones: "A lost child!" Can you imagine any words more pathetic? And how your heart beats with sympathy! You walk down one of the streets in your own fair city or village, and you see a man you know well. You once associated with him in business or in society. But how sad it makes you to see him now! You say to yourself: "He is all covered with the marks of intemperance and sin; he is almost gone to the lowest depths." And then you think of his blasted home, of his saddened, suffering wife and children, and you say: "God pity them." God pity him! A lost man! But do you realize it, that without a Saviour we are all lost? "There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." But here we have the good news, good news for every one: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Christ has come. What for? To save you. He has come to seek and to save that which was lost—to redeem a lost world.

But why did he come in such lowly form? We answer: just because he found it necessary to identify himself

with us in order to do his saving work.—H.

930. Christmas: The Healing. The Christmas Christ is the world's Healer—the Great Physician. A celebrated physician who always entered a sick room with a smile upon his lips, was asked how he could be living among so many terrible diseases and yet not be overwhelmed by them. He replied: "I always look upon disease from a curative standpoint." The heart of Christ would have broken long before he reached the cross had he not looked upon sinning humanity from the "curative standpoint." If we would have his joy in us let us take his view. Let us in his name be physicians too. I am glad the Churches minister to the physical needs of men and women and children, as well as to their spiritual needs. Let us look upon all the ill and weak and the sin-sick, too, from the curative standpoint.—H.

931. Christmas: Honors Christ. A Roman Emperor was passing through the streets of Rome in a triumphal procession, surrounded by attendants and soldiers. A child came out of the crowd and ran toward him. The soldiers cried, "Go back, child! go back! he is your Emperor!" But the child replied, "He is your Emperor, but he is my Father!" In the kingdom of God, Christ is not only our Prince of Peace, but also our Everlasting Father.

It would be difficult to think of Christmas without Christ, and yet it is to be feared that in actual practice many are degrading the festival into a mere money making over a conventional custom, rather than celebrating it as the recognition of the wonderful spiritual joy of the Advent. For the accessories of the Christmas celebrations we have been going back to European origins, while in the holiday manners of many people there is about as much Christmas sentiment and sacredness as there was in the rites of a Roman augur or an old-time Druid.—H.

932. Christmas: Why Holly Has Red Berries. Do you know why the holly has red berries? A long time ago, so the story goes, the trees heard a rumor that if a king should walk in their shade the first tree that should recognize him would become more beautiful than all the others. Now it happened that outside the little town of Nazareth there grew a forest of big cedars, firs, and oaks, and among them one little holly tree. One day a boy came out of the town and walked

through the forest. Each of the big trees thought, "He is looking at me"; but the little holly tree as it watched him forgot about itself. Many times the boy walked in the forest until the big trees became so accustomed to him that they gave him no attention. But the holly tree still watched him and said to itself, "Surely if a king were to come he would not be so beautiful as this boy. He is always kind; the birds and the animals are not afraid of him. I wish he were my king; I should like to obey him."

After a time the little boy no longer went to the forest. The holly tree missed him very much; but it thought about him and tried to be like him and to do the things it believed he would want it to do. It was kind to the birds and the animals. It spread its branches so that the birds could build their nests in them. It made little houses down among its roots for the small animals. The other trees thought it was not worth noticing, but it kept sweet-tempered and did not quarrel with them.

The little boy grew to be a man and traveled about the country, telling people about God and how men might please God by loving one another. But one day wicked men took him and put a robe on him such as kings wear, and made a crown of thorny twigs and placed it on his head. Then they nailed him to a cross and over his head was placed a sign which read, "The King."

A wonderful change now came to the little holly tree growing just outside of Nazareth. Between its dark green leaves little red berries began to grow until it was arrayed in a royal robe of scarlet, because, you see, it was the first of the trees to recognize the King.

Yes, it was Jesus, King of heaven and earth. To recognize him as King, to desire to obey him and be like him, is to become beautiful—beautiful in character. It means to be arrayed like him in a robe of righteousness. Amid the hurry and the excitement, the gift-making and the gift-receiving, the good-will and the joy of the Christmas season, shall we not take time to think that it is the birthday of our King?

But one day's loyalty to the King cannot keep the heart warm and the life true for the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days. The loyalty to Christmas, its love and good-will, must overflow into the rest of the year. The first Christmas carol, sung by the angels that

night outside of Bethlehem, must re-echo throughout the year.

933. Christmas Legend. Ever since that first Christmas Eve the cock has crowed all night long on the anniversary to keep away evil spirits; for the cock is a holy bird and a knowing one. There is a pleasant tale of him and Saint Stephen, the first martyr, whose day is December 26, close by his dear Lord's.

Saint Stephen was King Herod's steward, it seems, who served him in the kitchen and at table. One night, as he was bringing in the boar's head for his master's dinner, he saw the Star shining over Bethlehem. Immediately he set down the huge platter and exclaimed:

"No longer, Herod, will I be thy servant, for a greater King than thou is born."

"What aileth thee?" cried the king wrathfully. "Do you lack meat or drink that you would desert my service for another's?"

"Nay," answered Stephen, "I lack neither meat nor drink. But the Child that is born this night is greater than all of us; and him only will I serve."

"That is as true," quoth Herod, smiting the table with his fist, "as that this roast cock on the platter shall crow before us."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the cock stretched his neck and crowed lustily, "Christus natus est!" At this proof that Stephen's words were true, Herod was so angry that he made his soldiers take Stephen outside the walls of Jerusalem and stone him to death. And this is the reason why, unto this day, Saint Stephen is the patron of stone-cutters.

934. Christmas: Light-Bringing. Christmas celebrates the coming of light into the world. As in some paintings representing Christ during childhood all the light streams from him so all the joy of life and all the blessings of love, divine or human, center about his coming and scattering the world's darkness.

935. Christmas: Make Room for Christ. There was not much room for Jesus when he came—only a manger. The inn was too crowded and exclusive. Herod's palace had no room for him, Herod's soldiers hunted him, synagogues closed their doors against him, society found no place for him, officialism frowned upon him. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." He had no place to lay his head in the world he had created. His earthly pos-

sessions consisted of a borrowed cradle, a borrowed home at Bethany, borrowed money from the fish's mouth, and a borrowed grave. But he who "became poor that we might be rich," knew that the cattle of a thousand hills, the riches of a thousand mines, and the treasures of a thousand worlds were all his own. He knew that myriads on earth and in glory loved, worshiped and adored him as "God over all, and blessed forevermore!"

How strange that there are other millions who will not invite the great Guest to the delights of this Christmas occasion! They realize that sinful pleasure has no room for him; dishonest business shuns him; evil hearts bar the door against him, and polite society excludes him. The homes of the ungodly rich and the haunts of vice have a horror of meeting the Christ. What an hour that will be when the rejecters of the Son of God realize that the Judge of all the earth will make no room for them in the innumerable company of the redeemed; no room anywhere in his realms of everlasting bliss; while those who made room for Jesus here will find room in his "Father's house" of "many mansions!"—REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

936. Christmas Manger. "And laid him in a manger." Can you hear, do you wish to hear the message of these seemingly incidental words? Every word of the Christmas story is precious beyond compare. "Laid him in a manger!" Several years ago one of the daily papers printed a story called "The Mightiness of the Manger." It told of a drunkard who had been the town ne'er-do-well. Once he had slept in lodging-houses; later on the floor of a saloon—until he was kicked out. One night he slept under the station platform, but the agent threw stones at him. One morning he awoke in a strange bed, warm and soft. At first he could not tell where he was. But when the cow by his side stirred, he realized that he was in a stable. He laughed grimly, then thought of breakfast. In his mind he went over the list of men who might be persuaded to help him to a meal. "No, I can't ask any of them; they'll say I've fallen too low for them," he thought. While still wondering what to do, he heard the bells ringing. After a moment of perplexity he realized that it was Christmas Day. What was the story he had heard so long ago? Something about a baby—and shepherds—yes, and a manger! Then

he was not the first one who had lain in a manger! He would go to Him for help! "Mebbe he was thinking about me when he done it," he thought. "I guess the reason he slept in that manger was that he wanted to fix it so that a poor fellow like me could ask him for things when too low down to ask them from any one else." Then the outcast knelt and prayed the prayer of the publican. Oh, blessed message of the manger!—H.

937. Christmas: Message of. Christmas is a day of joy, but joy should not be allowed to die out of our lives next morning. It should stay with us ever after. We should sing the Christmas songs all the new year. We should carry the peace of God in our hearts continually thereafter. We should learn from this time to find the beauty and the good in all things, and to show the world that we believe what we say we believe—that since God loves us and Jesus Christ is our Friend, "all's well with the world."—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

938. Christmas: Message Personal. And forget not that their message is a personal message. It is a message to sinners lost and needy. We know who is meant when the bells ring.

A mother took her little daughter to church, and listened while the minister preached a very earnest sermon against sin, trying to bring the subject home to the hearts of his hearers. The little girl listened with wide-open eyes, and suddenly turning to her mother, in great distress, she whispered, "Mamma, he means us!" Unto us, to you, to me—is born a Saviour. It means us. It means me. It means you. That is the good news of the Christmas bells.

When Tennyson was a young man, he wrote from Marblethorpe: "I am housed at Mr. Wildman's, an old friend of mine in these parts; he and his wife are two perfectly honest Methodists. When I came I asked her after news, and she replied, 'Why, Mr. Tennyson, there's only one piece of news that I know; that Christ died for all men' (Rom. 5: 15). And I said to her, 'That is old news and good news, and new news,' wherewith the good woman seemed satisfied."

Old news, good news, new news—how important it is to you and to me.—H.

939. Christmas Music. Christ's entrance into this world was heralded by heavenly music. On his return to the City of God, all Heaven resounded with welcoming praises and thanksgivings, as the gates of Heaven swung wide for her

King. So may our Christmas carols proclaim our welcome of the Saviour, as we enjoy the delight of this Christmas-tide. We will not sing of the Light of Asia, or the Light of Philosophy, or the Light of the Human Intellect, but of him, who said, "Let there be light, and there was light," of him who is the Light of life and immortality.

"The angels sang in the silent night,
While the shepherds watched and the
heavens were bright;
And though years like a river have
flowed along,
Yet we are singing the angels' song;
'Peace upon earth, and good will to men,'
And 'glory to God' we are singing still."
—H.

940. Christmas: Object-Lesson of God's Love. Christ is the Christmas giver. Many of the richest and sweetest joys human hearts can experience were born into the world when Christ was born. Let us name a few from among the many.

One is the joy of knowing the nature of God. Christ was Immanuel—God with us; so near that we could see and understand and know him. Before the coming of Christ men's ideas of God were hazy and indistinct, sometimes even crude. In a true sense

"Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love divine,
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign."

The incarnation is simply a great object-lesson of God's love. He loved before, but the incarnation taught men that he loved and how much he loved.—H.

941. Christmas and Peace. When all nations know and love Christ there will be no more war. As people and nations learn more about him they do not want war.

An old cannon was brought back from a war and set up in a park. After a while grass grew under it and a flowering vine climbed over it, until it was partly covered with green leaves. Some birds were hunting a safe place for a nest. One rested on the cannon and spied the quiet hole inside. He called his mate, and they decided to build there. They carried straw, string, hair and feathers, and made the dearest nest. Nobody found it, until one day a man rested on a bench near by and noticed two birds

flying in and out of the cannon's mouth. He went near enough to see the nest and hear the chirping of young birds calling for more food. He said to himself, "How much better for the old cannon to be covered with vines and flowers as a safe home for birds than to be firing balls to kill people."

Do you recall, the Prophet Micah said such things would happen, when there should be no more war? They shall change their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, or knives to prune the vines and trees. Nobody shall be afraid, but the people shall live under their own vines and fig-trees, and they shall walk in the way of the Lord forever.—H.

942. Christmas and the Poor. The Christmas Christ is the Friend of the lowly. The Advent was the day of the poor. Joseph was poor. Mary was poor, and their house was a stable. The shepherds were poor, and the fold and the fields were the limits of their life. The Son of God became poor, his cradle was a manger, and throughout his life he had no where to lay his head. He declared that we would always have the poor, and when we will we may do them good. To clothe them, to feed them, to heal them, to visit them, is to clothe and feed and heal and visit him. The record of this will appear in the final account. The Christmas season is the season of the poor, and the day will be brighter and better to all for having served them, and to them for having served one another. No season in the world's history gives better opening for this Christmas grace than the present one.

943. Christmas Reveals God. It is related of a wise Eastern ruler that when he died he left word to his people that his son would be their king, and though they had never seen his face, they would judge of his government by his acts. The people promised obedience. The influence of the new ruler was wise and kind, and, like the beams of the sun, it streamed out of the royal palace, bringing joy to every subject. The people marveled and said, "We see him not; how does he understand us so well?" They came to the palace gates and said, "Let the king suffer us to see his face." The king came forth to them in his royal robes, and when they saw him they rejoiced and said, "We know thy face." He had walked so often with them as their friend, showing love and kindness to all, that when they saw him in the

palace, his kingly robes did not disguise him. They knew him.

This is our Christmas day thought; for this is what Christmas really means. In the incarnation our King comes to the palace gate and lets us see his face. "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." God was in the world before, ruling in love and wisdom. We did not recognize or know him; but we felt his power and received of his grace. He was among us, as we might say, incognito. He was with us all the while ruling and defending us, conquering all his and our enemies—our loving, wise and ever-mindful King. But in the incarnation of Christ he revealed himself; he made himself visible to us; he permitted us to realize who the one that had been our benefactor really was, and something of the depth of the love he felt. At this glad Christmas season may we see our King at his palace gate! —H.

944. Christmas Reveals God's Love. Homer has described the parting of the warrior Hector from his family. He is standing outside the city walls ready to depart on what proved to be his last campaign. His wife and child, accompanied by the nurse, come out to say good-by. The father puts out his arms to take his little boy and to kiss him. But when the baby sees the shining helmet flashing in the sun, and the wild plume waving in the wind, he cries out with fear. The warrior then takes off and lays aside his helmet, and again puts out his hands for his child; and at once the little one recognizing, with a bound and a laugh, springs into his father's arms. God, the almighty Jehovah, the Judge and avenger of sin may seem to us an object of fear. When he displays the threatenings of his law and the greatness of his power, we may shrink in terror. But in Christ he has laid aside his majesty; in Christ he stretches out his loving, Fatherly arms to reconcile and draw us to himself. If there is any one truth more than another which the Christmas bells ought to ring out to the world and ring into our hearts, it is this: "God is love! God is love! God is love!" The burden of the angel song announcing the Saviour's birth was "Good will toward men." The Gospel itself means, "Good news to men."—H.

945. Christmas Says God Is Love. "Glory to God in the highest, and on

earth peace, good will toward men." The last clause of the angel anthem was "Good will toward men." It was an announcement that the coming of Christ was a manifestation of God's good-will toward us, an expression of his infinite love. There is in mediæval literature a legend of an infidel knight who in the wildness of his heaven-defying unbelief determined to test the reality and power of the God whose existence he denied. He will experiment to see whether there is a God! Going out into the field full armed for combat, he cast his glove upon the ground—after the fashion of his day, when one challenged another to fight—and, looking up into the heavens, cried out: "God, if there be a God, I defy Thee here and now to mortal combat. If Thou indeed art, put forth thy power, of which thy pretended priests make such boast." Waiting for an answer to his challenge, and still looking up, he saw a piece of parchment flutter in the air above his head. It fell at his feet. He picked it up and found inscribed upon it these words, "God is love." Overcome by this unexpected response to his challenge, he broke his sword, and, kneeling upon the fragments, consecrated himself to the service of the God whom he had just defied.

There was a message wafted from the skies the first Christmas night, and it was this very message: "God is love." And this is the message that has had and is yet to have such a mighty influence in the world. "God is love!" Reading these words, many a heaven-defying sinner has broken the sword of his rebellion and yielded heart and life to the One who sent the message; and a multitude whom no man can number out of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues will yet yield to it and come to serve the God who is the giver of the Christmas joy.—H.

946. Christmas: Spirit of. A miser must have a wretched time at Christmas, for Christmas is preëminently a time of generosity. God set the example when he gave his own Son; the wise men followed it, when they gave their gold to the Christ-child; and in proportion to our share of the Christmas spirit, we are walking in their footsteps to-day.—REV. J. T. FARRIS, D.D.

947. Christmas: Spirit of. In "Little Women" there is a story by Louisa Alcott out of the experience of her own early days. The four children who are her heroines, knowing of a neighbor in

need, go in a little procession and carry her their breakfast. Another incident may be recalled. It may not have been precisely Christmas-tide, but it was winter and the weather was bitterly cold. The stock of wood was low, and night had fallen when there came a knock at the door. A shivering child stood there, saying that her mother had no wood, that the baby was sick and the father gone on a spree. She begged for a little wood. "Divide our stock with her," said Mr. Alcott, "and we will trust in Providence. The weather will moderate or wood will come." No wonder that the children trained in the Alcott household grew up heedless of privation and generous to those whose need was great. This is the true Christmas spirit. If our Christmas-tide is pervaded by real unselfishness we shall manifest to every one the love that Christ brought to the world.

948. Christmas: Spirit of. And this Christmas spirit can be shown in very little things. I read the other day of some one who saw a little lame dog trying to climb up the curbstone from the street to the pavement. The poor creature could not quite reach the top; he would always fall back. A hundred people passed by and watched the dog, laughed at his efforts and failures, and went on their way. No one offered to help him. Then a workingman came by, saw the dog, and pitied him; and, getting down on his knees beside the curb, he lifted the little creature up to the sidewalk, and then went on.

That is what Jesus would have done if he had been there that day. Love is shown quite as unmistakably in the way a man treats a dog as in the spirit he shows toward his own fellows.

It is part of the lesson Christmas teaches us, to learn infinite patience with the faults of others and in enduring hurts and wrongs. There are trees which when struck and bruised bleed fragrant balsam. So should it be with us with unkindness; if we bleed, we should bleed love, not bitterness. That is the way to manifest the true Christmas spirit.—H.

949. Christmas and Song. The Christmas Christ was heralded by a song. The time is a time of joy. Let us sing. When Richard the Lion-hearted, one of the famous old-time British kings, lay in prison in a foreign land, his favorite minstrel traveled all over the country looking for his master, and everywhere

he sang the king's favorite song, knowing that if the king heard it he would respond. At length the minstrel came to the castle where the king was imprisoned, and sang there. The king heard the song, and took up the melody, and the minstrel knew that his master was there. He carried a message in song. The greatest message that ever came to earth came in song,—the angels' song. Men heard it, and they responded in faith, believing that deliverance from above had come to this sin-sick world. Let us sing, and rejoice, and shout. The world is war-torn. But the world is not forsaken. The world has a Saviour. Joy to the world, the Lord has come! Tell it. Sing it. Shout it. Keep on telling and singing and shouting till the whole world hears. For the message of the Christmas Christ makes known the possibilities of the world's redemption.—H.

950. Christmas Star. A star is the universal symbol of beauty and glory. For uncounted centuries it has been emblematic of the greatest heights of achievement and ideal to which men aspire. "Star of Hope," "Star of Empire," "Star of Freedom"—these are the superlative phrases by which we express our faith, our triumphs, our visions. Whatever is not to be surpassed in beauty and achievement, that we symbolize by a star.

In the hearts of Americans during the great war one star was set above all others. It was the service star in the windows of millions of American homes; the star which told all who passed by that a son of that house had been fighting for the world's star of freedom.

A service star in the window of a house that gave a son! A simple, familiar thing, but as we gazed upon it there rose many a vision. We saw a flag of many, many stars flying in glory! We saw men struggling on a bloody field! We saw mothers kneeling in prayer! We saw above and far beyond, democracy established in all nations, the brotherhood of man a reality, the world illumined and renewed! But clearest of all, behind that star we saw a son and a mother!

Long ago, in the sunrise of Christian history, there was another house of the star, a lowly house. And above the house hung a star of glory and portent. Beneath that star there was a mother and a Son. Then, as later, the star marked a house whose Son offered his life for the life and liberty of the world.

The Christmas star is God's service star. We have need to remember—to behold, to follow, to worship; for of all the starry beacons that ever shone out as a promise to mankind, the fairest and sweetest and most significant was this one, "brightest and best of the sons of the morning," the Star of Bethlehem.—H.

951. Christmas Star God's Service Star. One night during the time of the great war a little boy walked along the street, holding his father's hand. The night was clear, one of those nights when "the moon doth with delight look round her when the heavens are bare." No, not quite bare, for one clear star was shining. "Father," said the little fellow, squeezing his father's hand, "God has hung out his service flag, too, hasn't he? He must have a Son in the war!"

In one form or another this little incident has had wide currency. It expresses only the fancy of a child, and yet it brings the fact that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Thank God, at this blessed Christmas season, peace has come. Fathers gave their sons. The war is won because they did. But do we realize it fully, God has a Son in the war for righteousness? When you look up into the blue field of the Christmas sky whisper that truth to your own heart, "God so loved that he gave." The Christmas star is God's service star.—H.

952. Christmas Stops War. It is Christ in the heart that puts Christmas in the air. This can not be a Christmas world if made up of un-Christmasy people. Christmasy people are people of peace and good will. "Peace on earth." The Christmas Christ is the world's peace-bringer. A little babe can bring peace.

A day was dawning on a battlefield in Northern France, through a fog so thick that no one could see more than a few yards from the trenches. In the night the Germans had drawn back their lines a little and the French had gone forward, but between the two positions a lonely farmhouse was still standing. As the sun rose, heavy guns began to boom. But suddenly on both sides the firing ceased and there fell a strange, dead stillness. Midway between the trenches, near the shattered farmhouse, there was—no, it must be impossible! But it was not, for there in the green meadow,

crawling on its hands and knees, was a little baby. It appeared perfectly happy and contented, and the baby's laugh was heard as it clutched a dandelion. Not a shot was fired; scarcely did a soldier on either side dare breathe. This spot which had been an inferno of shot and shell was now something like a peaceful island or a cool, friendly oasis in a desert. Suddenly a soldier jumped out of a trench and ran to where the child was crawling. He tenderly took it up and carried it back to shelter. No shots came from the trenches, but along both lines there rang out a mighty cheer. The coming of a little babe had brought peace, just as nearly two thousand years ago, when the Prince of Peace was born on that Christmas morning. He brought peace and good will to men.—H.

953. Christmas Story. One day a beautiful young woman named Mary was alone when God's angel messenger appeared and told a most wonderful secret: "The Lord is with thee, and thou art blessed among women, for God has chosen thee to be the mother of God's child, and thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and the Lord shall give him the throne of his father David. Of his kingdom there shall be no end." Mary was surprised to be so honored and sang a wonderful psalm of thanksgiving.

God's promise came true while Mary and Joseph were in Bethlehem, the city of David.

"Just a little baby,
Jesus was his name,
Bringing joy and gladness
When from heaven he came.

"Angels brought the message
Of the baby's birth,
Said he was the Saviour,
Sent to all the earth."

954. Christmas: The Way Out. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. 1: 21.

A Chinese tailor put his idea of the religions he knew and had tried in this simple, vivid way: "A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its miry bottom, groaning and utterly unable to move. A man passed by close enough to see his plight, but with stately tread walked on without volunteering to help. That is Mohammedanism. Confucius walking by approached the edge of the

pit, and said, 'Poor fellow! I am sorry for you. Why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice: If ever you get out, don't get in again.' 'I can't get out,' said the man. That is Confucianism. A Buddhist priest next came by and said, 'Poor fellow! I am very much pained to see you there. I think if you could scramble two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and help you up the rest.' But the man in the pit was entirely helpless, unable to rise. That is Buddhism. Next the Saviour came by, and hearing his cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up, and said, 'Go, sin no more.' This is Christianity."—S. D. GORDON.

955. Christmas: Wedding to Christ. The Star of Bethlehem burst into sunrise on that holy night; it was the dawn of peace, emancipation and redemption—the unsetting sun, whose morning is not yet gone, whose noonday may be a thousand years away, when Christ will receive all millions at his feet. The world to-day is reëchoing the cry, "Where is he that is born?" "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" The Master replies: "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?" Ah, "there standeth One among you whom ye know not." To know him is to love him. The wide world knows the historic Christ, but to have him born in the Bethlehem of your heart, you must believe in him, and follow him. May this Christmas-tide witness the festivity of the wedding of your soul with the Christ! Then will it be true that "a little child shall lead them"; and if the Holy Child Jesus shall lead us away from sin and self and sorrow, it may be your own little child will meet you at the heavenly gate, and lead you up to him.—REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

956. Christmas: Welcome the Christ. A good guest is not welcome among bad folks—especially a childlike guest. Wickedness doesn't like any interference. It wants to be let alone, and to have its own way. And wickedness hates to have goodness standing in its way. Haven't you seen the disgusted look on the faces of the "bunch" when up to mischief, and a boy joins them who they know will not do what they are planning? How the world draws back from Christ when the world sees how its life must be changed if it would walk with him! But notice how eagerly he is welcomed,

sought for, lived for, died for, by those who would find him to worship him! Two classes,—those who will not have him, and those who cannot rest until they find rest at his feet. It was that kind of world—our world—to which the Christ-child came. It is the same world now, of those who are either Herods or Wise men at heart. Of course there are those, too, who don't seem to care. But the Christ-child, the God-man, Christ Jesus, the ever-living Son of God, is not one of whom you have scarcely heard. You know who he is, and how he may be found. Will you let him be your Christ, now, and follow him?—P. E. HOWARD.

957. Christmas and That Wistful

Look. The wistful look that I find on the faces of some folks about Christmas time subdues me to a proper perspective of life. I am inclined to forget at Christmas time that there is anything in all this big old world but happiness. I see a light in the eyes of mine own child, and a cheer on mine own hearth, and a pressure of love in the hands of folks that clasp mine in friendship, and it all overwhelms me and makes me forget there are others in the world less fortunate than I. This feeling is not good for me. I find myself getting selfish and forgetting what Christmas is for. Then, in order to balance my life and my pleasures I go out on the street and hunt up folks at Christmas time who have that wistful look in their eyes; that look which haunts one for months after, which grips one's heart and squeezes tears out of it; that look which tells a hundred stories without a spoken word. And the looks of these wistful people at Christmas etch themselves on my heart so that the impression abides forever.—REV. W. L. STIDGER.

958. Christmas: When It Comes.

Have you any old grudge you'd like to pay,

Any wrong laid up from a bygone day?
Gather them all now, and lay them away
When Christmas comes.

Hard thoughts are heavy to carry, my friend,

And life is short from beginning to end;
Be kind to yourself, leave nothing to mend

When Christmas comes.

—WILLIAM LYTLE.

959. Christmas: Wise Men from the East.

The wonderful, mystical Wise Men three,

Crossed the deserts and skirted the sea,
Led by a Star where a Babe would be!

The heralding Star of a King new born!
Swiftly they follow, though weary and worn,
Called to witness the first Christmas morn.

Knowing not God, yet they follow His Star;
Alien in race, they His witnesses are;
Owning His message sent from afar.

Bethlehem manger and Christ-child Divine!
The Star stands above as the heavenly Sign;
They offer their gifts at the lowly shrine.

O mystical, wonderful Wise Men three!
The Christmas-tide glory was thine to see
Following the Star where the Babe should be.

—S. B. TETTERINGTON.

960. Christmas Without Christ.

Every Christmas festivity is a celebration of the anniversary of the day when the Father gave his only Son as the "unspeakable gift" of divinity to humanity. Oh, that every nation, every home and every heart might open their doors, that the Christ may be at the feast! Can it be that some will have a Christmas without the Christ? As well have a cross without a Saviour, a manger cradle without a Babe, a hope without a heaven, a soul without salvation!

961. Christmas: Its Wonderful Love

Purpose. Remembering that Christ was born in a manger, and a little helpless human infant, we think we hear some one asking, "But why did the Saviour come in such lowly form?" Everybody likes stories, so we will just tell one to make our answer plain.

When the King of Greece came over to this country, some years ago, one of his attendants had with him a most beautiful dog, which, during the voyage, fell overboard. The master entreated the captain to stop the ship and rescue the dog. But the captain did not deem the matter of so much importance, and, having the king on board, refused to stop. What, think you, did the master do? Quickly addressing the captain, he asked, "Would you stop the ship if it had been a man?" "Certainly," was the reply. Instantly, before any had time to hin-

der, he flung himself into the sea. The ship was stopped, and not only the man, but the dog, too, was saved, and all because the man, devoted to the dog, identified himself with him in his peril, and even braved death itself to save him.

It was in some such sense as this that Christ stooped to save us. He identified himself with us in our peril, came in lowly form, "in the likeness of sinful flesh," accepted humblest abasement, just because he found it necessary to make himself one with us in order that we might have rescue. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Christ identified himself with us to save us. There was a wonderful purpose toward us, love-prompted, in Christ's self-abasement. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin. Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost. If there is any one fact more than another the Christmas bells ought to ring out to the world and down deep into our hearts it is this, "Christ came to save." "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Let us yield our hearts to him this blessed Christmas season.—H.

962. Christmas Worship.

In humble stall the Saviour lay
While shepherds adoration pay—
Shall we not come and worship, too,
The Christ to whom all praise is due?

And wise men from the East have come
In reverence to the sacred home—
Shall we not bring our gifts, as they,
And at his feet our offerings lay?

From stable-door to cross-crowned hill
He went, God's purpose to fulfill—
Shall we not yield him service true,
His will to seek, his work to do?

O Christ of God, I would enthrone
Thee as my Lord and Thee alone;
Unto thy servant now impart
A willing mind, a loyal heart!

—F. S. Shepard.

963. Christ's Coming. See Advent, Second. See Ascension of Christ.

964. Christ's Coming: Gain of Expectancy. The late A. J. Gordon once told of spending his summer out of Boston, and of his children who played throughout the long day in the dirt; but when they knew that he was coming, their hands and faces would be clean as they met him at the station. One day he

went away, and said, "Now, children, I do not know when I shall return. It may be to-day, perhaps not for some little time." As a matter of fact, it was one whole week before he came, but the children met every train that came in; filled with expectancy they looked for him, and the distinguished pastor said that this expectation kept them clean for the entire week. So should the thought of Christ's coming influence us.—DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

965. Church. See Worship.

966. Church Attendance. In 1794, Grant Thorburn, a young Scotch immigrant, landed in New York. His fortune was three cents and the tools of his trade. He could read and write; otherwise he had little education. But he was well equipped for the struggle before him, since in his Highland home he had been taught to love the Bible, to honor God, and to keep the Sabbath. He landed on Monday, and went to work the next day. When he had leisure to walk about the city he located the Scotch church. One Sunday morning several young men—who had been fellow-passengers—called on him and asked him where he was going. When he told them of his plan to attend church, they made sport of him, and proposed a trip to Long Island, on the plea that health required the jaunt after the long confinement on shipboard. Young Thorburn's answer is recorded in a quaint little autobiography, now out of print: "You may go where you please, but I go to church. The last words my father spoke, as we parted on the shores of Scotland, were, 'Remember the Sabbath day.' I have not so soon forgotten."—REV. JOHN T. FARIS.

967 Church Attendance. A girl named Nyangandi, who lived near the Ogowe River, West Africa, one Saturday came in her canoe with two bunches of plantains to sell to the missionary. When she was going away, Mrs. Batchelor, the missionary's wife, said to her: "Now, you must not forget that to-morrow will be the Sabbath Day, and you have already promised to come every time."

"Yes," said the girl, "I will surely come if I am alive."

And so she did, but no one knew how she got there, until, at the close of the service she told the girls that in the night her canoe had been stolen and none of her friends would lend her one; but she had promised to come to church, and so she felt she must. She swam all the way! The current was swift, the water

deep, and the river fully a third of a mile wide; but by swimming diagonally she succeeded in crossing the river.

If this heathen girl, who knew only a little about the gospel, could take so much pains to keep her word and come to the house of prayer, how much more should more favored people not forsake the assembling of themselves together because it is cloudy or damp or rainy?

968. Church Attendance. A little girl had been taken to church for the first time, and she was somewhat surprised by the general style of the building, which was quite unlike anything she had previously seen. "Whose house is this?" she asked. "It is God's house," her mother answered. The child took another critical view of the building. "It is a very nice house," she finally soliloquized. "We have never called here before."

969. Church Attendance. A capable man of the world wrote to a certain professor a letter in which he said, "It has been proved in the colonies that rapid social retrogression follows upon local inability to go to church. If the settlers 'grant' be so remote that church is now an impossibility, he gradually ceases to miss it, abandons the weekly burnishing and outside decorum, and the rest follows."

On the other hand, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote thus of church going. "I am a regular church-goer. I should go for various reasons, though I did not love it; but I am happy enough to find great pleasure in the midst of devout multitudes, whether I can accept their creeds or no." He said there was in the corner of his heart a plant called reverence, which wanted to be watered about once a week.

970. Church Attendance, Example in. When I was at Yale College I remember some mischievous students took a calf and put it on the front of the professor's veranda and placed upon its horns a sign, "Milk for sale." It caused great laughter and sport among the people. The business of the professor was to teach Greek. He did not live there to sell milk. But the advertisement upon his front veranda was like the advertisement of many of our churches. We put out an advertisement as a church that we are organized here for the business of God, for the work of Christ; but what we do is altogether different from what we have advertised to the world we are going to do. If we are to have the re-

form for which we are praying now with our hearts, we must get it by getting the old water-wheel in the old mill running, and begin to manufacture again the things for which the mill was made.

971. Church with Bad Members. One sinner destroyeth much good. So does one objector. Out on the crowded street was a long line of vehicles, most of them with strong, willing horses to draw them. There were carriages, delivery wagons, great trucks, express wagons, and vehicles of all descriptions, but they were all standing still. What was the trouble? Why, in the very forefront there was a lean, weak little horse, attached to a light buggy which a child could draw. That lean little horse was balky. He would not pull a pound, but he succeeded most wonderfully in stopping a whole procession. Probably every church has at least one member who is built on the pattern of that balky horse.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

972. Church, Blessing from. Some churches are like wells—artesian wells—whose spiritual life springs up continually to bless the world. The first church at Jerusalem was an artesian church. Spontaneously its stream of influence went out to all the people. In what marked contrast are those modern churches whose life must be continually pumped in order to keep them from dying. What is more deplorable than the frantic effort at pumping up a revival?

973. Church, Classes in. Dr. A. C. Dixon says: "Every church is divided into two classes, that may be called trees and posts. Plant a tree, and it begins to grow. Stick out a post, and it begins to rot. The difference between the tree and the post is simply a matter of life. The tree is alive, while the post is dead. The pastor enjoys the living trees of his church, watching them grow and bear fruit, while he is often perplexed to know what to do with the posts that show no signs of life. It takes much of his time and strength to paint and prop up, and finally have carried off, the posts when they have fallen down." But, thank God, poor church posts that have already begun to rot may grow if they will repent and receive the life from above.

974. Church, Closed in Summer. In a large city of the East stands a massive granite church. Its huge bronze doors, and costly peal of chimes proclaim the wealth of the attending congregation. Over the entrance chiseled in whitest marble is the inscription, "The gateway

to heaven." Underneath this arch you will see hung out in the early days of the summer season a sign reading: "Closed During July, August and September."

975. Church Commercialized. A Scotch minister in need of funds thus conveyed his intentions to his congregation: "Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."—*Tit-Bits*.

976. Church. See **Confessing Christ**.

977. Church, Critic of, Reminded. An evangelist was conducting meetings, and a church member who was not attending church because of what he thought were personal grievances went to the evangelist with his troubles. This reply was given to him: "If you were all alone on a desert island and had a church all by yourself, it wouldn't be a perfect church."—EMMA C. FISK.

978. Churches, Desertion of. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes of London, speaking on a Sunday evening of the desertion of certain churches in the city and East End, which a few years ago were thronged by devout congregations, said:

"What has become of these good people? Why, some have gone to heaven, and others to the suburbs."

979. Church, Divine. An English journal quoted the words of the head master of a Scottish school: "The wonder is," he writes, "that the church holds its own as it does. Here is a minister. He preaches ten, twenty, even thirty or forty years, and never lacks some one to listen. He has little help. It is largely a one-man concern. Look at the theaters. See the staff, the advertisements, etc.; and yet they must change their bill of fare once a week, or the people would cease to go. There must be something divine in the church, otherwise it could never continue." There is "something divine" in the church, if it is only the theme of which it is the vehicle, and the cause for which it stands—the great cause of religion. On what other theme would the same men, under the same conditions, gather such audiences in unbroken succession, and with the certainty that the succession would never fail?—*Southern Cross*.

980. Church, Firm. One of the Red Republicans of 1793 told a good peasant: "We are going to pull down your churches and your steeples—all that recalls past ages and all that brings to your mind the idea of God." "Citizen,"

replied the good peasant, "pull down the stars then." The church is built upon a strong foundation—upon Christ himself.—*Sunday Companion*.

981. Church-Going. Take church-going and store-going. Every morning the man is at his business; nothing keeps him from it but the grip of some disease which will not let him out of the house. He may feel inert, but he goes. He may have a headache, but off he starts; and when he is there how interested he is—how absorbed, how alert, how devoted! That is store-going.

And now take the same man and look at his church-going. What a contrast! "I have a headache; I do not think I will go to church." "It rains hard and it is so cold; I will not venture out." "I feel tired; I will stay at home and rest." And often, when he goes, how he lolls about and looks around and lets his mind wander.

Yes, you say; but one is business to which we must attend; we will lose our place or our money; and the other is—well, what is it? Is it an important thing? Is it not God's business? Is it not a very holy, a very solemn, a very urgent affair? Does not the welfare of the soul depend upon it? Can it be neglected with impunity?

Think of those words of your Master in Malachi, "A son honoreth his father and a servant his master; if, then, I be a father, where is my fear?"—CLINTON LOCKE, D.D.

982. Church Hospitality. One thing is often forgotten. It is the hospitality of worship. When Robert Burns was feeling melancholy and desperately lonely, he drifted into a church—and drifted out again without having had a word or a hand of welcome. But before he left he scribbled this on the flyleaf of a hymnal:

"As cauld a wind as ever blew;
A cauld kirk, and in't but few;
As cauld a minister's e'er spak'
Ye'll all be hot ere I come back!"

Poor Bobbie Burns; when a welcome by Christ's people might have transformed life for him! Oh, if Christ's people would only remember that the stranger in their midst stands with them before the throne of grace! that God welcomes him; that they do not worship God acceptably if they turn a cold shoulder on God's stranger! True worship has an open heart!

983. Church, Increasing Demand for.

The clerk in a Broadway hotel is seeking information in regard to church services. "It is a new question our guests are putting to me that has made me turn inquirer myself," he said. "Many of them want to know in what church they can hear old-fashioned congregational singing and join in, if they feel like it, without attracting undue attention to themselves. That is a poser. I know where crack quartets, sextets, octets and full choruses can be heard, but I don't believe there is a church in town that makes a specialty of congregational singing." (*Norfolk Sun*.) There is a deeper loyalty to the old and simple forms of worship than we sometimes imagine.

984. Church, Indestructible. When the French infidel said to the Vendean peasant: "We will pull down your churches, and destroy everything that reminds you of God and Christ," the peasant replied, "But you will leave us the stars, and as long as the stars revolve and shine, so long the heavens will be a sign unto us of the glory of God."

985. Church, Joining the. If one generation only were to pass and all Christians were to neglect this duty, the church as a visible organization would be blotted out of the world. Each individual believer is also a great loser by neglecting to meet Christ's requirement that he shall confess him before men, unite with his people, observe his divinely instituted sacraments, and identify himself with the visible organization that is pushing forward his work in the world.—H.

986. Church, Loyalty to. A poor widow could neither sing nor lead in prayer, but she was always in her place, looking bravely into the pastor's eyes. She was not able to contribute much, but she sent flowers to the pastor's study. An invalid, who though detained at home, always wanted to know the pastor's theme, always prayed for the services, and always kept him laden with messages of love for others in the church.—*The Golden Rule*.

987. Church, Loyalty to. A politician, whom I knew, openly, in a precinct caucus, said to a friend, "Professor, you have just moved into our neighborhood, and I want to invite you to our church." I know a young wholesale merchant, who "talks up" his church and pastor almost as much as he does his boots and shoes, and urges his customers to come and hear his minister. A young man who is at the store all day, spends nearly every evening for his church. The pastor

could set him on the track of any young man he wanted to interest in the church, and be sure that all that could be done would be done. Likewise a young woman who somehow found out all the strangers of her sex present and gave them such a warm greeting that they wanted to come again.

988. Church, Needed. Jack Miner, of Kingsville, Ont., Canada, has become famous as a naturalist. Although a tile maker by trade, and not by any means a rich man, he yet manages to spend considerable money every year in order that he may make boys and birds happy.

But some few years ago he became discouraged and startled his pastor by requesting him to take his name off the roll, adding that he was not fit to be a member of the church. "Whatever has happened to lead you to talk like that?" queried the pastor. "Well," he replied, "it's like this. Yesterday afternoon I had a bit of a difference with a man who came to my tile yard, and some words followed. To be perfectly frank about it, I got quite angry. I came within an inch of striking. I don't think any man who gets into a temper like that should belong to the church."

"What was it," said the Dominie, "that actually kept you from hitting the other man when you felt so much like it?" "Why, the fact that I was a member of the church restrained me. I knew it wouldn't do for a church member and a Sunday School teacher to use physical force."

"Really now wasn't that splendid," replied the pastor. "Your church membership was worth something, wasn't it? It kept you from engaging in a disgraceful fight; and yet you want to give it up."

"I see the point," said Miner. "You don't need to say another word. Let my name stay on the record." His name has remained there. Yes, every man needs the church. It not only helps, but restrains. It saves us from a thousand snares. "By the grace of God, I am what I am."

989. Church Needs All. "In an ideal bridge the load is supposed to be evenly distributed over the entire structure," said a recent writer. "For example, when a train crosses the bridge, every important piece of metal bears its share of the strain." It was the failure to thus distribute the strain that accounted for a great bridge accident some months ago that resulted in the death of a large number of people.

Did you ever stop to think that the church is suffering from just such an uneven strain? Too many parts shirking responsibility, and throwing responsibility upon some one else already over-burdened—usually the pastor. Twenty-five at prayer meeting where there should be one hundred. Expecting the minister to do all the personal work to win people to Christ when all *ought* to be personal workers. Neighbor, if the bridge in your section ever falls, don't complain if you have been a shirker.

990. Church, Neglect of. The following unique notice was fixed to a church door recently in England:

Missing.—Last Sunday, some families from church.

Stolen.—Several hours from the Lord's day, by a number of people of different ages, dressed in their Sunday clothes.

Strayed.—Half a score of lambs, believed to have gone in the direction of "No Sunday-school."

Mislaid.—A quantity of silver and copper coins on the counter of a public house, the owner being in a state of great excitement at the time.

Wanted.—Several young people. When last seen were walking in pairs up Sabbath-breaking Lane, which leads to the city of No Good.

Lost.—A lad, carefully reared; not long from home, and for a time very promising. Supposed to have gone with one or two older companions to Prodigal Town, Husk Lane.

Any person assisting in the recovery of the above shall in no wise lose his reward.

991. Church, Neglect of. "Next Sunday," said a minister to his congregation, "the funeral of — will be held in this church. I shall preach a funeral sermon on the occasion and the man himself will be here, the first time in twenty years." Some date their last churchgoing to the time of their baptism, and some to that of their marriage. Some particular occasion brought them there, but not their particular desire to worship Almighty God. Another minister, speaking to one of his parishioners about his neglect of public worship, was told that he always went to church when there was a charity sermon. "Ah," said the minister, "you will go to heaven under certain conditions." "And what are they?" "If the church is taken up into heaven when a charity sermon is being preached; and you are there." With the neglect of God's house comes the neglect of one's

soul, and all one's spiritual concerns. It is a habit that soon grows on a man, until at last he becomes shy of being seen going to church. The dead body of which that minister spoke, it is much to be feared, belonged to a dead soul.

992. Church, Over-Organized. Ezekiel has described for us a wonderful piece of engineering, with its wheels within wheels; but what directed their movements was the spirit of life which was in the model of them. This is the age of wheels. We can't get on without them. They are becoming more and more complex every day. Our civilization literally turns on wheels. And the church needs the best up-to-date appliances for its work. And we have got them, or are having them. Never so many wheels or so well geared. But, my friends, unless there is a deepening and intensifying of the living spirit at the heart of all our church machinery, the machinery itself—however elaborate—becomes dead—the more machinery, the more death—a mere clatter of bones, "a whirling futility, so far as any spiritual power or uplift is concerned." Oh! for the spirit of the living thing within the wheels. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord."—R. SIRHOWY JONES.

993. Church Not Perfect. A man was refused admission to the membership of a church because he did not pay his debts. He asked the pastor if there were no members who did not always pay their debts. "Yes," was the reply, "and that is the reason we will not receive you."

994. Churches Petrified. An engineer from Cologne has just discovered a new system for petrifying the bodies of the dead, and claims that a body so preserved would take the place of a statue, and he believes that some day famous people will be petrified in this way.—Many a church is merely such a museum of mummies.

995. Church, Preparation for. I was speaking to the young Indians about regular attendance at church. After I came out, the chief said to me, "I'm glad, my lord, that you spoke to the young men about regularity of attendance at church. There have been some white men working at a big ditch,"—a canal—he said, "and they did not come to church on Sundays, and our young men think it is manly to follow the example of the white men, and he gave me an excuse." I said, "What did you say to him?" "That is

where I got him," he said. "The excuse that he gave was that he had not any good clothes to come to church in. I told him that I had read the Big Book from this cover to that cover, and I only found one verse about clothes and going to church, and the verse was, 'Rend your hearts, and not your garments.'" I thought that was a splendid answer, coming from a pure Indian.—ARCHBISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND.

996. Church Quarrels. Dissensions in the church are often due to very trivial causes.

Reading Anecdotes of the Wesleys, not long since, I was struck with the notice of a division, in 1778, in a church in Halifax, about "an angel with a trumpet in his hand," which one party would have fixed on the top of the sounding-board over the pulpit, while the other party would not consent to it. The difficulty was so great that the circuit preachers could not reconcile the contending parties, so they agreed to leave it to Mr. Wesley and abide by his decision. When Mr. Wesley came he gave his judgment against the angel, and to put an end to all future strife he requested Mr. Bradford to offer a burnt sacrifice of the angel on the altar of peace. Mr. Bradford did so, and the apple of discord was removed and Zion again became a quiet habitation.

997. Church Quarrels, Cure for. Dr. Breckenridge, once when lecturing at the Danville Theological Seminary, was asked by one of the students, "What would you do in a church row to restore peace and remove scandal?" His reply was:

"I will give my method in such a case, which occurred in the church where I was born. While a pastor in Baltimore, I received a letter urging me to return to Kentucky, to the church of my birth and family, to settle a feud which threatened its existence, if not the lives of some of its members. It was thought that, being a child of that church, and friendly to all, I might do something to save it. I wrote the facts to Dr. David Nelson, the great revivalist, and begged him, for Christ's sake, to go with me to heal the troubles, if possible. He replied, not saying a word about the difficulties, but appointing a protracted meeting, and saying that he would meet me there. Nothing more was ever said as to dissensions. David Nelson disposed of all these in his protracted meeting, in which multitudes were converted to God. Strife melted

away before an awakened sense of the love of God to dying men, and hid itself in the shadows of the pit."

998. Church Quarrels, Evil of. Dissensions in the church always enfeeble and imperil it.

They say that there is a starfish in the Caledonian lakes sometimes dredged up from the deep waters. It looks firm and strong, most compactly put together. But the moment that you pull off one of its branching limbs, no matter how small it may be, the singular creature begins itself to dislocate the rest with wonderful celerity of contortion, throwing away its radiate arms and jerking from their sockets its members, until the entire body is a shapeless wreck and confusion of death; and nothing remains of what was one of the most exquisitely beautiful forms in nature save a hundred wriggling fragments, each repulsive and dying by suicide. What could suggest a picture more sadly true of a quarreling congregation? So any church may go. Once let the members, forgetting God, rush into reckless bickerings and quarrels, and usually how they do hurry themselves into utter dissolution and remediless ruin! The end comes swiftly. And this sad sight, we are sorry to say, is not so very rare. There have been enough such church deaths in our fair land to make a whole cemetery of desolate graves. And over every one of them might be erected a monument with this suggestive inscription: "Died of suicide by dismemberment."—H.

999. Church, Regular Attendance at. A distinguished man used to say that there were four occasions when he made it a point to be in his place at church. "These were, when it was a stormy Sunday, when the church was without a pastor and somebody had to read a sermon, when a stranger preached, and when his own minister preached."

1000. Church, Revived by Prayer. In a small village in Somersetshire there is a little chapel. When it was building a farm laborer and his wife cheerfully agreed that they would give the whole of their savings—five pounds—to the new chapel, and they hoped the chapel would soon be crowded. But, alas, they were disappointed, for the people did not come. Every night this man went into the chapel alone, lit a candle, and prayed to God. One night a neighbor, attracted by the light, opened the door and entering inquired what his friend was doing there alone. "Praying for this village," he

said, and they knelt together, making the two or three with whom the Master meets. A soul was born that night, and soon the village was moved, and the chapel crowded. Years after there were only two members left—both old and both deaf, and seldom was it that they could attend the service together. The chapel was sixteen miles away from the nearest preacher, and there was talk of closing it. At the quarterly meeting a man told the above story and added, "You cannot close a chapel like that. Only sin can close a chapel." Immediately it was decided to try again, and to-day, in answer to the prayers of the lonely saint who gave his whole to the chapel, and himself to the work of the Lord, that village chapel is again crowded.—REV. GEORGE PARKER.

1001. Church, Serving. An Episcopal Church in San Diego has a sign in large letters on the concrete curbstone in front of it: "Free Parking Here Week Days." The Congregational Church announces that its janitor will watch against automobile thieves during the evening service. In minor things these instances exemplify the spirit of the church to serve all men in all things as much as possible and make the house of God the common meeting-place for all.

1002. Church Sins.

"When nations are to perish in their sins, 'Tis in the Church the leprosy begins."

1003. Church Union or Unity. The following incident happened in a small Western town where the people are poor and where, though there are several churches, they frequently borrow each other's equipment and work together in harmony. One evening a church bell was heard ringing vigorously. The family seated around the tea table looked up in surprise. "What bell is that?" they asked in chorus. No one seemed to know until at last one exclaimed, "Oh, I remember now! That is the Episcopal bell ringing for the Baptist revival that begins at the Presbyterian church to-night." There was no hard feeling there!

1004. Church, Unite With. "Have you any letters of introduction?" "Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out. "Well," said the old sea-captain, "have you a church certificate?" "Oh, yes," replied the young man; "I did not suppose you desired to see it." "Yes," said the sea-captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you reach the city, present that to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up

and down the world; it is my rule, as soon as I get into port, to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."—*Christian Herald*.

1005. Church: Unite With. A writer in the *Messenger* tells the following: "The best illustration that I ever heard, showing the disadvantage of living a Christian life outside of the church, was given by a young convert whom I had recently received into our church. I expressed my pleasure in the step he had taken, when he replied: 'I had not made up my mind to join when I came to the meeting to-night, but while you were talking, I thought it was just like buying a ticket to Chicago and then riding on the platform. I thought I might as well go inside.'"

1006. Church, Value of. The world's obligation to the church is great. Dr. Bushnell answered a rich worldling who questioned the value of the church and refused to contribute to a new church in Hartford: "My friend, I want you to think of something; what was real estate worth in Sodom?"

1007. Church, Why Go to. King Louis XIV, who had as court-preacher Archbishop Fenelon, found one Sunday, that, instead of the usual crowd, there was no one in church beside himself, his retinue and the preacher. "What does this mean?" he asked the clergyman. "Your majesty," answered Fenelon, "I to-day had published, that you would not come to church to-day, in order that your majesty might see who serves God in truth and who flatters the king."

We wonder, if the custom of going to church in order to flatter the preacher has not many devotees in our day and if many do not go to church merely as a matter of custom? When we go to church, may it be with us as with those Greeks: "We would see Jesus!"

1008. Church, And World. The proper place for the ship to be is in the water, but if the water gets into the ship, the ship will sink. The proper place for the church is in the world, but if the "world" gets into the church, the church will go down in disgrace.—*Western Christian Union*.

1009. Churches, Liberal. In a great Western city and in the very heart of a crowded district stand two large churches a stone's throw from one another. One has stood for evangelism, friendliness,

democracy for years; the other for culture, exclusiveness and aristocracy. The last time that I visited the city the former was crowded to the doors with interested people; the latter had a "For Sale" sign on it and had given up the fight!

1010. Church-members, Dead. I heard a minister a short time ago who made a very infelicitous mistake at a funeral occasion. The remains of the departed one were lying in the casket before the pulpit, and in the course of his funeral sermon, the minister leaning over the pulpit with solemn countenance said, "This corpse has been a member of my church for ten years." He made something of a mistake about that man, but I know he could have said it of a good many members of a good many churches I know and not have made any mistake at all. "I know thy works that thou hast a name to live, but art dead."

1011. Cigarette Condemned. A daring aviator has been startling Chicagoans by writing on the sky the name of a certain cigarette in smoke letters half a mile across. The entire city stopped and gazed gapingly heavenward. One little tot looking at the growing letters exclaimed, "It's God!" His companion retorted: "Naw; if it was God he wouldn't be advertising a cigarette."

1012. City, God's Purpose in the. It is said that a famous organist who visited Niagara Falls a few years ago became impressed with the fact that the torrent was making majestic harmony as it took its eternal plunge. The idea took such possession of him that he made careful experiments, and as a result came to the conclusion that the great cataract was sounding the chord of G of the thirty-two-foot pipe of the organ, only four octaves lower. He was able to detect the harmonies and to determine their pitch, and from these he deduced the fundamental of the chord. And thus the vast roar that had been mere noise for most people became for him music, a vast and glorious and majestic part of the world's music in which he himself had his small share. I have sometimes fancied that if one with a sufficiently trained ear could listen to the roar of a great city from the right coigne of vantage, he might discover that that awful roar also was, after all, making a note of God's majestic music.—REV. W. C. RHODES.

1013. Circumstances. See Difficulties. See Discipline. See Trouble.

1014. Circumstances, Make Best of. A

few miles out of Chicago there is a long, straight gash in the landscape—the drainage canal. The earth which was taken out of this great ditch is piled along the banks of the canal in huge heaps, which are ugly enough to spoil the view. The material is poor enough soil—most clay and rock—but the grass and the wild flowers have attacked the dumps, and are already gaining a foothold, climbing to the top of these hillocks, and a new beauty will cover over their bleak ugliness. The thing is a parable. Wherever a healthy life comes it brings the blessing of beauty. There are few less promising seed beds than these canal dunes. But the seeds have found themselves there, and have taken root. With the help of God's sun and rain they will grow, and their growth will make the struggle easier next year. They will soften the unlovely outlines and loosen the hard clay and climb about the broken rock until the barren place has become a garden. They are not refusing to grow because they are not more favorably situated; they are making the best of their circumstances.—*Epworth Herald*.

1015. Climbing. Going higher and higher, shining more and more, growing stronger and stronger, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to the things which are before," these are the natural impulses of the consecrated life. As one has aptly said, "Not retrospect, but perfect, should be the Christian's watchword." Christians, thank God that there are peaks to climb, troubles to burnish us, and tonics for the spirit's life. God is the goal. Heaven is the place. They are both above us, as high and holy incentives for our best climbing, brightest shining and greatest strength. God help us to do our best to reach such a goal, with such holy environments.—IDA Q. MOULTON.

1016. Climbing. Our Lord suffered, and so must we. I heard Bishop Fitzgerald say that after he had scaled a lofty mountain and stood there in the radiance of the morning sun he drank in the beauty of the scene, then turned his eyes to heaven and exclaimed: "Thank God, the Sun of Righteousness shines forever! It is worth the struggle to get into his light." So climbing up through conviction, repentance, and faith, the soul comes out into the full light of the new life,

"Where the air is pure, eternal,
And the golden sunlight gleams."

—W. D. NEALE.

1017. Clouds, Bless. Cloudless lives are not the most beautiful. A life with clouds of struggle and sorrow, all lighted up with the rays from the Sun of Righteousness, far excels in beauty any sunset ever seen. The spray thrown up by the rushing torrent of Niagara greatly adds to the beauty of the Falls, because the sun paints rainbows upon it. And so lives with Niagara torrents of struggle are the more beautiful for the clouds raised by such struggle, if they are flooded with light from heaven. There is one place where clouds are never seen; and that is the desert of Sahara. Desolation and death are twin monarchs there. The lives which have been richest in good works have been like the life of the Man of Sorrows, full of clouds, and a bow of promise on every cloud.—DR. A. C. DIXON.

1018. Colleges, Not Matter of Size. Some of the greatest colleges in America never have five hundred students in any one year. On the other hand, some of the cheapest quick-lunch schools in the country boast their thousands of students. Wise young folk will keep that distinction in mind when choosing a college.—*Epworth Herald*.

1019. Columbus, Christopher. He wrote the sacred name of Christ on his banner and gave him all honor. He landed on the shores of this New World dressed in the resplendent robes of an admiral, with a sword in one hand and the banner of Christ in the other. The company fell upon their knees and praised God for his wonderful goodness. This New World was consecrated to God from the very moment of its first discovery. This country is a Christian land; the highest authority has recently pronounced it to be a Christian land, and it ought to be recognized as a Christian land, and the holy Sabbath be observed. Woe to us as a people if we lower our flag, if we dishonor our history, if we forsake our God!—REV. R. S. MAC-ARTHUR, D.D.

1020. Comfort, Christ's. Mark Guy Pearse says: "It is good to get in at the root-meaning of our English word, comfort. The word has come to be suggestive of a cozy seat beside the fire on some winter's night. But the word itself finds its true meaning illustrated rather outside in the darkness and storm, where is some poor woman, with a heavy basket on her arm, and a long, dreary way before her. Now comes one who speaks with such kindness that she cannot but

trust him. 'You seem very tired,' he saith, 'may I help you?' And as he talks with her the heart grows light and the way is easy. That is comfort. Co—that is, together with, or company; and fort—that is, strength. To strengthen by company. That is it precisely. The moment we set out to live a better life, the gracious Master is ever going that way, and with gentle love he cometh to carry our burdens for us and to lead us on our way."

1021. Comfort, Giving. Mrs. Farningham, the English poetess, tells a pretty story of an old woman who was a "shut-in." She received a visit one Sunday evening from a bright young man, who was inclined to be cynical, and look on the critical, dark side of everything. The good woman did not like this, and, suddenly turning on him, she said: "John, I wish you would be a Zion!" "A Zion?" "Yes; 'O Zion that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain,' you know." "Ah! I wish I had any good tidings to bring you, but I haven't." "I have some for you," she said, and she laid her hand reverently on the Bible as she quoted, "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength." "Don't you call these good tidings?" "Yes, I do," he said, wishing that he could realize them as she did. "John, don't be a wet blanket; speak comfortably. That is what everybody wants. You know very well that there is more happiness in the world than sorrow; there are more bright days than dull ones. Don't get into a habit of despondency. You are kind and generous, I know, and you have such a chance to cheer people up. You can do it if you like. Do like!" "Well, old friend," the young fellow said, "you have given me a rare lesson, and I will pass it on to others. In any case, I am glad to find you calm and happy even toward the end. Your room is not a palace, but your face brightens it, and it is a help to my little faith to find you with so much light at even-tide." Then he added, merrily, "I feel as if I had been scolded, but will try to be a better boy." "Not better, but happier, John. Don't you think it was to more than one prophet that the words came, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God?'"

1022. Commander, Faith in. In modern warfare practically all the firing is done at invisible targets. The gunners receive the range from the proper officer and fire their pieces, the hits being recorded by a lieutenant who may be stationed a mile or so distant. The gunner believes he is doing a task that is worth while though he cannot witness, for the time being, at least, the results. He is compelled to place complete faith in the ability of his superior officers. One of the gunners in Europe thus expressed himself, "Yes, it's mighty difficult for us chaps down here in the pits to keep on firing and never see the enemy, but then we're content when we hear we've got their range, and the chaps who are firing at us are 'doing business in another world.'" God, in his Word, has assured the Christian that his message should not fail. Let us keep up the "firing" until we see our unsaved friends "doing business in another world"—the world of the spirit-filled life.

1023. Commandments, Avoided. Some Christians have the same idea of these commandments as a little boy who was playing with his sister. A most unpleasant woman who lived near had been finding fault with them, and the boy said, "I just hate her." His little sister, greatly shocked, said, "Oh, no! The Bible says we must love every one." "Oh, well," he remarked, "old Mrs. Blank wasn't born when that was written." Isn't that the idea some of us have about the requirements of God's Word?

1024. Communion with Christ. A friend of mine had a small wireless apparatus fitted up in his home and for a schoolboy I thought it was a pretty clever affair. One day I was in the room where he had it and I noticed that he was tearing it down, so I asked him why he did so. He said, "You know I can hear from my home to such and such places (which were quite a distance), but I am told if I take this down and unwind this coil and boil it in oil, then rewind it tighter, I can get messages from a much greater distance." In the course of time he did so, and proved to me that the experiment was true. How about our lives? If they are not as satisfactory as we would like to have them, if we are unable to hear the still, small Voice, why not unwind them of the past life, then rewind tightly around Him (the coil) and listen.

1025. Communion with Christ. The godly Charles Simeon, of Cambridge,

kept a picture of the hero missionary, Henry Martyn, hanging on the wall of his room. Looking up to this picture he would often say, "There! See that blessed man! What an expression of countenance! No one looks at me as he does. He seems always to be saying to me, 'Be serious, be in earnest; don't trifle.'" Then bowing toward the benign, thoughtful face of Martyn, Simeon would add, "No, I won't, I won't trifle." If the pictured face of a good man can have such power in the life of another, we can get some idea of what a power communion with the living Christ may be in the lives of Christians.

1026. Companionship, Christ's. We have friends who are worn out; they are exhausted in nerve, they are wearied and stale and spent in spirit; they seem to have lost the very spice of life; their palate has become so benumbed that it demands ever sharper sensations if their life is to be saved from the flattest insipidity. And what do we say to them? In appropriate seasons we say: "Get away to the mountains. You will soon be all right." Yes, we may know perfectly well they will take their disquietude with them, and the mountains will make no difference. Or we say: "Go to the sunshine and flowers of California," when all the time we may suspect that what their poor, weary, tired souls really need is the wonderful life and love and joy of Jesus Christ.

Infinitely better than all the golden climate of California and all its natural glory, would be the climate of Christ's companionship and the fragrance of Christ's love and Christ's blue sky of heavenly hope bending over their souls and Christ's songbirds of joy in their hearts and Christ's peace that passeth all understanding. But we are afraid to mention it. We are soldiers of Christ, but there is no fight in our faith; we are afraid to name him. It might be resented. Every day we miss the golden opportunity of winning trophies for the Lord.

1027. Companionship. See *Friends and Friendship*.

1028. Companionship, Good and Bad. We recently read of one of Australia's sweetest birds of song being located near a sawmill, where it picked up the sound of the filing of saws, and intermingled its splendid music with the most distressing discords. On the contrary, an English naturalist declares that he has known

sparrows imitate the song of the nightingale.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." We are often sufficiently presumptuous to fancy that we can permit evil associations without suffering harm. It is a serious mistake. Meaner men reflect the golden color of noble associations; whilst the best of men cannot choose inferior companionships with impunity.

Let me not forget that the friendship of the good and wise are amongst the most precious means of grace. The Orientals say, "Grapes become purple by looking at one another," and in close fellowship pious people ripen one another. Let my desire be to the saints, and all my delight in the excellence of the earth.

1029. Compensation in Affliction. Dr Hoge, in an address entitled "The Great Question," gives this anecdote. "Once I made a visit to a young person in Richmond who had long been a sufferer from a disease that caused her unspeakable pain. Her kind physician, who stood by her with tears in his eyes, could give her only temporary relief. After he left I tried to say a few soothing, comforting words to her and she said: 'Yes, I suffer great pain. I often lie awake all night unable to sleep because of it, but I have one compensation.' I asked, 'What is that?' She said, 'It is this. Often when I cannot close my eyes in sleep, I have such a sense of God's loving presence all about me, that I have learned what David means when he talks about 'songs in the night.'"

1030. Complacency, The Crime of. No man has a right to be satisfied with what he has done. A famous artist was once found by a friend gloomily contemplating his last painting. "I see nothing wrong with it," said the friend. "Neither do I," replied the artist. "I'm satisfied, and—I shall never paint another great picture." The same truth was in the mind of a grand old veteran in Christ's cause, who said when congratulated on the manifold achievement of his life: "It is not what I've done that I think of, but what I've left undone."

1031. Complainer, His Eyes Opened. The late Gottfried Daniel Krummacher, pastor of a large and influential congregation of Elbertfeld, in Prussia, was one of the most successful and spiritually-minded preachers of his time, sound in faith and doctrine. One of his parish-

ioners, who had been ill for some time, thought God was dealing very harshly with him. After listening for some time to his lamentations, Krummacher cut him short. "I will pray for you," he said. "Dear Heavenly Father, thou knowest how many poor sufferers are lying upon miserable beds of straw or rags, and have no one to care for them or furnish them medicine to mitigate their sufferings, which in many instances are of the most distressing kind, while I lie on a good comfortable bed, am carefully attended by my own kin and treated by a skillful physician, nor do I suffer any notable pain. Thou hast had patience with me, a murmuring Jonah, till now—" "Hold on! hold on!" cried the murmurer, excitedly; "I promise you, dear pastor, never to murmur or complain again." Are there not among our fellow-Christians many who might be profited by counting their blessings instead of their trials and affliction.—*Sabbath Reading.*

1032. Commandments, Help of. A club of boys started to play ball in the street one spring, but their consciences told them it was not right, and they finally came to the leader of their club and said: "Please tell us whether it is right to play baseball in the streets." Her reply in part was, "Why do you ask me? You know there is an ordinance against playing ball in the streets of New York." Their reply well illustrates human nature the world over. "Oh, Miss Buck," they said, "if you would only forbid us to do it, it would be so much easier."—*Rochester Times.*

1033. Commandments Kept. An aged Scot told his minister that he was about to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. "And when I'm there," said the pilgrim complacently, "I'll read the Ten Commandments aloud frae the top o' Mount Sinai." The minister looked at him with an eye of pity and said, "Sandy, tak' my advice: bide at hame and keep them."—*Dr. Bryce.*

1034. Commencement Day. See Education.

1035. Commencement Day. The Academia was an Athenian park that Cimon, the son of Miltiades, gave to his fellow citizens. Surrounded by walls, and adorned with walks, and groves, and fountains, it became a favorite resort of Plato, who in its shaded retreats taught, during fifty years, all who would attend him in his daily walks. The Academia still exists, but we doubt whether a Plato can be found anywhere among its ave-

nues to-day. The modern Academia has the beautiful campus, the stately edifice, the shaded walk often, but its real perpetuation of the Athenian prototype is in the Academic system. Moreover, now, once each year we see what Plato never imagined, an hour of accounting to the world for the work of the Academia. That hour presents to the world, to society, to business, to the professions, recruits for the ranks which time and death are constantly thinning. That time we call Commencement. Boys and girls are leaving the Academic days behind. Study under tutors and in curricula is finished. Fun and folly are being left to the undergraduates. The grind of life is beginning. There is care ahead, and work and worry, and failure and success, and mediocrity and exalted ability in action. The shell of the chrysalis is broken, and the moth is on the wing. If the moth for a little day shall think the world is a place of sunshine and flowers, it will learn ere many days that there are wing-singeing flames everywhere. A burnt wing for a moth, like a broken one for a bird, is not the best aid to achievement. Blessed is that boy or girl who walks out of the Academia with eyes and brains fitted to know what flickering flames mean.—REV. R. S. HOLMES.

1036. Commencement Day. Graduation—Commencement—means a great deal in the life of any schoolgirl or college student. It's the goal of attainment, the veritable mountain peak of desire, that marks the real boundary between the land of preparation—the land of childhood and sunshine—and the land where grown men and women must fight their way, with smiling eyes, to every kind of success. Commencement Day is a symbol, a milestone, a crossroad where one chooses the worthwhile path and pauses, before taking the decisive step, to glance back at the flowers blooming beside the way. Commencement Day means exactly what the words stand for—commencement day.

"Why," said a young girl to me last year, "I never really felt grown-up before. I've always"—she fingered the ribbon-tied roll of parchment that she had worked so hard to obtain—"I've another year of school—lots of time left to play! Now—now I feel as if it's life that's before me, real life! I feel as if it's time to do something, feel something, be something. It isn't only that my dresses are longer and my hair is turned up. It's something deeper than that—something

inside of me. I feel that I'm grown-up and have a woman's work to do. I feel that this is really the Commencement—of everything."—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

1037. Common Things, Earth's.

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows
In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet;
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces
sweet,
In stars and mountain summits topped
with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For see,
It is a flower that blossoms at thy
door!

Bring love and justice home, and then
no more

Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy
may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere
wrought;

The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine com-
mand,

Life's common deeds build all that saints
have thought.

In wonder-workings, or some bush
afame,

Men look for God and fancy him con-
cealed;

But in earth's common things he stands
revealed

While grass and flowers and stars spell
out his name.

—MINOT J. SAVAGE.

1038. Common Things Golden. Some time ago they took up and burned the woolen carpet which for several years had covered the coiners' room in the San Francisco mint. The precious ashes were scrupulously gathered, and by an elaborate refining process the Government recovered two hundred and seventy-nine ounces of gold, worth five or six thousand dollars. Four pounds of gold were not so long ago collected from the soot of the Royal Mint in Berlin. So the things accounted common are full of the dust of gold, if we only knew it.

1039. Commonplace, Christ and the. Dr. Morrison, of Glasgow, brings to a close a sermon on Naaman with these words: "The more I study Christ's life the more I am impressed with the value he set upon the ordinary. He took a common lily that grew in tens of thousands, and he said of it, 'Not even Solomon in all his glory.' He took a commonplace child—not over clean perhaps, but with such eyes!—and said of it, 'Of

such is the kingdom of God!" For Christ, there was a whole universe within a mustard seed. For Christ, there was a wealth of meaning in a village. For Christ, in a piece of broken bread, there was a sacrament. Whatever Naaman did, it is clear that Jesus never turned from the commonplace in a rage. Now will you try to follow in his steps? Every day will be brighter, every task break into music, every commonplace burden have a gleam of heaven in it, if instead of fretting as did Naaman we say, "Yes, Lord, because thou biddest me, I will go and wash in Jordan seven times."

1040. Commonplace Living. In one of Robert Herrick's novels, "The Common Lot," Helen says to her husband, who had been intoxicated with the ambition for a false success, "We are all trying to get out of the ranks, to leave the common work to be done by others, to be leaders. We think it a disgrace to stay in the ranks, to work for the work's sake, to bear the common lot, which is to live humbly and labor. Don't let us struggle that way any longer, dear. It is wrong—it is a curse. It will never give us happiness—never."

1041. Commonplace Living. "And the servants of the king of Syria said unto him, Their god is a god of the hills, therefore they were stronger than we" (1 Kings 20:23). Most people find it easier to believe in the God of the height than in the God of the plain, in the God of miracles than in the God of the normal. It is the very quietness with which God moves around us that makes his presence unnoticed. It is the calm daily flow of his benevolence that makes us forget his benefits. If he came in the thunder and the whirlwind, our souls would thrill with worship; but when he is a still, small voice, we do not so much as listen.

God is the God of the commonplace. He is found in the valley as well as on the height, in the humblest as well as the most heroic environment of life or nature or duty; and if we do not meet him in the valley, we shall not find him on the hills. He is with us in the path of daily duty—a strong Help and a safe Guide.—DR. W. J. DAWSON.

1042. Commonplace Living. A young girl cried out, "O God, make me anything, so I be not commonplace. But oftentimes it may be the commonplace duties that are the most Christlike.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

1043. Commonplace Living. It is said

to be a rule in the Franciscan order that when a brother has preached an unusually eloquent sermon he shall be set next morning to paring the potatoes for breakfast! Common tasks have their function in checking the pride that grows apace in the human heart. But more than this, common tasks—well and faithfully done—are always preparing those who do them for uncommon tasks.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

1044. Commonplace Living. I stood a while ago and looked at a drinking-fountain. A marble angel, beautifully sculptured, stood pointing to heaven. Beneath was polished granite inscribed with gilt letters, and massive slabs of stone. But I noticed that the water came through a small brass pipe, and the people drank from an iron cup attached to an iron chain. And the marble angel pointing heavenward would have done nobody any good but for the brass pipe and iron cup. Think if the pipe had said, "If they do not make me of gold I will not belong to the thing." Or if the cup had said, "I must be of silver, or I shall be ashamed to be there at all." No, I thought I heard the music of the three—common water, common pipe and common cup. "Well," they sang, "they can't do without us, and we must do our part with the marble angel and polished granite." Common things! Common service! All service, save occasional service, is in a way commonplace, no matter what the trade or the tool; but it is also sacred, and its commonplaceness is a part of its sacredness.—MARK GUY PEARSE.

1045. Communion. See *Lord's Supper*.

1046. Communion. During the critical days of August, 1918, a great meeting of prayer took place on Fountain Square, Cincinnati, the central spot of the city. At high noon, on August 8th, thousands of men and women of all creeds gathered in response to the invitation to participate in a brief prayer service to be conducted by representatives of the three leading faiths. Mr. Harry R. Probasco, who conceived the idea, presided at the meeting. The service consisted of three prayers of five minutes each uttered by Father Francis J. Finn, of St. Mary's Church, the Rev. Frederick Fagley, Secretary of the Federation of Protestant Churches, and Rabbi David Philipson, of the Rockdale Ave. Temple. The band from the Great Lakes Training Station at Chicago, that happened to be in the city at the time, furnished the music. It

was indeed an inspiring community service. The great company that had gathered in response to the call forgot for the nonce differences of creed and joined together in prayer to the Father of all. Protestant, Catholic and Jew, praying from the same rostrum to him who is the God of all—truly a marvelous demonstration of the unity of men despite all their differences! Was this not an indication of what shall characterize the Golden Age which the prophets of the race have foretold?—RABBI DAVID PHILIPSON.

1047. Communion, Attendance Upon. An Eastern fable tells us that when Zachheus was old he still dwelt at Jericho, humble and pious. Every morning at sunrise he went out for a walk, and always came back calm and happy for his day's work. His wife one morning secretly followed him and watched him. He went to the tree from which he first saw the Lord. He poured water about the roots, pulled the weeds and passed his hand fondly over the old trunk. Then he looked up at the place where he had sat that day when he first saw Jesus. Then with a smile of gratitude turned homeward. His quiet explanation was: "It was that tree which brought me to Him whom my soul loveth." "There is no true life," says Dr. J. R. Miller, "without its sacred memorial of special blessing." Keep these places fresh and green by grateful service. Communion, attendance upon the service of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, is a watering of the roots of the Christian life. It is a visit to the tree. It is a keeping of the places of spiritual blessing fresh and green. There is wonderful grace and growth and sources of strength and comfort and resolution in visiting the tree, pouring water about its roots or looking up to the places where we have formerly met the Lord in the way.—H.

1048. Communion Sunday and Monday. If we show the Lord's death at Communion, we must show the Lord's life in the world. If it is a Eucharist on Sunday, it must prove on Monday that it was also a Sacrament.—MALTBIE BABCOCK.

1049. Compassion, On the World. These are Dr. A. J. Gordon's words: I have long since ceased to pray, "Lord Jesus, have compassion on a lost world!" I remember the day and the hour when I seemed to hear the Lord rebuking me for making such a prayer. He seemed to say to me, "I have had compassion on a

lost world, and now it is for you to have compassion."

1050. Complaining Reproved. A thunderstorm is very short when measured against the long summer day in which it crashes; and very few days have them. It must be a bad climate where half the days are rainy. If we were to take the chart and prick out upon it the line of our voyage, we should find that the spaces in which the weather was tempestuous were brief and few indeed as compared with those in which it was sunny and calm.

1051. Complaining, Tiresome. Some of the poems of Ovid dwell principally on his misfortunes. The reader soon becomes wearied. People shun the complainer.

1052. Compromise. See Fidelity. See Sin.

1053. Compromise. A dear brother, who has been struggling with a life of compromises, writes me: "The Christian life is a sad and hard life, until one gets wholly in." I am sure this is so. One cannot know the best of it until he has wholly turned his back on the world.—DR. GEORGE F. PENTECOST.

1054. Compromise. Two friends, driving along a country road on the Sabbath day, in the far South, met a negro carrying a fat 'possum. They remonstrated with him that it was the Sabbath. He replied that "a religion that could not bend enough to permit a negro to kill a fat 'possum on the Sabbath day couldn't be 'stablished round here noway!" Many people desire a religion that will bend. But the type of religion that wins respect does not bend. The really great men are rigid on questions of right and wrong. Those who do our best work will bend their knees oft; their religion never.—*East and West.*

1055. Compromise. Compromise! What does compromise mean? I will tell you. A colored man met a friend one day and said, "Sambo, do you know dat t'odder night I was sorely tempted? You know I used to steal. Well, since I jined de church I stopped stealing; but you know Mr. Jonsing's shoe-store? Well, t'odder night I was in dat shoe-store, and I looked on de shelf and I see a pair of boots—jes' de nicest pair of boots, jes' my size, number fourteen. Dere was de Debil, and he say, 'Take 'em.' Den de Lord say, 'Let 'em alone; dat's stealing.' But I wanted dem boots. Mine is all out at de bottom and sides. Dere was de Debil and me, and we both say, 'Take

'em.' But de Lord say, 'Don't you take 'em; dat's stealing.' Now dere was a clear majority of two against one. Jes' den Mr. Jonsing, he leeb de store and he leeb me all alone. Den de Debil say, 'Take 'em quick and skedaddle.' I could take dem boots and chuck 'em under my coat and go right away, an' Mr. Jonsing would nebber know nothin' about it. But I stood de temptation. I compromised and took a pair of shoes instead."—JOHN B. GOUGH.

1056. Compromise, Unhappy. Off Cape Horn we witnessed a very singular sight. For some miles there was a narrow strip of water, where the great waves flew in broken spray, and dashed high over the ship. On either side the sea was comparatively calm, whilst this boiled with fury, rolling and singing. Yet there was no rock about which the sea urged, nor was there any such fierce wind as to account for it. Overhead the air was thick with sea-fowl. Thousands of birds dived into this troubled water. The smaller fish were, I suppose, flung up by the toss, and thus fell a prey to the birds. I asked naturally what was the reason of this strange sight, and found it was the point at which the tide met the strong current of the sea, and here they raged together. Within the tide only ran and it was calm. Without the current prevailed and there too was calm. On this troubled bit they met and neither prevailed. It is the picture of those who are at once too religious to belong to the world—too worldly to belong to religion: torn by both and satisfied by neither.—MARK GUY PEARSE.

1057. Compromise, Wicked and Foolish. "One must live!" I see no such necessity. The time will come when you must die, and if you can't live without doing wrong it is plain that for you that time has come. For we do not know that God wants you to live, but we do know that he does not want you to do evil. Do not think that this is a mere play upon words. How many of the glorious army of martyrs might have lived if they had only compromised. When brought before their judges the decisive question invariably was: "Are you a Christian?" "Yes" meant fire, or stake, or sword, or the lion's gory mane. "No" meant instant deliverance. The truth meant death; a lie meant life. Is any trial that has ever come upon you to be compared for a moment to that? Then never again urge as an excuse for worldly practices this word—"One must live."

1058. Compromising With Evil. In a certain town there is a fire brigade composed only of volunteers. Not long ago a fire broke out in the town at midnight, and the volunteer firemen were quickly upon the spot. The smoke was rising in heavy clouds out of the building, but no flame appeared, and the night was very dark. Presently a tongue of flame shot out of one corner of the building, and the crowd cheered as the man at the nozzle directed a stream of water towards it. But at this crisis the excited captain interfered. "Be careful what you're doing, man!" he shouted. "Keep the water off that blaze! Don't you see that's the only light we've got to put out the fire by?"

1059. Compromise With Sin. There is an old story told of a camel that came to the door of an Arab's tent, and thrust in his nose. Finding that he was not hindered, the camel thrust in his forefeet, and presently he was halfway in the tent. At last he came all the way in.

Then the Arab, seeing that he was getting very crowded, turned to the camel and said, "This tent is too small for two."

"Then," replied the camel, "you had better leave!"

So the Arab was forced out of his own tent, because, when the camel had only put in his nose, and it would have been easy to stop him from coming further, the Arab had neglected to pay any attention to the intruder.

So sin comes into our hearts. At first it only comes in a little way, but if we are not on the watch, presently sin takes possession of our whole heart, and then there is no room for the dear Lord Jesus, for Jesus cannot dwell in the same heart in which sin abides. Let us beware of the first sign of the entrance of sin into our hearts, and let us ask Jesus to help us to overcome every temptation to evil.

1060. Compromising With the World. Sir Charles Doughty in his book on Arabia tells how at one place in the midst of desert sands he saw the caravans of pilgrims—the Haj—pass through on its way from Bagdad to Mecca. One of the pilgrims dressed as an oriental stopped and spoke to him in French. "I am an Italian," he said, "but have become a Moslem and have given up the Bible for the Koran." Doughty expressed amazement that the man should give up his privileges as a Christian to become brother of Asiatic barbarians. "A man," he answered, "cannot always choose, but

must go sometimes with the world. When I return to my native land I shall wipe off the rust of this Mohammedan life." How familiar the excuse sounds! It is heard in other places than desert sands. Man's easy surrender to environment, his acceptance of the world's way for the sake of ease or profit, with the accompanying delusion that when the time comes he will be able to obliterate all marks of his surrender. It is never so easy as men imagine. The rust gets in deeper than we intend. In any case there is loss of self-respect, and the very real loss of all the strength and nobility that come through loyalty to great convictions.

1061. Concealment, Impossible. King Midas declared his preference for the vulgar music of Pan, in a contest which that god had with Apollo. The insulted deity caused his ears to grow in length and shape like those of an ass. Midas endeavored to cover the deformity with his hair. Since it was impossible to conceal it from his barber he bound him to silence by great promises. The barber found it impossible to keep the secret, so he dug a little hole in the ground and whispered it to the earth. The hollow reeds which grew upon the spot whispered whenever the wind blew, "King Midas has ass's ears."

1062. Conceit. We sometimes speak of men and women—even Christian men and women—being "wrapped up in themselves," and when a man is wrapped up in himself he makes a pretty small parcel—when he has shrunk to that size so that he can be wrapped up in himself, there is not much to wrap up.—J. STUART HOLDEN, D.D.

1063. Conceit. A husband, finding his wife adjusting some frills at the looking-glass, exclaimed: "How conceited you are, my dear. You're always looking at yourself in the glass." Quickly replied the wife: "I'm sure I am not conceited. I don't think I'm half as pretty as I really am."

1064. Conceit, Puffed-up. There is a certain fish known as the blowfish or toad-fish. It has no particular value unless it be to cultivate the patience of the fisherman, for commonly it seizes the bait intended for its betters. It is an unattractive fish, with a great mouth and a mottled, wrinkled body that looks like wornout leather; but turn it over and tickle it a little and the flabby creature will puff up until it is swollen to the appearance of a globe. Did you ever

meet people like that? Upon occasion, with only a slight stimulus, they swell up until they bear the semblance of greatness and beauty, but there's nothing substantial about it; it's all air. A little flattery, a little tickling of vanity, and they "swell with pride," as we say. So they do; but pride is about as unsubstantial a thing as that which puffs up the blowfish. Our business is to grow, not to swell, to be built up in Christ, not to be puffed up with pride. In this connection it is well to remember Paul's words, "Knowledge puffeth up, but love buildeth up."

1065. Conceit, Self. An organ-blower in a country parish, who was worried during service because a new hymn was given out, inquired after church of different members of the congregation how the hymn went, adding this apologetic explanation, "I never blowed that hymn before!" There are other men in the world who think that their "blowing" is the chief feature of any achievement.—*Zion's Herald*.

1066. Concentration and Consecration. An American magazine, *Life and Light*, has the following remarks upon the ministry of St. Paul in contrast with the multifarious engagements of pastors in the present day. The speaker, who is evidently "a colored person," says: "You folks think the 'postle Paul was a wonderful man, but I don't. There ain't nothin' wonderful about the success that he had, as you call it. Just look at the facts. He, maybe, was an uncommon good Christian, but he didn't do nothin' else, according to his own statement. 'This one thing I do.' I say he was narrer-minded. Now look at my wife's preacher. He leads the choir, and is president of the singin' society, and holds office in two of our lodges, and he is a brother Mason besides. He takes an interest in the young folks and goes to the baseball and football games. Paul wasn't president of nothin', and didn't lead nothin' and didn't do nothin' but be a preacher. I guess I could be a pretty good Christian myself if I put all my time and strength to it. Any one could, I reckon. If our preachers cared to bring themselves down to that kind of livin' they might have better meetin's."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

1067. Confessing Christ. See *Decision Day*. See *Witness-bearing*.

1068. Confessing Christ. Run up the colors to the masthead. We must confess Christ. Some of us mean well, but

a false discretion overtakes us. We are not unlike that soldier who was always discovered, in the shock of battle, betaking himself, without orders, to safe places. The captain at last accused him of having a cowardly heart. "Oh," said the soldier, "my heart is as brave as can be, but whenever danger comes I have a cowardly pair of legs that run off with my brave heart." Many of us are like that. Our convictions are right when confession is not needed, but in the shock of battle we fail.—JOHN MCNEILL, D.D.

1069. Confessing Christ. The Rev. George F. Pentecost tells of a timid little girl who wanted to be prayed for at a religious meeting in the south of London. She wanted to come to Jesus, and said to the Christian man who was conducting the meeting, "Will you pray for me in the meeting, please? But do not mention my name." In the meeting which followed, when every head was bowed and there was perfect silence, the gentleman prayed for the little girl, and he said, "O Lord, there is a little girl here who does not want her name known, but thou dost know her; save her precious soul." There was stillness for a moment, and then way back in that congregation a little girl arose, and a little pleading voice said, "Please, it's me; Jesus, it's me." She did not want to have a doubt. The more she had thought about it the hungrier her heart was for forgiveness. She wanted to be saved, and she was not ashamed to say, "Jesus, it's me."

1070. Confessing Christ. A dumb love is acceptable only from the lower animals.—HENRY VAN DYKE.

1071. Confessing Christ. Mr. Moody said that "in a prayer meeting in Boston a little Norwegian boy, who could only speak broken English, got up and said: 'If I tell the world about Christ, he will tell the Father about me.' That wrote itself upon my heart, and I have never forgotten what that little boy said."

"If I tell the world," yes, that is what it means to confess Christ.

1072. Confessing Christ. When Captain Hedley Vicars was converted he resolved at once to fly his colors. That next morning he bought a large Bible and laid it openly on his table. "It was to speak for me," he said, "before I was strong enough to speak for myself." It spoke with effect, and many of his old companions made sport of his religion or cut him for it. He stood by his guns, but not without trembling. "Would that

I felt as little fear of being called a Christian," he said, "as I used to feel in being enlisted against Christianity." Yet trembling was not retreating, and he went straight on with his duties alike as a Christian and as a soldier. "Enable me, Lord Jesus," he prayed, "to please my colonel and yet to please thee."—*Sunday School Times*.

1073. Confessing Christ. One night a man in a trap was run down at a level crossing. Consequently the old signalman in charge had to appear in court. After a severe cross-examination he was still unshaken. He said he had waved his lantern frantically but all to no avail. The following day the superintendent of the line called him into his office. "You did wonderfully well yesterday, Tom," he said. "I was afraid at first that you might waver." "No, sir," replied Tom, "but I was afraid that old lawyer was going to ask me whether my lantern was lit!" How tragic it is that so many Christians are "waving the lantern" in the same way—and lives are lost.—*Sunday Companion*.

1074. Confessing Christ, Importance of. At the beginning of the Reformation Martin of Basel came to a knowledge of the truth, but, afraid to make a public confession, he wrote on a leaf of parchment: "O most merciful Christ, I know that I can be saved only by the merit of thy blood. Holy Jesus, I acknowledge thy sufferings for me. I love thee. I love thee." Then he removed a stone from the wall of his chamber and hid it there. It was not discovered for more than a hundred years. About the same time Martin Luther found the truth as it is in Christ. He said: "My Lord has confessed me before men; I will not shrink from confessing him before kings." The world knows what followed, and to-day it reveres the memory of Luther; but as for Martin of Basel—who cares for him? How many have ever heard of him?—D. J. BURRELL.

1075. Confessing for Others. "My God, I mean myself," said a saint in all the general confession of the church which is purposely wide to include all. "My God, I mean myself," though we generally mean everybody else but ourselves.—HUGH BLACK.

1076. Confession of Christ Withheld. The epitaph of an ancient city was written in the words, "Deleta Silentia." The legend runs that its prince, having been alarmed once without cause gave orders

that no word of evil tidings should be brought on pain of death. He spent his days and nights in ease and pleasure. When the foe came the sentinel dared not sound the tocsin. At last his master was startled from his ease by the shrieks of the dying when his palace was in flames, and the city taken. "Deleta silentia"—destroyed by silence! Thus many a soul, suppressing all the kindly influences from above, has gone on smiling toward death.—DR. BURRELL.

1077. Confession by Life. Every boy has heard of the great conqueror, Alexander the Great. We are told that he had in his army a soldier whose name also was Alexander, and that one day he sent for the soldier to appear before him. When he came Alexander said to him: "I have heard two things about you: the first is that you are a great coward; and the other is that you bear the same name as myself. Now you must do one of two things; either you must become a brave soldier like your general, always in the thick of the fight, or you must change your name. You shall not disgrace the name of your master!" So Christ comes to every one of us, young and old alike, and he says: If you bear the name of Christian; you must also exercise the same pure, unselfish love toward one another which I have manifested to all men, or else you must change your name; you must not disgrace the name of Christian.—PERCY J. GRUBB.

1078. Confession of Sin. *See Sin.*

1079. Confession of Sin. Unless we realize our sins enough to call them by name, it is hardly worth while to say anything about them at all. When we pray for forgiveness, let us say, "my temper," or "untruthfulness," or "pride," "my selfishness, my cowardice, indolence, jealousy, revenge, impurity." To recognize our sins, we must look them in the face and call them by their right names, however hard. Honesty in confession calls for definiteness in confession.—MALTBE BABCOCK.

1080. Confidence, Business. The other day in one of our large cities, a merchant from a distant town hurried into a wholesale business house and, looking at his watch, said to one of the members of the firm: "Mr. B——, you know the character of the goods I need in my business. I haven't time to look at them, as I've got to catch a train, so I'll leave it to you." He handed the wholesaler an order for \$12,000 worth of merchandise and without looking at a thing left the

place. Honesty and the "square deal" always have paid.

1081. Confidence, Christian. A spent bullet that will nestle harmlessly against a soldier's shirt will, nevertheless, so stun him by the force of its impact that he must be carried from the field. A cannon ball was once rolling quietly along the ground, seemingly ready to stop. A soldier tried to check it with his foot and it broke his leg. Motion has in it a terrible power. Simply to be set going, and then to keep on going, will transform any dull block of stone or metal into a mighty engine.

There are some men that have caught the knack of this. "I have never failed," often says a young man we know, "and I do not propose to fail this time." Thus he gathers up all his past successes into a present momentum; and thus Emerson's noble line has become true of him, "His heart is the throne of will."

But—and this, alas! Emerson did not see—the young man's heart is the throne of will only because Christ is enthroned there. "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me," is the young man's favorite motto, and in that sign he conquers.

In this way Christian confidence is reconcilable with Christian humility; for it is the Christian's duty to be confident, but it is his ruin to be *self*-confident. Momentum is always something impressed on matter from the outside; no cannon ball can set itself to rushing through the air. "Do you expect to make any impression on the vast Chinese Empire?" they asked Morrison, the pioneer missionary to China. "No," was the grand reply, "but I expect that God will." And so was put in motion a cannon ball that will yet batter down the great Chinese wall. The more we get of God's spirit and power—the more, in other words, God becomes ourselves—the more we have a right to trust ourselves.—JAMES KELLEY.

1082. Confidence, Inspiration of. Hadley, the famous superintendent of the Bowery Mission in New York City, was once trying to help a boy who had been a thief, but who wanted to reform. The lad kept straight for a while, and then stole again. "Why did you rob that man?" Hadley asked the culprit. "I had to," the boy answered; "he watched me." If that young fellow wanted to be trusted, and thought it was mean in his employer to watch him, what are we to think of our heavenly Friend who always

trusts us and lets us go on our way without any hindrance? Should we not respond to that trust with honest lives and true words?

1083. Congregation, Drawing a. Gen. Robert E. Lee was stopping at a certain watering-place over Sunday. During the day it was announced that a Methodist preacher was in the place, and would hold a preaching service at 3 o'clock, in the dancing-hall. Before the hour for service the general, himself a devout member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, passed around among the cottages and talked up a congregation, saying: "We are going to have divine service in the hall at three; will not you be kind enough to join us?" In most cases the simple invitation was accepted, and a large number were led to hear the gospel who would never have thought of such a thing but for the general's call.

We are accustomed to hold the minister wholly responsible for the work of "drawing a congregation." If pews are empty we blame him. If people remain unreached we say we must "have a change," that we must secure a minister who will "draw."

How would it do to have a congregation that will draw? How would it do to place some of the responsibility upon the people in the pews? If we should invite indifferent people to accompany us to church, and do it in a winsome way, would not some of the vacant spaces be filled? And if we were duly gracious in our greetings to strangers would we not do much to hold these recruits to the church? If the congregation is "running down" let the minister bear his share of the responsibility. But let the pew also assume its responsibility. If the pulpit and the pew will both "draw" together, the people will come.

1084. Conscience. See Sin.

1085. Conscience. Some wise man said once: "Most people follow their consciences as a man follows a wheelbarrow, pushing it before him the way he wants it to go."

1086. Conscience, Accusing. There is one stone in the floor of an old church in Scotland which stares out at you in blood red from the gray stones around it. The legend tells of a murder committed there, and of repeated fruitless attempts to cover the telltale color of that stone. Morally, the legend is true; every dead sin sends its ghost to haunt the soul of the guilty.

1087. Conscience, Accusing. "You

must tell those fellows in the cells next to me that they must stop knocking on the walls through the night," declared a murderer to the warden. But there were no inmates in the cells adjoining those of the wretched, sleepless man. His conscience was accusing him of the crime he had committed.

1088. Conscience, Accusing. A young man in New Jersey worked in a law office for several years. He went home at noon for dinner, and feeling sleepy after he had eaten, lay down for a few minutes' nap, expecting to arise and go to the office not later than one o'clock. When he awoke it was three hours past 12 o'clock. "That settles it, Dan, you're discharged," he said, and straightway wrote out his resignation. This was his second offense and he felt that a clerk who overslept himself twice should go. The firm tried in vain not to have the young man press the charge against himself, but he persisted and left. Conscience is a mighty monitor in every breast. A man of integrity will listen to conscience. We are rather slow to blame ourselves.

1089. Conscience, Chloroforming. A Sunday school teacher was explaining to her class of boys how to listen to and obey that "still, small voice" that dwells in every breast, when one of the boys, who had been stealing his father's fishing tackle and renting it to other boys to get money for an air rifle, interrupted her by saying: "Gee whiz! Is that what's been ailing me? Say, teacher, is there any way of chloroforming that 'still, small voice'?"—I. Q. MOULTON.

1090. Conscience, A Clamorous. An Indian once received at the trading-post a package of tobacco with a silver coin in it. His conscience was troubled. He came back and wished to return the coin. The trader laughed at his scruples; but he insisted, saying, "I got a good man and a bad man in my heart. The good man say, 'It is not yours'; the bad man say, 'Nobody will know'; the good man say, 'Take it back'; the bad man say, 'Never mind'; so I think I go asleep; but the good man and the bad man talk all night and trouble me."—DR. DAVID JAMES BURRELL.

1091. Conscience, Conflicting. There are many conscience problems. For example, there is the problem of false consciences. Many people mistake their own wills for God's will. Many think they are conscientious when they are only selfish, or opinionated, or obstinate. How

to distinguish between true conscience and false; by Bible-study and prayer; by the advice of wise and loving Christians.

Then there is the problem of conflicting consciences. When the consciences of two persons, both of them good and unselfish, point in opposite ways. One may be uninstructed. One may be wrongly trained in the past. Both may be right, so far as each is concerned for himself. Patience and love are needed here.

1092. Conscience, Deaden. Actual sin is not the only thing that blunts conscience. Neglect, lack of response to its voice will do the same thing. At mid-day in London in the roar of business, how few hear the great clock of St. Paul's but those who are near to it! But when the work of the day is over, and silence reigns over the city, then it may be heard for miles around. It is just like the conscience of an impenitent man. While in health and strength, in the whirl of business, he will not hear it. But the time will come when he must retire from the world, and look death in the face; and then the clock of conscience—the solemn clock—will sound in his ears, and if he has not repented will bring wretchedness and misery to his soul.

1093. Conscience, Defined. An Indian who was asked to define conscience, said, "It is a little three-cornered thing in here. When I do wrong, it turns around and hurts very much. If I keep on doing wrong, it will turn until it wears the edges all off, and then it will not hurt any more."—*The Christian Herald*.

1094. Conscience Dulled by Sin. Strike with a hammer upon a polished brass surface, and it leaves but a dent. Cover the surface with innumerable needle pricks and it destroys the polish altogether. Thus it is with our conscience. It is the numberless, constantly recurring little sins of our daily life that remove the shine from our consciences.—I. Q. MOULTON.

1095. Conscience, Educate It. "A man's first duty is to educate his conscience," but he should educate it according to the cubic measure: high enough to reach the highest ideals of God and man, broad enough to cover his mental, moral and physical powers; and long enough to run throughout eternity. Nor is this an impossible task, for, "whatsoever we ask, we receive of him" if "we keep his commandments." Who

among us would not resent the insinuation that we are not keeping his commandments? And yet, are we? Let conscience reply.—IDA Q. MOULTON.

1096. Conscience Gives Warning. A short time ago I read a story that made me thoughtful. A great menagerie was sold by auction. Some straw that had been used as temporary bedding for the wild beasts was bought by a man who owned a livery stable. And horses that had never seen a lion were uneasy and refused to enter the stalls where the straw was. It was an instinctive dread of an unseen enemy. And it is possible for a conscience to be so delicately adjusted to the voice of God that when a lure which we do not certainly know to be sinful, a cunningly baited trap for the soul, is placed in our track, there shall be spiritual instinct, a divine scent, that shall make us draw back and avoid the danger. Paul had such a conscience.—REV. H. C. LEES.

1097. Conscience, An Instrument of Safety. The world war has given some new and peculiar meanings to familiar words. An example is the word "dud." In war terms it means a shell that has fallen without exploding. In these after war days it is being found that these shells are a serious source of danger. It is found that such a shell, a "dud," is liable to be exploded by a pick of the reconstruction worker, or by the point of a plow when the peasant begins to work again his long abandoned field. Even children playing with a supposedly dead shell have been blown in pieces. As a result, warnings have been posted against having anything to do with the things.

In one of our periodicals there recently appeared a picture of an instrument by the use of which it is said one can discover the presence of the hidden danger under the surface of the ground.

Moralizing on this fact a writer in one of our religious weeklies says: "But all the 'duds' are not spent shells, nor are they all on the battlefields. Is it necessary to suggest the great number of things that might be classed as dangerous duds? Fortunately God has provided each one with an instrument by which the presence of any dangerous things may be detected. That instrument is the conscience, and about the only safeguard many have is this faculty which warns when evil is near. With what care men should keep this faculty keen, and with what heed they should attend it!"—H.

1098. Conscience Kept Alert. The conscience, says Dr. Stalker, requires to be enlightened. God's law is written on it; but the lettering is like that of an old inscription, where the words are filled up with moss and mold, so that they are apt to be misread and require to be recut. Victor Hugo says, "A man may be a wreck as well as a ship. Conscience is an anchor; but it is as terrible as true that, like the anchor, conscience may be dragged."

1099. Conscience Kept Tender. A tender conscience is one which is constantly obeyed. But if we disobey conscience, it will speak less plainly after a while. Perhaps we may not hear it at all. I wonder if you have read that poem written by the colored poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar?

"'Good-by,' I said to my conscience—
 'Good-by for aye and aye.'
 And I put her hands off harshly,
 And turned my face away;
 And conscience, smitten sorely,
 Returned not from that day.

"But a time came when my spirit
 Grew weary of its pace;
 And I cried: 'Come back, my conscience,
 And I long to see thy face.'
 But conscience cried: 'I can not;
 Remorse sits in my place.'"

1100. Conscience, Like Ship Compass. One's danger of misreading the signals along his personal life course is no less in the moral world than in the physical. Man's conscience, like a ship's compass, should be corrected according to the divine standard. It must be set right by comparison with the true standard of the Sun of Righteousness, rated frequently by the Bible record, and guarded watchfully, lest by careless usage its accuracy be lost and the soul in mid-ocean be without a guide. Unless you know how much your conscience chronometer slows or quickens in the various latitudes where you sail, you will never be able to learn your bearings accurately or to lay your course correctly.

1101. Conscience Makes Cowards. A Barbados physician and slave-holder having been robbed to a considerable extent in his sugar-works, discovered the thief by the following ingenious artifice: Having called his slaves together, he addressed them thus: "My friends, the great serpent appeared to me during the night and told me that the person who

stole my money should, at this very instant, have a parrot's feather at the point of his nose." On this announcement the dishonest slave, anxious to find out if his guilt had declared itself, put his finger to his nose. "Man," cried the master instantly, "it is thou who hast robbed me."

1102. Conscience, A Perverted. Dr. Alexander Smellie said in a recent article in *The Sunday School Times*. "'I ought' is a noble rule when conscience has once been enlightened from above. But into what errors and excesses, foolishnesses and sins, the rule may plunge us when our 'ought' is opposed to Christ!" Thus a Hindu said to a British administrator in India, "Our consciences tell us to burn our widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands"; and the Englishman replied: "Our consciences tell us to hang you if you do."—*The Sunday School Times*.

1103. Conscience, Picture of. A journeyman, going from one city to another, found a purse filled with money and gave it up to the police as soon as he reached the next town. A companion giped him for doing it and called him a fool, saying, "Who knew that you found it?" "Two knew it," he replied, "God whom I fear, and my conscience, which would have condemned me."

A painter wished to paint the conscience of man. He painted a horse running as fast as possible, followed by a swarm of hornets and added the legend: "Frustra curris," i.e., "Your running is in vain."

1104. Conscience, A Powerless. There is a serious conscience problem. It is that of the loss of power. As in some parts of the world the cold is so intense that the mercury freezes and the registering of the temperature ceases, so with conscience, we may go so far in sin that it ceases to reprove, for itself is frozen and powerless.

1105. Conscience, Its Relation to God. There is the problem of unhappy consciences. Following conscience ought to be a great joy. But many make it a sad business.

It is true that conscience has not a little to do with the matter of our acceptance of Christ and becoming Christians. Some people say it is enough if we have a good conscience toward men. But it was an apostle who said, "Herein also I exercise myself to have a conscience void of offense toward God and men always."

In the city of Brooklyn, two or three years ago, a detective went into a drug store, laid his hand upon the shoulder of a man and said, "You're wanted." He admitted his crime and asked to be allowed to go home and say good-by to his wife and child. They went to his home. He met his wife and little child in the parlor and said: "Wife, haven't I been a good husband? Haven't I been a good father and worked hard to make a living?" She replied, "Yes; what do you mean?" "I mean that I am an escaped convict from the penitentiary." He was all right with his wife and child and neighbors, but all wrong with the State of New York. You may be all right with your friends and neighbors, but all wrong with God.

1106. Conscience Responds at Region of Risk. In a good many of our factories and business houses I have noticed the precautions taken against an outbreak of fire. At intervals along the ceilings are fitted tiny sprays. When the temperature of the room rises to a certain height, these sprays send forth a chemical preparation or water which puts out any fire, and at the same time a huge gong gives the note of alarm. The moment the region of risk is approached the note of warning is sounded. So it is with conscience. It not only urges us to do the right and shun the wrong, it also warns us at the first approach of sin.

1107. Conscience Reveals. We have heard, for example, of one who, as he was traveling in an Alpine region at midnight, saw for an instant, by the brilliancy of a flash of lightning, that he was in such a position that another step would have been over a fearful precipice, and the effect upon him was that he started back and waited for the morning dawn. Now, such a flash of lightning into the darkness of David's soul that "Thou art the man" of Nathan's was to him. It revealed to him, by its momentary brilliancy, the full aggravation of his iniquity. That was enough to stir him up to hatred of his sin and of himself. Blessed are the revealing flashes.—WM. M. TAYLOR, D.D.

1108. Conscience, Right or Wrong? Conscience is like a watch,—it may look right, and you may go by it on the assumption that it is right, and find that you have missed your train because it was all wrong, after all. The watch must be set by the sure time, and regulated from time to time as comparison with the chronometer shows it needs.—MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

1109. Conscience, A Sensitive. At one of the great London hospitals, where many wounded were received from the seat of war, the telephone was used to find out exactly where a bullet lay imbedded. It was a very small telephone, just a receiver with two short lengths of wire, their metallic constitution being so arranged as to form an electrical circuit. Placing the receiver to his ear, the surgeon binds one of the wires round his probe or lancet, and as soon as the instrument touches the bullet or fragment of shell, the distinct rattle is heard through the telephone. No sound is audible while the knife is making its way through the tissues, but the instant it touches the metal the vibration is unmistakable. We need consciences as sensitive as the telephone, so that if there is secret sin in our life, no matter how deeply hidden, the probe may discover it, and the message may be sent unmistakably to the soul's listening ear.—*Sunday at Home.*

1110. Conscience, Silencing. An old historian says about the Roman armies that marched through a country, burning and destroying every living thing, "They make a solitude, and they call it peace." And so men do with their consciences. They stifle them, sear them, forcibly silence them, somehow or other; and then, when there is a dead stillness in the heart, broken by no voice of either approbation or blame, but doleful, like the unnatural quiet of a deserted city, then they say, "It is peace"; and the man's uncontrolled passions and unbridled desires dwell solitary in the fortress of his own spirit! You may almost attain that.—ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

1111. Conscience, Silencing. You may dim the surface of the glass so that it shall no longer be painfully bright, like a little sun lying on the ground. But your puny operation does not extinguish the great light that glows in heaven. Thus to trample conscience in the mire, so that it shall no longer reflect God's holiness, does not discharge holiness from the character of God. He will come to judge the world, although the world may madly silence the witness who tells of his coming.—ARNOT.

1112. Conscience, The Soul's Sentinel. A great magician, so an Eastern legend tells, once gave his prince a wonderful ring studded with priceless gems. But what gave the ring its chief value was, that so long as the prince was doing right the ring was comfortable to wear;

but whenever he cherished evil thought in his heart, or did anything wrong, it suddenly contracted and pressed painfully on his finger.

Like the magician's ring is the conscience which God has given to each of us. This is the soul's sentinel. If we always give heed to the voice of conscience, we shall be kept in the right way.

1113. Conscience, Tampering With. What would be thought of the mariner who, upon an unknown and dangerous sea, should deliberately set himself to impairing the delicacy of his compass, and blurring his chart till its lines became more and more indistinct? "It requires too much trouble," he says, "to take note of all these little indications, and they only serve to disquiet me and divert my attention. This chart will do very well for those who have plenty of leisure to study it, but I am a practical man, and only want the general features of the lands and seas. I will rub out this line signifying a sand-bar, and this dot signifying a hidden rock." In a manner infinitely more foolish does he act who attempts to stifle the whisperings of his conscience. We are on a voyage in which dangers lie about us on every side, and storms encompass us by night and day. One guide have we, which alone can bring us safely through to the eternal haven, and that guide is the still, small voice within. Shall we undertake to slight its warnings, or to blunt its sensitiveness, because, perchance, it disquiets us and awakens uncomfortable apprehensions? If we do, the shipwreck of our eternal interests is the inevitable result.—*The Moravian*.

1114. Conscience, Trained. A Cleveland fire truck horse escaped from his stable and the men could not get near enough to capture him. And then one of them tapped the alarm gong, and he came galloping back alert and ready for duty at once. The admonitions of conscience should receive as prompt a response from us.

1115. Conscience, A Useless. In South Russia a farmer had a beautiful dog. A minister said admiringly: "What a fine animal!" "You may have him," said the farmer, "for he is of no use to me, he does not bark." "How is that?" The farmer then related that he had had a governess in his home, a nervous person, who could not stand the dog's barking. Whenever he barked, she whacked him on the head with a stick, until he stopped.

Is not that the way many treat their conscience?

1116. Conscience, Voice of God. It is said there is a church in Alaska, built by the Indians, that perpetually exhales a fragrance, as if the finest incense were being burned within its walls. The odor comes from the wood of the giant arborescent, of which the church is built, and will last as long as the edifice stands. So the "conscience of man is the voice of God," and we let that voice have free course in our being, then indeed we have "confidence toward God," and are free from heart condemnation.—IDA Q. MOULTON.

1117. Conscience, A Voice Within. The other day, a man speaking of certain things which other people sometimes practice, said, "I cannot do such things; if I do there is some one inside of me who talks to me nights." How many have been withheld from sin, from folly, from rashness and bitterness by that voice within. Be quick to obey the voice of conscience.

1118. Conscience and the Watch. A man once asked me, "Is not conscience a safer guide than the Holy Spirit?" I just took out my watch and said, "Is not my watch better than the sun?" Suppose that I said to you, "I will tell you the hour by my watch, and you must always take the time from me."

It is the sun that is to rule the time. Conscience is fallen and corrupt. If we had an unfallen conscience, like holy Adam, it would be as if my watch were always to agree with the sun. But now it is a most unsafe guide.

Sometimes we hear men say, "I don't see any harm in this practice; my conscience doesn't condemn it." It is not your conscience or your consciousness that is the rule of right and wrong; the law is the standard. By the law is the knowledge of sin. Sin is the transgression of the law; not of conscience.—DR. ANDREW BONAR.

1119. Conscience, Whisperings of. Travelers tell us that there are rivers flowing beneath the streets of the ancient city of Shechem. But during the hours of the day you cannot hear them for the noise of the narrow streets and the bazaars; and then the night falls, and the clamor dies away, and dews of kindly sleep rest on the city; and then quite audibly, in the hush of night, you can hear the music of the buried streams. There are many voices like those hidden waters. You never hear them save when

things are still. There are whisperings of conscience in the bosom which a very little stir can easily down. There are tidings from the Eternal Spirit who is not far away from any one of us—tidings that shall come and go unnoticed—unless we have won the grace of being still.—GEORGE H. MORRISON, D.D.

1120. Conscience with Wrong Standard. A little girl was asked what conscience was, and she gravely replied: "It's something inside of me that tells me when Johnny does wrong." That kind of conscience is very common, but not particularly useful in reforming one's own life. There are many people, however, who base their assurance of their own high moral standards on their swift perception of other people's wrongdoing.

1121. Consecration. See *Fidelity*. See *Lord's Supper*.

1122. Consecration. Baron von Welz, who renounced his title and estates and went as a missionary to Dutch Guiana, where he filled a lonely grave, said as he gave up his title: "What to me is the title 'well-born' when I am born again in Christ? What to me is the title 'lord' when I desire to be a servant of Christ? What is it to me to be called 'Your Grace' when I have need of God's grace, help, and succor? All these vanities I will away with, and all else I will lay at the feet of Jesus, my dearest Lord, that I may have no hindrance in serving him aright."—*Onward*.

1123. Consecration. I remember an incident in "Aurora Leigh." Lucy Gresham, the poor seamstress, lay dying in an attic. Marian Erle, also a poor seamstress, was in the workroom with the other girls when she heard the news. Laying down her work at once, she hastened away to the sufferer that she might be God's minister in the hour of need. "'Why, God,' thought Marian, 'has a missing hand this moment; Lucy wants a drink, perhaps. Let others miss me! Never miss me, God!'" That willingness to be the missing hand is the secret and genius of a consecrated life.

1124. Consecration. An old West African negress had a bad-tempered heathen husband, and many difficulties in her Christian life. A missionary asked her if she was ever tempted to deny the Lord. "Oh, yes," she answered, "I be. But den, you see, I be the Lord Jesus' property. So when temptation comes 'long, I just looks up quick, and says, 'Great Massa, this property of yours be

in danger.' An den he comes and looks after his property his own self."

1125. Consecration. There was a dramatic moment, a great crisis in the world's history, when General Pershing placed the American army under the command of General Foch, who had just been made commander of all the allied forces, but none of the phrases that General Pershing used were widely quoted as epigrammatic. One which might so have been selected was the words, "Infantry, artillery, aviation, all that we have are yours. Dispose of them as you will."

God wants to hear the church in America make such a consecration as that. It will then be as irresistible as "an army with banners."—*The Expositor*.

1126. Consecration. "When the people of Collatia would surrender to Rome they were asked, 'Do you deliver up yourselves, the Collatine people, your city, your friends, your water, your bounds, your temples, your utensils, all things that are yours, both human and divine, into the hands of the Roman people?' They replied, 'We deliver up all,' and were received."

Some professing Christians seek to say to Christ, "I surrender all but ———." And then follows space for a lot of exceptions.

1127. Consecration, A Chinaman's. About twelve years ago a Christian Chinaman, moved with compassion for the coolies in South American mines, sold himself for a slave for five years, and so carried the gospel to his countrymen working there.

1128. Consecration, After New Birth. Good results require good material. How, then, can God expect to get good results from sin-saturated human nature? A Confucian proverb quoted by the Chinese says, "You cannot carve rotten wood." And God himself says of human nature, as a result of Adam's fall: "There is none righteous, no not one." What can God do with such material? Nothing, he says, except to do away with it and replace it by a new creation that is good indeed. When we receive Christ as Saviour, there comes to pass the supernatural new birth; for "if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature: the old things are passed away; behold they are become new." And when this born-again man puts himself fully and unreservedly into the hands of the Lord for his supreme control, God can do wonderful things with that new life. Not "rotten wood" now, but "the life that

is Christ" is at God's disposal for his working and workmanship; and the results will cause God himself to rejoice.

"Have Thine own way, Lord!

Have Thine own way!

Thou art the Potter,

I am the clay.

Mold me and make me

After Thy will,

While I am waiting

Yielded and still."

—*Sunday School Times.*

✓ **1129. Consecration, Complete.** A lawyer serving on a draft board had occasion to help a young immigrant man fill out his questionnaire. He explained that as an alien he was entitled to claim exemption. The young man straightened himself, and with a high look replied: "When I came to America, I came all. If America needs Karl Klausen, Karl Klausen is ready!" Shall we not do as much for Christ—"come all"?—CHARLES A. BROOKS.

1130. Consecration, Complete, Required. Faraday, the great chemist, learned a great lesson in boyhood by a very childish experience. As a little lad, humbly earning his bread by selling newspapers in the street, he was waiting outside the office of an Edinburgh paper for the morning issue, and thrust his head and arms through the railings of the iron gate. He was a born metaphysician and began to speculate on which side of the railings he was. "My head and hands are on one side," he said to himself, "and my heart and body are on the other." The gate was opened hastily before he could disengage himself, and the wrench he received taught him, as he said in after life, that all true work required head and heart and hands to be on the same side. Better go clear through. Consecration should be complete.

1131. Consecration, Decided. Consecration means that we take definite aim in our lives. We will something, try to get somewhere. There is a story in history of an old pilot who was sailing his boat in a storm. In his extremity he cried, "Father Neptune, you may sink me if you will, or you may save me if you will, but whatever happens I will keep my rudder true." Consecration will help you to keep your rudder true.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

1132. Consecration Defined. There is an old Dutch picture of a little child, dropping a cherished toy from its hands;

and at first sight, its action seems unintelligible, until, at the corner of the picture, the eye is attracted to a white dove winging its flight toward the emptied outstretched hands. Similarly we are prepared to forego a good deal when once we catch sight of the spiritual acquisitions which beckon to us. And this is the true way to reach consecration and surrender. Do not ever dwell on the giving up side, but on the receiving side. Keep in mind the old Hebrew word for consecration, to fill the hand.—MYER.

1133. Consecration, Definite. We each have our own daily tasks, our allotted duties, but these need not make machines of us. We have human hearts, and while we are busy with our duties, our sympathy and love may be flowing out to all with whom we come in contact. We can be kind, thoughtful, pleasant and bright, and should cultivate the cheerful spirit to win others not only to ourselves, but to our loving Saviour. If we have not taken upon us consecration vows, let us do so now. It must be to us a definite act. Whitefield made it so when, in his ordination service, he said, "I call Heaven and earth to witness that when the Bishop laid his hands upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for him who hung upon the cross for me. I have thrown myself blindfolded and without reserve into His Almighty hands." We must not be content with a general desire or a longing for it. It matters little when, where or how we do it, publicly or privately, by speech or writing; but it must be a definite act.

1134. Consecration, Full. Mrs. Howard Taylor said in an address at a convention of Student Volunteers at Toronto: "My cry had always been, 'O God, anywhere in the world I will go for you, but not to China; don't let it be China!' But it was China, and for the first time in my life I left home, my mother and father, and sailed with other missionaries. But I was alone as far as my heart was concerned. There came a moment when we weighed anchor, and the great ship moved slowly over the Bay of Naples, the shores of Europe growing dim in the distance. I was standing alone clasping to my heart the first home letters,—I cannot tell you of the waves that overwhelmed my soul. Just then a sailor on the prow of the ship called to the captain on the bridge, 'All is clear now, sir; all is clear.' And the captain answered, 'Full steam ahead!' The words rang through my heart, and I looked

up into his face and said to him, 'O Christ, all is clear now between my heart and thee; all is clear now!' If you want to know something of the deeper joy of life you must go through a moment like that."—EDWARD B. BAGBY.

1135. Consecration, Full. A young man who worked in a coal mine in the State of Ohio heard the call and enlisted for service in the great World War. His appearance was not especially promising. But he took to drill naturally and made rapid progress in the preparation for actual service. His name was John Wright. By and by he reached the other side and the front lines of action. There came up a piece of very dangerous work to be done. It was not exactly in the line of duty. But his superior officer called him and asked if he would undertake the dangerous task. His answer was: "When John Wright came over he came all." That was his way of indicating that his was a full consecration to the cause of his country.

1136. Consecration, God Asks. Nearly four years ago, I was going to spend the day in a large city. Before starting I said to my dear invalid sister, who is now in glory, satisfied with the fullness of her Father's house, "Can I buy anything for you, dear? I do want so much to bring you something from town." She interrupted my question, saying with such a sweet, yearning look, "Nothing, dear. Don't bring anything. I only want you. Come home as soon as you can." Her tender words rang in my ears all day: "I only want you"; and, oh, how often, since her bright entrance within the pearly gates, have her touching words and loving look returned to memory!

Well, is not this, too, what a dear Saviour says to you? Do you not want sometimes, to offer prayers, tears, almsgiving, deeds of kindness, sacrifices, earnest service, and patient endeavor? But he, too, turns from all, and says, "I only want you." "My son, my daughter, give me thine heart." No amount of service can satisfy the love which claims only the heart. "Lovest thou me?" was his thrice repeated question to his erring disciple. "He that loveth me shall be loved by my Father" (John 14:21). Devotion of life, earnestness of service, fervent prayers, are only acceptable to him as fruits of love. They are valueless without the heart. He says to each of us, as my sainted sister said to me, "I only want you."

1137. Consecration, Lack of. A young

lady, on being asked what was the greatest obstacle in the way of her leading a Christian life, replied "myself." No doubt her experience is that of many, though perhaps all would not so freely admit their responsibility. We are very apt to lay upon others, or upon circumstances, the blame for our faults and failings. "If only such and such things had not happened, we say; "if only such a person had done differently I should have been a better man, have set a better example, and lived a more consistent life." We shrink from accusing the real culprit, "myself." Yet he is the only one to blame. All the powers of evil, all the influences of the world, cannot make us do wrong unless we choose to do so. It may be convenient to lay the blame upon others, but we are the guilty ones. "His majesty, myself," is the rascal whom we are pretending to try to find. The trouble is not that he is too far away. He is too near. But the sooner we recognize the fact that for our faults and failings, our inconsistencies and weaknesses, we alone are responsible, the sooner we shall find the true remedy for our condition.

"I thought the shining sun was dark,
And dark the bending skies;
Alas, I find the darkness all
Is in my blinded eyes."

1138. Consecration, Lack in. Sherwood Eddy says that the great Madras Young Men's Christian Association building was held up for months, after the site was chosen, the plans drawn, and the money provided, because two shanty owners would not let go their hold on a little ground in the center of the plot. What is the name of the little shanty in our minds which is holding up the great building of character and service for which God has the plans and means ready?

1139. Consecration, Learning. We cannot learn all that consecration means at once. It is one of the lessons we may learn daily, and which we will never altogether master until our probation closes.

Frances Ridley Havergal, who wrote the beautiful consecration hymn which we so often sing—

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee,"

said that every year it brought to her new meaning as she endeavored to practice what she preached.

1140. Consecration, Missionary. "Al" Staton, one of the players on Georgia Tech's "Golden Tornado," was offered a salary of \$10,000 a year as a mechanical engineer when he graduated last June. But he decided to accept \$100 a month and a charge as a missionary to Brazil instead. For some young men re-building souls is more attractive than building bridges.—*The Epworth Herald*.

1141. Consecration, Needed. God needs us. Shall we withhold ourselves? In George Eliot's "Stradivarius," Naldo asks the master, "What! were God at fault for violins, if thou wert not here?" And Stradivarius answers, "Yes, he were at fault for Stradivari's work." God needs you in his work for the world.

1142. Consecration, Plow or Altar. The seal of the American Baptist Missionary Union is most significant. There is an altar; there is a plow; there is an ox. And underneath, this legend is written: "Ready for either." Ready for the plow, to drag the long and weary furrow; ready for the altar, if thou wouldst lay me there in sacrifice; and, either way, given over for thy use, O Christ. And what is given thus he deigns to use. And what his hand grasps for his using is in honor.

1143. Consecration, Prayer of. At Bible conferences and other Christian gatherings for the deepening of the spiritual life, Dr. James M. Gray has been accustomed to use a very brief and simple prayer at the close of the consecration meeting, which has been an instrument of much blessing.

"O God, I am redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. I am saved by thy grace. I am indwelt by thy Holy Spirit. I now yield myself to thee as one who is alive from the dead, and my members as instruments of righteousness unto God, that I may be filled with thy Holy Spirit.

"I accept the infilling of thy Holy Spirit by faith, through Jesus Christ my Lord, Amen."

1144. Consecration, Self. Most of us have heard of the poor Indian to whom the collection basket was passed. He said, "Put it down a little lower." When it was lowered he said, "Still lower," until it was put on the floor. Then he stepped into it. He wanted to give himself. That was the way the ignorant Indian had of yielding himself up. He would be all for Christ. The Indian can teach a lesson on self-surrender.

"All for Jesus, all for Jesus, all my being's ransomed powers;
All my thoughts, and words, and doings,
all my days and all my hours."

This is a great hymn of consecration. It means a great many times more than we think, even at our liveliest.—REV. FRANK S. ARNOLD.

1145. Consecration, Sublime. The old Mohammedan, rushing upon his enemy, cried, "A people is upon thee loving death as thou lovest life." They were consecrated to death. What a power we would be if we attacked the world with the cry: "A people is upon thee loving to serve thee more than they love life!" That would be sublime consecration.

1146. Consecration to a Task. When Stanley found Livingstone in the heart of Africa, he begged the old hero to go home. There seemed to be every reason why he should go back to England. His wife was dead, his children were living there, the weight of years was pressing upon him, the shortest march worried him, he was often compelled to halt many days to recover strength after his frequent attacks of prostrating illness. Moreover, he was destitute of men and means to enable him to make practical progress. In the face of all this he said to Stanley: "No, no; to be knighted as you say, by the Queen, welcomed by thousands of admirers, yes—but impossible. It must not, cannot, will not be. I must finish my task."—C. H. KILMER.

1147. Consecration, Wanted Better Brand of. We need to get this matter of consecration down out of cloudland into the region of actual daily living. We often sing about it, and pray for it, and talk about it in glowing words, as if it were some exalted state with which the daily life of toil and struggle had nothing whatever to do. But the consecration suggested by Paul when he says, "I beseech you . . . that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice," is one that walks on the earth, that meets life's actual duties, struggles, temptations and sorrows, and that falters not in obedience, fidelity, or submission, but follows Christ with love and joy wherever he leads. This is consecration. No other consecration pleases God.

The great want of the present day is, not more Christians, but a better brand of Christians. Many imagine if they become a little more religious, they will become a little less happy than they are. It is just the opposite. It is far easier

to live the whole of religion than the half, and he is most miserable who is half in and half out trying to serve two masters. It is much easier to live right out and out than in a half-hearted way.—M. S. DRYMAN.

1148. Consecration, Willing. Among the many passages in the Old Testament whose translation is vitally improved in the New Revision is the following verse in the first Book of the Chronicles: "Who then offereth willingly to consecrate himself this day unto the Lord?" King David propounded this question to the people of Israel when he was about undertaking the noble project of rearing a magnificent temple to Jehovah. He calls for contributions of money and of labor. There was to be no enforced draft of either men or money; every gift was to be spontaneous and offered willingly. It is the same thought which Paul presents when he exhorts that "whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord." The overmastering love of Christ in the soul will make hard labors light, and unwelcome tasks agreeable, and sacrifices prompt and cheerful.—T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

1149. Consecration, Whole-hearted. Suppose you were to buy a house and lot or an elegant residence, pay the money and get the deeds, and the day you were to go in the gentleman said, "Here's the key to eight rooms; I have reserved two rooms." "Didn't I buy the house?" "Yes." "Well, what do you mean?" "I want to keep four tigers in one room, and the other I want to fill with reptiles. I want them to stay here." You say, "Well, my friend, if you mean what you say I would not have your house as a gift. You want me to move my family into a house where one room is full of tigers and the other full of snakes!" Many a time we turn over our whole heart to God, and when he comes in we have reserved some rooms for the wild beasts of pride and the hissing serpents of iniquity.

Let me tell you, brethren, I won't ask God to come and live in a house that I won't let my family live in. Empty every room in the house, and then the heart is the center of gravity to Jesus Christ, and he will come in and live with you.—S. J.

1150. Consecration in Work. To one of our greatest writers some one said, "How is it that you write like that?" "Oh," he said, "I dip my pen into my heart and write." Yes, but there is some-

thing even better than that; you guide your pen by the spirit of Jesus and you can claim the divine promises, and you can plead with sinners, and you can pursue a way that is crammed with hostile people, and you can have God's certificate of safety, and God's promise of power.

1151. Conservatism. A conservative is a man who will not look at the new moon, out of respect for that "ancient institution," the old one.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

1152. Consideration, Spiritual. Benjamin Franklin said we were all biased, so when he had an important decision to make, he took a sheet of paper and headed two columns respectively, "Pro" and "Con," then thought the matter out carefully. When he conceived of a reason "for" he put it under "Pro"; when he discovered one against, it went under "Con." After his lists were as complete as he could make them, he went through saying this "pro" is as strong as these two "cons," and this "con" is as much value as those three "pros," until he had "balanced" off all that he could; then he gave his decision for or against, according to the reasons still left.

Are you willing to give this question of your future destiny unbiased consideration like that?—R. L.

1153. Consistency. John Hunter said, "Never ask me what I have said or what I have written, but if you will ask me what my present opinions are, I will tell you." Consistency is not just making the actions of to-day tally with those of yesterday. The test of reality is to have the actions of to-day represent the convictions now dominant in the heart. Let us each strive to escape hypocrisy on the one hand and to avoid absolute stagnation on the other. To the girl wishing to tempt Augustine astray saying "I am the same," he replied, "But I am not. I am a new man." Thank God!

1154. Consistency, Christian. Athénagoras, the Christian father, says, "Among us you will find uneducated persons, artisans and old women, who, if they are unable in words to prove the benefit of our doctrine, yet by their deeds exhibit it. They do not rehearse speeches, but show good works."

1155. Contentment. See Thanksgiving.

1156. Contentment. That veteran storyteller for the youth and the middle-aged men of our generation, J. T. Trowbridge, wrote in his reminiscences these words, richly suggestive of his own life and the contented spiritual heights he had won:

"Riches I have not sought, and never found,
And fame has passed me with averted eye;
In creeks and bays my quiet voyage is bound,
While the great world without goes surging by.

"No withering envy of another's lot,
Nor nightmare of contention, plagues my rest;
For me alike what is and what is not,
Both what I have, and what I lack, are best."

1157. Contentment.

"Think joy, and joy will hear you,
For thoughts are always heard;
And it shall nestle near you,
Like some contented bird.

"Whate'er your sad condition,
Whate'er your woes or pains,
Bright thoughts shall bring fruition,
As surely as God reigns."

1158. Contentment. True contentment depends not upon what we have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.—C. COLTON.

1159. Contentment, Alchemy of. There was an Arab told us, on Lake Van, that in one of those villages there was a poor man who continually prayed to God for prosperity; but God gave him an opportunity to earn only a few pennies a day. But one night he prayed with all his heart that he might be contented, and God answered his prayer. The next day he went singing out to his work, and in joy brought in some pittance, as before, and he put it into a little purse by the hearth. He went to his rest, and the angel came down in the night and took out the little pieces of copper and put in shining pieces of gold, and the next day he went again with joy to his work and came home in peace and again put his pittance of copper into the purse. The angel, when he was asleep, came down stealthily, opened the purse, took out the copper, put in the gold. That is an illustration delightfully beautiful of the purpose for which God came into the world, and what we are trying to do in his name everywhere. It is to substitute the gold for copper; and when a person learns God's way and is reconciled to his will and obedient to his commandments, then every thought that was silver becomes a thought of gold, and every im-

pulse that was stone becomes an impulse of iron, and everything that was to him wooden becomes beautiful brass. To him that serveth God there cometh a continual substitution of something better every day, and in the other language of the Scripture I may put it: "The path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

1160. Contentment, Attainable. One of Thoreau's quaint sayings was: "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone." On this basis there surely never were such opportunities for wealth as at the present time, when we are surrounded by beautiful, attractive and tempting objects which are freely bought and used by neighbors and acquaintances.

To be able to resist temptations to buy things which we are just as well off without, and to indulge in amusements and recreations which are not for our physical or moral well-being, to be able to limit ourselves in regard to creditable indulgences—these are evidences of a strong character. One of the first and most important lessons which the mother of to-day must teach her child is to let things alone.

When the baby has learned to admire the pretty flowers without picking them, to see candy, fruit, or other things which he knows "taste good" without putting them in his mouth; when the child has learned not to do things simply because "the other boys and girls" do them—then he can be trusted to go out into the world alone, for he can resist temptation. When such a boy grows to manhood his wants will be so few, his desires will be so well under control, that he will be indeed what Thoreau would call "a very rich man."—*The Congregationalist*.

1161. Contentment by Contrast. Saadi, the Persian poet, whose words breathe a wisdom and kindliness not unlike that of inspiration, informs us that he never complained of his condition but once,—when his feet were bare, and he had no money to buy shoes; but meeting with a man without feet, he instantly became contented with his lot and thankful for his mercies.

1162. Contentment, Cultivated. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" said, "I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then sit on the lid and smile."

1163. Contentment, Deceitful.
"Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,

(A very plain brown stone will do)

That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

"Plain food is quite enough for me;

Three courses are as good as ten;—
If nature can subsist on three,

Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victuals nice;—
My choice would be vanilla ice.

"I care not much for gold or land;—

Give me a mortgage here and there,
Some good bank-stock, some note of
hand,

Or trifling railroad share,—
I only ask that fortune send
A little more than I can spend."

1164. Contentment Hard to Attain.

An editor was sitting in the handsome home of a prosperous Western banker who had "made his pile" and retired. In speaking of his pioneer experience, he said that once, when visited by a friend who had known him in the East, that friend asked him what had induced him to leave the old home, surrounded as he there was with relatives and congenial companions for this "wild and woolly" country, devoid of culture and lacking pretty much everything that would make life worth living to most men. "I told him frankly," said the host, "that I had come West to get rich, and I meant to get rich, and if I lived I would yet get rich. My wife rebuked me," continued the now prosperous citizen, "and told me that it was a shame for any man to cherish such an ambition, adding that she 'never cared to be rich.' All she asked was enough to be comfortable. And," added the banker with a twinkle in his eye, "I got rich a good deal sooner than she got comfortable." The Preacher who wrote Ecclesiastes discovered it was easier to attain the first condition than the second.

1165. Contentment Hard to Find.

There is a Persian story that the great king, being out of spirits, consulted his astrologers, and was told that happiness could be found by wearing the shirt of a perfectly happy man. The court and the homes of all the prosperous classes were searched in vain; no such man could be found. At last a common laborer was found to fulfill the conditions; he was absolutely happy, but alas! the remedy was as far off as ever: the man had no shirt!—H.

1166. **Contentment, Lack of.** A lady walking with her husband, and seeing a carriage go by, said to him: "Look at the splendid carriage Judge H— and his wife are driving about in. I only wish we could be so lucky." Up in the carriage the Judge's wife was saying to him: "I am getting positively ashamed of this old rig. Look how the people stand and look at us with contempt. If you do not wish to drive me to despair you must buy a new turnout."

1167. Contentment, Lack of.

Silly Susan Scuppernong
Cried so hard and cried so long,
People asked her what was wrong.
She replied, "I do not know
Any reason for my woe—
I just feel like feeling so."

—ARTHUR MACY.

1168. Contentment Not Satisfaction.

Contentment is not satisfaction. It is the grateful, faithful, fruitful use of what we have, little or much. It is to take the cup of Providence, and call upon the name of the Lord. What the cup contains is its contents. To get all there is in the cup is the act and art of contentment. Not to drink because one has but half a cup, or because one does not like its flavor, or because some one else has silver to one's own glass, is to lose the contents; and that is the penalty, if not the meaning of discontent. No one is discontented who employs and enjoys to the utmost what he has. It is high philosophy to say, we can have just what we like if we like what we have; but this much at least can be done, and this is contentment,—to have the most and best in life, by making the most and best of what we have.—MALTBIE BABCOCK.

1169. **Contentment, Receipts for.** The blind Madame de Deffand rejoiced that her affliction was not rheumatism; Spurgeon's receipt for a contented heart was never to chew pills, but to swallow the disagreeable and have done with it; Darwin's comfort was that he had never consciously done anything to gain applause; and Jefferson never ceased affirming his belief in the satisfying power of common daylight, common pleasures, and all the common relations of life. Essipoff, when commiserated on the smallness of her hands, insisted that longer ones would be cumbersome. Robert Gehauffer's specific for a blue Monday is to whistle all the Brahms tunes he can remember. Dr. Cuyler, when very ill, replied to a relative's suggestion of the glorious company waiting him above,

"I've got all eternity to visit with those old fellows; I am in no hurry to go"; and old Aunt Mandy, when asked why she was so constantly cheerful, replied, "Lor', chile, I jes' wear this world like a loose garment."—LUCY E. KEELER.

1170. Contentment, Secret of. I visited in a hospital a young girl who had just submitted to the amputation of a limb. She told me that when she first learned she must lose the limb it almost killed her. But she spent a little time in prayer, and knowing now that it was God's will, because in no other way was there any hope that her life could be spared, she accepted the decision of the surgeons quietly. From that moment there was no further struggle. The secret of her wonderful change was her acquiescence in what she believed to be the will of God. The moment we accept a cross, it is no longer a cross.—DR. J. R. MILLER.

1171. Contentment, Secret of. Dr. J. R. Miller tells the story of Henry Thornton, who was a most generous giver to good causes. A visitor called on him one day and asked for a special subscription for missions, and he made out a check for twenty-five dollars. Before the ink was dry, a messenger boy came in with a telegram. Mr. Thornton opened it, and the visitor noticed that his face turned very pale and his hand trembled. He said to the visitor, "I have received terrible news. I have lost thousands of dollars. Give me back the check." It was hard to give it back, as, of course, the visitor expected to see it torn up. But Mr. Thornton, on receiving it, changed the twenty-five dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars, saying, "God has taught me that I may not much longer possess my property, and I must use it well." That man had chosen the true way to contentment. Contentment is always possible when we keep an open mind to be taught of God, and realize that in everything we are his stewards.

1172. Conversion. See *Regeneration*.

1173. Conversion. "Uncle Mose," said a drummer, addressing an old colored man seated on a drygoods box in front of the village store, "they tell me that you remember seeing George Washington—am I mistaken?" "Well, sah," said Uncle Mose, "I uster 'member see'n' him, but I done fo'got since I j'ned de chu'ch."—*The Expositor*.

1174. Conversion. One time, when Samuel H. Hadley was praising God for

taking away all his appetite for liquor, a physician remonstrated with him, saying that he would have to have a new stomach in order to have the appetite for liquor removed. "Praise God!" said Mr. Hadley, "I knew I had a new heart, but this is the first time I knew I had a new stomach."

1175. Conversion. In the employ of one of the largest manufacturers in Dayton, Ohio, was a young man of considerable executive ability, who was foreman of a "roustabout gang." He was in many ways a good fellow, who could get more work out of his men than any one else, but he would get drunk frequently, and stay away two or three days at a time from his work. On account of his exceptional ability the manager bore with him for some time, but was just on the point of letting him go, when a great change was noticed in the young man. His appearance was different, and he attended strictly to business as never before. Finally, some of the men in the factory began to tease him about being converted in the shop meetings. He paid no attention, but kept steadily at work. The matter came to the notice of the manager, and one day, in passing the young man, he said, "Is it so that you have been converted at these meetings?" The young man straightened up, looked the manager square in the face, and replied, "Yes, sir; I have turned the corner."

1176. Conversion at Bottom of Sea. A professional diver had in his house what would strike a visitor as a very odd chimney ornament. It was an oyster holding fast between its shells a piece of printed paper. The man was diving on the coast when he observed at the bottom of the sea this oyster on a rock, and the paper fastened to it. Detaching the printed scrap, he commenced to read it through the glasses of his helmet. To his surprise, it was part of a tract concerning an offer of divine mercy in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. He had lived hitherto a careless, irreligious life, and had scoffed at many gospel invitations. But the Lord had not wearied of calling him to the spiritual feast of his kingdom, and here was another and unexpected appeal. "I could hold out no longer," said the diver, "since God's mercy pursued me even to the bottom of the sea." In the depths of the ocean he repented and trusted Christ, and came to the surface a changed man. But, as he used to observe, "few have been con-

verted in a stranger place than I."—*Sunday Companion*.

1177. Conversion, Billy Sunday's. The story of "Billy" Sunday's conversion is told by him as follows, taken from one of his sermons in the *Philadelphia North American*:

"One time, twenty-nine years ago, I walked down a street in Chicago in company with some ball-players who were famous in this world, and we went into a saloon. It was Sunday afternoon and we 'tanked' up. We walked on down the street to a vacant lot and sat down on the curbing. Across the street a company of men and women were playing on instruments—horns, flutes, and trombones—and the others were singing the Gospel hymns that I used to hear my mother sing back in the log cabin in Iowa, and back in the old Methodist church where I used to go to Sunday-school. And God painted on the canvas of my recollection and memory a vivid picture of the scenes of other days and other faces. I sobbed and sobbed, and a young man stepped out and said, 'We are going down to the Pacific Garden Mission. Won't you come down with us? I am sure you will enjoy it.' I arose and said, 'Good-by, boys,' and turned my back on them. Some of them laughed and some of them mocked me. . . . I went to the mission, liked it, and went again and again. Then one dark and stormy night, I groped my way, out of darkness into the arms of Jesus Christ, and I fell on my knees and cried, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!'"

1178. Conversion, A Drunkard's. In a recent report of the London City Mission we came across the story of a Paisley drunkard in whom Christ had been formed. He had been a gambler, running a low music hall by way of support. One day, after he had cleared out of the business, and was going along the street almost friendless and penniless, a publican bade him good morning and invited him to drink. "No," said the convert, "I've stopped drinking. I've signed the pledge." "Oh! you'll not keep that long." "I think I shall," replied the man; "I've got converted." "Converted!" said the publican, "well, that does make a difference."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

1179. Conversion, Evidence of. A young sewing-girl was converted, and being asked what conversion meant and what difference it made in her life and work, she replied: "Many a time I have sent home seams scarcely fastened, so that they were sure to rip; but, please

God, since I have been converted my seams will never rip again."—*The Watchword*.

1180. Conversion, Evidence of. A janitress, whose duty it was to keep an Episcopal chapel clean, became converted. The evidence that she gave of her change of heart was this: she said, "I take up the big mat at the entrance now, and sweep under it, while before I just swept around it."

1181. Conversion, Expecting. I was pained, in India, to hear the president of a Christian college rise to say that he did not expect conversions in this generation among the students and could hardly believe my ears when he added that the governing board at home agreed with him that they were not to expect conversions in this generation. That is not the spirit that will win conversions in the next generation. It reminded me of the young preacher who went to Mr. Spurgeon to ask why he did not make converts in his ministry.

"You do not expect to make converts after every sermon, do you?" Spurgeon asked.

The young preacher replied, "Oh, no, of course, I do not expect them after every sermon!"

"That is just the reason why you do not get them after any sermon," was Spurgeon's answer.—JOHN R. MOTT.

1182. Conversion by Force. An example, not hastily to be followed by every preacher, was set by Rev. Edward Marsden, a native of Alaska, and a missionary of the Presbyterian Church, at Saxman, three hundred miles south of Sitka. He seems to have the quite unique record in modern days of gaining a convert by muscular force. He tells the story as follows:

"There was one man who absolutely refused to be converted. He was one of the chiefs of the tribe, was a man of considerable influence, and was devoted to the ancient customs of the people. I talked with him many times and he finally told me that if I did not stop he would show me how strong he was. He was a much larger man than I am, but I kept right after him.

"I was able to offer him assistance upon several occasions. One time in particular, his son was seriously ill and I gave the young man remedies which cured him. A short time after this, when I was conducting the regular Sunday service, I noticed the old man in a corner in the back part of the room. I

had my sermon prepared for that day, but this I immediately changed and chose a tough text which would suit his tough character and preached directly at him. I intended to have a talk with him, but he disappeared before I had finished.

"The following Sunday the performance was repeated, and again he squirmed and disappeared. The third Sunday was the same, but this time, instead of giving the benediction and allowing him to escape, I ran down the aisle and caught him before he could move. I grasped him by the shoulders and dragged him to the altar rail. There I forced him to his knees and compelled him to confess his sins. He arose to his feet a converted man and ever after that was one of the best Christians we had in the community."

1183. Conversion, Fruits of. Kosan-lone, a converted Chinese, when in America on a visit, was deeply impressed with the little difference he saw between the style of living of many professing Christians and the men of the world. Adverting to the matter on one occasion, he said, making at the same time a large sweep with his arm, "When the disciples in my country come out from the world, they come clear out."

1184. Conversion, Quick. One man told me he was going to decide for Christ when going to bed. I asked what time that would be. He said, "10 p. m." Looking at my watch, I said, "It is just 8:30. Why are you putting it off an hour and a half?" He could not say, but the real difficulty was soon discovered, and he asked, "Sir, if I trust him, can he keep me?" "I should think so. Listen," and I read John 10:28, 29: "Neither shall any pluck them out of my hand; and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." "Here is a double security. What a promise this is!" "Then I will trust him," said he, and my inquiring friend had been born again nearly two hours when he turned into his blankets!—*Christian Herald*.

1185. Conversion, Revolutionary. Every man or woman who turns to Christ must bear in mind that they are breaking with their old master and enlisting under a new leader. Conversion is a revolutionary process.—T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

1186. Converted Saloon-keeper. Every Saturday night a Salvation Army lassie entered the worst saloon in the city of Cleveland, burdened with the gospel message. Just as regularly as she entered

she was turned out. The keeper of this saloon, fierce and besotted, had taken so much of his own intoxicating liquors that his legs were paralyzed, and more than once had he been enclosed in a padded cell raging with delirium tremens. One Saturday night, from curiosity, and because of the lassie's persistency in returning, the keeper thought he would listen to her remarks. At the close of the simple service she invited all to come to a seven o'clock meeting the next morning. As the saloon did not open so early, the keeper thought he would slip in just to see what happened at the meeting. As he sat alone in the rear of the room a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he heard the same lassie's voice saying, "Won't you come to Jesus?" He came. The next day the liquor in his shop was poured into the street, and he lives to-day an honest business man selling paint and paper, publishing by his life how great things Jesus had done for him.—MRS. SCHUYLER C. WOODHULL.

1187. Conversion Sometimes Unconscious. Six Edinburgh students, one evening after a Moody meeting, were discussing conversion in their rooms. Three remembered the circumstances of their conversion and three did not.—GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

1188. Conversion, Sudden. In II. Chronicles 29, there is a very interesting story of a revival of religion. The whole people under King Hezekiah were stirred through and through and the good king greatly rejoiced, and all the people rejoiced, and the description that is given of it has these significant words, "The thing was done suddenly." And so the man who had charge of the jail at Philippi came suddenly to see his sin, and to believe on Christ as his personal Saviour. No matter how long the causes may have been working together to bring a man or a woman to the point, every conversion, or "turning," is at the last sudden. It comes when we choose Christ as our Saviour, and the decision is always but the work of a moment. In childhood one may grow into the Christian life, and not be conscious of the point of decision. But a man who has lived without God, as did the jailer, and comes out of the darkness into the glorious light, will forever after marvel that "the thing was done suddenly."

1189. Conversion, Transformation by. Mr. Peryn Moore, a Chicago business man who for a number of years has been identified with the great student gather-

ings at Lake Geneva as convention chairman, relates that several months after the close of one of the conferences he received a kodak picture, on the back of which was written this message: "I have been plowing the straightest furrows that were ever on this farm since I was at Lake Geneva." Many an employer has longed for the possession of such a spirit by his employees. A religious experience that doesn't mean that to a Christian isn't worth the strike of a match.

1190. Conversion when Jesus Met Him. In the far North, on the cold, lonely St. Lawrence Island, a strange happening is reported by the missionaries. In that little isolated colony was a young man, a sorcerer, or "singing man," who would have nothing to do with new ways or those who had come to teach them; the teachers could not reach him. But one day he came in from his solitary trapping out in the ice and snow, a changed man. He said that he had met the Lord Jesus while out at his fox traps, and talked with him, and had come back to lead a different life. His earnest repetition of the story and his evident sincerity induced many of the natives to follow his example in bringing charms and "medicine" to burn in the mission stove. The people are now eager to learn, and an Eskimo church is forming on the island. Shall we call such an incident nothing more than the superstitious fancy of an ignorant Eskimo? Surely the Lord who long ago walked the shores of Galilee, and called his disciples there, did appear by the Arctic sea as well, and summon this poor native. The changed nature is proof of the meeting—the only proof that any of us can give that somewhere on our life-path we have met him.—*Forward.*

1191. Controversy. Where violence reigns, reason is weak.—CHAMFORT.

1192. Conviction. *See* Conscience. *See* Repentance.

1193. Conviction, Weight of. The life and letters of Stopford Brooke have recently been published by his son-in-law. He tells of a time when Morley and Brooke were arguing about the immortality of the soul. Morley did not believe the soul immortal, and Brooke stood up for it vigorously. They were at it for two hours, but Morley was not convinced. Finally he turned on Brooke, and said, "But do you yourself really believe in the immortality of the soul?" "I do," was the answer. Brooke said that answer seemed to carry more weight with Mor-

ley than all the rest of the argument.—*The Expositor.*

1194. Coöperation with God. One of Wellington's officers, when commanded to go on some perilous duty, lingered as if afraid, and then said, "Let me have one clasp of your all-conquering hand before I go; and I can do it."

Our commander, Jesus Christ, does better for us than this; he not only is willing to give us the clasp of his all-conquering hand, but lovingly assures that he will go with us all the way, protecting us from all dangers and strengthening us for every encounter. How our hearts should rejoice to know that he will be with us; we could covet no greater blessing, for it is the greatest gift that we can ever obtain.

"God with us" means success every time. This has been proven scores of times by the people of oldest days, as we will find if we study our Bibles. Over and over again we find that as long as God was with them they prospered, and just as soon as they attempted to turn aside from God they met disaster.

It is just the same to-day. The man who attempts anything without God will surely meet with failure.—E. D. HOOEY.

1195. Coöperation with God. Each season, as more of the practical results of his wonderful work come into possession of the farmer, and gardener, and consumer, the world is coming to honor and esteem Luther Burbank. Under his touch living plants seem to yield the most remarkable developments. But Burbank is simply working with God, learning more of the secrets of life. He does not create, he simply directs the growth along certain lines God has laid down in the laws of nature. How splendidly he exemplifies in his peculiar line of work Paul's word, "we are fellow laborers with God."

1196. Cost, Counting the. Two young soldiers were talking about the service of Christ. One of them said: "I can't tell you all that the Lord Jesus is to me. I do wish that you would enlist in his army." "I am thinking about it," answered his comrade, "but it means giving up several things; in fact, I am counting the cost." An officer passing at that moment heard the remark, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the speaker, he said: "Young friend, you talk of counting the cost of following Christ, but have you ever counted the cost of not following him?" For days that question rang in the ears of the young man, and he

found no rest till he sought and found it at the foot of the Saviour of sinners, whose faithful soldier and servant he has now been for twenty-seven years.—*Christian Witness*.

1197. Counterfeits, Detected. The president of a bank, when asked by a young clerk how he could distinguish the bad bills from the good, said:

"Get familiar with the good bills, and you will recognize the bad bills at sight."

Here is a vast volume of wisdom summed up in a simple sentence. This homely advice applies not only to the detection of counterfeit money, but with equal force to the detection of the counterfeit in all departments of life.

1198. Courage, A Boy's. A little boy was being prepared for a serious operation. Said he to the nurse, "You don't know what I have in my hand." "No," she replied, "what is it, my boy?" He answered, "A button from the uniform of a real soldier." The matron had given it to him, having cut it from her husband's coat, who was a soldier. He held it in his hand, that he might gather a soldier's courage for the ordeal he was about to pass through. "Now, my children," said the pastor, "when you are inclined to whimper before some little trial, remember the boy with the soldier's button and try to be brave and show the real soldier spirit."

1199. Courage, Inspiring. A certain business man has a curious little charm for his watch-chain. Business acquaintances often joke him about it, for it is nothing but a queer little copper two-cent piece, bright, it is true, through frequent polishing, but plainly showing its value. Its value, indeed! The man wouldn't sell it for a thousand dollars. "I had lost every cent I had in the world, practically," he told some one, with tears in his eyes, "and there at my desk, my head on my arms, I was thinking of a possible way to end it, when my little girl came up to me and asked a question, 'What does ruined mean, papa?' and then I knew I had been groaning loud enough to be heard and understood. 'You said "ruined," papa. What does ruin mean?' 'It means I haven't any money, baby. Papa's a poor man.' The little feet pattered away, then back again, and here on my watch-chain is what she gave me. Not a great fortune—no, but the foundation of one. Whatever I've got since came from it, for it gave me courage."—*The Expositor*.

1200. Courage Shows Character. Mark

Tapley, a bright character in Dickens's great novel, "Martin Chuzzlewit," was not satisfied with his cheerfulness, because, as he said, everything was so pleasant that there was no credit in being cheerful. After a while, when confronted by adversity, he was happy indeed because he could now take credit to himself for being jolly. In the same way do not take credit to yourself for being brave when the things you do do not really test your courage; but be glad when the opportunity for that testing comes.—*C. E. World*.

1201. Courage, Love Prompted. The word "courage" comes from the Latin *cor*, meaning heart. Courage is not a matter of the head, but of the heart; not of the understanding, but of the feeling. You may have the theory of courage perfectly and still be a coward. What you need is the hero's heart.

Love prompts courage—love of some dear one, love of one's church, love of one's country, love of one's home, love of Christ. If you want to be more courageous, become more loving.—*C. E. World*.

1202. Courage Not Presumption. "Be bold!" first gate; "Be bold, be bold, and evermore be bold," second gate; "Be not too bold!" third gate.—Inscription on the Gates of Busyrane.

1203. Courtesy. We take this challenge of philosophy from a trade paper called the *Transmitter*, published in Baltimore: A mathematician figures it out that a telephone company loses 125 hours' work every day through the use of the word "please" by operators. Well, why not? Courtesy is not an expense in business or in other parts of life, but a necessity. We all have to live with other people.—*Collier's Weekly*.

1204. Courtesy. Courtesy is love in trifles, and where love is not, though its counterfeits may abound, courtesy itself is not. "Love doth not behave itself unseemly," neither in the home, nor toward them that serve us, nor to the poor, nor in any wise. Let us, then, think no more of courtesy as a trifle, nor number it with the "minor morals" of life; rather let us believe that its true place is "with the great forces of character that ennoble and redeem the world."—REV. GEORGE JACKSON.

1205. Courtesy. It is said that Julius Cæsar was quiet and gentlemanlike in manner, with the natural courtesy of high breeding. On an occasion when he was dining somewhere, the other guests found the oil too rancid for them. Cæsar took

it without remark to spare his entertainers' feelings.

1206. Courtesy. Treating a customer like a rich uncle, so that you may extract his coin, is not courtesy—that's fore-sight.

Offering a seat to a man who enters your office is not courtesy—that's duty.

Listening to the grumblings, growlings, and groanings of a bore without remonstrance is not courtesy—that's forbearance.

Helping a pretty girl across the street, holding her umbrella, carrying her poodle—none of these is courtesy. The first two are a pleasure, and the last is politeness.

Courtesy is doing that which nothing under the sun makes you do but human kindness. Courtesy springs from the heart; if the mind prompts the action there is a reason; if there be a reason, it is not courtesy; for courtesy has no reason. Courtesy is good will and good will is prompted by the heart full of love to be kind.

Only the generous man is truly courteous—he gives freely without a thought of receiving anything in return. The generous man has developed kindness to such an extent that he considers every one as good as himself—and treats others not as he should like to be treated (for generosity asks nothing) but as he ought to be treated.—*Drew's Imprint.*

1207. Courtesy, Example of. A new and rather awkward statesman, still unused to the life about him, was taking tea at the house of a lady, and was greatly mortified by breaking the beautiful Sèvres cup from which he had been drinking. But before he could frame an apology its mate met with an accident in the hand of the hostess, and she turned to the servant with a quiet order: "Never put these cups on again; they're too brittle for use." She considered the sacrifice of a costly cup nothing in comparison with the comfort and self-respect of a guest.

1208. Courtesy Pays. Courtesy pays and discourtesy is very costly. A very civil question was asked in a perfectly respectful manner and the employee answered it in a very gruff way. A stranger to both parties administered in a quiet but courteous tone a well-deserved rebuke to the one who is supposed to be a servant of the people. The government recognizes the value of courtesy, as may readily be seen by the cards posted in every railroad car and depot in the land

by which the public is informed that the railroad administration will not stand for anything else. The remark was made about a certain corporation that if one asked only to see the city directory he was so courteously treated that he felt sorry he did not have more business to transact in that office. Some one tells of his experience in a hotel when he was called to catch an early train. The clerk rang the telephone in his room and said with a very pleasant voice, "Good morning. It's six o'clock." That paid. Courtesy pays in a business way, but it pays greater returns in a social and even spiritual way. It costs very little. Why is it not more universally practiced? To do so is to follow a scriptural injunction—"Be courteous."

1209. Covetousness. See Sin. See Worldliness.

1210. Covetousness, Cost of. Caroline, Queen of George II, lived in St. James Palace, and thought that the adjoining St. James Park, belonging to the public, would make a nice palace ground. She asked the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, what it would cost to shut it up and make it a royal garden. "Oh, a trifle, madam," answered the cynical premier. "A trifle, Sir Robert," answered the queen; "I know better. It will cost much, but I wish you to tell me the cost as near as you can guess." "Why, madame, I believe the whole will cost but three crowns," rejoined the prime minister, looking her calmly in the face. The queen, seeing that Sir Robert meant the crowns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, answered, "Then I will think no more about it." The awful cost of covetousness is very often, not only human life and earthly honor and position, but eternal life and heavenly crowns.—JAY H. FLECKENSTINE.

1211. Covetousness, Penalty of. The Washington Heights Hospital of New York City had a strange case. A boy thirteen years old was brought to the hospital, an automobile having run over him. Four broken ribs punctured his lungs. He could inhale, but as he exhaled the air passed from the lungs into the tissues of the body. This air spread all over his body until he became twice his natural size. He was, indeed, a balloon boy. Finally the air began to press so severely upon the windpipe that the lad was almost choking, and a surgical operation was found necessary to save his life.

Thus it is ever when we draw in, but do not give out. No matter what it is—

air, book learning, money, praise, power—constant sucking in with no corresponding outgo is a fatal process. We get "the big head." We swell out in conceit. The pressure of our inordinate accretions chokes off our good impulses, our self-sacrifice, our happiness, and finally our spiritual life.

Sometimes an operation is necessary to save us. The Great Surgeon is obliged to use the knife of Poverty, or Failure, or Ignominy, and we are placed on the road to spiritual health again. But how much better it is not to get into such a fix at all!—AMOS R. WELLS.

1212. Coward or Hero. Two young men were once walking up the staircase of a factory in Cincinnati, and one of them was smoking a cigarette. When they reached one stage in that staircase he took the cigarette from his lips and threw it into what he thought was a pail of water. Instead, it was a pail of naphtha, and, suddenly, there was a flash of fire and the place was ablaze! One young man ran upstairs to warn and to save the girls who were working on the floor above, but the other ran downstairs to save his own skin. One was a hero, the other was a coward, and probably neither of them knew it till the moment of crisis proved it. Where would a moment of sudden crisis find you? It would not be true to say that we are all either cowards or heroes. The truth is that each of us is *both* a hero and a coward. There is a touch of both within us.—*Record of Christian Work.*

1213. Cowardice of the Wicked. The wicked flee when no man pursueth, and they make still better time when somebody is after them.—PARKHURST.

1214. Credential of a Christian. From San Francisco came this Associated Press dispatch:

"Abram Haitovich, a blind Russian musician, and his nineteen-year-old brother, held at the immigration station here for deportation as aliens likely to become public charges, were freed to-day, with the right to enter into this country, after Edward White, Commissioner of Immigration, heard the musician play his violin.

"Through the open window of the commissioner's office there floated the strains of Tschaikowsky's 'Serenade,' played by a master hand. White ordered the Russian and his violin brought before him. Once more Haitovich played and then White ordered the board of inquiry to convene and consider Haito-

vich's case again. He is a graduate of the Imperial Russian Conservatory of Music at Petrograd, a special decree of the Emperor permitting him, a Jew, to enter the institution. He left Russia so his young brother might not be enlisted as a soldier."

The credential of the Christian is not simply the testimony he brings with his lips, but the love, joy, peace—the music of the soul—that breathes through his every-day life.

1215. Creed. See Doctrine.

1216. Creed and Opinion. Call your opinions your creed, and you will change it every week. Make your creed simply and broadly out of the revelation of God, and you may keep it to the end.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

1217. Creed, A Sound. A man's creed is not his religion, no more than a man's backbone is the man himself. But as a good backbone is a very essential part of a man's body, so a good creed is a very essential part of a man's religion. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." As a man believeth in his heart, so is his religion.

1218. Creed, Enough.

Here's a creed that's broad enough for any man—

Help along!

God is doing for his children all he can—

Help along.

With a loving hand he seeks to smooth the way;

He is lifting up the fallen day by day;

Need is calling, be of service while you may;

Help along!

Here's a creed that every man may safely hold—

Help along!

It will never be too narrow or too old—

Help along.

The Lord of hosts is working day and night

To bless the world and keep it going right—

If you would be heroic in his sight,

Help along!

—Silver Cross.

1219. Creed and Deed.

What care I for caste or creed?

It is the deed, it is the deed;

What for class or what for clan?

It is the man, it is the man;

Heirs of love, and joy, and woe,

Who is high, and who is low?

Mountain, valley, sky, and sea,

Are for all humanity.

What care I for robe or stole?
 It is the soul, it is the soul;
 What for crown, or what for crest?
 It is the heart within the breast;
 It is the faith, it is the hope,
 It is the struggle up the slope,
 It is the brain and eye to see,
 One God and one humanity.

—ROBERT LOVEMAN.

1220. Creed Makes a Difference. The popular adage is: "Oh, it makes no difference what a man believes, if he is sincere."

Let us see. A family was poisoned in Montgomery County recently by eating toad-stools which they sincerely believed to be mushrooms. Three of them died. Did it make no difference?

A man indorsed a note for a friend whom he sincerely believed to be an honest man. He was a scoundrel, and left him to pay the debt. Did it make no difference?

A traveler takes the wrong train going north, sincerely believing it is the southern train. Will it make no difference?

If a man sincerely believes a certain thing, while the truth about it is entirely different, will this sincere belief make it all right?

The truth is, the popular adage is a lie, and a very transparent one at that! If a man is sincere, he will take pains to know the truth. For where facts are concerned, all the thinking in the world will not change them. A toadstool remains a toadstool, whatever we may think about it.—*The Covenant*.

1221. Creeds Melt at Zero. Up in Hardwick, Vermont, one Thursday morning, at half-past four, I went to the station. By some mistake I found the station nearer than I expected, and as the train did not come until five, I had about twenty or twenty-five minutes to wait. The station was shut and dark, and the wind whistled. The thermometer was more than thirty degrees below zero, and as I was walking around the station, I thought I would freeze. I was hesitating whether to go back to the hotel, which I saw shut and barred when I left. I knew the keeper had gone to bed. What to do in the darkness and coldness of that night I did not know. It was a very serious question for the time. But a man, with some milk-cans, which were for the same train, drove up about five minutes after I had walked the platform. He looked over at me, and, with a good old-fashioned Irish heartiness said, "It will freeze your soul

if you stay there." Well, I asked him if there was not a house I could go into, or if the keeper of the station resided anywhere near. He said he did not know, but said, "I will do the best I can for you." He went down into his wagon under his seat, and pulled out a great coonskin overcoat such as they wear in that country. No one goes without furs up there, and he brought this immense overcoat and put me into it, tied me up in it with the greatest care, and said, "Now you are all right, if you walk fast enough." He went off and left the overcoat with me, telling me to leave it with the agent and he would get it when he came back. Now I do not know what church he belonged to, but I want to unite with him. I do not know whether he belongs to one creed or another, but I want to go to his church. We were one. No question of creed between us when we were both likely to freeze.

1222. Crime, Discovered. Arion was a famous musician. During his travels he became possessed of a large sum of money. On the voyage home the sailors compelled him to jump overboard, that they might possess themselves of his wealth. He escaped from death. When the sailors arrived at the port, Arion stepped forth clad in gold and purple. Overcome with terror, they confessed their crime and suffered the punishment they so much deserved.

1223. Crisis Hours. There is still standing in a village in Ohio the frame building in which James A. Garfield was the teacher of Burke Aaron Hinsdale. From the backwoods the young man came to Garfield's school, a gawky, awkward, bashful boy, in homespun clothing, and wearing a coonskin cap. The village boys and girls smiled in their superiority over the coming of this country bumpkin. On Friday afternoons it was the custom of the school to have little programs, each taking a turn on the program. The day came for Hinsdale to take part. He had carefully prepared a recitation, but when his turn came to speak his confusion was so great that he had to take his seat. School was dismissed. The school was held in the upper story of a wooden building. The pupils went down the steps in front, Garfield following them. There was an outside stair, leading from the door in the rear of the room. Hinsdale waited until the others were gone and then, taking his books under his arm, ran out of the rear door and down the steps. As he came to the

last step Garfield turned the corner, and the two met, face to face.

"Where are you going?" asked Garfield.

"Back to the woods where I belong, and where I should have stayed," answered the boy. "I was a fool for thinking that I could get an education."

In the two weeks that Hinsdale had been in school Garfield had been studying him. "Take your books back upstairs," he advised. "Stay with me one month. I believe we can show these folks that they have been laughing at their betters."

Before the month was up Garfield found that his faith was justified. A great educator and writer was in the making. But it was a critical hour when he met Garfield at the foot of those back stairs.

1224. Criticism. "Having once in my youth," says the legend of a Persian sage, "notions of severe piety, I used to rise in the night to pray and read the Koran. On one occasion as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical religion, awoke. I said to him, 'Behold thy other children are lost in slumber, but I alone wake to praise God.' He answered, 'Son of my soul, it is better to sleep, than to wake to remark the faults of brethren.'"

1225. Criticism, Argus-Eyed. There was once a painter who was noted as a savage critic of other artists. He was asked why it was, with his severe critical standard he could ever pass on his own works, and he frankly answered: "When I look at my own work I have only two eyes, but when I look at the work of others I am argus-eyed, I have a thousand eyes."

1226. Criticism of Christians. One day a newspaper man sought refuge from the sun in the cool vastness of St. Paul's Cathedral, and presently came upon a little group of people gathered in front of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World." But not one of that crowd, he says, was looking at the picture; all eyes were fixed upon a woman painting a copy of it. The writer tarried a minute or two. Other folk strolled up, paused to look at the artist, never at the picture, and passed on. "Such is the feeling of the British public and the American tourist for art," thought he, and with a cynical smile walked away.

Then he remembered that he, too, gazing at the crowd, had forgotten to look at the picture.

There is a little lesson here. Plenty of

people are criticizing Christianity, attacking those who profess to live it. But they forget to look at the Christ.

1227. Criticism, Heartless. In the time of Louis the XIV, the dauphiness on a certain occasion remarked in an audible whisper that an old officer present was the ugliest creature she had ever beheld.

"I esteem him the handsomest man in my dominions," said the king, with a severe look, and in an elevated tone of voice. "He is one of my best officers and bravest defenders, and I insist upon your immediately making an apology for the gross indecorum you have been guilty of." Needless to say it was given.

1228. Criticism, Mistaken. A Christian worker crossing the ocean, formed opinions of the passengers, which he afterwards found were wrong.

"That girl is a giddy unbeliever, flashy and crude, and caring only for dress and display, was my involuntary first thought of another, whose loud and flippant word about a matter that I considered sacred had prejudiced me against her," he says.

"But I was mistaken again, and found, before long, that, though her taste in dress was poor, and though she sometimes said hasty and flippant things, she had a sincere and warm heart, and was in reality an earnest Christian.

"I hope I have learned a lesson from these uncharitable judgments—to know persons before I form an opinion about them, much more before I express it."

1229. Criticism, Resented. Ovid composed a poem in the dialect of the Getæ who dwelt on the borders of the Euxine Sea. The barbarians listened with delight to his recitations, until their anger was excited by his constant complaints of their rude manners and inhospitable climate. The critic is not popular.

1230. Criticism, Unfair. There is an ancient legend that tells of an old man who was in the habit of traveling from place to place, with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him.

In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hidden from view; and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging around his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sin which the people he knew committed; and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day.

1231. Critics and Foundations. Dr. Morrison, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, said: "News of the war got into a lunatic asylum in our country, and the question of food supply agitated the minds of the inmates of the asylum. They were discussing the question as to where they could find a garden, in order that they might grow vegetables. One day one of the inmates was discovered with a pickax, digging at the foundations of the asylum in order to make a garden to plant beans and potatoes. The keepers said, 'What are you doing?' He said, 'I am digging up the foundations to make a garden.' They said, 'Then where are you going to live?' He said, 'Oh, I am going to live upstairs!' They confined him in a padded cell, but he was exactly like those critics who want to do away with the Old Testament; for the Old Testament is the foundation of the New."

1232. Cross. See **Christ, Death of.** See **Good Friday.**

1233. Cross, Its Drawing Power. Recently a western iron manufacturing concern in experimenting with powerful magnetic cranes found that one of the magnets on being passed over the ground on their premises, recovered thousands of pounds of iron that had lain buried for years. Huge pieces of iron fairly leapt through their earthen mantle to meet the mighty magnetic force and not a few mysterious disappearances of parts reported "missing" were accounted for on this day of reckoning.

What a picture of the power of the Spirit of God when he moves over a community. Often the Spirit might pass over the earth to-day and attract with his irresistible power the "stealed hearts" of those sunken in the sins and cares of worldliness. "If I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me."

1234. Cross as an Emblem. The selection of the emblem of the Red Cross Society was a compliment to Switzerland, which country had announced her interest in humanity by officially issuing invitations to the nations of the world to meet in conference and establish rules for the government of civilized communities when engaged in warfare. The national flag of Switzerland is a white Greek Cross on a red ground, and the colors of the Red Cross flag were simply reversed. By the terms of the Red Cross treaty the hospital flag of every nation must be a red Greek cross on a white ground, and every person, ambulance, or

other essential of the service must be so designated.

1235. Cross of Christ.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew—
"Lord, they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave;
By the souls he died to save;
By the conquest he hath won;
By the saints before his throne;
By the rainbow round his brow;
Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

—HENRY HART MILLMAN.

1236. Cross, Fruits of. Starved, faint, and tortured within an inch of his life, Ding Li Mei seemed too far gone to live. He was twenty-eight years old, and in that very year of the Boxer uprising had been ordained a native pastor. Refusing to save his life by renouncing his faith, he had suffered unimaginable tortures, and seemed then to be near the end. Yet it was not so ordered. A decade has gone by since that day. Ding has been for some years pastor of a self-supporting native church in Shantung, and latterly has been sent forth by his mission as a native evangelist. One hundred and sixteen young men, the flower of their classes, have given up commercial or official careers, and have announced themselves as candidates for the Christian ministry.—*Youth's Companion.*

1237. Cross, Glory of. There is a glass cross upon the spire of a church at Cohoes, N. Y., within which are placed gas pipes and jets. When unlighted, it is but a dark cross against the night skies; but, when lighted, it glows with an exquisite beauty, and hints at the true glory of Christ and his cross.

1238. Cross, Light From. In Rome, visitors to the Catacombs are given candles when they come to the entrance.

"We know those little ridiculous candles which the guides give us, and which seem so poor and pale under the blue Italian sky that we doubt whether they can really be wanted, but as we grope our way through the darkness of the Catacombs these candles are our comfort and security. So there are times in life when faith seems a poor, pale, wan thing, compared to the strong, vigorous light of the world. It is as men grow older, and go down deeper into the shadows, that they feel the preciousness of the light from the Cross."—*British Weekly.*

1239. Cross, How to Lose Your. The

way to get rid of your cross is to die upon it; there is no other way. Jesus bore no cross in the resurrection.—D. L. MOODY.

1240. Cross, Objected to. Some years ago a European was captured and held for ransom by a Mohammedan tribe in North Africa. The time at his disposal was devoted to sketching, and many of the natives were delighted at the exhibitions of his skill. They determined to use it to the advantage of both; he was to draw for them the plan of a mosque, and in return he was to get his freedom. The drawing was eventually produced, and was considered excellent until some keen observer noticed that the building was to be in the form of a cross. So angry were they that they immediately put the architect to death. Even so was it with the rich young ruler. He admired the plan of salvation, but objected to the cross.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

1241. Cross, Its Saving Power. I have a friend in Scotland who is a fishing-tackle maker and an enthusiastic fisherman, and he told me once of losing his bait in a mysterious way without catching anything. The explanation was that by some accident the barb had been broken from the hook. He said that this was exactly what happened when people preached the love of God to men, but left out of their gospel the essential truth that it is Christ on the cross in whom the love is revealed. In other words, the condemnation of our sins in Christ upon his cross is the barb on the hook. If you leave that out of your gospel your bait will be taken, but you will not catch men.—REV. JAMES DENNEY, D.D.

1242. Cross, Sign of Safety. Sir A. Conan Doyle, in his history of the Boer War, tells us how on one occasion a comparatively small detachment of the British army was surprised by a force of the enemy twice its strength. The British were driven back upon their camp, and the Boers occupied a commanding position from which they were enabled to pour volley after volley into the English lines. The British wounded in the earlier part of the action found themselves in a terrible position, laid out in the open under a withering fire. One of this number, a corporal in the Ceylon Mounted Infantry, tells the story himself: "We must get a red flag up or we shall be blown off the face of the earth." He says: "We had a pillow, but no red

paint. Then we saw what would do instead. So they made the upright with my blood and the horizontal with Paul's." This grim flag, the blood-red cross upon the white background, was respected by the Boers. Those lying beneath it were safe. Even so, beneath the blood-stained cross of Christ we find our safe refuge.

1243. Crowds, Thronging. Five girls were gathered together over a little spread. It was their first vacation since their graduation together two years since. All of them were busy workers, in a line which took them much among people, and they had many notes to exchange. "I dearly love my work," said one of them, "but sometimes it seems to me I would give anything to get away from people a while. I never have a quiet moment to myself. There is always some one who wants to see me. Do the rest of you ever feel that way?"

"Oh, yes," said one; and "yes," sighed another, "I feel as though I would like to go off to a desert island where I would not see a soul." Then Mary Vaine spoke. "I know just how you feel. I have felt the same way. But when it seems to me I can not stand it any longer I think of how the throngs followed Jesus. He never turned any away. He must have been very weary at times, but he was never impatient with the crowd. That thought has helped me so often." There was silence for a moment, then the first speaker said, "I had not thought of that, but it does help."—LELIA MUNSELL.

1244. Crusaders, The. In the days of the Crusaders when they caught sight of the Holy City, every man sprang to his feet and shouted, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! city of the King! city of the King!" and then they broke their ranks to see which could be first to enter the city.

1245. Culture, Defined. At a recent dinner gathering of which Jane Addams of Hull House was the honored guest, the conversation turned to the subject of culture. One notable person and another was named as embodying different guests' ideas of culture. At length a guest spoke up, "I think our ideas differ a bit as to what culture is." Then, turning to Miss Addams, "How would you define culture, Miss Addams?"

Miss Addams was thoughtful for a moment. "That person is most cultured," she said at last, "who is able to put himself in the place of the greatest number of other persons."

In other words, to be cultured is to be

sympathetic with others, not self-centered.

1246. Custom, Changing. Two hundred and fifty years ago there was a faithful preacher named Schupp in Hamburg. When some one said to him that he could not change custom that had existed hundreds of years, he replied, "Christ did not say: I am custom; he said: I am the truth!"

1247. Dancing. *See Amusements. See Witness-Bearing.*

1248. Dancing. One evening in a parlor at a summer watering-place the young people were dancing. One young lady was not taking any part. "Does not your daughter dance?" asked another lady of this young lady's mother. "No," was the reply. "Why, how will she get on in the world?" "I am not bringing her up for this world," was the quiet answer. That young lady is now a woman, and the influence of her consecrated life is felt in many of the Christian interests of a great city.—*Words and Weapons.*

1249. Dancing. A press dispatch from Atlantic City last June stated that the International Association of Dancing Masters were blaming the indecent dances of the time upon the "depravity of song writers," that "the indecent actions are encouraged by songs with suggestive titles and suggestive meanings."

Their remedy was a concerted drive against the root of the trouble—these suggestive songs and titles.

Here is a case where the skunk accuses the other skunk of being the source of offense.

How the devil must have howled when he noted the request of these "reformers" that "uniform police supervision by state law be provided" at public dances.

Imagine Christians mixed up in a pastime that is of such a dangerous, questionable character that armed supervisors are required to oversee it.—MERLIN FAIRFAX.

1250. Dancing, Giving Up. One young lady gives five reasons why she gave up dancing. "My Master would not be there," "The young men took liberties with young ladies not permitted elsewhere," "The fascination of it startled me," "My health was threatened by late hours and excitement," "A letter from mother settled the matter." Another wrote: "I gave up dancing because my unconverted friends would have no confidence in my religion." Another: "It

made me forget God." A young man wrote: "I gave it up when I learned that my young sister was going to take a course of instruction in the same art." All these believed that they could not do this and glorify God.

1251. Danger, Unappreciated. In Silas Marner, George Eliot pictures the old miser on the night he was robbed, leaving his house unlocked while he stepped out for a short errand to the store. He reasoned that he had never been robbed and that it was altogether unlikely that he would be now. She adds: "A man will tell you that he has worked in a mine for forty years unhurt by an accident as a reason why he should apprehend no danger, though the roof is beginning to sink."

That kind of a process goes on in a man's mind until he is often practically immune from any appeal whatever. He has never seen any danger and he guesses there is none now nor will be. That man is always the hardest to reach, and the older he gets the harder now is the day of salvation. And that is why so few older people are saved.

1252. Danger, Warning of. An electric bell tinkled sharply beside the florist's desk. "Frost!" he said, and ran hatless to the greenhouses. "The fires had sunk," the florist explained on his return. "The watchman had fallen asleep. But for my frost bell I'd have lost hundreds of dollars. Frost bells are now pretty generally used by florists and fruit growers," he went on. "An electrical contrivance is connected with a thermometer and when the mercury falls to a certain point—you regulate this danger point to suit yourself—a bell rings a warning in your house or office. Many a crop of winter fruit and flowers has been saved in the past year or two by the clever little frost bell."

If Christians could only have a frost bell attached to them in some way, so that they might be plainly warned of the fact that they are getting too cold, it might save many a Christian from being spiritually frost-bitten and also save the church from great loss.

1253. Dangers, Common. A man went to the office of a really up-to-date insurance company to secure a policy.

"Do you cycle?" the insurance agent asked.

"No," said the man.

"Do you motor?"

"No."

"I suppose you occasionally take a flight in an airship?"

"Why, no," said the applicant, "I have no dangerous—"

But the agent, says the story teller, interrupted him.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "but we no longer insure pedestrians."

1254 Danger Signals. To test the attention paid to signals by their engineers, some of the officials of one of our great railways recently set the signal meaning "Stop and investigate." Twenty-four trains went past it, their engineers paying no attention to it whatever. The twenty-fifth heeded it. How forcibly this may be applied to men's heedlessness of moral signals. Only the exceptional man heeds them.

1255. Dangers, Spiritual. In the Antarctic regions crevasses lie hidden beneath the snow, and very often the traveler does not know he is on one of them until he has traveled some yards, and then he hears a hollow sound. He will then wonder whether to go or turn back, but experience has taught that the greater danger may be incurred by turning back. Some of these crevasses have been known to be fifty yards wide and two thousand feet deep. Captain Amundsen calls the treacherous snow which conceals the crevasses "The Devil's Hoof."

Unless absolutely necessary, it is best to keep away from treacherous places, no matter how safe they may seem. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." David said on one occasion that his "steps had well nigh slipped." No one can be secure as long as his feet are found on insecure places.

1256. Dangers, Steering Between. Scylla was transformed by the jealousy of Circe into a frightful monster. She was so grieved by this transformation that she cast herself into the sea, where she was changed into a rock, made famous by the many shipwrecks that occurred upon it. Over against this rock is the whirlpool of Charybdis. We often have to steer between two dangers.

1257. Dangers, Unseen. Dr. Francis E. Clark tells an interesting story of a young man living in Maine, who was out in the woods one day with his camera taking photographs of attractive bits of scenery. He came upon the mouth of a little cavern between the rocks, and he said to himself, "I will see what sort of

a picture I can get out of that cave," and as it was a dark day he decided to take a "time exposure" instead of a "snap shot." Steadying the camera upon his knee as well as he could at the edge of the cave, he gave the sensitive plate a long, deliberate look at the semi-darkness within, went upon his way through the woods, and after a few hours returned to his home. Several weeks afterward, in a leisure day, on developing his picture, you can imagine his astonishment to see in the picture in the very center of the cavern, with arched back and bristling fur, and within springing distance of the spot where he had laboriously balanced his camera, a huge Canada lynx, that might easily have torn his eyes out and have destroyed his life. And yet he came and went and saw no signs of danger.

We walk in the midst of physical and moral perils every day we live. How splendid the promise, "He that keepeth thee will neither slumber nor sleep."

1258. Dead-Line, No. There is no "dead-line." Farragut was sixty at the beginning of the Civil War, and Oyama was over sixty-three at the outbreak of the war between Japan and Russia. Haydn wrote his oratorio of "The Creation" after he was sixty-seven. Goethe finished his "Faust" at eighty-two, and Humboldt his "Cosmos" at seventy-six. Among the grand old men in the annals of American statesmanship it is sufficient to mention the names of George F. Hoar, John Quincy Adams and Thaddeus Stevens. Henry Ward Beecher never preached better than in the last year of his life. Mark Twain was still "cutting up" when past seventy.

1259. Dead-Line, No. The late Silvester Horne, renowned British Congregational minister, had the following conversation with the Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland.

"Greenland," said Mr. Horne, "did you ever preach to old men and women?" "Oh! bless my soul, yes." "No, but I don't mean a graceful allusion. Did you ever advertise a special sermon for old people?" "No, I think that is the one thing I haven't done." "I did it," said Mr. Horne. "Just before I left Kensington I advertised a sermon to old men and women, and we never had so many walking-sticks and respirators in the church before or since. Now tell me what I preached on." "Oh!" said Mr. Greenland, "'Come unto me all ye that are weary?'" "No." "Or, 'At evening

time it shall be light?" "No." "What was it, then?" "Well," said Mr. Horne, "I took as my text, 'He went out into the market-place about the eleventh hour and said, Go ye also into my vineyard.'"—*Christian Work.*

1260. Death, a Beginning. Victor Hugo said, in his old age: "When I go down to the grave, I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. My tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare; it closes with the twilight to open with the dawn."

1261. Death. *See Heaven. See Old Age.*

1262. Death, A Christian's. An old Scotchman, while dying, was asked what he thought of death, and he replied, "It matters little to me whether I live or die. If I die I will be with Jesus, and if I live Jesus will be with me."

1263. Death of Christian. When in South Africa I heard a colored Christian give an address. This is an illustration he used: "When a heathen is dying, the witch doctors put into his hand a dead bone as a passport into the world beyond. But we do not grasp a dead bone as we pass through the veil. We grasp the hand of the Living Lord!"—REV. HARRINGTON LEES.

1264. Death, Bright Side of. When Paul said, "The time of my departure is at hand," he used a word which carries with it the idea of lifting anchor, spreading sail, and going out of the land-locked harbor into the open sea. To him death was not contraction, but expansion. No sailing into harbor and casting anchor, as many of our hymns declare, but sailing out of harbor into the ocean of larger sphere and greater opportunities. The poets who have pictured death as a deep valley, or a skeleton with a scythe in his bony fingers, have not seen the bright side of dying as Paul saw it.—A. C. DIXON, D.D.

1265. Death by Catastrophe. The following is quoted from a Johnstown, Pa., telegraphic dispatch of June 5, 1889: "There were one thousand funerals here to-day. In most cases there were no funeral rites. The graves of the unknown already number several hundred. Almost every stroke of the pick in some portions of the city has resulted in the discovery of another victim. Wherever one turns the melancholy view of a coffin passes him. Over one hundred men were all day engaged in an effort to clear a

narrow passage from the death bridge upward through the débris. Dynamite will be used and a few of the timbers will be demolished. Fully twenty-five acres are to be cleared."

1266. Death Comes Suddenly. While lunching in a fig orchard at Sileh, I noticed the women and girls of a neighboring village come to a fountain close by to wash their clothes and fill their pitchers. It is needless to say that carrying a pitcher Eastern fashion is one of the fine arts. These women poised their pitchers on their heads and walked with naked feet over the rough, uneven, stony path without hesitation and without steadying the pitchers with their hands. But the broken earthenware around the fountain proved that, however steady and careful they are, accidents will happen. My thoughts instinctively reverted to the passage in Solomon's description of old age, where he says: "Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain." (Eccl. 12:6). So, however carefully life may be lived, it often comes to an end suddenly.—GARVIN KIRKHAM.

1267. Death, Comfort in. One of the most beautiful as well as one of the most comforting of recent American poems is the tribute paid by Margaret E. Sangster to the memory of the author of "Pollyanna," Eleanor H. Porter. It will comfort multitudes of aching hearts whose loved ones God has transplanted from earth to heavenly gardens.

"You never can be dead, not while the laughter

And joy that you have made lives on,
and grows;

The garden spot is blest with fragrance
after

The vivid life has gone from June-
time's rose.

And you who gave the world new dreams
of gladness,

"Who gave the faith of childhood back
again,

Will never pass into a vale of sadness.
Just as the rainbow follows cooling

rain,

The people of your pen will live, and
lighten

The path that weary earth-bound folk
must tread—

"The thoughts of your sweet mind will
always brighten

The lives of others. You cannot be
dead—

You are transplanted, just across the way,

And we will meet you, smiling there,
some day."

1268. Death, Fear of. Perhaps no man ever stood in worse dread of death than the late Alfred Krupp, of Prussia, the great cannon king, who was literally a manufacturer of death. He never forgave any one who spoke to him of dying. Every employee throughout his vast works was strictly forbidden to refer to the subject of death in conversation. He fled from his own home when a relative of his wife suddenly died there, and when Mrs. Krupp remonstrated he became so enraged that a lifelong separation ensued. At his last sickness he offered his physician a million dollars if he would prolong his life ten years. But no mint of money could buy extension of life, much less the serene trust of the Christian.—REV. THERON BROWN.

1269. Death a Friend. There is a beautiful legend of a saint of the olden time who dreamed that Death came to him as he lay on his couch. The visitor struck terror to his soul, for he came in the dark garb of a monk; in his hand the scythe was held, and beneath the cowl a skeleton grinned. But, looking longer, behold! the dark habiliments began to melt away in glowing light; the scythe was transformed into a palm of victory; the skeleton vanished into air, and in its place stood a beautiful angel, robed in resplendent glory and smiling with joy, as he said to the saint, "Oh, child of God, I am Death. You see me in your human fears as a dark and terrible foe, but in reality I am thy friend, and I come as God's messenger to lead thee home."

1270. Death, Going. When Horace Bushnell was dying, he murmured one day slowly, and in great weakness, to those around his bed, "Well now, we are all going home together; and I say, the Lord be with you—and in grace—and peace—and love—and that is the way I have come along home."

1271. Death, Happy. A writer in the *Church Union* tells this story: The writer's grandfather had an old colored workman who had been a slave, and was used to the severest kind of labor. No need of a slave-driver for him, however, as his tasks were conscientiously performed. Corporal, as the old slave was called, was of a religious turn, and believed with an unalterable firmness in

the truths brought to him. Finally the time came for Corporal to leave this world. The doctor said to him: "Corporal, it is only right to tell you that you must die." "Bless you, doctor; don't let that bother you; that's what I've been living for," said Corporal, with the happiest of smiles.

1272. Death and Heaven. When Melancthon came to die, he was asked, "Is there nothing else that you want?" "Nothing but heaven," he replied.

1273. Death, Just Before. In the account of Mr. Gladstone's death given in the *London Telegraph* it was stated that during the last two days whenever he was delirious his broken sentences, even his muttered prayers, were spoken in French. It is probable that during his earliest childhood his nurse was French, and that she had taught him to pray in her language. It is a fact established by physicians that the mind, after a lingering illness, just before death, frequently goes back to its earliest experiences. The first impressions of life are the last to fade from the memory. Aged women who have long been grandmothers, when propped up on their death-beds to sign a will, have been known to write the maiden name, unused for half a century. The vicious old roisterer, Falstaff, in his dying hour, "babbled o' green fields"; and Napoleon went forth to meet the grim conqueror of all kings, not a poor prisoner surrounded by his jailers, but at the head of his armies—again young, dominant, victorious. Doctor Valmy, a surgeon in the Confederate army during the Civil War, once stated that it was not uncommon for men who died on the field from gunshot wounds to forget the battle raging near them and in their thoughts to go back home. No matter how furious the passion of the fight had been the touch of death swept it away, and they muttered of "mother," or some prayer which they had long ago learned from her. None of us can pierce the awful mystery of death; yet it sometimes seems as if the soul, going out again into the darkness, passed into the unknown from which it came and found at its exit the dear, familiar faces and thoughts which welcomed it here waiting to bid it Godspeed upon its journey.—*Youth's Companion*.

1274. Death of a King. These were noble words and worthy of a king: "Let me alone, I know my duty. An emperor should die standing." They were said by Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria

to his physicians who begged him to lay down his difficult tasks and rest.

1275. Death, Looked Forward to. Rowland Hill, after preaching one of his great sermons and after his great evening audience had withdrawn, was heard repeating, as he paced up and down the aisles of his church the following simple words with childlike rapture:

"When I am to die,
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me
I cannot tell why;
But this I do find,
The two are so joined,
He'll not be in Heaven,
And leave me behind."

—*Christian Work.*

1276. Death, Needless. A woman living alone in a fine old house in New York City was not seen by her neighbors for several days, and upon investigation was found dead. The coroner pronounced death due to starvation. The lady was fifty-six years old, had inherited a small fortune in real estate which had in time increased four-fold in value. She saved the proceeds and bought more, when a passionate love of saving took possession of her so that she bought neither food nor fuel, depending on the occasional charities of her neighbors. A check for \$100,000 would have been honored by her bank. There was no need for her to die!

1277. Death, Not So Dreadful. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Psalm 23:4.

When we returned from Italy some years ago the Mont Cenis Tunnel was newly opened, and we reckoned that it must be a dreary passage. We thought it must be very dark, and therefore we had better be provided with a candle. It would be damp and close, and therefore we reckoned upon closing every window, for fear we should breathe the impure air. So we speculated; but when we traversed that wonderful passage the carriages were well lighted, and much of the tunnel also, and we sat with open windows, finding it as easy to breathe as on the mountain's side. It was a joy rather than a peril to pass through the dreaded tunnel. So shall the voyager along the good old way find that death is not what he dreams. Jesus will light the darksome way, and the soul will need no can-

dle of earth; fresh breezes from glory shall drive away the death-damps, and the music of angels shall make the heart forgetful of all pains. How can the good old way lead into danger? What can it conduct us to but eternal rest?—SPURGEON.

1278. Death, Not Feared. A little girl was running along, and she was asked if she was not afraid to go through the cemetery at night. "Oh, no," she said, "I am not afraid, for my home is just beyond." This little story Bishop Quayle told at the funeral of his colleague, Bishop Smith.

1279. Death, Not Separation. "No more sea." The sea is the symbol of separation. It separated John on Patmos from his friends in Ephesus. I think that is his first thought here. But, he says, this is not for long. Continents and seas, and misunderstandings, and sin, and prejudices sunder us here, but not there. The friends who fell asleep not long ago are separated from us. But when we follow them and get where the redeemed are, and look upon the well-remembered faces, there will come to our memories like the words of some old sweet song—there is no more sea. United never more to be separated.

1280. Death, Spiritual. In a certain district of Germany a custom prevails based on the assumption that the dead are not really so, and that if only they can be aroused to make an effort the deep lethargy will be thrown off, and they will again take their place with the living. To this end a surviving friend whispers into the ear of the corpse beseeching words, entreating the sleeper to bestir himself and come forth. But there is no response; the eye remains glazed, the limbs frozen, the lips silent. It is much the same when we appeal to men and women who have lived the worldly life. It is like appealing to the dead, twice dead.—W. L. WATKINSON.

1281. Death, Spiritual. When Lizio, an Italian, was told of the death of his dissipated son, he replied, "It is no news to me; he never was alive."

1282. Death, Unwelcome. I have heard of a poor man who was carrying a load of sticks, when he became tired and sat down on a bank. Laying his sticks on the ground, he said, "I am sick and tired of this. I wish death would come and relieve me." Instantly Death slipped up and said, "Here I am, what do you want of me?" "I want you to help me put this bundle of sticks on my back again,"

said the astonished pilgrim. So we, like Jonah, express in our discontented moods what that we do not really mean.—DR. CLIFFORD.

1283. Death, Way to Meet. A man who had spent some months in France visiting our troops at the front, in rest billets and in the hospitals, told us many inspiring stories. 'I want to pass on.' The man said that he stopped before a cot in a hospital on which lay a boy—a mere lad who, the nurse said, was "going West." You know they tell the boys over there that they are going West when there is no hope of their getting well. The man took the boy's hand in his and talked to him about the folks back home for a few minutes, the boy sending messages to his loved ones. Then he said, as he was leaving: "Too bad, old fellow, too bad that you've got to go!" The boy looked up into his face without a quiver of a lash and answered: "Oh, I don't think so. Isn't this the way a man ought to die?"—*New Century Teacher's Magazine*.

1284. Decision. See Delay. See Procrastination.

1285. Decision. Here I stand; I can do no otherwise. God help me. Amen.—MARTIN LUTHER.

1286. Decision, Aided to. On one occasion I was holding a series of meetings, and up in the gallery, night after night, sat a gray-haired old man. He was evidently under deep conviction, but he would never rise when the invitation was given.

One night I pointed him out to one of the lady assistant ushers, and said to her, "To-morrow evening I want you to sit near him, and when the invitation is given, ask him to rise." She protested, and declared that she could never do it, but I insisted, and the next evening she took a seat just behind him.

When the invitation was given, he sat as before, unmoved. Presently I saw the lady lean forward and say something to him; in a moment more the old man rose to his feet for prayer, gave himself to Christ, and became a devoted follower of the Lord.—DR. OTTMAN.

1287. Decision for Christ. A little girl, who had been listening to a sermon which urged efforts to bring people to Jesus, said: "I think I'll bring somebody to Him." "Whom will you bring?" asked her father. "I think I'll bring myself," was the answer. That is always the way of obedience.—*Sunday Circle*.

1288. Decision, Delay Not. At the

evangelistic services being held in Philadelphia during the summer an old negro, some ninety years old, was converted. When the invitation to live a better life was given this old man struggled to his feet and in a quavering voice said, "I was a long time comin', boss, but I guess I'm still in time." "Ninety years comin'," is a long time, but it is infinitely better than to never have come at all. If you have been a "long time comin'" to better things, start now; it is never too late to mend.

1289. Decision, Disastrous. Aaron Burr tells us that when he was about nineteen years of age he saw that a decision must be made between the world and God. He went into the country for a week to consider the matter. He then made a resolution never again to trouble himself about the soul's salvation. From that time he threw himself recklessly into sin, sinking lower and lower in depravity and unrighteousness.—E. B. MASON.

1290. Decision, Instant. A young woman once refused to come to the Saviour, saying, "There is too much to give up." "Do you think God loves you?" "Certainly." How much do you think he loves you?" She thought a moment and answered, "Enough to give his Son to die for me." "Do you think if God loved you, he will ask you to give up anything it is for your good to keep?" "No." "Do you wish to keep anything that is not for your good to keep?" "No." "Then you had better come to Christ at once." And she did.

1291. Decision, Moment for. Napoleon I, as some one has said, became great because he knew how to make use of opportunities. He used to say: "In every battle there is a crisis, 10 or 15 minutes only, on which the outcome depends. To make proper use of this short space of time means victory; its neglect, defeat!"

It is the same in the battle of life. A quickly and properly formed decision oftentimes decides a destiny. To neglect the development of gifts in youth is disastrous. Victory or defeat oftentimes hangs on the thin thread of an insignificant appearing opportunity.

1292. Decision for the Right. A slender young fellow was standing with others at one of the corner drug-stores where, in bad weather, people waited for a car. They were bantering him and plying him with questions, but presently the young man's voice rang out, as he broke his determined silence and turned

on the two who stood twirling cigarettes in their fingers.

"Why will I not? Because I dare not!" he said clearly and decisively. Then, with an accent of indignation, he added in a lower voice, "Because it is an outrage on my sense of right!"

The next moment he was gone, having hailed his car and boarded it; but his manly speech seemed to echo a moment in the hush he left behind him.—*The Pilgrim Teacher*.

1293. Decision Day. Mark Guy Pearse tells how one of his children said to the youngest, "You must be good or father won't love you." He called the child to him and said, gravely and tenderly, "It is not true, my boy." "But you won't love us if we are not good, will you?" asked the child. "Yes, I shall love you always; when you are good I shall love you with a love that makes me glad; and when you are not good I shall love you with a love that hurts me." Thus, nay more, our heavenly Father loves his children. And because he loves them we should love them, and should try to win them to salvation. One of the best methods of so winning them is that of holding Decision Days in the Sunday School from time to time.

1294. Decision Day. The old adage about burning the candle at both ends contains a lot of good advice, and yet at the same time, as Henry van Dyke quaintly quotes, "It is better to burn the candle at both ends, and in the middle too, than to put it away in a closet and let the mice eat it." We have need to remember that "He that saveth his life shall lose it." We are saved to serve, and the time to let our light shine is in the beginning, so that God may have the full benefit of it. So many selfishly prefer to shine for the world all the best part of their lives, and when life is nearly over and they are of little use they are willing to give the last flickering rays to the One who has suffered and died for them. Let us make it our business to get decisions for Christ from our young people while they are young. The observance of Decision Day is one good method.

1295. Decision Day. Decision will enable us to escape the necessity of spending the last half of life in fighting the influence of the first half.

1296. Decision Day. This whole method of the Decision Day is like the Scotch woman's promises in the Bible. After very many of them she had placed

the two letters, "T. P.," and when asked for the meaning of the letters she replied: "They mean tried and proven." So it is with Decision Day plans. In many cities and towns through the country they have been put to the test and God has set his seal upon them.

1297. Decision Day.

"Shun delays, they breed remorse;

Take thy time while time is lent thee;

Creeping snails have weakest force;

Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.

Good is best when earnest wrought,

Lingering labors come to naught."

1298. Decision Day: Admittance. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me." That is a fine statement of the Saviour's attitude toward every one in whose heart and life the kingdom is not set up. It is, as the poet has suggested, a "lovely attitude." It is his love for lost men that induces him to thus come and ask for admission. And though we have refused to open our hearts and lives to his coming, he still pleads with us for our own good. He stands and knocks! Some have kept him out a long while. Have you or I? If so, let us continue this opposition no longer. This is the day of salvation. "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart."

1299. Decision Day: A Boy's. "Why do you want to join the church?" asked the pastor of a New England boy. "Because I want to show that I am a saved sinner." "Do you feel that you are saved?" "Yes, sir." "Who saved you?" "It is the work of Jesus Christ and of myself." "Of yourself? What was your share in the work of your salvation?" "I resisted, and Jesus Christ did the rest."

1300. Decision Day: Belief in. I am a thorough believer in Decision Day. First, because it is a divinely planned institution; for what was the day of Pentecost but a decision day that gave birth to the church of Christ? As "like causes produce like effects," other things being equal, a general and proper observance of such a day would doubtless result in a marvelous re-birth of the church in thousands of places.

Second, because multitudes of unsaved people will never be brought to a heartfelt realization of their need of Christ unless the imperative importance of decision for Him is definitely pressed upon their attention as it is on Decision Day.

Third, because I have seen thousands of persons decide for Christ on Decision Day, and know from experience that it may be made the occasion of great revivals of religion and the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God's dear Son.—

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL.

1301. Decision Day: Believe and Climb. It was growing dark in the old barn, and to the child straying in out of the fading afternoon light it looked more shadowy still. But some one was moving about in the hay overhead, and the little fellow came to the foot of the ladder and called: "Is you there, grandpa? I want to come up." "All right, come along then," was the cheery response. But the little foot placed on the bottom of the ladder paused, and a troubled face was lifted toward the dim loft. "Grandpa, I can't see the top step?" A reassuring laugh answered: "Put your foot on the round where you are, little man, and climb up. The last step is here, and you'll see it when you get to it." It was only the old lesson that we all need over and over again—the faithless cry we are always sending out to be allowed to see the end from the beginning, and the answer that in one way and another, by inspiration, by experience, is always coming to us: Climb from where you are. Take the step that is next above you, and wait for the one beyond to be revealed in its time. Believe and climb.

1302. Decision Day: Boys Can Help. A fourteen-year-old boy from a missionary school, while on a visit to some friends, went into a village temple one afternoon and there found a feeble old man passing from idol to idol, and praying and offering incense sticks. The boy's heart was touched by the sight, and tears rolled down his cheeks. At last he went up to the old man, and said, "Would you mind a boy speaking to you? I am young; you are old." The man was not offended, and after some conversation the lad told him the story of God's love. The man's heart was melted as he listened. "Boy," he said, "I have never heard such words before." He took the lad home with him, so that his wife might hear the wonderful story. And these two were led to the Saviour before they ever saw or heard of a missionary.—*The Quiver.*

1303. Decision Day: Brother Them, Sister Them. Let the minister go over his membership with care and, selecting the most competent people among them,

appoint for each child a spiritual guardian, who shall be asked to make the nurture of that child's religious life his special study and attention. He should see that the child has good literature to read, encourage his regular attendance at church, occasionally visit him, or invite the child to his own home, and, by these and various other means, seek to deepen and mature the Christian life of this spiritual ward. The church I serve has followed this plan for some time, and with most satisfactory results.

May the Good Shepherd help us to lead all these lambs of his fold into green pastures and beside the still waters, and write all their names in the Lamb's Book of Life.—REV. JOHN BALCOM SHAW, D.D.
1304. Decision Day: Calling Classes. If, as each class is called, the Christians and those now ready to confess Christ should rise together, and if class after class should thus rise and remain standing, and if at the beginning and close of the roll-call a loving invitation should be given for instant decisions, to be shown by simply standing with the rest, many would be swept by the current of feeling and action over their doubts and difficulties, which once surmounted, would never trouble them again. Only, one caution: let nothing be done or said that would fix a soul in denial, and place it definitely in opposition to Christ. This is Decision Day, and they have not decided yet; that is all. They must think it over. They must never call it a closed question till the decision is made. And they must remember that to-morrow may be too late.

1305. Decision Day: Choose Ye. Max Muller tells a story from Indian legend of a Sabara, or wild man of the woods, who stole the infant son of a native king and carried him off to his own forest dwelling. The boy, as he grew, believed that the Sabara was his father; he lived the same wild life, subsisted on roots and on the spoils of the chase, and had no thought beyond the coarse interests that lay within his narrow and savage horizon.

The prime minister, however, after years of patient search at last found the boy. He told him that the Sabara was not his father, and had no right to him whatever. He spoke to him of the king, and described the splendors of the palace that was his home. No further argument was needed. When the lad learned that he was the son of a king, and that he might return to his inheritance, the truth made him free; he left his haunts

in the forest, and went home to his father's house.

The story illustrates the great fact of conversion. Man is God's child, created in the Father's image, and nothing that can happen to him can ever alter that wonderful fact. He may be ignorant of this relationship; he may not know his Father; he may yield allegiance to sin and the world; but the fact of his sonship remains. He may wander far and he may wander long, but he never can get beyond the reach of the Father's love that fills and embraces all things.

The gospel is the good tidings of this relationship.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

1306. Decision Day: And Confessing Christ. One of the distinguished ministers of the Presbyterian Church told in a conference in a western city, that a little boy who had been operated upon by Dr. Lorenz said, as soon as he came out from under the anesthetic, "It will be a long time before my mother hears the last of this doctor." And then said my friend, "I thought of an incident in my own life of a poor German boy whose feet were twisted out of shape, whose mother was poor, and could not have him operated upon, and I determined to bring him to a great doctor and ask him to take him in charge. The operation was over and was a great success. When the plaster cast had been taken off from his feet my friend said he went to take him home. He called his attention to the hospital, and the boy admired it, but he said, 'I like the doctor best.' He spoke of the nurses, and the boy was slightly interested, but said, 'They are nothing compared to the doctor.' He called his attention to the perfect equipment of the hospital, and he was unmoved except, as again and again, he referred to the doctor. They reached the Missouri town and stepped out of the station together, and the old German mother was waiting to receive him. She did not look at her boy's face, nor at his hands, but she fell on her knees and looked at his feet, and then said, sobbing, 'It is just like any other boy's foot.' Taken into her arms, the minister said all the boy kept saying to her, over and over, was, 'Mother, you ought to know the doctor that made me walk.'"—*Christian Observer*.

1307. Decision Day: And Confessing Christ. A church member was going up to a lumber-camp in the north and a friend said to him: "If those lumber-jacks find out you're a Christian, they'll make sport of you." The man went up

there, and when he came back his friend said: "Well, how did you get along with the lumber-jacks?" The man answered: "All right. They didn't find it out."

That's the way with so many people who profess to be Christians. They're church members, but a stranger would have a mighty hard time finding it out. The first thing a man does when he joins a lodge is to get a pin, and if anybody says anything about the lodge he will stand up and fight for it; but there are a lot of church members who will see the Church and Jesus Christ insulted and never open their mouths.—"BILLY" SUNDAY.

1308. Decision Day: And Church Membership. Some say that they are afraid to join the church because they might bring discredit upon it by their bad actions; but by remaining outside the church they do what they can to discredit it, virtually saying to the world that they do not consider it worth joining.—A. **1309. Decision Day: Confession of Christ.** At a large, open-air meeting at Liverpool, a street-corner skeptic gave a strong address against Christianity, and at the close flung out the challenge, "If any man here can say a word for Jesus Christ, let him come out and say it!"

Not a man moved, but two young girls on the outskirts of the crowd pushed their way to the center and said:

"We can't speak, but we will sing for Christ;" and they sang, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus." Every head in that crowd was uncovered, and many men were smitten with shame.—*Sunday at Home*.

1310. Decision Day: The Diminishing Chance. In an audience of five thousand people in a Western city I asked all who had accepted Christ between the ages of ten and twenty to rise, and it seemed as if the entire audience was standing. When those who had come between the ages of twenty and thirty were asked to stand the number was greatly diminished, not more than four hundred being on their feet. When the ages were changed to between forty and fifty, there was not more than a hundred standing, and when it was suggested that all who had accepted Christ between the ages of fifty and sixty should stand there were only four in five thousand who stood to make such confession. I am aware that this may not have been an exact test for all may not have perfectly understood the call but it can be proven by the statistics of the church that the majority of people come to Christ before

the age of twenty, and if they do not come at this time the chances begin to run mightily against them.—J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

1311. Decision Day: Faith and Feeling. D. L. Moody told the story of a conversation he had with a man in Manchester. "Are you a Christian?" the evangelist had asked. "No, but I wish I were." Then Moody proceeded to quote passages from the Bible, but the man said they did not meet his case. "The fact is that I cannot feel that I am saved." Then Moody clinched matters by asking, "Was it Noah's feelings that saved him, or was it the ark?" The man thought a while, and then said, "Good night, Mr. Moody; it is all settled." Some time afterwards this convert came up to the evangelist and said, "Do you remember the man and the ark? I had been trying to save myself by my feelings. The moment you spoke of the ark, that settled it."—*Christian Herald*.

1312. Decision Day: Heart Given. "My son, give me thy heart" (Prov. 23:26). There is a story of a colored man who came to a watchmaker and gave him the hands of a clock, saying, "I want yer to fix up dese han's. Dey jest doan' keep no mo' kerrec' time for mo' den six monfs." "Where is the clock?" answered the watchmaker. "Out at de house on Injun Creek." "But I must have the clock." "Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin' de matter wid de clock 'ceptin' de han's? And I done brought 'em to yer. You jes' want the clock so you can tinker with it and charge me a big price. Give me back dem han's." Foolish as this man was, his caution is very like that of people who try to regulate their life without being made right on the inside. And their reason for not putting themselves into the hands of the Lord is very similar to the reason the colored man gave. They are afraid the price will be too great. They say, "We only wish to avoid this or that habit." But the Master Workman says, "I cannot regulate the hands unless I have the heart."—*Christian Herald*.

1313. Decision Day: Hearing and Obeying. "I expect to join the church some time," admitted a young man to the older one with whom he was talking. "I know I ought to be a Christian; I want to be one; but I don't have the feeling so many people do—the sort of experience." "What has that to do with it?" asked the older man.

Then he touched a bronze button on his coat. "When I was a young fellow our country needed soldiers, and I thought I ought to answer the call, so I went into a recruiting station and enlisted.

"I passed the examination and signed my name, but I didn't feel a bit more like a soldier than before.

"But when I said something of the kind an officer beside me smiled. 'The thing that makes you a soldier is not your feeling; it's your enlistment in the army.'"

1314. Decision Day: In the Bible. Think of them! There was Abraham called to decide whether he would leave home, country, friends, and go out not knowing whither—all he knew was that the Lord called on him to decide whether or not he would obey. Do you suppose he dawdled over that decision, and said, "I would like to do this thing which I suppose is right, but I don't understand much about it, and I don't know the way, and I don't know whether I shall hold out till I get to that unknown home which the Lord says he has prepared for me"?

Then look at that great Decision Day out in the Wilderness before rugged Mount Sinai. Can you not see that great camp of hundreds of thousands of people listening to the voice of Moses? The first step had been to make them ashamed of their sin. Then Moses called for instant decision. Hear his ringing voice, "Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come to me!" See them "go forward" to the side of the leader. Those who "would like time to think of the matter" were counted as on the other side.

And now they are in the promised land, in the lovely valley of Shechem, with the grim walls of rock rising on either side, mounts of cursing and of blessing. Which should it be? It was for them to choose. Joshua did not say, "Go home and think over this matter." Nor, "Have a few fast days and weep and wail." Nor, "Come week after week till I can fully instruct you in what this thing means." How the voice of the soldier Captain accustomed to giving orders rang and was echoed back from the rocks: "Choose Ye—when? This day. What? Whom Ye will serve." A national Decision Day! Think of that. Pray for that.

Again, on Mount Carmel, hear Elijah cry out, "How long halt ye undecided? Choose now between Baal, and the Lord, and follow one or the other."

I cannot stop to even hint at the many New Testament Decision Days. Again and again when the Christ called "Follow me" quick decision was made. And, ah me! There was a certain Decision Day at Nazareth, when the decision was on the wrong side. That was Decision Day at Jericho when Bartimeus and Zaccheus decided for Christ. What a good thing, for he was passing by then but never came that way again. Yes, there are special times when Jesus of Nazareth is passing by.—M. G. K.

1315. Decision Day: Invitation. A little boy who saw for the first time the sign, "Common," in Boston, at the entrance of the great park known as Boston Common, called out joyfully: "It don't say, 'Keep Off the Grass'; it says, 'Come on!'" And this is the gospel invitation. Not "Keep off," but "Come on"! An interested listener said to Mr. Moody, "One might think that the word 'Come' was your pet text." "I have two; one is 'Come' and the other is 'Go,'" was his answer. "Come for cleansing and acceptance. Go into service. Go and get others to come."

1316. Decision Day: Invitation. In the deserts, when caravans are in want of water, they send a rider some distance ahead; then, after a little space, another follows; and then, at a short distance, another. As soon as the first man finds water, before he stoops to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next one repeats the word, "Come!" So the shout is passed along until the whole wilderness echoes with the word, "Come!"

1317. Decision Day: Is Wise Strategy. A revival church looks after its children and young people carefully, leads them to Christ, trains them for service, and gives them something definite to do.

1318. Decision Day: Manana. One of the most remarkable contributions of the tropics to the temperate zone is the banana. A few years ago it was a rare fruit; now it is as common as apples if not as cheap. But there is something else that thrives too well in the tropics that we must be careful not to import. It takes but a change of one letter to make this word—manana.

When some one asked the late Emperor of Brazil how he explained the backwardness of his country, he said it was due to "manana." What does it mean? "To-morrow." Find a person or a people ever saying "manana; there is no hurry; let it wait; there is plenty of time," and you have found degeneracy and decay,

and death. There is no such day as to-morrow. It is a will-o'-the-wisp, an ignis fatuus, a quicksand, a mirage, a fool's paradise. To-morrow does not exist. If it comes, it will be to-day. Learn then to pray and plan, to speak and do to-day. No good thing was ever accomplished to-morrow. This is why every day is a dooms-day, for to-day holds life and death, character and destiny in its living hands. Yesterday is buried, to-morrow is unborn, therefore, "behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

1319. Decision Day: Method. Many churches have made a constituency roll, including the name of every person in the community for which the church is personally responsible. They have used their group organization to gather this information.

They have organized their personal work band, including in it all the leaders of their groups, the teachers of Sunday-school classes, the officers of the young people's society, and as many of their men as could be enrolled. They have given these thorough training, and have assigned them the names of the constituency roll, taking account of natural affiliations.

The constituency roll can be used in preparation for Decision Day in the Bible School.

1320. Decision Day: Now. In a certain church, on a summer Sunday, was a Bible-class enrolling sixty members. The next Sunday only eighteen were living. Forty-two had gone into eternity. They had learned their last Bible lesson, and improved or neglected their last opportunity for salvation. How earnestly would that elder have taught, how earnestly would that class have listened to God's truth, had they known that it was, for two out of every three of them, the last time! The Bible-class was in Johnstown, Pa. "The night cometh" for all.

1321. Decision Day: Now! Now! The steamship *Central America*, on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, sprung a leak in mid-ocean. A vessel seeing her signal of distress bore down toward her and the captain of the rescue ship cried, "Let me take your passengers on board now." But it was night and the commander of the *Central America* feared to send his passengers away in the darkness, and, thinking they could keep afloat a while longer, replied, "Lie by till morning." About an hour and a half later her lights were missed. All

on board perished, because it was thought they could be saved better at another time. "Now is the accepted time."

1322. Decision Day: Our King Has Come to Save. After the great attack on Calais by the Germans, in 1914, a Belgian soldier lay sorely wounded on the field. He was just able to give a low despairing cry for help, and strong arms lifted him and carried him to a car to take him to the hospital. He lifted his face to the one who had come to him in the hour of his peril, and cried out: "My King! My King has come to save me." It was the good, brave king of the Belgians. We have a greater King, and a greater salvation, when in His arms we are found.—*Sunday Companion*.

1323. Decision Day: Perils of Indecision. One who is about to enter upon a business career must be decided. He must have a mind of his own. He may, very properly, take a reasonable time to consider and make up his mind; but he must not waste time about it. While he hesitates and wavers others will get the business and he will fall behind. Wavering from side to side he will contract a bad habit of indecision. Indecision in practice will soon develop indecision of character, and he will live a divided life.

Indecision is a fatal weakness. A divided mind is never more than half a mind. In union there is strength, but in disunion there is feebleness. Think of the majesty and might of our country so long as it continues to be a united country. If a foreign foe should attack any point of our coast on the shore of either ocean, the whole nation would be up in arms to drive away the common enemy. Think of the power of a united family. When the husband and wife are of one mind, thinking the same things, planning the same things, and desiring the same things, and when the children growing to manhood and womanhood are bound together in sympathy, in interest and in affection, they are strong to do and bear. But if they contend and strive with one another, they hinder one another and devour one another.

It is so with the mind. Divided against itself it is shorn of its strength. The mind which is not in harmony with itself wastes its energies on inner strife. A double mind is a weak mind. The emergencies of life require a united mind. The great questions of life should be settled early. One should decide what he thinks life is and what it is for. He

should make up his mind fully which way to go, and what motive to follow. His ideal should be clearly formed and steadily maintained.

1324. Decision Day: Results. To decide for Christ is to decide for good-fortune, for peace, for happiness, for friends, for prosperity, for a blessed eternity. Who can hesitate before that decision?

1325. Decision Day: Road to Christ. "And Philip opened his mouth, and beginning from this Scripture, preached unto him Jesus" (Acts 8:35). Some time ago one of my friends went out with a little boy who was leading him across the common from the railway station to the house. My friend said to him, "Go to Sunday school?" "Yes." "What did your teacher talk about last Sunday afternoon?" "Oh, he was talking about Jacob." "And what did he take the Sunday before that?" "Oh, he was talking about prayer." "Well, did your teacher talk about Jesus?" "Oh, no," said the little fellow, "that's at the other end of the book." Now I hold that Jesus is not at the other end of the Book, but he is all through the Book, and every chapter and every verse and every incident may somehow be made a road to Jesus.—F. B. MEYER.

1326. Decision Day: And Salvation. As a friend from a ship would throw ropes to a drowning man, so Christ stands throwing promises within your reach. Lay hold of any one, and hold on. Not one strand, or jot, or tittle will fail. Look for no signs, nor wonders, nor strange sights, nor sounds, nor marvelous feelings. Change of feeling, or emotion, or joy, or happiness, is not of itself religion, but incidental to religion, caused by this new life begun at the cross.

Leave everything and follow Him. He is now waiting and calling to you; and angels are listening to hear you say that decisive word, on which hangs your eternal destiny—"I will; by the grace of God assisting me, I will." Give up every known sin, and do every known duty you come to, beginning with the first, then the rest, and so on through life. And when you have commenced, go not to hope-hunting nor comfort-seeking; but cross-bearing and Christ-serving like a submitting Paul: "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" Continue this till the end of life, and you shall be saved with an everlasting salvation.

1327. Decision Day: Say Yes to God.

The time to say "Yes" to God is now. It is a mistake to think that obedience means that we shall be robbed of the pleasures of life and that heavy burdens will be placed upon us. On the contrary, when we say "Yes" to God we enter upon paths of peace. To say "No" to Him turns us into paths of suffering, disappointment, and despair. Israel's forty weary years of wandering in the wilderness came from the fact that the people said "No" to God when he urged them to enter the promised land.

The time to say "No" to every suggestion of evil is the moment when it arises in the mind. He who hesitates is lost. Pope knew human nature when he wrote,

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

The successful business man is the one that sees clearly, makes quick decisions, sticks to them, and carries them through. The successful Christian—that is to say, the Christian that becomes and does that which God wishes him to be and do—is the one who "by reason of use" has exercised his spiritual faculties in penetrating the mask of evil and shunning it, and in discerning the hidden good and choosing it.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

1328. Decision Day: Terrace of Indecision. A little west of Mt. Zion, near the Jaffa gate of Jerusalem, is a small terrace, on the top of a water-shed, so level that the rain as it falls upon it seems at a loss which way to go. But part of it is carried by a faint breath of wind over on the west side and descends into the Valley of Roses, and down to the beautiful plain of Sharon. Fertility and beauty and fruits spring up, and finally it is exhaled to heaven from the fragrant cups of the lilies and roses of Sharon. But a large part of it finds its way to the other side of the terrace and descends through the dark valley of Tophet to the Dead Sea, where it brings forth the apples of Sodom and is lost forever in the bitter waters of the Sea of Death. This terrace is the Terrace of Indecision.

1329. Decision Day: Not To-morrow. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts" (Ps. 95: 7, 8).

It is a solemn thing to say to-morrow when God says to-day, for man's to-morrow and God's to-day never meet. The

word that comes from the eternal throne is "now," and it is man's own choice that fixes his doom.—DUNCAN MATIESON.

1330. Decision Day: Value of Deciding. The habit of indecision is one of the hardest of all habits to overcome. A weak will weakens the whole life. Decision is needed to conquer any bad habit; how much more the habit of indecision!

The only safety when we have anything that we should do is to do it at once. Every day's delay makes it harder to do.

When we once decide for Christ, every other good decision is instantly made easier. No other decision is so economical of effort as that one.

1331. Decision Day: Why Decide Now. There is a Japanese proverb, "Dig the well before you are thirsty." Now in this country, more than in most, we are not inclined to look ahead. "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof," is an admirable motto if we interpret it as a caution against apprehension in looking into the future, as is evidently the meaning. But if we make it an excuse for not exercising forethought and providing for what is ahead, we have twisted its significance and misled ourselves.

Do not wait to save money till you have a business opening where the investment of a few hundred dollars will give you an admirable start. Do not wait to take care of yourself till your health shows signs of giving way. Do not postpone making friends till you feel lonely and forlorn. Do not wait till you are thirsty before starting to dig a well. Do not wait till you are sick or dying before coming to Christ.

1332. Decision Day: Win Them Young. A man said he would not talk to his son about religion; the boy should make his own choice when he grew up, unprejudiced by him. The boy broke his arm, and when the doctor was setting it he cursed and swore the whole time. The father was grieved and shocked. "Ah," said the doctor, "you were afraid to prejudice the boy in the right way, but the devil has no such prejudice. He has led your son in the other way." Nature alone never brings forth anything but weeds.

1333. Decision Day: Wisdom of. It is easier to lead twenty children to Christ than one hardened old sinner. Why, then, should we not bring our little ones to Jesus? He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—C. BREWBAKER.

1334. Decision Day: Wrong Attitude.

There was a fire in a terrace of houses in the middle of the night, and one man, discovering the fire, cried to his bed companion, "Get up at once, the house next door but one is on fire!" "Oh, wait till it gets next door," growled his sleepy friend. No one wishing to be saved can take that attitude.—H.

1335. Defects, Imitation of. Margaret Gatty, in one of her stories, tells of a schoolboy who had a high reputation as a mimic. It seemed as though he could be just like any one whom he pleased to imitate. But a wiser friend asked him to show how the handsomest boy in school looked, and how the best speaker declaimed. Then, as the young mimic found himself quite incompetent to do this, he realized that all his power of imitation lay in the direction of lowering his own standard, and of mimicking defects which had not yet become his own.—W. F. CRAFTS.

1336. Degeneracy, Unconscious. The very sign and symptom of spiritual degeneracy and corruption is unconsciousness; as the great champion of Israel, when his locks were cropped in Delilah's lap, went out to exercise his mighty limbs as at other times, and knew not, till he vainly tried feats which their ebbing strength was no longer equal to perform, that the Spirit of the Lord had departed from him. The more completely a man's limbs are frost-bitten the more comfortable and warm they are, and the less does he know it.

1337. Degeneration. See Sin.

1338. Degeneration. A magnificent dog, a cross between a St. Bernard and a Great Dane, was stolen from his home in California, where he was the pet and pride of the household, and sent North into the Klondike regions. Here he was compelled to drag the miner's sled over the Alaskan snows. In this condition of slavery and ill treatment he began to degenerate; and this great, loving, noble house-dog, the plaything of the children and guardian of the home, went down, down, until he became a dog-thief, and at last he so lost all self-respect that he listened to "the call of the wild," the bayings of the wolves in the forests, and went and joined himself to the pack.

1339. Delay. A miner returned from the Klondike. He had made a fortune. He counted himself a millionaire. He had been away from home for fifteen years and during that time had not heard

from his aged parents. He was looking forward to Christmas day in the old home in Philadelphia. But the newspapers reported that he was the loneliest man in Philadelphia on that Christmas day, eating his dinner alone in one of the big hotels of that city. Where was the father whom he had hoped to make happy in his old age? He was gone. He could not wait until the boy had achieved the career he had blocked out for himself. Where was the mother? She had waited until a few months before the son's return when she, too, had to go. When the returning man lifted the knocker at the door of the old house, it fell with the harsh echo of empty room. The neighbors told him the story. The man had gained a fortune, but it was too late to do the things he had dreamed of doing.

1340. Delay, Danger of. Professor Drummond tells of an overladen coal barge which stood in the river.

"A sailor reported to the captain that the water was gaining upon the vessel. The captain drove him away with scoffs. Twice, thrice, the warning was repeated. Each time the warning voice was unheeded. At last the barge began to give evidences of sinking. The captain ordered the men to the boats. They took their places. He then said, 'I told you there was plenty of time.' Then he took out his knife to cut the cable which bound the boat to the barge. He fell back with a cry of horror: the cable was an iron chain!"

The eleventh hour is an hour of haste, and danger, and disappointment. The thread becomes a cord, the cord a cable, the cable a chain. The time to get clear of a sinking craft is now; and the time to turn from sin, to forsake wrong-doing, to cut every cable of evil habit, appetite and passion is to-day. Delays are dangerous, and they often prove fatal. "Now is the accepted time. To-day is the day of salvation."

1341. Demons. See Satan.

1342. Demons, Cast Out. A young man in London, well known to the writer, was possessed by an evil temper, well-nigh demoniacal. He was, indeed, a terror to his whole family. One evening he was induced to attend a mission service, where for the first time in his life, he heard about the power of Jesus to cast out evil spirits. Recognizing his own need, he was led to humble himself at the feet of Jesus, and his plea was not rejected. That night he went home a new

man in Christ Jesus. His wife could not understand the change that had come over him. Instead of stormy words and a fiery temper, the light of a divine love and peace overspread his countenance, as with joy he told them of the great change that had been wrought in him. Henceforth the old life had indeed passed away; the lion became as a lamb, and all his delight was found in pointing others to his great Emancipator. The familiarity which he acquired with his Bible (an entirely new book to him) was the marvel of all his Christian friends; and often would he be found at the street corners, or wherever he could gain an audience, seeking to bring others to a knowledge of the Saviour who had set him free, his one theme being, "He saved me, and I know he can save you, too."—MARY A. WAY.

1343. Demons, Possession by. Speaking at the Y.M.C.A. in London, Mrs. Dan Crawford told of a woman who, from her earliest years, had been conscious of a strange presence within her. Under the influence of this madness she committed all kinds of unspeakable crimes. One day she entered the mission house and squatted down in front of the platform. The preacher was a young minister, who had but a very elementary knowledge of the native language, and when the time came for him to deliver his sermon words completely failed him, so, taking up his Bible, he read through Mark 5, and when he had finished it, not knowing what else to do, he read it again. The old woman listened with profound attention, and at the conclusion she started up and began praying to the unknown Power that had done so much for the afflicted man, to release her from her curse. In her intense praying she foamed at the mouth, and at one time the on-lookers thought she would fall down in a fit. But at last she sank on the ground, whispering, "I am freed, I am freed." And freed she was; for a long time she dwelt with Mrs. Crawford, a living testimony to the power of God over the powers of evil.

1344. Delusions and Faith. George Eliot, in one of her novels, says that great delusions are sometimes mistaken for great faith.

1345. Delusions, Religious. A Quaker, riding with a fashionable woman, thinly dressed but with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering she exclaimed: "What shall I do to get warm?" "I really don't know," re-

plied the Quaker, "unless thee puts on another breastpin."

Some who are searching for religious fads, expecting them to bring joy and comfort into their lives, are likewise shivering in their chilly toggery. Doubtless the Quaker would advise them to bedeck themselves with one more delusion, in order to show the utter absurdity of their search. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

1346. Denials, God's Gracious. The Arab guide shows the tourist to-day evidences of an ancient camp. Long lines of stone mark the divisions of land. It is the remains of the ancient cemetery of Kibroth—"the graves of desire." So the saddest sight is the modern Kibroths where men die not of denial, not because the heavens were as brass, but because their prayers were answered. The surest way for God to spoil us is to answer all our prayers. The kindest thing Heaven can do is to deny our whims. Some grow skeptical because God denies sometimes what they asked. The business of life is to have the immortal qualities evoked, which we shall all need in the higher curricula of God. We are here to be spiritualized by denial.

1347. Denying. Matt. 10: 33. I went to West Point not long ago, and we had an evening meeting in the old chapel. As we passed under the rear gallery to go out, one of the students stopped and said, "I wish you would look at that shield on the wall there; all around there were marble shields set in the wall, and on each shield was the name of one of our Revolutionary generals. Then I looked up at the particular shield to which attention had been called, and that shield was blank. It was there in form just as the others, but with no name on it; simply the Major-General, and the date of the unnamed general's birth. "What does it mean?" I asked. "Well," said the cadet, "that is the shield for Benedict Arnold. There is a shield for every Revolutionary general, and one for him too, but the nation would not cut his name on it nor the date of his death. He denied his country; his country has denied him."—ROBERT E. SPEER.

1348. Destiny. See Death. See Heaven. See Hell.

1349. Destiny. A Spaniard, Balboa, landed on the east side of the Isthmus of Panama and found Indians who were willing to lead him over to the other ocean. It was no easy trip, but at length

he came to the heights where he could look down on the mighty water that we call the Pacific Ocean. He gazed wonderingly, then hurried down and took possession of the mighty sea in the name of the King of Spain.

There are people all over our land who have climbed up through the years and from the heights of experience have looked out over eternity, and they have had very serious moments. The problem of destiny has become real. Whither bound? For a time thought has brought despair. Then some one brought them the Christian message. They had a new vision, and stood on the borders of that limitless ocean and took possession of it all in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. One need not be fearful to launch out when the sea is his, for even now can he still tempests and bring us to our desired havens. "Even down to old age will I carry you." "I go to prepare a place for you."

1350. Development, Dark-room. Darkness seems to be as necessary to life and growth in this world as is light. An earnest, tireless worker for Christ who has recently suffered through months of illness, writes a cheery word of sympathy to a fellow sufferer, and adds about himself: "It is a long time since I have done a day's work; it is only a half-hour's work, or maybe fifteen minutes at a time. And many days have been in a dark room. I wonder, sometimes, if a 'dark room' is as necessary for the developing of character as it is for the developing of negatives. If so, perhaps a time will come when I can look back upon the dark-room days with thankfulness. Just now, I want to work." To wait and to trust, if God directs that, even while one longs to be out in the light and at work, is to gain and grow in the development which only the dark room can give. How good it is that God can be trusted to decide when the darkness is needed!—*Sunday School Times*.

1351. Development, Spiritual. A lily grows mysteriously, pushing up its solid weight of stem and leaf in the teeth of gravity. Shaped in beauty by invisible fingers, the flower develops we know not how. But we do not wonder at it. Every day the thing is done; it is nature; it is God. We are spiritual enough at least to understand that. But when the soul rises slowly above the world, pushing up its delicate virtues in the teeth of sin, shaping itself mysteriously in the image of Christ, we deny that the power

is not of man. A strong will, we say, a high ideal, the reward of virtue, Christian influence—this will not account for it. We allow a miracle to the lily, but none to the man. But mysteriousness is the test of spiritual growth. It was Christ's test: "The wind bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit."

1352. Devil Is Diligent. Arabi Pasha was ordered to desist from fortifying Alexandria by the English fleet. He professed to comply. But one night they flashed the great electric searchlight on the shore, and there his men were all at work, in the full glare of the light.

1353. Difficulties. See Discipline. See Success in Life.

1354. Difficulties. Out of difficulties grow miracles.—BRUYERE.

1355. Difficulties. It always "can be done," when God asks us to do it. If, when God is plainly calling us to undertake something impossible for him, we find ourselves faltering or actually holding back, it may help us to put a Christian significance into a bit of verse some one has written:

"You say, my son,
It can't be done?
Your statement isn't true.
You mean, my son,
It can be done,
But can't be done by you."

God wants us to remember that the things that "can't be done by you" *can* be done by Him working in you and through you. "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

1356. Difficulties, Advantages of. There is a bright little story in one of our magazines of a widow and her two daughters who kept boarders. They were happy in their work, and yet they supposed it was a burden. One day unexpected wealth came to the widow, and then the boarders were dismissed, the house was fitted up in fine style, and it was supposed that the burden was gone. But with nothing to do the mother and her daughters began to grow strangely discontented. They missed the constant care and moderate excitement of keeping a boarding house, the interest they had in the individualities and eccentricities of their agreeable boarders, and especially

the wit and repartee and frolicsome fun of the dinner table. It was proposed to invite the boarders back to a Christmas dinner, and the very suggestion threw the home into a state of pleasurable excitement. The guests came, expressed their discontent with their new arrangements, and asked if they might not come back. The proposal was accepted, and presently the now-wealthy widow and her daughters were happy once more in keeping a boarding house. What they supposed was their burden was their means of happiness. Instead of being a weight, it was really wings to their life. Is it not so with many of our burdens? We think it would be a relief to be rid of them, but if they were gone we might find ourselves strangely unhappy and want them back again.

At any rate, it is true that we are often having our best time when we think we are having a hard time. There are advantages of disadvantages.—H.

1357. Difficulties Overcome. Robert E. Speer, in the Young People's Prayer-Meeting, in the *Sunday School Times* of December 21, 1918, quoted the song of the Panama Canal builders:

"Got any rivers they say are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?

We specialize in the wholly impossible
Doing the thing that no one can do."

1358. Difficulties Overcome.

"Somebody said it couldn't be done
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it couldn't but he would be
one,
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.

"So he buckled right in, with the trace
of a grin

On his face; if he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing

That couldn't be done—and he did it."

1359. Difficulties, Use of. We were watching the plumbers as they worked on the new home. One, with a simple little cold chisel, had by dint of numerous brisk taps in a circle around it cut in two a large iron pipe. Another was busy with a similar chisel, cutting in halves a large piece of lead. "Easy work," I said, as I watched the latter drive the chisel into the soft material. "Yes," he replied, "but this work spoils the chisel." "Lead is not hard enough to spoil a chisel," I insisted. "No," the workman replied,

"but it takes all the temper out of it, so that it is good for nothing else. To cut much lead will spoil the finest cold chisel." Soft seats, easy tasks, and pathways strewn with roses, take the temper out of character, and produce good-for-nothing lives. Difficulties impart their own splendid fiber to those who master them.

1360. Difficulty Develops. Some one having asked Mr. Gladstone the secret of his remarkable activity, he replied with a story. There was once a road leading out of London on which more horses died than any other, and inquiry revealed the fact that it was perfectly level. Consequently the animals in traveling over it used only one set of muscles. In his own life the hills of difficulty he had been compelled to climb had developed all of his powers, and prolonged his vigor.

1361. Difficulty, Overcome. "There are commonly three stages in work for God," Mr. Taylor would sometimes say: "first *impossible*, then *difficult*, then *done*."—HUDSON TAYLOR.

1362. Difficulty, Revealing. Lord Kelvin, on one occasion when he was lecturing to his students and an experiment failed to "come off," said, "Gentlemen, when you are face to face with a difficulty, you are up against a discovery." That is true, not only in science, but in the things of the Spirit.—*Sunday at Home*.

1363. Difficulty, Stimulus of. What is difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.—SAMUEL WARREN.

1364. Difficulty Well Met. Hath fortune dealt thee ill cards? let wisdom make thee a good gamester. In a fair gale, every fool may sail, but wise behavior in a storm commends the wisdom of a pilot; to bear adversity with an equal mind is both the sign and glory of a brave spirit.—QUARLES.

1365. Dilatory, Very. The famous artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence, was very dilatory in painting portraits. He began a picture of Lady Mexborough and her infant son. A long period passed, and the picture was not completed. At last, Lord Mexborough wrote to the artist, asking him to send the painting. Sir Thomas wrote, begging the favor of another sitting from Lady Mexborough and her child. The reply was that Lady Mex-

borough would gladly give another sitting, but her "child" was now an officer in the Guards! The artist had lost forever his opportunity of portraying the child. How swiftly the years sweep by us! The children and young people we meant to influence have already grown up into manhood and womanhood. The opportunity must be seized now, or lost forever.

1366. Diligence in Business. Some time ago an insurance company called a large number of its agents from all over the country to New York for a consultation which lasted several days. The last day there was an excursion "down the bay," given by the company to its agents. On the return trip one of the insurance officials noticed that an agent, a young man from the west, was talking earnestly with one of the officers of the boat. The official's curiosity was aroused, and a conversation with the young man disclosed that he had thought he "might as well be busy while in New York." The result of his activity was that he succeeded in writing a policy for the clerk of the hotel where they stayed, for an elevator man in the building where the insurance offices were, and for one of the mates of the excursion boat.

1367. Directions as Needed. A tourist was taking a bicycle journey in Scotland. It was not always easy to follow the roads. Turns and crossroads were frequent. Often it was necessary to ask for other guidance than that furnished by the route-book. Sometimes the directions given were puzzling because of the multiplicity of details. He was told to turn to the right here, to the left there, to take the third road to the south after crossing the second main road beyond, and so on, till he was so confused that there was danger of forgetting even the first turning. But once a man told him how to proceed for two or three miles, and added: "I shan't burden you with any more. That is as much as you can remember. When you reach the point to which I have directed you, ask at the blacksmith shop for further directions."—REV. JOHN T. FARIS.

1368. Disaster, Recovery Through. It must have seemed like the fateful heaping up of disaster upon misfortune to the invalided Canadian soldier who, blinded in the war, was returning home on the *Hesperian*, when it was destroyed by a submarine. Even the life-boat into which he was helped capsized and all were thrown into the water. Be-

ing a good swimmer, he struck out bravely. Suddenly a cry from the half-darkness rang out: "I can see! I can see!" The man had recovered his eyesight through the shock of disaster.

1369. Disappointment. See **Discipline**.

1370. Disappointment, Courage in. Mr. W. R. Ferris, a prominent merchant of Elgin, Ill., related this story to a group of friends: "While on a recent hunting trip up in the country I boarded at a farm house where the small boy of the family owned a pet cat of which he was extremely fond. One evening the cat suddenly departed from this troubled existence much to the distress of his owner. The next morning, to the great surprise of the household, Harold went about whistling as though nothing unusual had occurred to disturb him. Finally one of his sisters said, 'Harold, you don't seem very sad over the death of your cat by the way you're whistling.' 'Aw, gee, sis,' he replied, 'don't talk any about it. Don't you see I'm whistling so as to forget all about it?' Wise little philosopher! May he keep up his whistling when the big disappointments come along in after life."

1371. Disappointment, Uncommon. A California gentleman once stated that the most benevolent man he had ever known was an aged Israelite of 'Frisco. This old man receives every man who comes to his door as if he were Jehovah in disguise; and if a day passes without bringing a case of need, he goes home sad and wondering if God is displeased with him that he should not have visited him that day. Dorcas had this same spirit of benevolence, and her work of charity was a "labor of love."—REV. E. L. PELL, D.D.

1372. Discernment, Spiritual. It is said that a lady looking at one of Turner's pictures delineating some scene of Nature, said to the artist, "Mr. Turner, I cannot see in Nature what you put in your pictures." The artist's quiet answer was, "Don't you wish you could, madam?" Men of the world observe the raptures of Christian faith, and say with a sneer, "We cannot see any such joys as these in religion." It takes the artist's eyes to see the glory of Nature; it takes the opened eye of Christian faith to see the glories of God's spiritual kingdom.

1373. Discipline. Once I stood in a smithy and observed how the smith removed rust from iron. He thrust the rusty iron into the fire and when it was

red hot he beat it with the hammer and soon the rust was gone.

So God deals with us, I mused. When the rust of worldliness, of pride, avarice, or of carnality has eaten into the heart, he thrusts us into the fire of tribulation, which is kept glowing by the wind of His Spirit. So the rust that threatens to destroy us is removed. Of course, there are many to whom the lamentations of Jeremiah apply, "Thou hast stricken them, but they have not grieved," etc.

1374. Discipline. I have a bird in my home and you ought to hear the little fellow sing. He is called a "Roller." He sings as if his throat would burst. He sings as if he were in love. He sings as if he felt. And remember he is caged. Joy sometimes needs pain to give it birth. Fanny Crosby could never have written her beautiful hymn, "I shall see him face to face," were it not for the fact that she had never looked upon the green fields nor the evening sunset, nor the twinkle in her mother's eye. It was the loss of her own vision that helped her to gain her remarkable spiritual discernment. It is the tree that suffers that is capable of polish. When the woodman wants some curved lines of beauty in the grain, he cuts down some maple that has been gashed by the ax and twisted by the storm and tapped for the syrup. In this way he secures the knots and the hardness that takes the gloss. Some one has said that out of David Livingstone's own arteries went the red blood which to-day is helping to redeem Africa.—MCLEOD.

1375. Discipline as Training. In the great chariot race chapter in "Ben Hur," when the Roman Messala malevolently cuts with the whip the spirited horses of his enemy and competitor, the strength required on the part of Ben Hur to restrain the frightened, indignant animals was something almost superhuman. "Where got Ben Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well?" asked the novelist. "Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea." "And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power?" he asked again. The answer, of course, is evident. The Jew was being schooled while in slavery to better do the work which he was later to face in life.

1376. Discipline Brings Blessing. A great musician once said of a promising,

but passionless young singer who was being educated for the stage: "She sings well, but she lacks something which is everything. If she were married to a tyrant who would maltreat her and break her heart, in six months she would be the greatest singer in Europe."—*Modern Eloquence*.

1377. Discipline Forms Character. The immediate object of God's discipline is to form character; to create and develop love, trust, and obedience; to uproot evil dispositions; to break down self-will and self-independence. The ultimate end of it is the service and blessedness of heaven.—JAMES ORR, D.D.

1378. Discipline Needed. A distinguished man gave a little girl a plant which he had brought home from a northern climate, and she was told by this man—he was a great traveler—to put the plant into a particular part of the garden where the cold wind would beat upon it. And the little girl looked upon this plant day after day, and it seemed to her that it was withering. She went into the conservatory, and thought that in that warm place her plant would become as glorious as any there. The next morning she went to look at it, and it was dead. The heat had killed it. What made the others blossom, according to God's law of nature, had killed the plant which blossomed only in the cold. And so it is in your life. If God has put you in a place, preserved by those who love you from all cold blasts, be satisfied; but if he ever places you, in his mercy and love, where the storm of trial and temptation will beat upon you, it is only there you will blossom. "Not my will, but thine, be done."—*The Sunday School Chronicle*.

1379. Discipline, Purpose of. Among some skaters was a boy so small and so evidently a beginner that his frequent mishaps awakened the pity of a tender-hearted, if not wise, spectator. "Why, sonny, you are getting all bumped up," she said. "I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down so; I'd just come off and watch the others." The tears of the last downfall were still rolling over the rosy cheeks, but the child looked from his adviser to the shining steel on his feet, and answered half-indignantly, "I didn't get some new skates to give up with; I got 'em to learn how with." The whole philosophy of earthly discipline was in the reply. Life's hard tasks are never sent for us "to give up with"; they are always intended to awaken strength,

skill and courage in learning how to master them.—*Forward.*

1380. Discipline Brings Reward. When Michael Angelo had finished his "Moses," the statue was, in a sense, only a fragment of the block out of which he had hewn it. Yet, balancing every piece that had been struck off, a something had been added.

1381. Discipline, Self-. Alexander, the king of Macedonia, is known in history as a great robber. Before he went to Asia, in order to subdue it, he sat one day lost in deep thought. Aristotle, a wise man of his time, came to him and said:

"Why dost thou delay, O King? The treasury is full, thy armies are ready, everything smiles on thee."

"I was thinking," answered Alexander, "whether the bit of glory I shall gain, and all Asia which I shall conquer, be worth the trouble of taking a single step before the house here."

"Thou art indeed right. Since the sovereignty of the world does not seem worth the taking pains for it, then set before thyself a higher aim—the sovereignty over thyself, and the happiness of the other life."

Alexander heard the good advice, but history shows that he did not heed it.

1382. Discouraging Others, Sin of. Some years ago, during the Boer-English war in South Africa, a telegram came from Ladysmith, announcing that "a civilian had been sentenced by court martial to a year's imprisonment for causing despondency."

The explanation given of the telegram was that the man would persist in going along the picket-lines and saying discouraging words to the men on duty.

No, he was not disloyal to his country; he was simply a discourager. That was all—a discourager.

But that was much just then; for it was a critical time. The fortunes of the city and its brave garrison were trembling in the balance. Instead of heartening the men on whom the defense depended, and making them stronger for their hazardous and heroic endeavors, he put faintness into their hearts, and made them less courageous and less efficient.

The court martial adjudged the man's course a crime, and held that he ought to be punished for speaking disheartening words at such a time, no matter what the words were. And the court martial was right.

It requires few qualifications to be a first-class discourager. The field and the

facilities for discouraging are easily accessible. We need to remember that discouragers in religious work, whatever the motives, are an aid and a comfort to the enemies of religion.—REV. P. W. SINKS.

1383. Discouragement a Great Evil. There is a fable called "The Devil's Wedge," which tells that once upon a time Satan made public announcement that he was going to retire from business and would sell his tools at public auction. On the evening before the sale took place, many came to see what he had to sell. The chief tools were malice, envy, hatred, jealousy, sensuality, vanity, deceit; and in one niche lay a wedge-shaped instrument marked at a higher price than any of the rest. One asked the devil the reason of the exorbitant price, and he answered, "That is Discouragement, the most useful weapon in all my aggregation of tools. It is worth more than all the rest put together. I can pry open and get inside a man's conscience with discouragement when nothing else avails me." The devil still owns that tool and uses it daily. But there is nothing for us in discouragement. We were not made for it, but for enjoyment, for success. Let us not drink at this fountain, for it poisons our system, our plans, our ideals of life.—HOUSE.

1384. Discouragement Refused. A small boy at a lakeside resort launched a little boat of his own manufacture one rather windy afternoon. The breeze filled the sails immediately, but instead of carrying the small craft on its course, capsized it and sent it straight to the bottom. The owner of the sail boat looked sober for a moment, then with the most philosophical composure remarked, "That's a good wind for kites," and forthwith started after his kite. The little fellow's pluck and good sense are worthy of imitation. If you have failed in something you have attempted, the very circumstances which caused your failure may be an advantage when you try something else. Don't sit down and sulk because your boat is gone to the bottom. The very wind that capsized it may carry your kite higher than you have dared to hope.

1385. Discouragement, Resisted. I knew a little three-year-old girl who undertook to move a table which taxed all her strength. After a long struggle, her mother said to her discouragingly, "Baby, you can't move that table. It's as big as you are." "Yes, I can," was

the undiscouraged reply of the little girl, "I'm as big as it is."—ROBERT E. SPEER.

1386. Discontent. See **Thanksgiving Day.**

1387. Discontent, Chronic. "The remark of a child helped me to learn to complain and grumble as little as possible," said Dr. Burt. "I spent a few days with this child's father, a good man, but a chronic growler. We were all sitting in the parlor one night, when the question of food arose. The child, a little girl, told cleverly what each member of the household liked best. Finally it came to the father's turn to be described as to his favorite dish. "And what do I like, Nancy?" he said, laughingly.

"You," said the little girl slowly—"well, you like most anything we haven't got."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

1388. Discovery, A Great. It is related of the great Scotch surgeon, Sir James Simpson, that he was once approached by a young man who wished to compliment him by asking what he regarded his greatest discovery, and the simple reply of this eminent scientist was, "My greatest discovery is that I am a great sinner and that Jesus is a great Saviour."

1389. Discovery Day. See **Thanksgiving Day.** See **Providence.** See **Independence Day.**

1390. Discovery Day. Neither realism nor romance furnishes a more striking and picturesque figure than that of Christopher Columbus. The mystery about his origin heightens the charm of his story.—CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

1391. Discovery Day Fact. Columbus died in utter ignorance of the true nature of his discovery. He supposed he had found India, but never knew how strangely God had used him. So God piloted the fleet. The great discoverer, with all his heroic virtues, did not know whither he went. "He sailed for the back door of Asia, and landed at the front door of America, and knew it not." He never settled the continent. Thus far and no farther, said the Lord. His providence was over all.—REV. D. J. BURRELL, D.D.

1392. Discovery Day, History. His perseverance never failed; when rejected at Genoa, rejected at Venice, rejected in Portugal, delayed in England and delayed in Spain, he still persevered, amid all the trials of his immortal voyage until on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, he saw the sand glistening on the shores of the New World, and in a little while heard one of the men on the *Pinta* call

out, "Land! land!" and a new world was discovered.

1393. Discovery Day, Memory. Columbus was an Abraham, for he went out not knowing whither he went. Columbus was a Moses, for he endured as seeing him who is invisible. Only the man of faith is the man of power. Only he who can see the invisible can do the impossible. God grant that to-day in that bark we may be wafted by God's blessing, and may land at last on the shores of heaven, where we shall sing a sweeter *Te Deum* than that which awoke the echoes on the soil of virgin America, or those amid the splendors of the court at Barcelona.—REV. R. S. MACARTHUR.

1394. Discovery Day Observed. Columbus stood in his age as the pioneer of progress and achievement. The system of universal education is in our age the most prominent and salutary feature of the spirit of enlightenment, and it is peculiarly appropriate that the schools be made by the people the center of the day's demonstration. Let the national flag float over every school-house in the country, and the exercises be such as shall impress upon our youth the patriotic duties of American citizenship.—BENJAMIN HARRISON.

1395. Discovery Day Providence. Many blessings and advantages were bequeathed to all nations by the discoveries of the great captain: First, in securing large space for the multiplying millions of the Old World; second, in affording opportunity for experiments in government, unburdened by the evil traditions and prejudices which have so often defeated efforts toward political equality; and, third, in liberating the world's thought and sympathies by showing how men of all creeds and conceits might dwell together in the same political household in perfect good will.—DR. RYLANCE.

1396. Discovery Day Thoughts. Among the thoughts suggested by this day the first is one of jubilation. As a people we are disposed to brag and boast and have an inordinate confidence in our powers. We are possessed with an idea that American ingenuity can accomplish anything. We regard our own things as far the best in the world, our own institutions as the most perfect. But if we come to view things with an unprejudiced eye and to pass judgment free from self-interest, we must say that, as a rule, our own things are not the best, the productions of our skilled labor are not always equal to those of older countries. The

only things we have any shadow of reason to boast of are those things the production of which we have nothing to do with, namely, those things which are our natural resources and are the gift of God.—REV. J. NEVITT STEELE.

1397. Dishonesty Defeats Itself. A young man who had involved himself in debt went for assistance to Cecil Rhodes, the Colossus of South Africa. "How much do you owe?" asked Mr. Rhodes. A sum was named. "Is that all?" That was all. A check for the amount was written out. "Come to see me to-morrow about the appointment, and be ready to leave for the north." The young fellow left happy, but in the morning there was another story. In his dread of stating an amount which to him seemed large, he had not told the true sum of his indebtedness, and had spent the afternoon trying to raise the extra money from Mr. Rhodes' own friends on the strength of the appointment he was to receive.

"It won't do," was the unexpected reply he received in the morning. "I asked you a question, and you gave me the wrong answer. You are of no use to me. Good day."—*The Boys' World*.

1398. Dishonesty, Grasping. Dishonesty is so grasping it would deceive God himself, were it possible.—BANCROFT.

1399. Dissension, Overcome. We heard of a congregation recently from which it was said several families had removed their membership by reason of little dissensions, which had disturbed the peace of the church for many years. It is easy to tell what kind of persons keep up such dissensions. They need enlargement of mind, to consider larger subjects, and purification of heart, to remove the seeds of evil suspicion. No church whose members' minds are engrossed with the great thoughts and the great work of the gospel, has any time, or taste, for these detestable bickerings which alienate friends and dissipate strength.

1400. Distress, God Sensitive to. A friend of mine said to a life-saver at Newport, R. I.: "How can you tell when any one is in need of help when there are thousands of bathers on the beach and in the water making a perfect hubbub of noises?" To which he answered: "No matter how great the noise and confusion, there has never been a single time when I could not distinguish the cry of distress above it all. I can always tell it." And that is exactly like God. In the midst of the babel and confusion

he never fails to hear the soul that cries out to him for help amid the breakers and storms of life.

1401. Doctrinal, Change of Emphasis. The history of the progress of Christianity, which is frequently appealed to by those who advocate a modern reconstruction of the bases of belief, affords ample evidence that much which is claimed as radical change has simply been a change of emphasis. By this Christianity has given proof that it is the only religion "adequate for the needs of the world." It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the mind that a change of emphasis does not imply a restatement of belief, but is simply a recognition of a temporary need for greater prominence to be given to one or another aspect of an unchangeable truth.—*London Christian*.

1402. Doctrine. See Creed.

1403. Doctrine and Doubt. Don't turn your back upon your doctrinal doubts and difficulties. Go up to them and examine them. Perhaps the ghastly object which looks to you in the twilight like a sheeted ghost may prove to be no more than a tablecloth hanging upon a hedge.—A. H. BOYD.

1404. Doctrine and Life. Doctrine is the framework of life; it is the skeleton of truth, to be clothed and rounded out by the living graces of a holy life. It is only the lean creature whose bones become offensive.—A. J. GORDON.

1405. Doctrine, Orthodox. "Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper—"orthodoxy is my doxy—heterodoxy is another man's doxy."—JOSEPH PRIESTLY.

1406. Doctrine, Question of. The question is not whether a doctrine is beautiful, but whether it is true. When we want to go to a place we don't ask whether the road leads through a pretty country, but whether it is the right road, the road pointed out by authority, the turnpike-road.

1407. Doctrine, Varied. How absurd to try to make two men think alike on matters of religion, when I cannot make two timepieces agree—CHARLES V.

1408. Dogmatism. When men are the most sure and arrogant, they commonly are the most mistaken.—HUME.

1409. Doing It. A useful man to Stonewall Jackson was old Miles, the Virginia bridge-builder. Once the Union troops had returned and burned a bridge over the Shenandoah. Jackson determined to follow them and summoned

Miles. "You must put all your men on that bridge," said he; "they must work all night, and the bridge must be completed by daylight. My engineer will furnish you with a plan, and you can go right ahead." Early next morning Jackson met the old bridge-builder. "Well," said the general, "did the engineer give you a plan of the bridge?" "General," returned Miles, slowly, "the bridge is done; I don't know whether the picture is or not." We want more men of the Miles order in the church.—C. H. SPURGEON.

1410. Doing vs. Talking. Mr. Moody, in his classroom, often asked the students for new ideas. One day a particularly clever plan was suggested by one of the men with reference to Sunday-school work. "What do you think about this?" he asked the superintendent of the Moody Church Sunday-school who was present. "We've been aiming to do it for about two years," replied the superintendent. "Don't you think it's about time you fired?" quickly laughed Mr. Moody.—CHARLES STELZLE.

1411. Dominion Day. We are here a nation, composed of the most heterogeneous elements—Protestants and Catholics, English, French, German, Irish, Scotch, every one, let it be remembered, with his traditions, with his prejudices. In each of these conflicting antagonistic elements, however, there is a common spot of patriotism, and the only true policy is that which reaches that common patriotism and makes it vibrate in all towards common ends and common aspirations.—WILFRID LAURIER.

1412. Dominion Day.

Here's to the land of the rock and the pine;

Here's to the land of the raft and the river!

Here's to the land where the sunbeams shine,

And the night that is bright with the north-light's quiver!

Here's to the land of the ax and the hoe!

Here's to the stalwarts that give them their glory—

With stroke upon stroke, and with blow upon blow,

The might of the forest has passed into story!

—WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

1413. Dominion Day.

Blest land of peace!—O may'st thou ever be

Even as now the land of liberty!

Treading serenely thy bright upward road,
Honored of nations, and approved of God!

On thy fair front emblazoned clear and bright—

Freedom, fraternity, and equal right!

—PAMELIA S. VINING.

1414. Dominion Day.

Ye sons of Canada, awake!

Stretch forth the mighty arm of toil;

Embattle, beautify the soil

Your fathers won by brave turmoil;

And, while your glory swells, behold

Your virgin empire still unfold

Her halcyon hope, her wealth untold.

—A. M. TAYLOR.

1415. Dominion Day Motive. He must have a dull and sluggish soul who can look without emotion on the quiet graves of the early settlers of this country, who can tread upon their moldering bones without a thought of their privations and their toils, who can, from their tombs, look out upon the rural loveliness—the fruitfulness and peace by which he is surrounded, nor drop a tear to the memories of the dead, who won, by the stoutness of their hearts, and the sweat of their brows, the blessings their children have only to cherish and enjoy.

1416. Dominion Day Observance. We should strengthen the faith of our people in their own future, the faith of every Canadian in Canada, and of every province in its sister province. This faith wrongs no one; burdens no one; menaces no one; dishonors no one; and, as it was said of old, faith moves mountains, so I venture reverently to express my own belief that if the difficulties of our future as a dominion were as high as the peaks of the Alps or Andes, yet that the pure, patriotic faith of a united people would be all sufficient to overcome and ultimately to triumph over all such difficulties.—HON. D'ARCY MCGEE.

1417. Dominion Day Poem.

We wear no haughty tyrant's chain—

We bend no servile knee,

When to the mistress of the main

We pledge our fealty.

She binds us with the cords of love—

All others we disown;

The rights we owe to God above

We yield to Him alone.

May He our future course direct

By His unerring hand;

Our laws and liberties protect,

And bless our native land!

—HELEN M. JOHNS.

1418. Doomsday. The government pos-

sesses a "doomsday" book containing the names of 173,911 men who suddenly became deaf when the bugler blew the call to arms in the spring of 1917. It is now rounding up these slackers and proposes to publish the names of those who merit the stigma that will attach to the publication of that "roll of dishonor."

But what if the names of the slackers in the church were published? What if a list of those who disregard the sacred vows of the Christian life, responsibility for the lost, for the honoring of that name which is above every name, for the preaching of the Gospel to a lost world—what if that list were published, would it include my name? "There's a great day coming," when the slackers shall be revealed. Better enlist and march to the fray before it is too late.—MERLIN FAIRFAX.

1419. Door, Christ the. In olden times cathedrals were regarded as places of sanctuary, where criminals and others who were pursued by enemies might take refuge. Over the north porch of Durham Cathedral was a room where two door-keepers kept watch alternately, to admit any who at any time, either by day or by night, knocked at the gate and claimed the protection of St. Cuthbert. Whosoever comes to the door of our house of refuge, and at whatever time, finds it open.

1420. Double Life. Canon Wilberforce assures us that we cannot live a double life, with two standards of right and wrong, with two theories of integrity and morality, without suffering for our duplicity. When Talleyrand, the ecclesiastic and statesman of France, was remonstrated with for profane swearing, he replied: "It is not as an ecclesiastic, but as a statesman, that I swear." The answer he received was: "And when the statesman goes to hell, what will become of the ecclesiastic?"—JAMES D. LAWSON.

1421. Doubt. See *Doctrine*. See *Creed*.

1422. Doubt. An old lady on a sinking ship was told that they had no other hope but to trust in Providence. "Has it come to that!" said she.

1423. Doubt, Cause of. "How is it," asked a French pastor of Dr. Griffith Thomas, "that the professors in our theological seminary at Paris are not even sure that Jesus ever existed in the flesh, and yet some of the poorest and most obscure members of my congregation know it beyond the peradventure of a doubt?" The

poorest and most obscure members were "trusting in the Lord with all their heart," but the theological professors were "leaning upon their own understanding."—*The Sunday School Times*.

1424. Doubt Chastening.

Life's sunniest hours are not without The shadow of some lingering doubt— Amid its brightest joys will steal Specters of evil yet to feel—

Its warmest love is blent with fears, Its confidence a trembling one—

Its smile—the harbinger of tears— Its hope—the change of April's sun!

A weary lot—in mercy given, To fit the chastened soul for heaven.

—WHITTIER.

1425. Doubt, Cure for. A legend relates that Thomas, the doubter, was troubled by doubts some time after the ascension of Christ. Wishing to get rid of them, he determined to tell them to the other Apostles. But Paul was busy combating the errors of the Greeks. Philip he found deeply interested in an epistle he was writing the overseer of a church in Ethiopia. Peter had gone to Cæsarea to preach the gospel. No one had time for poor Thomas. Downcast and perplexed, he determined to go to Joppa to look up Dorcas, the philanthropic, sympathetic sister. But there he had no better success than in Jerusalem. Dorcas had been very ill, and in order to make up the lost time she had redoubled her exertions to relieve the needs of the poor. So Thomas had to return, having accomplished nothing. On the way home he began to think. Suddenly it dawned upon him that he alone had doubts; that the others had none, probably because they were too busy to entertain them.

The legend relates further that Thomas then and there decided to preach the gospel to the Parthians, which resolution he carried out, and never again was he troubled with doubts.

1426. Doubt, Cure for. A theological student once called on Dr. Archibald Alexander in great distress of mind, doubting whether he had been converted. The doctor said, "My young brother, you know what repentance is,—what faith in Christ is. You think you once repented, and once believed. Now, don't fight your doubts; go all over it again; repent now; believe in Christ now: that is the way to have a consciousness of acceptance with God." Another good cure for doubt is, go to work.

1427. Doubt, Dismissed. I like the story of the little boy whom his mother,

on entering the room, found seated at the table with a big knife and a big Bible, and she, awfully shocked, said to him, "My boy, what are you doing?" And he said, "Mother, I have been reading of that poor leper who came to Jesus and said, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean'; and I thought he ought not to say 'if' to Jesus, and so I have scratched it out." Let us go and do likewise. If the Devil whispers "if" as he did to Jesus, let us remember there is no "if" in regard to the willingness and ability of our Lord to heal and save.

1428. Doubt and Faith. A little lassie bounding in from school claimed that she'd learned to punctuate. "Indeed!" exclaimed the mother, "and how did you do it?" "Well, mamma," cried the excited little grammarian, "it's just as easy as can be! If you say that a thing *is* so, you just put a *hat-pin* after it; but if you are only asking whether it is so or not, you put a *button-hook*!" There's a world of sound philosophy about the little lassie's explanation. All life resolves itself, sooner or later, into a matter of hat-pins and button-hooks—our affirmations and our interrogations. We declare confidently: We know whom we have believed! Believe your beliefs, says an old writer, and doubt your doubts. Never doubt your beliefs, and never believe your doubts. It is a quaint way of saying that the hat-pin and the button-hook must be kept, each in its proper place.—F. W. BOREHAM.

1429. Doubt, How Met. You ask bitterly, like Pontius Pilate, "What is truth?" In such an hour what remains? I reply, "Obedience." Leave those thoughts for the present. Act—be merciful and gentle—honest; force yourself to abound in little services; try to do good to others; be true in the duty that you know. That must be right, whatever else is uncertain. And by all the laws of the human heart, by the word of God, you shall not be left to doubt. Do that much of the will of God which is plain to you, and "You shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."—F. W. ROBERTSON.

1430. Doubting God's Promises. But we fools believe the promises as the man that read Plato's writings concerning the immortality of the soul. So long as the book was in his hand, he believed that all was true, and that the soul could not die; but so soon as he laid by the book, presently he began to imagine that the soul is but a smoke or airy vapor, that

perished with the expiring of the breath. So we, at starts, do assent to the sweet and precious promises; but, laying aside God's book, we begin to call all in question.—RUTHERFORD.

1431. Doubting God's Promises. We are now able to send over the wires 220,000 volts of electricity. There is almost inconceivable strength wrapped up in such a voltage, yet it passes silently along a copper strand for hundreds of miles. Can we tell just how this can be so—how the entire population of a teeming city can be warmed, and furnished with light and energy for all their tasks, by such a silent force? No! "Electricity," says a learned professor, "is the name given to an invisible agent known to us only by the effects which it produces." But we do not therefore doubt its reality. Then why be so ready to doubt the promise of God to send power sufficient for all our needs, simply because we do not comprehend it?

1432. Doubts, Dispelled. During a revival season in Detroit, a young man gave a brief account of his conversion. Embarrassed with doubts and difficulties, he had postponed his choice of Christ until he should have some questions answered. But, moved by the voice of the Spirit, he yielded himself to the truth in a full surrender to God, thinking that he would ask his questions afterward. "But," said he, "I found then that I had no questions to ask." Out of the heart proceed the very vapors that becloud the sun. The surest way to clear the atmosphere is to cleanse the heart.—DR. A. T. PIERSON.

1433. Dream, Comforted by. "A friend of mine was killed," says a writer in *Sunday at Home*. "His sister in Edinburgh, a beautiful girl in body and mind, dreamed three days afterwards that she went to her brother, and found him in a big mess-room with his companions. She said, 'I thought you were dead!' and at that he flung back his head and replied 'Dead? No, we are only waiting for new uniforms—we are going to parade before the King.'"—*Sunday School Times*.

1434. Drifting. See Decision Day. See Indecision.

1435. Drifting. I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it; but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

1436. Drifting, Aimless. "Neither be ye

of doubtful mind," said Christ to his disciples. The word describes the tossing and veering of a ship that is at the mercy of wind and wave; a miserable condition for a soul to be in. The opposite and happy state of mind is to have a goal, an aim, a course in life, and to hold to it without swerving.—HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D.

1437. Drifting or Climbing. Climbing or drifting—as with the soldiers, so with all of us. Those who get the honorable stripes of this world's rewards and the Captain's "Well done" are not those who are carried along by circumstances, but those who make circumstances their servants, and who vigorously and faithfully make the most of their duties and themselves.

1438. Drifting, Danger of. On one occasion Peary, the Arctic explorer, supposed he was traveling toward the North Pole at the rate of ten miles a day. He found, however, that the ice floe on which he was moving was drifting toward the equator at the rate of twelve miles a day; therefore Peary was really going backward at the rate of two miles a day. He would not have discovered this fact if he had not looked skyward to take his bearings. We must look heavenward, if we would reckon our progress accurately.

1439. Drifting, How Overcome. An Arctic explorer thought himself traveling poleward at the rate of ten miles a day, but found that the ice floe on which he was sledging was drifting equatorward twelve miles a day, but he would not have known he was being carried daily backward two miles had he not looked skyward. So the pilgrim, who only plods along with his gaze on the ground, may be losing instead of making progress. No one can be certain of advancing without looking up. He who would win in the race for life eternal, must look to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.—*Ram's Horn*.

1440. Drifting, Unconscious. Too often we are like little children playing in the sand. They let the sand slip through their fingers because they do not give "earnest heed" to it. We are like some of the people who live on the banks of the Ohio river. After a rain the water begins to rise and their boats need to be moved to a higher anchorage; but from lack of attention they "let them slip" and "drift away." During every freshet skiffs and small boats may be seen floating down the river.—H.

1441. Drink, Temptation to. Every boy has seen some wretched drunkard, with his bleared eyes and broken gait, his rags and filth, shamelessly and pitifully pleading for a few pennies with which to buy a drink. No one can look on that sight, common as it is, without a shudder. Yet there was a time when every such pitiful being was free from the desire for drink. Then for a while he took his glass in moderation, until suddenly the appetite got control and drove him headlong. Yet everywhere men are saying, "Oh, I shall never be a drunkard! I can take care of myself!"—*Youth's Companion*.

1442. Drudgery. See Labor and Labor Day.

1443. Drudgery, Unknown When Working with God. One hot July morning a boy was hoeing corn in a field. Apparently oblivious to the heat and indifferent as to the exactions of his toil, he whistled while he worked. A dust-laden traveler stopped his horse, drew up to the fence, and called out, "Hello, my lad, I am curious to know how you can hoe corn on a day like this and whistle while you work." "Well, sir," replied the lad, "I don't know unless it is that I feel somehow that I am doin' somethin' that even the Almighty couldn't do if I wasn't here to help him." What a fine faith is that! There is no drudgery to the man who feels that he is working with God.—GEORGE L. PERRIN.

1444. Duties, Daily. In one of his fables, Æsop tells of a philosopher, who, while dreamily looking towards the heavens, fell into a pit and cried aloud for help. A shepherd, who had been watching his flocks near by, ran to his relief, reached down his crook and saved him. "What can I do for thee?" asked the philosopher.

"Nothing," said the shepherd, "but this, give more heed to the things that lie about thy feet, and less to the skies above thee, and thou wilt save thyself much trouble."

1445. Duty. See Fidelity. See Faithfulness.

1446. Duty. Stern daughter of the voice of God!—WORDSWORTH.

1447. Duty. The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.—GEORGE ELIOT.

1448. Duty. Many years ago, throughout New England and the Middle States, the sun was obscured one day without apparent reason, and night came at noon. The Connecticut Legislature was in ses-

sion, and some of the members proposed an immediate adjournment. Colonel Davenport said, "I do not know whether this is the day of judgment or not. But if it is the day of judgment, it cannot overtake us at a better place than at the post of duty. Let us light the candles and go on with the business." Then he proceeded with his speech on a bill pertaining to fish-nets on Long Island Sound.

1449. Duty and Ability.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,

So near is God to man;

When Duty whispers low, Thou must,

The youth replies, I can.

—EMERSON.

1450. Duty, Adhered to. As the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* was entering a Norwegian port the Kaiser, impatient at the vessel's slowness of speed, himself rang the bell indicating "Increase speed." To the Kaiser's amazement the Norwegian pilot, an old sea-dog named Nordhuns, rushed to the telephone and cried to the engine-room, "Slow down; take no notice of the bell." The Kaiser looked at the man who dared thus to speak in his presence, and said to the pilot, "Go and put yourself under arrest." "I shall not leave this place," replied the old man firmly; "the ship is under my guidance, and I take orders from nobody, not even an emperor." The officers looked on in silence, for they knew that the pilot had the nautical laws and regulations in his favor. Great was their surprise when they saw the emperor quit the bridge, leaving the pilot alone. The next day the Kaiser, who had recovered his good humor, decorated the old sailor, and named him his "official pilot in Norwegian waters." The old sea-dog knew the waters better than the emperor did, and he knew the danger there was in an increased speed. There was one hero in olden times that often defied the king for conscience' sake, and was decorated and rewarded afterward for his moral courage. (Dan. 6: 13).

—*Christian Herald*.

1451. Duty Can Be Done. The people of this country have shown by the highest proofs human nature can give that wherever the path of duty and honor may lead, however steep and rugged it may be, they are ready to walk in it.—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

1452. Duty and Decision. It was on a British war vessel in the Bay of Biscay. The pilot said to the admiral, "It will be an awful night, and there is a lee shore and the wind is rising." The ad-

miral replied, "Sir, you have done your duty in pointing out the danger. Lay me alongside the enemy." When God calls you to duty, let neither prudence nor timidity put in its remonstrance, but let your answer be, "Lay me alongside the hard task, that sacrifice, that danger."

1453. Duty to Be Done. I think myself obliged, whatever my private apprehensions may be of the success, to do my duty, and leave events to their Disposer.

—ROBERT BOYLE.

1454. Duty, Disciplining of.

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—

These were one in nature's plan;

Humble toil and heavenward duty—

These will form the perfect man.

—MRS. HALE.

1455. Duty and Feeling. When any duty is to be done, it is fortunate for you if you feel like doing it; but, if you do not feel like it, that is no reason for not doing it.—W. GLADDEN.

1456. Duty, a Plain Way. The duty of man is not a wilderness of turnpike gates, through which he is to pass by tickets from one to the other. It is plain and simple, and consists but of two points—his duty to God, which every man must feel; and, with respect to his neighbor, to do as would be done by.

1457. Duty, My Share. It is told of a certain man in a big city, that every night he was in the habit of visiting a haunt where poor wretches were accustomed to seek a temporary shelter, and of providing at least one man with bed and breakfast. A friend undertook to argue with him about the uselessness of it, in the face of so much want and misery, adding: "It is only a drop in the bucket!" "That's all right," was the reply; "I'm just attending to my drop!"

—LILLIAN BROCK.

1458. Duty, Neglecting. "I like to sew when there is no thread in the machine, it runs so easily," said a little girl. A good many people are fond of running their machine without thread. When I hear a boy or girl talking very largely of the grand things he would do if he only could, and if things and circumstances were only different, and then neglecting every daily duty, and avoiding work and lessons, I think he is running his machine without any thread.—*Christian Herald*.

1459. Duty and Obedience. Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience.—ARCHBISHOP MANNING.

1460. Duty, Strength for. Amid the

stress of a great battle, the Duke of Wellington ordered a young officer to charge and take a most destructive battery crowning a hill. The difficulty of the undertaking was appalling. The officer looked toward the spot where the order would take him, then, turning to the Duke, said: "I can go, sir, if you will give me one grasp of your all-conquering hand." The grasp was given, and the officer sped to his duty. Just so the Christian will face his duty, no matter how appalling it appears.—W. H. MILLS.

1461. Duty, Strive for. To strive after glory is to strive after the shadow and let the substance go. It is said that in all of Wellington's dispatches you never meet with the word "glory"; it is always "duty." In Napoleon's you never meet with the word "duty"; it is always "glory."

1462. Duty Where You Are. An old lady was once asked by a young man who had grown weary in the fight, whether he ought to give up the struggle. "I am beaten every time," he said dolefully. "I feel I must give up." "Did you ever notice," she replied, smiling into the troubled face before her, "that when the Lord told the discouraged fishermen to cast their nets again, it was right in the same old spot where they had been fishing all night and had caught nothing?"

1463. Dying. *See Death.*

1464. Dying, Contrast in. King Henry VIII of England lived a life of pomp, luxury and vice and when he lay on his deathbed and had taken a last cup of wine, he said: "So, my friends, now all is gone, pleasure, life and my soul." A great German painter lay dying of whom 'twas said he knew how to live. Will he know how to die? Slowly he turns to the friends who surround his bed and says, "Well, at least I have enjoyed this life to its fullest extent." Do you think that a comfortable deathbed reflection?

1465. Dying in Faith. Writing to a friend from his sick bed, Bishop William A. Quayle closed his letter by saying: "All's well with my soul, if not with my body. It is beautiful to have God and the Church and Christian friends and a loving home. Life is good all the way through; and I think the crossing to Life Eternal will be good."

1466. Dying to Live. That was the law of our Lord nineteen hundred years ago, who lost his life and his fame, who just went around talking to men and women, taking little children up in his arms and

ignoring what the world esteemed. Men asked him to use his masterful gifts of organization to set up a kingdom. They came by force to make him king, but he went off into the wilderness that he might be alone. At last he actually died and went away without having lifted his finger to perpetuate his movement by any of those devices on which men rely for influence and immortality. He lost his life. Did he? Why, he has found it again in tens of millions through all the ages, all over the world. There are more representatives of Christ to-day than ever, and they will go on multiplying until the end of time. The corn of wheat fell into the ground and died, and it did not abide alone.—DR. ROBERT E. SPEER.

1467. Dying, Under Promises. "Alas! dear sir," said Pope, turning from his physician, "I am dying every day of the most favorable symptoms."

1468. Earnestness. *See Success in Life.*

1469. Earnestness. Earnestness is the devotion of all the faculties.—C. N. BOVEE.

1470. Earnestness Brings Success. "Crossing the Bar," that exquisite gem, was written on a day in October in Tennyson's eighty-first year. The poet's son, to whom it was shown, said: "It is the crown of your life's work." Tennyson answered, "It came in a moment." But beyond that moment lay more than three-score years of fastidious care in thinking and writing.

"The heights by great men reached and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

—BRADLEY.

1471. Earnestness Commands Respect. Earnestness commands the respect of mankind. A wavering, vacillating, dead-and-alive Christian does not get the respect of the church or the world.—JOHN HALL, D.D.

1472. Earnestness or Form. Mrs. Ballington Booth relates an interesting story about her little boy. The *War Cry* once had a picture of a boat in the midst of the sea, and all around it were struggling, gasping, sinking men and women. In the rear of the boat was General Booth reaching out his hand to the drowning. His little grandson, only a few years old, looked and looked at the picture, deeply interested in it. At last,

he said, "Mamma, what is grandpa doing? Is he trying to get people into the boat, or is he just shaking hands with them?"—BANKS.

1473. Earnestness, Lack of. The train porter replied to the passenger's question if the train stopped at a certain station, "No, sir, it don't stop; and it don't even hesitate!" Life cannot be an entirely self-consistent express service. There must be many pauses, many delays. There must be time to take on supplies, time to sound the wheels. But it is a great thing to run toward the goal, as the great apostle said he did: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to the things which are before, I press toward the mark." That is life in earnest; life without hesitation; life royal. A certain wise public speaker said to another: "Start out as if you were going to talk for an hour, and then stop in twenty minutes." If "procrastination is the thief of time," hesitation is a receiver of stolen goods. Once convinced you are right, "don't even hesitate!"—GEORGE CLARKE PECK.

1474. Earnestness Is Push and Patience. Earnestness is not fuss and feathers, noise and clatter, but is better represented by push and patience. Some years ago, in the West, a large company of people gathered about the mammoth van of a traveling show stalled in the mire. The very best efforts of the six teams of lusty horses seemed to have no effect in starting the great wagon out of its rut. Presently a happy thought struck one of the showmen, and hastily detaching one of the horses, he rode down the street and was soon lost to view, the crowd gaping wonderingly after him. Soon there came in sight over the hill a magnificent specimen of an elephant. The great, unwieldy-looking creature came down toward the wagon at a clumsy pace. At a kindly word from the little keeper, the mammoth creature lowered his head and moved forward slowly, but steadily. There was no evidence of his immense power beyond perhaps the stiffening of the prodigious muscles, but the great wagon moved out of its rut without so much as a creak. Does not this illustrate the difference between mere bustle and genuine push and patience?—REV. JOHN H. ELLIOT, D.D.

1475. Earnestness, Source of Greatness. Without earnestness no man is ever great, or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men; he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular; but

he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it depth of shadow.—PETER BAYNE.

1476. Earnestness in Soul-Saving. Fishing for men is our business. When I was at Lakeside, Ohio, I saw the maneuvering of a United States Life Saving crew. The lifeboat was brought out slowly and the life savers in their uniforms went about their work in the most deliberate sort of way. They seemed to be very careful lest their boat might be scratched a little. I said to a friend standing by, "I would not like to have to depend on those fellows to save me from drowning, for I would be at the bottom of the lake before they reached the water."

"Last winter," he replied, "when a sky rocket went up a mile from shore, and the cry of lost men and women was heard coming through the storm, in less time than I take to tell it, that door was opened, the life boat was out, and they were gone to the rescue."

One scene was maneuver; the other was business. The one was play, the other was work, urged on by the cry of dying humanity. How is it with us? Is our work a sort of maneuvering? On Sunday morning do we preachers go before the church with a kind of Gospel maneuver? Do you go through song and sermon just because the time appointed for the maneuver has come? Do the people look on and say, "It is a magnificent effort"? Oh, if we could hear the cry of lost humanity amid the storms and surges of sin about us, our maneuvering would become business, and blood earnestness would take the place of half-hearted service. Then sinners would be won to Christ by the thousand and our joy would be equaled only by that of the angels in Heaven.—A. C. DIXON, D.D.

1477. Earthly Attractions. Sir Robert Ball, the great astronomer, said that a man who carries a sack of corn on earth could as easily carry six sacks of corn on a globe the size of the moon. But in a world as vast as the sun, even to pull out a watch from the pocket would be to tug at a weight of five or six pounds. It would be impossible to lift an arm, and if once a man were to lie down there, he could never get up again. So, in the spiritual realm, the weight of our burdens depends upon the attraction of earth. If the world is all to us, alas! how true it is that its burdens crush and overwhelm us.—*Sunday at Home.*

1478. Easter. See Resurrection.

1479. Easter Angels.

The fasts are done; the Aves said;

The moon has filled her horn;
And in the solemn night I watch

Before the Easter morn.

So pure, so still the starry heaven,

So hushed the brooding air,

I could hear the sweep of an angel's
wings

If one should earthward fare.

—EDNA DEAN PROCTER.

1480. Easter Assures of Christ's Presence.

It would be a great thing if at this Easter time men and women everywhere could get definitely into mind, and realize deeply in their hearts that Christ is alive—that he is not a dead, but living, acting, working Christ. He said, "All power is given unto me." "Lo, I am with you always." "Go ye, therefore." He is the living one.

In one of the villages of Northern India a missionary was preaching in a bazaar. As he closed a Mohammedan gentleman came up and said: "You must admit we have one thing you have not, and it is better than anything you have." The missionary smiled and treated him as a gentleman, and said: "I should be pleased to hear what it is." The Mohammedan said: "You know when we go to Mecca we find at least a coffin. But when you Christians go to Jerusalem, which is your Mecca, you find nothing but an empty grave." But the missionary smiled and said: "That is just the difference. Mohammed is dead; Mohammed is in his coffin. And all false systems of religion and philosophy are in their coffins. But Jesus Christ, whose kingdom is to include all nations and kindreds and tribes, is not here; he is risen. And all power in heaven and on earth is given unto him. That is our hope."

A living Christ! That is our hope. He is not dead, but alive forevermore.
—H.

1481. Easter, Believing in. Margaret Slattery tells of a family she knew that lost three children in less than a week by diphtheria. Only the little three-year-old escaped. When Easter came the parents and child were at church. The mother taught her class of girls that day in the Sabbath school, and the father went to the superintendent's desk, led his school in worship and read the Easter story with only a break now and then in his fine voice. Amid the faces lined by suffering, rebellion and despair, amid the badges of sorrow and mourning and the

silent voices of the Easter congregation, they had seemed a miracle. "How can they?" men and women said to each other as they left the church. A fifteen-year-old boy walking home with his father from the Sabbath school hour said hesitatingly, for he did not talk much with his father, "Dad, I guess Mr. and Mrs. L— really believe it, don't they?" "Believe what?" said the father, for he thought slowly. "The whole big thing, all of it, Easter, you know." "Of course," answered the father, "all Christians believe it." "Not that way," said the boy, and began to whistle lest his father should say more.

Let us believe it; believe it strongly; believe it triumphantly—"the whole big thing, all of it, Easter." It will make a great difference in our lives if we truly believe it.—H.

1482. Easter and Death. It was said of a pious old Puritan that "heaven was in him before he got to heaven." Surely that is necessary for us all. We must have heaven in us before we get to heaven. If we do not get to heaven before we die, we shall never get there afterwards. Heaven begins here and now. A Scotchman, being asked if he ever expected to go to heaven, gave the quaint reply, "Why, mon, I live there!" Yes, it is our privilege to live in these spiritual things which are the essential features of heaven, and often go there before we go to stay there. Heaven consists in nothing else than living, walking, abiding, resting in the divine presence. There are many souls who enter into this heaven before leaving the body.

Besides, it is not a very strange or distant step into heaven itself when one has lived like that, with heaven already in the heart.

Bishop Quayle tells of a little girl, Edith, who one evening wanted to sit up with the family while they were visiting with the bishop. The little one, becoming very sleepy, her mother begged her to retire to her room. But she pleaded to remain, so delighted was she with the bishop's words. Finally she fell asleep in her mother's arms and was gently carried up the stairs to her bed without waking. She did not know she was in the upper room till she opened her eyes in the morning. So Enoch visited with God one day and was not, for God took him, carried him away in everlasting arms. What a delightful way to refer to death!

So we might say of our loved ones,

carried by angels, or in the arms of Jesus, into the heavenly mansion. They fell asleep in Jesus and did not know they were in the upper room till they awoke in the morning.

This is the message of Easter to us. And this is our resurrection hope.—H.

1483. Easter Definition of Death. At the funeral of Bishop C. W. Smith, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bishop W. A. Quayle related the story of a little child who was tripping light-heartedly through a graveyard at dusk. Some one asked her if she was not afraid. "Oh, no, I only cross it to get home," was the answer. "Ah, Charles W. Smith," cried the speaker, "you, too, have crossed it because it was the shortest cut home!"

Death is not really death. It is only a seeming. We say that the sun sets, but never does it really set. It only seems to set. We speak of it as a setting only because its evening condition looks like a going down. In reality it has only the seeming of setting, and meets us bright as ever next morning. Sleep looks like death, but it is not death. Neither is death itself really death; it is only the shadow, or the appearance of death. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Why should we fear a shadow? The shadow of a sword never slew any one. The shadow of a serpent never stung any one. Do we really believe it, that death is not death at all? Do we in our minds connect the valley of the shadow of death up with the paradise above where it opens so broad and beautiful and blessed?—H.

1484. Easter: Destroying the Seed. "Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead."

A Persian fable says that the earth was created a great barren plain, without tree or plant. An angel was sent to scatter broadcast the choicest seeds on every spot. Satan, seeing the seeds on the ground, determined to destroy them. So he buried all the seeds in the soil, and summoned sun and rain to make them rot away. But while with malignant feeling of triumph he smiled on the ruin he had wrought, the seeds which had been buried away to rot germinated and sprang up, clothing all the earth with plants and flowers, and in beauty undreamed of before. And a voice from heaven said, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." The burial of Christ was thought by his

enemies to be the end; but in truth the grave was but the necessary way to his final and glorious victory.

1485. Easter: Duty to Tell. What is our Easter duty? It is to "go quickly and tell." In one of his books, S. D. Gordon pictures Gabriel as asking Christ, when he reached heaven, what recognition the world has given of his divine suffering for its sake. Christ replied that only a few in Palestine knew of it. Gabriel feels that more ought to know—that the whole world ought to know—and he asks, "What is your plan, Master, for telling them of it?" Jesus is supposed to reply, "I have asked Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew, and a few others, to make it the business of their lives to tell others, and those others to tell others, until the last man in the farthest circle has heard the story and has felt the power of it." "But suppose they do not tell others—what then?" Gabriel asks. And Jesus answers, quietly, "Gabriel, I haven't made any other plans. I'm counting on them." He is counting on us to tell others. And that is our Easter lesson of duty. He is counting on us to tell others the good news of his birth, and life, and death, and resurrection. Go quickly, and tell. Tell. Tell again and again. Keep on telling the blessed story.—H.

1486. Easter Faith and Duty. A Christian physician died some time ago, and his Christian widow was greatly bereaved. But she was victorious in her sorrow. She kept hung up over his office door the little card he used when he was called out on business, "Gone for a little while; will be back soon." Yes, they are gone for a little. They are to be back soon with Him, for he says we "shall be caught up together with them to meet the Lord in the air."

There is another difference this Easter hope should make. This is indicated by the apostle when he said: "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God."

We have a work of preparation to do in this world. But we were not made for this world. Dr. Amos R. Wells well illustrates this truth. He says: "A ship is tied up at the dock. The workmen have put its cargo on board, and it is ready to sail. The steam is up, black smoke is rolling from a black funnel. The captain gives the order, the ropes are loosened, the ship is free; she moves, the dock recedes, and in an hour the

vessel is at sea. She was not made to lie forever at the dock. That is her place only while she is taking her cargo on board. A ship is made to sail the ocean to other lands. So for a time the soul is tied up in the body at the dock in this world. She is taking her cargo of knowledge and experience and wisdom and character on board. Death loosens the ropes, that is all; it does not destroy the ship."

We are made to sail.—H.

1487. Easter Flower. The resurrection flower of the eastern deserts is swept from its birthplace, withered by heat, and yet, by a touch of moisture in its new home, it is revived, and blossoms forth in beauty.

1488. Easter: Gladdest Day. "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." Luke 24: 5, 6.

Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day—
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day—
Were just one day apart."

1489. Easter: A Great Deliverance. Easter is a great deliverance. It is a victory for all God's people.

In 1799, when the armies of Napoleon were sweeping over the Continent, Massena, one of his generals, with an army of 18,000 men, suddenly appeared on the heights above the little town of Feldkirch, on the frontier of Austria. It was Easter Day, and as the morning sun glittered upon the weapons of the French, the town council hastily assembled to consult what was to be done. Should a deputation be sent to Massena with the keys of the town and an entreaty for mercy, or should they attempt resistance? Then the old dean of the church stood up, and said: "This is Easter Day. We have been counting on our strength, and that fails. This is the day of our Lord's resurrection. Let us ring the bells and have service as usual, and leave the matter in God's hands. We know only our weakness and not the power of God." Then all at once from three or four church towers the bells began to chime joyous peals in honor of the resurrection, and the streets were filled with worshippers hastening to the house of God. The French heard with alarm the sudden clangor of joy bells, and concluded that the Austrian army had arrived in the night to relieve the place. Massena soon broke up his camp, and before the bells

had ceased ringing not a Frenchman was to be seen. "Not by an army, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Easter is a great deliverance for all of God's people. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"—H.

1490. Easter Immortality. The other day some lilacs came to us from a Southern friend. They were placed in a vase in my bedroom. That night I was awakened by their rich, honey-like fragrance. My memory awoke, too, and then there was no more sleep for me. I thought of the lilac tree that grew by my window in my father's house, and I began to turn over the pages of memory like the pages of a book. On every page there was a picture, and beautiful they were to me. I was out in the fields again picking violets in the springtime with my little flaxen-haired sister. Together we made playhouses on the dark edge of the woods and carpeted them with moss. I saw my first sweetheart with her freckled face and red hair. I stood before the teachers I loved. I went fishing. I felt the plunge in the cool water of the old swimming hole. I bagged my first game, and was so excited that I threw down my gun and ran home to exhibit it. I lived over the sweetly sad day when I left home for college. I stood up to speak on commencement day. I wept again over defeats that hurt, and I shouted anew over victories that were earned. I went over all my life. It was like reading a tale, and I said it is all mine. I am the boy in the story. And then I said, "Am I?" There is not a hair in my head that was in the head of the boy. Not an ounce of blood, or bone, or flesh, not a single muscle or nerve, not a single particle of matter in that boy's body is in my body to-day. If the body is I, I am not the same fellow. The body of the boy is dead and buried in the vaults of Nature. My body has been buried once every seven years. If the body is life I have had several lives.

I know I am I. I have kept my identity though my body has been dying all the time. I have actual demonstration that the death of the body does not harm the soul. Indeed the soul has grown stronger all the time. Indeed the dying of the body is necessary for the development and largest good of the soul. If all the death we know about deals with the soul, why should we not say of the death we do not know all about, "Dust returns to the earth whence it came, but

the spirit returns to God, who gave it"? I believe then in the immortality of the soul.—DR. N. MCGEE WATERS.

1491. Easter, Ladder of Life. On an island north of Scotland there is a slate quarry. The workmen descend to it by means of a ladder. One evening a sudden and violent storm drove the quarrymen from their work, and in their haste the ladder was left fastened to the cliff. The night was dark and stormy. A ship was driven close to the island by the waves, and her crew knew that if they were wrecked on that steep coast they would be lost. The waves dashed over her, filled the cabin with water and drowned the wife of the captain. Then the sailors took to the rigging, but they were at the mercy of the wind and the waves even there. They gave themselves up for lost as she struck. But lo, as she struck, their terror was changed into joy. For there beside the cliff was a ladder that seemed to have been placed there on purpose. They hastily climbed up to it and reached the top in safety, while the vessel went to pieces at the bottom. The Easter hope is the ladder of life—the ladder to life.

1492. Easter Lesson. For forty centuries, in one unbroken column, the race of man had been marching into the shadows. And of all the millions who had descended into the shadowed valley, not one had ever returned. No dead human form through all the centuries had risen up into a post-mortem life. There was in all Earth's area not one empty grave. No human heart believed, no human voice declared that there was such a grave—a grave robbed by the power of a victor stronger than man's great enemy, death. It was therefore a new and wonderful message which the Apostle communicated, when unto the dying race of man he lifted up his voice in the words: "One human form has risen from the dead; one grave of earth is empty; the man Christ Jesus who was dead, is alive again."—S. S. MITCHELL, D.D.

1493. Easter: Legend of Lilies. There is a legend, that when Jesus arose from his grave and walked out of Joseph's garden, white lilies blossomed in his footsteps, so that wherever he went, bloom and beauty sprang up. The legend faintly illustrates what was true of him all his life long. Wherever he went, blessings followed, the sick were healed, the discouraged were cheered, the sorrowing were comforted. And since he has gone from our sight, he is no less in the world, for the Easter awakening is

everywhere, the new life springs up wherever the Easter message is heard, and new hope is born in all hearts. Then, too, God has made possible for us to do in some degree what Christ did. With the Easter message in our hearts and upon our lips, we can go out into the world of sin and sorrow, and all along our footsteps the flowers of beauty and hope will spring up. Let us first receive the Easter message, then let us become conscious of our commission to make the message known to all the world. "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above"—which have to do with the heavenly life, and the bringing of others to it.—H.

1494. Easter Life. In every grave on earth's green sward is a tiny seed of the resurrection life of Jesus Christ, and that seed cannot perish. It will germinate when the warm south wind of Christ's return brings back the spring-tide to this cold sin-cursed earth of ours; and then they that are in their graves, and we who shall lie down in ours, will feel in our mortal bodies the power of His resurrection, and will come forth to life immortal.—DR. DAVID GREGG.

1495. Easter and Life. Dr. Andrew Bonar once tried to describe the resurrection glory. He pictured one angel saying to another, as they saw a radiant form arise: "Look at her. Do you remember the poor old woman in the lonely cottage—her face wrinkled with age and haggard with suffering? Look at her now—not an angel has a face so bright and beautiful." So it will be with all who wear the transfigured glory of Christ. Shall we not believe the words of Jesus when he said: "In my Father's house are many mansions"? If we do, then living on earth will be but a journey through the land of Beulah in sight of the trees which are on both sides of the River of Life and which fill the paradise of God with fruitage and foliage that never was on land and sea.

This ought to be the Christian's view of death. This is the view the Easter Day has come to teach us. "Because he lives we shall live also."—H.

1496. Easter: The Little Brown Bulb. A little brown bulb lay under the ground, Sleeping all winter, with never a sound. Springtime came, and from out the gloom Forth came a beautiful lily bloom, That rang its pure white bell to say: "Jesus is risen. 'Tis Easter Day."

—ELIZABETH F. GUPTILL.

1497. Easter: The Living Christ.

When we wander through a graveyard and look at the tombstones, or go into the church and examine the old monuments, we see one heading to them all: "Hic jacet," or "Here lies." Then follows the name, with the date of death, and perhaps some praise of the good qualities of the departed. But how different is the epitaph on the tomb of Jesus. It is not written in gold nor cut in stone; it is spoken by the mouth of an angel, and it is the exact reverse of what is put on all other tombs: "He is not here!"

He is not here. He is living and reigning for us—for all his people. He speaks to his own and they hear his voice.—H.

1498. Easter: Living Christ Proof of Resurrection. The continual proof of the resurrection of Jesus is the growing kingdom of God. That he is alive for evermore, the centuries since Calvary proclaim to earth's sinful and sorrowful millions. The cross is the sign of his conquering presence in the world which he died to save and rose to redeem. Christianity is inexplicable as a force in civilization without a present living Christ. The faithful in the Church of Christ are not clinging to a sepulcher containing a mummy, but are following a Leader who has conquered death, and is calling his followers to high and holy service in the conquest of the world for God and righteousness.—H.

1499. Easter: Message of Life. Mrs. F. J. Cressey, for years the primary teacher of the First Baptist Church of Los Angeles, a woman of rare ability and consecration, told this story.

She had in her class a little lad whose unconverted mother had such a horror of death that she would not go into a church for fear of hearing the subject mentioned.

After hearing the Easter lesson as taught by Mrs. Cressey, the child ran home and bursting into the room he cried, "Mother, you need not be afraid to die, 'cause Jesus went through the grave and left a light behind him."

The words gripped the mother and stayed with her. Shortly after this a neighbor invited her to attend some revival meetings, and she accepted the invitation, a thing she would not have done but for the message which had prepared her mind and heart.

One evening her little boy prayed, "Please, God, make my mamma a Christian, and do it right off quick."

That night the mother went to the

meeting and gave her heart to Christ.—*Sunday School Times.*

1500. Easter Parable. In a little parable some one has indicated one difference that belief in the Easter truth makes.

"A pestilence hovers over a great city with its dark wings, and every night the husband goes to his cottage home wondering whether he may not find the wife whom he left in health in the morning stricken at night. One evening the house is closed, and the windows are dark. He knocks and there is no answer, and he rings, and he gets no response, and his heart sinks within him. But suddenly he discerns on the floor a little paper and opens it and reads it, and it brings him a message from his wife: 'My father has come for me, and has taken me up into the mountains where there is no malaria, no disease, no danger. I am safe there, and in a few days he is coming for you to follow me.' So we come to the house that held our beloved. It is dark, and out of the windows that shone with the light of love no light is shining. We are heartbroken, until we find the word brought to us that the loved one has gone to the mountains where there is no pain, nor sorrow, nor temptation, nor disease, but the eternal flowers and the everlasting sunlight."

1501. Easter Perfumes.

Ring, snow-white bells, your purest praise
To glorify this Easter day,
And let our risen Saviour's joy
Your voiceless, fragrant breath employ—
Fill every valley with perfume
And lighten death's appalling gloom,
Teach ye our troubled hearts the way
To trust our Saviour every day.

—W. J. R. TAYLOR.

1502. Easter: The Plant Not Injured.

A florist was working among his flowers one day. As he toiled in the joy of the morning a favorite plant fell from its place to the ground. The form of the reddish clay around the plant was broken by the fall, but the flower was not injured in the slightest way. With dextrous hand the gardener gave it larger space in which to grow anew, and soon it bloomed in beauty rich and rare.

There is a tenant living in a mold of fragile clay. Some day the claim will come for greater room, and then the "outgrown shell" will fall away. If in the youthful morning, and not the aged afternoon, the signal hour appears, it need not be made sombrous by the mist of doubt or fear. God has a place for every soul redeemed and where it may

reach the summit of the self it longs and prays to be. All uncompleted plans and dreams shall come to full fruition there.

"If a man die shall he live again?" But he is not to die. "God giveth it a body" and "I am the resurrection and the life" are words that ostracise the thought of death and give assurance of eternal day.—THOMAS FREDERICK WILLIAMS.

1503. Easter Privilege. A dying Scotchman was asked: "Have you a glimpse of glory now, my brother, that you are dying?" He roused himself from his lethargy at such a question, and, raising himself from the agonies of death, said: "I'll hae none o' your glimpses noo that I am dying, since I ha'en a full look at him for forty year." We all hope to have that full look at Christ in dying. Let us have it now. That is our privilege at this Easter time. It is our privilege all the time. All the way to heaven is heaven to the sincere and devout Christian. "The kingdom of God is within you," said Christ. Heaven begins here and now.—H.

1504. Easter: Proof of the Resurrection. Two irreligious young men were discussing the resurrection, telling each other why it was impossible for them to accept the doctrine. Then Deacon Myers came passing by, and in a joking way one of the young fellows called to him: "Say, Deacon, tell us why you believe that Jesus rose again!" "Well," he replied, "one reason is that I was talking with him for half an hour this very morning." We all may have experimental proof of his resurrection and presence.

1505. Easter Says Christ Is Still Here. A few years ago a business man approached the son of a man who had recently died—came to him hoping to be able to carry through with the son a questionable deal which the father had refused to have anything to do with. He painted in glowing terms the financial returns which he affirmed would come to both of them. "My dear sir," replied the young man, "my father still runs this business. I cannot swerve from his policies."

Are we adhering to Christ's principles? Are we carrying out his policies? This Easter season will pass by without profit to us unless it brings us a new sense of the presence and power of the living Christ, and unless it brings us strengthened purposes to carry on and carry out his policies.

Christ has not gone from the world. He is alive He is the risen Christ.

He has established plans and purposes for his people. Are we carrying out his policies?

I have read that a great manufacturing concern in England has just within its gate a panel upon which the names of the heads of the concern are painted. Opposite each is a movable slide which tells the visitor whether that member of the firm is "in" or "out."

The name of the founder of the concern stands first, and the slide has "out" since a certain date, when he passed away. It would seem that to the remaining members of the firm the founder is merely "out." His policies are still adhered to; he still governs, though the world knows him no more.—H.

1506. Easter Says There Is No Death. A friend thought to comfort a poor blind man by bewailing his sightless condition—a poor kind of comfort, surely—but added: "But you have the great consolation; you will soon be in heaven." The poor man, raising his sightless eyes, replied: "Soon in heaven, did you say? Why, I have been there these ten years!" When Edward Payson was dying, he said: "If I had known twenty-five years ago what I know now, I might have walked in the light of the new Jerusalem all these years." He had just entered the Beulah Land experience. Many do not enter because, like him, they think that it is only to be obtained after death. But it is the same heaven in both worlds. The only difference is one of degree. Jesus nowhere teaches that those who put their trust in him shall merely come into a state of eternal life and blessedness by and by. No; what he says is this: "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life." He has it now. In a true and deep sense all who believe have already entered upon the eternal state. They have stepped across the frontier life into the glorious state of being in which the changes of this mortal existence can not affect the permanence of their blessedness. "Lay hold on eternal life!" It is something for us to get hold of now. It is a thing of the future, but it is a thing of the present too, and even that part of it which is future can be so realized and grasped by faith as to be actually enjoyed while here. Heaven may be in us before we get to heaven.

Of a good woman it was said:

"She did not die;

She was too near an angel.

One morn, near the break of day,

Hand in hand with some unseen evangel
She went away."

Of Enoch it was said: "Enoch walked with God and he was not, for God took him." Of the Christian's death the words apply: "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

Let us listen to the Easter message.—H.

1507. Easter: Talk to Children. "He is not here, but is risen." Luke 24: 6.

Look at this queer gray thing (showing a cocoon), and listen to a true story about it.

Last fall there was a fuzzy brown caterpillar climbing up an apple tree. Up, up it went till it could stretch itself out on a green leaf. Then it was tired and wanted to cover up and go to sleep. What do you suppose it did for covers? It spun out a long gray, silky thread—I never can tell you how it did it—God makes a fuzzy worm do things you and I cannot do or even understand.

So it spun out a long gray, silky thread, and wrapped it round and round the stout apple leaf till it drew up at the sides and made a cradle—a cradle with himself inside! There, snug and dry and warm, the little caterpillar went to sleep.

Frosty days came. Most of the leaves fell off the trees, but the stout apple leaf held on. You stopped playing hide-and-seek and went to school. You had Thanksgiving and Christmas and stormy days, and still the apple-leaf cradle was swinging on the tree with the caterpillar fast asleep inside.

Now the sunshiny days are here. You are throwing off caps and mittens and running out to play. And soon there will come a knocking on the inside of the cradle. People knock on doors to get in, but here is something trying to get out! Pretty soon a hole will come in the end, and out will come—not a fuzzy brown caterpillar, but a shiny yellow butterfly with wings like silk.

Boys and girls, listen! Some day you and I will go to sleep down here—people will say we are dead, and they will put our bodies down in the ground to stay while our souls go to God; but the God who can change an ugly caterpillar into a beautiful butterfly can give our souls new, glorious bodies that can never die. He says he will do it for "those who keep his commandments." Remember this story when you see a gray cradle swinging in a tree.

1508. Easter Tells of a Living Christ.

There is an ancient legend which tells how a monk in days long gone by found the crown of thorns which had encircled the Saviour's brow. He laid it on the altar in the chapel on Good Friday, and he and his flock looked with reverent awe on the dreadful relic, so rugged, so cruel, with its awful stains of blood. Very early on Easter morning the monk came to the church to remove the thorn-crown, which would be strangely out of harmony with the bright thoughts of Easter day. When he opened the door he found the chapel filled with a wondrous perfume. The early sunlight, shining through the eastern window, fell upon the altar. There the monk saw the crown of thorns still lying, but it had burst into roses of rarest loveliness and sweetest fragrance.

Not a crown of thorns, but Christ himself is alive. "He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures." "Fear not: I am the first and the last, the Living One." A living Christ—this was the secret of the apostolic assurance. The early disciples never saw their difficulties standing alone. They saw them alongside the power that had defied the powers of hell, and broken the tyranny of death, and opened the gates of the tomb. And this was the secret of apostolic joy. Faith gives songs in the night. Faith is the assurance of things hoped for. It inspires songs of victory even by the open grave. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

The power of Christ's resurrection—the result of knowing him as the living Christ—is a personally transforming power. It is a world-transforming power. It is a death-transforming power.—H.

1509. Easter, Through the Tunnel. The resurrection hope takes the sting out of death.

Too many Christians suffer from the fear of death, though we are sure they do not fear as others do. But the flesh is weak, and we shrink from death. The cure for this is to be found in a fuller confidence in our Heavenly Father and in the assurance of immortality.

The late "Ian Maclaren" used to be fond of relating the following beautiful little story, as serving to allay the needless fears of God's people when they enter the valley of the shadow of death. There was a dear old Scotch lady who wanted badly to go to the city of Edin-

burgh. But for years she could not be persuaded to take the railway journey, because of her great dread of the tunnel through which she would have to pass. One day, however, circumstances arose which compelled her to take the train for Edinburgh. For a while her fears were great, and her agitation increased as the train on its journey drew near to the dreaded tunnel. But before the tunnel was actually reached the old lady, worn out with excitement, dropped peacefully off to sleep, and when she awoke it was to gladly discover that the tunnel had been passed.—H.

1510. Easter Truth Central. Preach the defeat of death and the triumph over the grave as historic facts; preach it as the great middle truth, as the potent truth out of which all others of our faith flow forth; keep it ever lifted up as the justification of all our best endeavors; preach it as the one great thing that rails off the children of God from the children of death; hold it out as the beacon across all the dark waters of time's tumult; throw it out in the face of human fears, and tell it increasingly with joy.—REV. I. M. HALDEMANN, D.D.

1511. Economy. See Success in Life.
1512. Economy. Economy is a savings bank, into which men drop pennies, and get dollars in return.—H. W. SHAW.

1513. Economy, Successful. Among the Japanese economy is held to be a high virtue. Two old misers of Tokyo were one day discussing ways and means of saving. "I manage to make a fan last about twenty years," said one, "and this is my system: I don't wastefully open the whole fan and wave it carelessly. I open only one section at a time. That is good for about a year. Then I open the next, and so on until the fan is eventually used up." "Twenty years for a good fan!" exclaimed the other. "What sinful extravagance! In my family we use a fan for two or three generations, and this is how we do it: We open the whole fan, but we don't wear it out by waving it. Oh, no! We hold it still, like this, under our nose, and wave our face!"—*Everybody's*.

1514. Education. See Commencement Day. See Success in Life.

1515. Education. Hew the block off, and get out the man.—POPE.

1516. Education. I read lately an interesting account of the building of a great ocean steamer. The backbone of the whole structure is the keel, and the first part laid. Into the keel at right

angles are fitted great ribs of steel fastened by a pneumatic riveting machine with red-hot bolts.

Now, according to the teaching of the New Testament, Jesus Christ is the keel, the foundation of every real life. He who hears Christ's words and obeys them builds his life upon a Rock. Stalwart lives are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ," writes St. Paul.

And what does that mean? This, that every part of a true life must be fitted into Jesus Christ. All our plans, aims, motives, habits, occupations, must be like so many ribs of steel fitted into the keel of a great ship. They must all be articulated, jointed securely into him. If even one of these ribs of steel had been left unfastened, the whole framework would have been that much weaker and that much more exposed to danger.

Young men, relate everything in your lives to Jesus Christ, his cross and covenant. Allow nothing in your life that can not be brought into harmony with his will.

1517. Education, Bad and Good. The worst education, which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that.—JOHN STERLING.

1518. Education, Bible Credits in. North Dakota and Oregon give high school credits for Bible study, a syllabus having been prepared for this purpose by the state board. This is also done in Alabama and Colorado in many high schools, in Idaho by the State Normal and some high schools and in Delaware by the state superintendent and many teachers. In Virginia and Missouri plans are now being worked out for state-wide credits and in Missouri for a course of Old Testament stories for primary work. In West Virginia the state department encourages giving such credits and requires examination on the Bible in its reading circle list for teachers, while the Iowa State Teachers' Association has recommended that the Bible be put in the schools as a textbook. Thus eleven states have lined up in favor of the Bible as a text for moral instruction.—*The Continent*.

1519. Education, The Bible in. The Greeks gave the world the best thoughts outside of Christianity. Their culture seems the best the world could produce

without the help of the Bible; but how much did their education and their thoughts and their philosophies do for the world? It has touched a few; but all their efforts have fallen upon the needs of humanity like snowflakes on the heated, mighty river. Jesus gathered together a few unlearned men and taught them. He chose these rather than Gamaliel, or Shammai, or Hillel, building from the foundation. Some of these men, scorned by the learned scribes and doctors of divinity, wrote a few little books and letters. These were gradually gathered into the New Testament. The world was amazed at the greatness of intellectual power and something else it did not understand. The heathen Roman Empire became Christian, with new ideals and the new morals of a new nationality. Wherever these little pamphlets have gone, the truths of them have transformed men and women, and so have changed society. The daily papers do not make much blowing of horns over it, but the Bible is the best selling book in the world to-day. One society issues about five million copies a year. The Oriental nations have come to see that the civilization of the western nations is due to the Bible, though there are many in our own land that cannot see it yet. American colleges are beginning to put it on their curriculum. It is the source of all the great and ennobling thoughts of the world's best thinkers and greatest statesmen.—REV. A. W. LEWIS.

1520. Education, Christian, Needed. Christian education is the sole hope of our nation. If our people grow up in succeeding generations without the permeating and saving influences of divine truth in their hearts and lives, we will become increasingly materialistic and unbelieving and immoral, selfish and hard, lost to the true principles of high and holy character. True religion is no more sectarian than sunshine or rain, and every one who has any concern for the welfare of the children and of the nation must combine in securing true training for those who are coming now to years of responsibility and activity.

Christian individuals, parents, Sabbath schools, churches and Christian colleges must unite all their most effective influences to save the children and youth of our land from irreligion and immorality, and save them to goodness of character and usefulness of service. If we do not do this, with true devotion and dependence on God, the days of our nation's

greatness will soon be numbered and its light will go out in darkness.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

1521. Education, Consecrated. If we wish to be helpful let us prepare ourselves in the most effective way possible. An education opens up the way, these days, especially. Those who are uneducated are at a very serious disadvantage. It is greatly important that all who wish to be leaders of others, and useful in the Church and in the state, shall be as well educated as possible, and as they consecrate it all to Christ they are able to do larger things in his name.

1522. Education, By a Cruel Schoolmaster. An indignant mother wrote thus to the principal of an academy:

"Dear Sir: My son writes me that he has to study too hard. He says he has to translate fifty hexameters of Latin a day. I looked 'hexameter' up in the dictionary and find it a poetic verse of six feet. Now that makes 300 feet or 100 yards of poetry for my poor son to translate each day. I think about half a hexameter, or six inches, of this Latin is enough for a boy of his age."

1523. Education, the Day Before. General Foch, it is reported, very frequently says: "The battle is won the day before." By this he means that the condition of the soldiers the day before will decide how they will fight on the day of the battle. The Government and the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations did fine work in making and keeping our soldiers fit the "day before" and it is for this reason largely that our men proved to be such splendid soldiers.

This "day-before" preparation is just what is needed here at home. In the home, the church, the Sabbath school, the day school, the college, wherever the young are trained, there is opportunity to do fine work in fitting them for the battles of life. It will depend largely upon the physical, mental and spiritual training which they receive whether they shall be victorious or go down in defeat. Parents, pastors, teachers and friends of to-day will largely be responsible for the results of the battles of to-morrow.—*Presbyterian.*

1524. Education, Doubtful. The college professor who values an average baby at \$90 is exactly right, because there is no average baby. Each youngster is a prodigy, as each proud parent will admit. However, a college professor is literally worth \$10, judging him by the standard of value of the chemical substances com-

posing a human body. Some of us, lacking brains, might not bring so much.

1525. Education, Financial Reasons for.

Hon. Richmond P. Hobson says: "Though less than two per cent. of the men of America go through college, yet from this two per cent. the nation draws 77,000 of the 10,000 leaders in all walks of life." Every one of experience knows that, other things being equal, the college-trained man can secure a position over uneducated men ninety-nine times in a hundred. The great mercantile and manufacturing houses of America are constantly seeking for trained and educated men to fill their positions of responsibility and leadership. The general manager of an international business house which employs thousands of salesmen recently said: "I never get enough men for the more important positions of the firm, because there are so very few men who can present their own arguments clearly and overcome the arguments of the other side without giving offense. At the present time I have three positions paying \$5,000 a year each, and I am unable to find a man of personality who has the qualifications that I have indicated."

For financial reasons alone our young people can well afford to defer their entrance into commercial pursuits until after a college education has been secured. They cannot afford to do otherwise.—J. SHERMAN WALLACE.

1526. Education, Ideal of. "It is designed henceforth that education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member." This sentence, pronounced by an eminent educator as "worthy of being made the educational creed of every people," is of neither French nor German, English nor American origin. It sounds, indeed, like the educational idealism of Jefferson; but it is, in fact, the closing sentence in the rescript regarding education issued by the Emperor of Japan as far back as 1872. Suppose it yet remains an ideal, who will deny that it puts to shame the educational ideals of most of Christian America? Who, moreover, is prepared to disprove that out of this ideal and the efforts to give it practical application has sprung the new and the victorious Japan of to-day.—*Southern Christian Advocate*.

1527. Education, Importance of. From the Alaskan mines comes a story which is worth repeating. A young Swede, whose opportunities had been so limited that he

was nothing but a stable boy before he went to the mines, was fortunate enough to secure a good claim, and to dig a considerable amount of gold out of it. His partner, also a Swede, asked him one day: "What are you going to do with your money?" "I mean to do more for the world," was the quiet answer, "than the world ever did for me." He meant it, too. The ex-hostler has since given something like fifty thousand dollars to endow a college and a hospital in the far West.—*The Evangelical*.

1528. Education, Make it Christian. If parents are wise they will not turn over the training of their children to those who have no grasp of moral distinctions. It is not necessary to exclude the Bible and the moral law from the school room for the sake of securing scholarly skeptics to train our youth. Piety must not be regarded as a disqualification for the vocation of teachers.

1529. Education, Make Opportunity for. She had "no chance in life," so any one would have said who met her. She lived in the mountains of West Virginia, sixteen miles from the railroad. She had never traveled on the railroad in her life. She had no money and no education. It would be hard for a city girl to imagine just how plain and rough and hopeless was the lot of this girl in her teens.

But the girl herself had hope. She meant to go to school. The term commenced in September. She had no money for the entrance fee, and no dress fit to travel in, but she had a flock of turkeys. She wrote to the school that she must wait till "her turkeys had growed big enough to sell." That was not until December, and of course the turkeys were sold at far below city prices.

Nevertheless, when the railroad train stopped at the lonely station one December day, it took on a very happy-faced girl as a passenger. She had on a fifty-cent sweater for her winter coat, and her cotton voile dress was more like cheesecloth than anything else. Her tiny box had the scantiest of wardrobes—but she was going to school! She had taken the first step toward a larger life, and to-day she is one of those of whom the school is most proud.

"A girl without opportunities"—she refused to believe it of herself—and she proved against odds that it was not true. Is it really true of any one who tries?—P. LEONARD.

1530. Education Makes Wealth. Men

make wealth by their thoughts as well as by their hands. A Morse dreams of telegraphic communication, and his thought materializes in hundreds of millions of value in telegraph stocks. A Stevenson dreams of locomotive traction, and we have thousands of millions of dollars in railroads. A Bell conceives of speaking by a wire, and we have millions upon millions of wealth in telephones created by his thought. What, do you ask, does thought make money? Yes, I say, the thoughts of these and other thinkers create actual money values. So you see that the thoughts of men make wealth as well as the work of their hands.—LANSING.

1531. Education, Medical. Lord Kitchener, a man of deeds rather than words, has paid a glowing tribute to America in her fight against disease. He has acknowledged that England is far behind in this most important matter. In addressing the students of the Middlesex Medical School, he said: "I am grieved to think that England is so far behind other nations in the modern struggle against disease by sanitary methods; but this conclusion was forced upon me when I saw what America had achieved in so apparently hopeless area as the Isthmus of Panama." Health officers should be encouraged to enforce the merciful laws in promotion of health.—REV. A. W. LEWIS.

1532. Education, Motives to. I am often humiliated when I hear education spoken of and urged from mere mercenary motives. Education does not command the highest commercial value—yet looking at it from the highest standpoint, it is invaluable. If a man spends an hour a day for 300 days, in reading, at the end of that time he has read thirty volumes of 300 pages each, which is in itself quite a library. Elihu Burritt mastered eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects between the age of 40 and 60 years. This was done by study in the evenings, after having worked all day at the blacksmith's forge. The greatest star discoverer of our day is a man in Chicago, who has spent his days as a court reporter, but his nights as a student of the heavens. The man who loves knowledge and who desires to broaden himself will find some opportunity for self-improvement. In the beginning of my ministry an old preacher said to me, "Young man, if I stood where you do, I would make up my mind to know something and know it well." His words have rung

in my ears ever since. A man's life is measured by his knowledge. Christ said: "This is eternal life, to know God." To know something—to know God. Any man can make himself at home in a realm of knowledge that seems to lie outside of his environment, if he will only resolve to do so. The man who is simply a money-getter does not, to my mind, represent the highest type of manhood.—DR. G. W. WHITE.

1533. Education, Permanency of. If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

1534. Education is Preparation. Education is the apprenticeship of life.—WILLMOTT.

1535. Education, Place of, is a Place of Privilege. All privileged conditions of life are gardens of God. The privileged conditions of modern life have far eclipsed those of any of the cities of the ancient world. Never has life afforded channels for culture, influence and power as now. There are a great many more hundreds of millions of people outside of the garden than inside. The privileged people of the world are relatively few.

The garden of God is a place of opportunity. It was never intended to be a place of privilege and nothing more. Even Adam had work to do in primitive Eden. He was put in the garden to dress it and keep it; he was not simply to lie down under the trees and have a good time.

If he had lived up to his privileges he would have had a tolerably strenuous life in trying to overtake his opportunity. You have been in Eden, the garden of God. You are there now. I tell you that Eden means work, that privilege means opportunity for service, that no man has the right to Eden who does not remember the people outside the garden gate.

The garden of God is a place of temptation. The last place we should expect to find temptation is in God's garden. Ever since men began to think they have been asking why God allows men to be subjected to temptation. The only answer is that men would not be men did they not have the choice between

good and evil.—REV. PAUL F. SUTPHEN, D.D.

1536. Education, A Practical. Some people think that the sole purpose of an education is to put one in the way of making a living. To such persons a practical education is, in kind and degree, that which will fit one for making a success of his own particular business or work, whatever it may happen to be. In order to do this, the business, not the individual, is to be in mind when the matter of the education is under consideration. According to this the individual is to be shaped and prepared, as a link or a bolt, to fit into a certain place in a certain machine. All of this is in order that he may make a living, or make money.

This view of it does not put sufficient emphasis upon the man himself. He is not greatly honored by it. He has been created and endowed and is immortal, and it would seem that he should be trained and developed and cultured so as to become the best and highest possible. Make the most that can be made out of this human being. Let his education be for the purpose of bringing him to his kingdom. When he is thus trained he will be able to do something, without doubt, and along with this he will be something, in and for himself.—*Herald and Presbyter*.

1537. Education, Religion in. Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for prosperity, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in the courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.—WASHINGTON, IN HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS.

1538. Education no Safeguard. Dr.

Clarence A. Barbour says: "I knew of a young man who graduated with honors from the Hartford High School; who graduated from Yale College and then from Yale Law School at the head of his class. It seemed that there were no limits to his possibilities. Eight years after his graduation, however, I saw him stagger out of one of the lowest grogeries. Four months later while intoxicated he was exposed to a blizzard and his hands and feet so frozen that amputation was necessary, but his depleted system being unable to resist the shock, he died after a few days. It has been authoritatively stated by one of the leading mission workers of North America that there are ten thousand college men in New York City alone who are "down and out," while there are probably more than that number in the city of Chicago. It is unnecessary to hark back to the times of Greece to prove that education is no safeguard against decay.

1539. Education and Science. The Bible has colored all the world's best literature. Shakespeare, recognized as the best exponent of human nature, has dramatized the truths of the Bible in a degree unknown by many that laud Shakespeare but criticize the Bible. Great works on law and jurisprudence are the elaboration of the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount. Music with its ennobling influence upon human nature finds its best and highest expression in the oratorios, which are the thoughts of Jesus set to melody supernal. The latest development is noted by a reviewer entitled to speak. He says that the novels most popular, and they are coming faster and faster, are those that touch on the deeper things of life in a way that may be called religious. Even novelists are learning what some educationists are forgetting. Out of 300 leading scientists of to-day only five are anti-christian.—REV. A. W. LEWIS.

1540. Education for Service. There is such a thing as education, or culture, that is simply selfish. One may acquire education, for his own enjoyment, as some one else may acquire wealth for his own delight, or power for his own aggrandizement.

He who heaps up wealth or honors or culture for his own glorification is selfish. He worships these things instead of worshiping God. He trusts in them instead of God. He does all he does from selfish instead of from holy principles. He is self-centered. Instead of loving

God with all his heart and mind and soul and strength, and loving his neighbor as himself, he loves only himself, and he is so small that in loving himself his heart continues to shrink and shrivel.

It is a great and fine thing to secure an education, if one does so for the sake of being useful. In a similar way it is fine to secure great physical strength if one intends to use his strength for the assistance of those who are weak and for the advancing of what is right and good. If one wishes to be useful, the more of an education he secures the better, and the more physical strength he develops the more noble and helpful will he be. But all the education and physical health in the world will not make one great or noble if his heart and aim are selfish.—*The Herald and Presbyterian*.

1541. Education Takes Time. In a certain university a student was alarmed at the length and arduousness of the curriculum, and asked whether it would not be possible for him to have a shorter course. "That all depends," answered the principal, "on what you intend to make of yourself." When God makes an oak, he takes a hundred years, but he can make a melon in six months.—*Christian Herald*.

1542. Education, a Training in Values. One of the most vital applications of judgment is to the various values of life. No wider difference emerges among men than at this point. Show a savage a bright button and a banknote and he will eagerly choose the button and let the banknote go. Show a civilized man a banknote and a book, and in many instances he would grab the bank bill and scarcely look at the book; and yet such a man may be blinder and making a bigger mistake than the savage. The bank bill may have small purchasing power and the book may be packed with truth of priceless value or may be the Bible itself. Now we are all in danger of making such mistakes in judgment at many points in life. One such choice lies between the things of the flesh and the things of the spirit. A life that develops the body and lets the soul starve and wither, a life that is absorbed in money-making and pride and pleasure and misses faith and character and God, is pitifully blind and blundering, compared with which even the savage's choice of a button is not so bad. To see the dust under our feet and have no upward look and star-fretted dome, to see this little world and no other, is the greatest mis-

take of judgment the human soul can make. Education is a sad failure and it were better that we were never ushered into its light if it does not enable us to see and choose those eternal values that will, in Plato's phrase, "develop in the body and in the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable."—REV. J. H. SNOWDEN, D.D.

1543. Education, Value of Bible in. There is no other book ever introduced into the public schools to be compared in educative value with the Bible. Any one too broad for the use of the Bible is too broad and thin for education to benefit. History proves abundantly that Christianity has done more to develop great minds than all other things this world has ever seen, which is saying much. What is more it takes minds of small caliber and makes them great. If it cannot make a mind great, there is no hope for it. The *London Spectator* has put it this way, "No man who deliberately refuses to think can be a real Christian; and no sane Christian can be altogether stupid."—REV. A. W. LEWIS.

1544. Education, Value of Trained Men. At the battle of Marston Moor, Oliver Cromwell drew his old Ironsides off to the left and held them there in check while the rest of the Parliamentary Army were engaged with Prince Rupert and the other Royalist leaders. Then it was magnificent to see the stern impatience of those old soldiers of Cromwell. They were like war horses champing their bits, pawing in the dust, eager to fling themselves into the fray; but Oliver Cromwell simply drew them off a little farther to the left and held them there. Soon it seemed as though the field was going against the Parliamentary Army, as though the enemy of constitutional liberty in England would gain the day; and these Ironsides of Cromwell were simply almost uncontrollable; it seemed as though in spite of the command of the old, warty war horse, their leader, they would break control and rush into the field. But Cromwell simply drew them off a little farther to the left and held them there; steadily, steadily held them there; steadily held them until at length his practiced eyes saw that the hour for action had come. Then he let slip the dogs of war and cried in a voice almost terrible: "Charge, charge, in the name of the Most High God, charge!" and out over the field they ran, and, be-

neath the night heavens, with a storm brewing o'er their heads, they chased the enemy from the field, and, in less time, almost, than it takes to tell the narrative, they had won the day for Great Britain and for constitutional liberty. The point is this, that Oliver Cromwell used his intellectual power to discover the critical instant and when it had arrived, without any hesitation, he threw these reserves into the field and the day was speedily won.

That is what trained men are supposed always to do. Lightning need not strike twice in the same place; once is sufficient. A sound mind in a sound body with a sound heart, this is the trinity of powers, young gentlemen, which you need, and in the exercise of which you will find life's highest delight and life's largest success.—REV. GEORGE P. ECKMAN, D.D.

1545. Education, Vital Thing in. It is one thing for an undergraduate to go out from his institution an expert in electrical science; it is quite another thing for him truly to discover the spirit of life itself, so that he is able to harmonize his expert ability with the broader and deeper life of the age in which he lives.—*Century*.

1546. Education the Watchword. Education is the watchword of the twentieth century. America is justly proud of its schools. Housed in buildings of comfort with every modern appliance, under the leadership of experts, with the best text books available, they are called "common schools." If the children have not sense enough to go to school, and if the parents neglect their children's good, the state steps in and compels them to take advantage of the great privilege. This is right; for the child not only belongs to the parents, but also to the state; and America knows how to develop its highest resources, future citizens. In China recently hundreds of thousands of schools have been established after the model of the American Common School.—REV. A. W. LEWIS.

1547. Education, We Take It on Faith. We all must accept a great deal on faith. A boy is told that being able to control his mind will later give him moral and intellectual power, and that regular study during his youth will be the means of bringing this about. He doubts it. He cannot see why solving originals in geometry may make him a better physician or lawyer.

Yet he takes food into L's stomach, and his limbs grow and flesh is added. Does

he really understand how potatoes and beef add to his height? No; he takes it on faith.

He sticks a slip of a plant in the ground, and the rain falls and the sun shines. The slip becomes a bush. Does he really know why? Does he understand? He takes it on faith. So must he with the statement that what he takes into his mind builds up or destroys.

1548. Education, What It Does. When a boy I sat beside a farmer, one day, at the Commencement exercises of Illinois College while the services were being held out of doors. His son was among the graduates that day, and had just acquitted himself most creditably in an oration, when I observed to the father that a college education was a great blessing to a young man. "Yes," said he. "You see a feller is born to be either a man or a donkey, and a college education just helps him to find out a little sooner or later which he's going to be."—FREDERICK W. BURNHAM.

1549. Education, What It Is. In this discussion the word "education" is used in its broadest sense of training for life. For using it in this way we have the most distinguished precedents. President-Emeritus Eliot has a strong address on "Education for Efficiency." President Maclaurin says, that "the end of education is to fit men to deal with the affairs of life honestly, intellectually and efficiently." Abraham Flexner says, that it is "a concrete device to facilitate the assertion of individual capacity in terms of rational activity." President Thwing says, that its supreme purpose is to equip the student for life. Professor Burton says, that "by education we mean all of the processes, within and without our institutions of learning, by which personality is developed."—*Presbyterian*.

1550. Education Wise. Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.—EDWARD EVERETT.

1551. Education and Women. Bonaparte asked Mme. de Staël in what manner he could best promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said, "Instruct the mothers of the French people."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

1552. Education Essentials. The school that helps to form character, not the one that imparts the most information, is the college that the future will demand.

How would the scientific cultivation of these do?

Bodily Qualities—Health of digestion, circulation, breathing, manual skill, vocal speech, and ease in handling all muscles.

Mental Qualities—Painstaking, patience, decision, perseverance, courage, following directions, tact, concentration, insight, observation, mental activity, accuracy and memory.

Moral Qualities—Putting one's self in another's place, or thoughtfulness for others, which includes sympathy, kindness, courtesy, good-cheer, honesty, fidelity to a promise, self-control, self-reliance, and self-respect.

This is a very good résumé of some things, but one thing is conspicuously lacking. It is this:

Spiritual Qualities—Love for God, unselfish interest in one's fellow-men, reverence for the truth and uncompromising adherence to the law of God whether written in his Word, on the hearts of men or in the experience of his Church. These qualities are at the basis of all character and success, physical, mental or moral, and without them all else is of but little consequence or worth.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

1553. Efficiency. See **Success in Life.** See **Labor Day.**

1554. Efficiency, Training for. There is enough latent force in a Maximite torpedo shell to tear a warship to pieces. But the amount of explosive power in one of these terrific engines of destruction could never be ascertained by any ordinary concussion.

Children could play with it for years, pound it, roll it about, and do all sorts of things with it; the shell might be shot through the walls of an ordinary building, without arousing its terrible dynamic energy. It must be fired from a cannon, with terrific force, through a foot or so of steel-plate armor, before it meets with resistance great enough to awaken its mighty explosive power.

Every man is a stranger to his greatest strength, his mightiest power, until the test of a great responsibility, a critical emergency, or a supreme crisis in his life, calls it out.—O. S. MARDEN.

1555. Effort, One More. The French had taken a trench from the Germans and were repairing it, when suddenly a shower of bombs laid every man low, and a score of Germans leapt into the trench. One of the wounded raised himself in his agony, seized a bag of grenades, and crying to his comrades: "Rise up, ye Dead!"

flung them at the enemy. The dying men rallied to his call, and staggering up met the foe with bullet and bayonet. A minute later the trench was cleared, and the position saved, by the dead who lay heaped up around their lieutenant.

"Awake, thou that sleepest!"—(Numb and conscienceless through sin.)

"Arise from the dead!"—Though thou art dying fast through sin, call on God and make one more effort.

1556. Endurance. Some horses can travel a mile in three minutes, but have difficulty in trotting seven miles an hour. They are all right for the race course, but they are no account for the road. Some men in the church can trot a mile in three minutes in a revival meeting, but they cannot make seven miles an hour in a prayer meeting. They are race-course Christians. They are good for a dash, but very poor for a long pull.

1557. Elect, The. This is Henry Ward Beecher's epigrammatic and convincing phrase, "The elect are whosoever will; the non-elect are whosoever won't."—*Youth's Companion*.

1558. Election, Doctrine of. A certain man who likes apples proposed to buy a bushel from the marketer. The bushel being measured out, the man examined the apples carefully and found that each one was alike damaged, and in the same degree. Thereupon he chose to take away with him only a half bushel. He elected this half bushel unconditionally—which means that he knew just what kind of apples they all were and chose these in spite of the fact that they were damaged and because he loved apples. But he "passed by" the other half conditionally—which means that he did it simply on the known condition that they were bad, and not because he did not like apples. All that this little parable is meant to illustrate is simply this and nothing more or less, to wit: "That unconditional election does not imply unconditional reprobation"—and no one ought to say that it does, although a few do say it. But in no case does God ever do anything without having a wise and holy reason for doing it, let the thing he does be what it may. God does not save men because they are sinners, but in spite of the fact that they are sinners; and if some men die lost it is because they die impenitent, and not because God has not an infinite good will toward all men.—*Cumberland Presbyterian*.

1559. Election, Doctrine of. Dr. J. W. Chapman's colored preacher had the mat-

ter clear. "Brother Johnson," said Dr. Chapman, thinking to have a little theological fun with the parson from Blackburg, "how do you get along with the doctrine of election?" "Why, Brer Chapman, that ere doctrine of election don't bodder me none, hit don't. Yer see, hit am jus' dis yere way. De good Lord, he votes fer ya an' de debbil he votes agin ya. And de 'lection, hit goes jes de way ya votes yerself."

1560. Election Day. See **Independence Day.** See **Patriotism.**

1560a. Election Day. Free and just political institutions are absolutely essential to the progress and development both of the individual and of the race.—REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

1561. Election Day Daily. A faithful setting forth of Christian duty at the polls, not to vote for this or that man, but to vote conscientiously as before God, and to make the use of the franchise a solemn duty to be prayerfully performed, is a part of the minister's function, when he is teaching his people how to live on earth as representatives of God's truth.—HOWARD CROSBY, D.D.

1562. Election Day: Duty to Vote. Dr. Robert S. McArthur once said that he would, if it were within his power, refuse the sacraments of the Church to the man who refused to go to the ballot box on election day.

Barrie has drawn a pathetic character, in the "Sentimental Tommy" book, Aaron Latta, the man who denied his manhood. Thenceforth the humiliated creature refused to take his place among men; he had been false to the first duty of his sex, and so should be an outcast. Somehow, poor Aaron Latta comes to mind as I contemplate the spectacle of the "good" men who fail to vote on election day. They are emasculated patriots. And as Aaron Latta went about his cooking and housewifery in an apron, so these non-voting Americans should be denied a voice in all the councils of men and patriots. Any person who does not vote, if he can vote, is a bad citizen.—H.

1563. Emancipation Day. They who refuse education to a black man would turn the South into a vast poorhouse, and labor into a pendulum, necessity vibrating between poverty and indolence.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

1564. Enemies. See **War.**

1565. Enemies, Losing. To do good to an enemy may be to lose him—as an enemy.

Mr. H. H. Smith, of Kinsale, Vir-

ginia, tells of a case of the forgiving of an enemy that came under his notice. "Mr. A. and Mr. B. were near neighbors. Mr. A.'s cattle trespassed on Mr. B.'s premises, and Mr. B. dealt with him strictly according to law, making him pay the fines every time it occurred. But one day matters were reversed; Mr. B.'s cattle found a weak place in the fence, and trespassed on Mr. A. When Mr. B. sent for them, he also sent the money to pay the fine, but Mr. A. would not receive it, saying he did not want his money, for he knew that it was only through an accident that the trespass had occurred. Mr. B. said to me: 'I never had anything get so close to me as that did. I had rather he had charged me double the fine. I have a better opinion of him now.' A few weeks afterward they shook hands for the first time in years."

"Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you," said Christ. This may not seem easy, but it is very wise. And it is very rewarding in the end.—H.

1566. Enemies, Losing. In the *Free Methodist Magazine*, of Manchester, England, there is an interesting story of John Wesley's way of insisting on forgiveness. Joseph Bradford was for some years the traveling companion of Mr. Wesley, for whom he would have sacrificed health and even life, but to whom his will would never bend, except in meekness. "Joseph," said Mr. Wesley one day, "take these letters to the post." B.—"I will take them after preaching, sir." W.—"Take them now, Joseph." B.—"I wish to hear you preach, sir; and there will be sufficient time for the post after service." W.—"I insist upon your going now, Joseph." B.—"I will not go at present." W.—"You won't?" B.—"No, sir." W.—"Then you and I must part." B.—"Very good, sir." The good men slept over it. Both were early risers. At four o'clock the next morning the refractory helper was accosted with, "Joseph, have you considered what I said—that we must part?" B.—"Yes, sir." W.—"And must we part?" B.—"Please yourself, sir." W.—"Will you ask my pardon, Joseph?" B.—"No, sir." W.—"Then I must ask yours, Joseph." Poor Joseph was instantly melted; smitten as by the word of Moses, forth gushed the tears, like the water from the rock. He had a tender soul; and it was soon observed when the appeal was made to the heart instead of the head.

Bradford was not an enemy to Wesley.

He was his friend. But Wesley had the receipt for losing enemies—forgive them. To do good to an enemy may be to lose him—as an enemy.

1567. Enemies, Living. Samuel M. Zwemer placed an advertisement in the Cairo daily newspapers offering for five piasters (twenty-five cents) to send any one who wished to know about the Christian religion two or three vital little books in Arabic. The first to respond to this invitation was Dr. Mohammed Tewfik Sidki, an editor of *El Minar*, the most determined and bitter opponent of Christianity among all the magazines and newspapers of Egypt.

As these were handed to him he leaned forward in his chair to emphasize his next remark:

"As for the Gospel, we Moslems find its code most unreasonable and utterly impossible. For example, who ever heard of loving one's enemies? Forsooth, how could such a thing be done?"

"But," replied Dr. Zwemer, "I am loving my enemy at this very moment. You who have written the articles insinuating shameful things about Mary, the blessed mother of Jesus, the purest and holiest of women, are my enemy—nothing less! You are my enemy because in these widely circulated articles you have dared to cast rude insults and corrupt inventions upon the sinless character of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour. But I love you for his sake; and that is why I have come to Egypt. That is why I have welcomed you to-day instead of turning you back at the door. I would to God you might know the depth and power of the love in the life of Christ and in his Cross!"

The editor was taken aback by this timely proof that Christ's high code was not beyond man's reach. He had no reply to make, but took up the books he had purchased and bade Dr. Zwemer good-by.—*The Expositor*.

1568. Enemies, Treatment of. Rev. Tileston F. Chambers, himself a Baptist pastor, states that "during the war of the American Revolution, the Rev. Peter Miller, pastor of a Baptist church in Pennsylvania, appeared in the city of Philadelphia to ask from General Washington the life of a man sentenced to death for treason. He had walked the entire distance from his home, sixty miles, to urge his plea. His request was refused. Washington said that he was sorry he could not pardon his friend. 'My friend!' Miller exclaimed; 'I have

not a worse enemy in the world.' The general in amazement asked, 'Will you please tell me why you have walked sixty miles to try to save your enemy's life?'

The minister declared that he was endeavoring to carry out the Saviour's commands, and Washington was so impressed by his genuine Christian spirit that he signed the desired pardon and handed it to the suppliant. When Mr. Miller put the pardon in his foeman's hand, and he learned how it had been won, he broke down completely, and shed tears like a child."

1569. Enemies, Treatment of. The late Dr. Arthur T. Pierson used to tell the following story of General Robert E. Lee: Hearing General Lee speak in the highest terms to President Davis about a certain officer, another officer greatly astonished, said to him, "General, do you not know that the man of whom you spoke so highly to the President is one of your bitterest enemies, and misses no opportunity to malign you?" "Yes," replied General Lee, "but the president asked my opinion of him; he did not ask for his opinion of me."

1570. Enemy, Delayed by. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, in his book, "The White Peril in the Far East," says: "In the year 1888 it was confidently believed that Japan would be Christian by the end of the century. But there came a reaction, brought about largely by the return of many Japanese who had gone abroad to study. They brought back reports of the religious and moral conditions of Christendom that astonished those who had supposed that 'Christian lands' were Christian in deed as well as word. They told of the hideous forms of licentiousness rampant in New York, Chicago, London, Paris and Berlin. It was often publicly stated that Christianity was a failure in our so-called 'Christian nation' and others. 'Why adopt so powerless a gospel for Japan?' For our own sake and for the world's this professedly Christian nation and its individual Christians must strive more diligently for the very spirit of Him whose name we bear, lest the tares of the wicked one choke our wheat."—MRS. LILIAN G. BORDEN.

1571. Enemy, Forgiven. In 1853 a man made an attempt one night to extort money from Mr. Gladstone, then in office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, by threats of exposure. Gladstone instantly gave the offender into custody, and met the case at the police office. The man was committed for trial. Mr. Gladstone

directed his solicitors to see that the accused was properly defended. The man was convicted and sent to prison. By and by Mr. Gladstone inquired from the governor of the prison how the delinquent was conducting himself. The report being satisfactory, he next wrote to Lord Palmerston, then at the Home Office, asking that the prisoner should be released. There was no worldly wisdom in it, we all know. But then, what are people Christians for?—R. M. MOFFAT.

1572. Energy. *See Labor Day. See Success in Life. See Work.*

1573. Energy, Directed. All but the oldest of California orange groves are "budded stock," which means that the seed of the common orange is planted, and the little seedling of a foot high has inserted into a slit near its base a bud of Washington Naval or Valencia. As soon as this bud has "set," or begun to grow, the seedling is topped and later it is sawed or cut off completely just above the bud, which in time almost covers the scar. The old root and sap make fruit, luscious and marketable.

So when our everyday energy is directed through heavenly channels, we make a character fit to be used by God here and hereafter.

1574. Energy, Latent. A young Irishman in India had learned to know the language and customs of the people among whom he was working.

One day as he was sitting in his house a messenger came in from one of his districts and reported that a village was burning down and begged him to come. He hurried out to the village. When he arrived he asked the head man if they had all the people out of the houses, and he was told that all had been brought out except one old woman who refused to come. He went to the house where the woman lived and looked in. There she sat on a bag of grain. He entreated her to come but she refused, explaining that this bag of grain was all her earthly wealth. If she came out she would starve. She would rather stay and be burned. When the young man found his commands and entreaties unavailing, he rushed in with the embers from the burning roof falling on his shoulders, stooped over and picked up the bag of grain and left the burning building, the old woman following obediently behind. The next day as he was sitting in his house, it flashed on his mind that the bag of grain had been exceedingly heavy, and he rode out curiously to the village again

to see how much he had lifted. He had no difficulty in finding the old woman and her bag of grain. He stooped over to lift it, but could not budge it from the ground. But the day before he had budged it. He had picked it up and carried it. The power to do it was lying latent in him all the while. All he needed was just the piercing call or inspiration adequate to release the buried energy.—ROBERT E. SPEER.

1575. Energy Spent Uselessly. There is at Princeton an instructor in mathematics who was country bred, a fact that is frequently betrayed by some homely saying of his.

One day an undergraduate had performed some peculiarly useless and complicated process in arriving at the solution of a problem, when the instructor said:

"This reminds me of a colt once owned by an old friend 'down East.' This colt was put out to pasture, after having been fed from its birth in a box-stall and watered at a trough in the yard. The pasture lay across a small river, and in the middle of the day the colt would swim the stream to go up to the barn for a drink of water."

1576. Energy, Wasting. The Rev. F. W. Boreham tells how one time on a long ocean trip the Chief Engineer came and sat down beside him on deck and expressed disappointment with the previous day's run made by the vessel. He said they had only made three hundred and thirty knots, when they should have made three hundred and forty. When Mr. Boreham asked him how he accounted for it, he replied, "Oh, well, you see, all that we can do in the engine-room is to see that a maximum of power is generated by the furnaces and communicated by the engines to the shaft. But a certain waste of energy takes place between the propeller and the water. It may be that a heavy sea lifts the screw into the air occasionally. Or it may be that the pitching of the vessel keeps the screw too much in the light water near the surface instead of in the heavier water deeper down. That waste of energy, whatever causes it, we call 'slip.' Yesterday if the slip had been normal, we ought to have made three hundred and forty knots. As it is we only made three hundred and thirty. The 'slip' must have been more serious than we supposed." The great secret of success in life is to keep the "slip" down to as small proportions as possible. Success

or failure in a man's career hangs on getting all the energy he creates to the driving shaft of his life. Wasted energy spells doom for multitudes of men who were built for triumph, yet failed through "slip."

1577. Energies, Harnessed for God.

A man found a wild torrent in the mountain. It could work only waste and ruin as it rushed, uncontrollably, down the gorge. He built a flume for it, and carried its wild flood in quiet streams down into the valley, where they watered the fields and gardens, gave drink to the thirsty, and turned many a wheel of industry. That was far better than if he had dried up the torrent. It was far better, too, than if he had left it to flow on forever with destructive force. Now it was flumed and made to do good, and make the world richer and more beautiful. That is what God wants to do with the cravings, the desires, the passions, the longings, and all the mighty energies of our nature. They are not to be destroyed. Yet they are not to be allowed to work waste and ruin in efforts to find gratification in merely earthly channels, in unbridled license.

That is sin's way. Rather, these great forces in our nature are to come under the yoke of Christ, and are to be led by him into all holy service for God and man.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

1578. Enmity Expressed. Paul Louis Couriera is a true philosopher. When he was assailed with great bitterness by a French professor, he quietly remarked: "I fancy he must be vexed. He called me Jacobin, rebel, plagiarist, thief, poisoner, forger, leper, madman, impostor, libeler, a grimacing rag-picker. I gather what he wants to say. He means to say that he and I are not of the same opinion, and that is his only way of putting it."

1579. Enterprise of a Boy. A boy one time was looking for a job, and he saw a sign hanging on the outside of a window, which said: "Boy Wanted!" He stepped up to the sign, and taking it down, walked into the office and said: "I have come to take the job, sir." The proprietor, looking up, saw the sign under the boy's arm, and said: "What have you got that sign for?" The boy replied: "You don't need it out there any longer, for I took the job when I came in, sir." The proprietor gave that boy the job.—ELWIN LINCOLN HOUSE.

1580. Enterprise, Lacking In. A foreigner who visited the United States recently was much impressed with our

democratic spirit. One day, while chatting with an American at the window of his hotel, he exclaimed, "What a wonderful country! You tell me that birth and family count for nothing?" "Nothing at all," replied the American. "And that man out there, I suppose," continued the visitor, pointing to a laborer who was sweeping the street, "might be mayor of this city some day, or even President of the United States?" The American glanced out of the window and shook his head. "No," he said decidedly, "that man could not." "He couldn't?" asked the foreigner in surprise. "Why is he so different from the others?" "Keep your eye on him and see if you can't tell for yourself," said his companion with a smile. The visitor gazed at the street-sweeper for a minute. "I give it up," he said at length, "why is it?" "I will tell you," replied the American; "that man is sweeping against the wind." If the man had swept in the other direction the wind would have done one-half his work.—JAMES M. FARRAR, D.D.

1581. Enterprise, Lacking. A motorist in the South once stopped for water at a dilapidated house where a barefooted man was gazing across a field that had grown up to weeds. "How is your cotton this year?" the motorist asked. "Well, sir," replied the man, "I ain't got no cotton. I didn't plant none, 'cause I was afraid the boll weevil might be bad." "How is your corn?" "Well," came the reply, "I didn't plant no corn, neither, for I didn't know we'd git rain." The motorist hesitated. "How are your sweet potatoes?" he asked at last. "Well, now, stranger," the man replied, "you see, it's just this way: I didn't plant no sweet pertaters 'cause I was afraid the bugs might take them. No, sir, I didn't plant nothin', I just played safe." If we see only the rubbish, we'll do no building.—*Youth's Companion*.

1582. Enthusiasm. A gentleman visiting the Chicago World's Fair, was looking for his boy. A friend suggested the Midway. "No," said the father, "I'll try the Electricity Building. That boy of mine thinks electricity, reads electricity, talks electricity, and though he is only thirteen he understands electricity far better than I do." The lad was found in the upper room of the Electricity Building among a group of specialists in electrical science who had met by appointment to inspect a recent invention. The first arrival had found the boy

absorbed in an examination of the model. His intelligent interest led the specialists to invite him to take a seat with them and to hear the discussion. "And once in a while I asked a question," said the lad afterwards, "and those men explained things to me just as if I was one of them."

1583. Enthusiasm. See *Labor Day. See Work.*

1584. Enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is the fever of reason.—VICTOR HUGO.

1585. Enthusiasm, Christian. I believe in enthusiasm,—an enthusiasm that has backbone to it, an enthusiasm that has life in it, an enthusiasm that has weight and power in it, an enthusiasm that has usefulness in it. A physician cannot be very successful unless he is enthusiastic about his profession, and I tell you a Christian will never amount to much unless there is enthusiasm in his Christianity.—WHARTON.

1586. Enthusiasm, Created. Some years ago a great bronze bell was being conveyed up one of the Burmese rivers on a lighter. The lighter was upset, and the bronze bell sank to the bottom of the river. The crew did their best to raise it, and failed. At last there came a Buddhist priest, and watched until they were exhausted, and said, "It is no good; we shall have to leave it." He then came near and said: "If I raise it, may I have it for our Temple?" They replied, "Yes, we shall have to leave it; if you can get it, you can have it." So he sent men down who dived to the bottom of the river, and each man as he went down took with him a single bamboo and fastened it, until, when the bamboos became a great thick mass, they lifted the bell, and so it came to the surface. I think that each point in a convention or address is like the action of the single bamboo, and the Spirit of God adds one more touch, one more impetus, until at last the soul that has been aground gets afloat.—*Life of Faith.*

1587. Enthusiasm, Defined. Our English word "enthusiasm" is derived from a Greek term, which literally rendered means "Godindwelling," and has reference to the fire that is kindled within the human heart by the Holy Spirit. Without this fervent spirit it is impossible to achieve anything in the Christian life that is worthy the name of Christ. The same is true in every department of life, whether it be in the pursuit of art, music, science, or reform. To obtain success, the heart must be fired with a

noble purpose, the thought must be stimulated by the constant presence of a high ideal.

1588. Enthusiasm, Desirability of. A Chinese convert said: "We want men with red-hot hearts to tell us of the love of Christ." Dr. Mason said the secret of Dr. Chalmers' success in the ministry was "his blood earnestness." That was the secret of the success of Mr. Finney, and it was the secret of the success of Mr. Moody. "A bank never becomes successful," said a noted financier, "until it gets a president that takes it to bed with him." It was enthusiasm that enabled Napoleon to make a campaign in two weeks that would have taken another a year to accomplish. "These Frenchmen are not men, they fly," said the Austrians in consternation. Said Phillips Brooks: "Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life."—H.

1589. Enthusiasm, Even in Play. Even play calls for enthusiasm. Even play must be in earnest to approve itself to men, for they know that the child who plays enthusiastically may be brought to work enthusiastically, if, as a man, he comes to love the work as he now loves the play. And it is so in regard to the pleasures men and women seek. The spirit of the life is bound to show itself in whatever it does, whether it be earnest or listless. Therefore spare the world the sluggish player. But the real danger in many lives is that they shall become too exclusively enthusiastic in their pleasures. It is not an uncommon thing to see even young men and women weary of life. They have come to look out upon existence with a bored and cynical air. Now this listlessness, in a great many instances, is the reaction from the nervous, headlong pursuit of an enthusiasm that was too trivial to satisfy their nature, that is capable of something so much higher than mere pleasure.—*The Intelligencer.*

1590. Enthusiasm, False. Be warned against false enthusiasm. That speaker was right who said to the young Baptists at Toronto: "An ounce of solid home work is worth more than a pound of convention enthusiasm." There is need for the great conventions. They are delightful, helpful and inspiring. But better than the enthusiasm engendered by them, and which then waneth, is unre-

mitting fidelity and abiding continuance in well doing in the home church, and reliability in the places in which we are called of the Lord to labor for the coming of his kingdom.—*Herald and Presbyter*.

1591. Enthusiasm Felt.

I gaze upon the thousand stars
That fill the midnight sky;
And wish, so passionately wish,
A light like theirs on high.
I have such eagerness of hope
To benefit my kind;
I feel as if immortal power
Were given to my mind.

—MISS LANDON.

1592. Enthusiasm for God. In these expressive words Henry Martin gave utterance to his life ambition. He wanted "to burn out for God." Men burn out in other interests all about us. The flames of passion lick up all of the best things in many a man—his powers of body and mind, and his higher nature—and they leave him at last a charred cinder. The fierce fires of ungodly ambition; the conflagration on a man's moral nature kindled by the spirit of covetousness, hatred, and other hell-kindled fires, burn out many a man, and we look upon the smoldering ruins with deepest pity. But "to burn out for God" is a glorious ambition. Fox said that every Quaker ought to light up the country for ten miles around. Many a missionary has lighted it up for a hundred miles. He has thrust aside every selfish aim, and thrown himself into the work with passionate ardor. Human nature could not stand the strain long, and after a brief career he has exhausted his resources and died. But he "burned out for God." No life can make a better record than this. Not even the martyr at the stake.

1593. Enthusiasm Has No Substitute. No, there is no substitute for enthusiasm. It makes all the difference between a half heart and a whole heart, between defeat and victory. The young man who hopes to succeed to-day must be dominated by his purpose, must be aflame with enthusiasm. The one-talent man who is in love with his work, enthusiastic over it, will accomplish infinitely more in life than the ten-talent man who is indifferent or half-hearted. Coldness, lukewarmness and indifference are fatal to progress.

In reply to the question, "To what do you attribute your success?" John Wanamaker replied, "To thinking, toil-

ing, trying and trusting in God." This is what it means to be enthusiastic in one's work—to think about it, to toil for its successful accomplishment, to try and try and try again, in spite of obstacles, discouragements and mistakes, to push it forward, and, above all, to have an abiding faith in God.

1594. Enthusiasm and Heart Enlistment. The story is told of a lady who was obliged to leave a home, in beautifying which she had expended much time and thought as well as money. As she turned away from it with tearful eyes she said to a friend: "Ah, I have a good deal of heart stock in that house." The people who do good in our schools and churches are those who have heart stock in them.

1595. Enthusiasm, Importance of. The men who prosper in this world are the men who are enthusiastic, who mind their own business and keep on minding it. An incident noted in a Southern paper furnishes an example: "Tatoes!" cried a colored peddler in Richmond. "Hush dat racket!" Yo distracts de whole neighborhood!" responded a colored woman from a doorway. "Yo kin hear me, kin you?" "Hear you? I kin hear you a mile." "T'anks! I'se hollerin' to be heard. 'Tatoes!"

Make yourself heard. Believe in your job.—H.

1596. Enthusiasm and Industry. Da Vinci wrought for ten years upon his master picture of the "Last Supper," in the refectory of the convent of the Madonna della Grazie, at Milan, often for whole days so absorbed in his work that he forgot to eat, and then again for days coming and standing in silence before it as if devoutly studying his great theme. Again, in the heat of noon, he would leave the cathedral, where he was modeling his colossal "horse," and, hurrying to the convent, add a line or a touch of color to the picture and return.

1597. Enthusiasm and Intensity. Edward Fitzgerald and Tennyson were one day looking at two busts of Dante and of Goethe. "What is there wanting in Goethe," said Fitzgerald, "which the other has?" Tennyson at once replied: "The divine intensity."—*Literary Illustrations*.

1598. Enthusiasm Justifiable. If we look into the New Testament we shall find that the great Founder of Christianity was an enthusiast, and that his immediate disciples and the prince of apostles were also enthusiasts. Associa-

tion with the Lord Jesus Christ had made them such. Every Christian reformer, every missionary of the cross, every successful winner of souls, has been an enthusiast. Enthusiasm of the right sort is always justifiable.

A man drops from the deck of a steamer into the sea. You shout vigorously for some one to come and help. You rescue him from a watery grave. The occasion justifies your excitement. None of your fellow-voyagers would think for a moment of condemning you, but would rather unite in commending you for your earnest efforts to save the drowning man.

Is there not a thought here for all Christians to consider earnestly and prayerfully? How can we be made a power in the world for the salvation of souls and the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom? Have we not a hint in the words of Paul when he writes "fervent in spirit"? Let us pray for a fuller measure of this spirit, and a mighty work will be done for Christ in the world.—H.

1599. Enthusiasm, Misunderstood. "He is crazy!" That's what they say when a man gets desperately in earnest in the work of soul saving. I have read of a western man who was visiting in New York. "I was in Nassau Street, one day," says he, "just below Beekman, when a man came running around the corner, hatless, trumpet in hand, shouting, screaming, 'Out of the way! Get out of the way!' Men and women were pushed in doorways, carts and horses crowded up on the sidewalk. Soon another man followed with a louder voice and wilder yell to the stray ones yet left, telling them to clear the street. What did it all mean? It was new to me. Soon I saw, as the fire engine came tearing around the corner and down Nassau toward Cedar Street, where there was a fire. I looked in the faces of hundreds, heard scores talk, but no one seemed to intimate that they were crazy or had gone too fast. In all probability the property was insured. Let that push and drive be put into religious works and they would brand us as lunatics at once."

1600. Enthusiasm, Need of. After the battle of Lookout Mountain, when the Federal troops cleared the heights with a dash that was irresistible, General Grant sent to General Wood and asked, "Did you order that charge?" He said, "No." To Hooker and to Sheridan the same inquiry was put, and from them the same response was received. The

fact was that the men were filled with such enthusiasm that nothing could have stopped them. They leaped to the fray, defying danger and death, and when victory was gained were filled with glad wonder at it. When the church of Christ is filled with enthusiasm for the conquest of the world it will go forward, whether earthly leaders give the word of command or not. It will hear His command who has promised his presence unto the end of the age, and will do wonders in his name.

1601. Enthusiasm, Needed. Speaking a short time ago of what the University cannot do for a man, President Wilson said that one who preceded him in the presidency of Princeton University had a visit from a mother who was anxious about her son, and who committed him to his personal trust. "Madam," he answered, "we guarantee satisfaction or return the boy." And often it is necessary to return the man when you are trying to communicate enthusiasm, because you find him non-combustible. He won't burn. He won't glow. He isn't even incandescent. He won't transmit heat. Particularly will he not transmute it into power. These non-combustibles in our church life are hard to arouse, for they do not catch fire. Like the anti-slavery enthusiast who needed to be earnest because he had mountains of vice about him, so the preacher and the Christian worker must himself be a live coal or he will not arouse others with whom he is associated. Some people are not easily stirred, and hence a preacher has to be a volcano of vitality and earnestness.

1602. Enthusiasm, Our Debt to. In every sphere of business or professional activity enthusiasm wins success. Many farmers fail to gain even a poor living, simply because they have no real enthusiasm for their occupation. The farmer who wishes to succeed must not be content to raise the same varieties of vegetables that his grandfather raised and in the same way. He must not be content with only fair crops. He must seek to cut the most hay, produce the best fruit, keep the finest stock. He must use not only modern tools, but scientific methods.

The teachers who did the most for us in our schooldays were those men or women who were enthusiasts in their profession; enthusiasts not only in the special lines of study they taught, but enthusiasts in their love for youth.

To enthusiasm the world owes its great discoveries and inventions. Columbus was an enthusiast, Edison is an enthusiast.

1603. Enthusiasm, Reasonable. A certain fashionable family, whose residence was near a church whose members worshipped God with great enthusiasm, drew up a petition to present to the city council stating that the church was a disturber of the peace. Thinking, of course, that a Jew would be quick to sign it, they took it first to him. But he said: "Gentlemen, I cannot sign it. If I believed as do these Christians, that my Messiah had come, I would shout it from every housetop and on every street in this city with all the enthusiasm I could command—and nobody could stop me."—*Onward.*

1604. Enthusiasm Retained. Let us beware of losing our enthusiasms. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.—*PHILLIPS BROOKS.*

1605. Enthusiasm and Sacrifice. Quintin Hogg, the great London philanthropist, put a large fortune into the Polytechnic Institute. He was asked: "How much does it cost to build an institute like yours?" "Only one man's life blood," was the reply.—*DR. ROBERT E. SPEER.*

1606. Enthusiasm and Self-sacrifice. During the battle of Chancellorsville, to hold the advance of Gen. Stonewall Jackson with 25,000 men until Gen. Sickles could get his guns into position, Major Keenan, of the Eighth Pennsylvania, with a few hundred cavalry was ordered forward to engage them. "You must hold them at any cost," said General Sickles. "I will," was his calm, smiling response, although he knew the order was his death warrant. Ten minutes later he was dead and a good part of his regiment lay bleeding around him, but their charge had stayed the Confederate rush and accomplished its purpose, for Pleasanton was ready to sweep the ground with his artillery.

1607. Enthusiasm, Secret of. A man came to three stonemasons cutting stone in a great enclosure. "What are you doing?" he asked the first. "Working for \$5 a day," the stonemason answered. "What are you doing?" the man asked the second. "Trimming this stone—can't you see?" the stonemason replied. The man approached the third stonemason. "What are you doing?" "I am

building a cathedral," said the third stonemason.

And there, you see, is the whole secret of enthusiasm. You cannot buy it at \$5 a day or at any other price. There can be no enthusiasm in merely chipping stone or in doing any other mechanical task. But the man who builds a cathedral—his part of it—is a fellow worker with God, for he is a creator too. If you don't believe it, have a look at the cathedral at Milan, or that at Cologne.

1608. Enthusiasm, Success of. It is said that during the battle of Missionary Ridge one detachment of Union soldiers broke away from the main army, and pushed on and up, through a deadly hail of lead, until they reached the very summit of the mountain, and there, within a few feet of the enemy's fortifications, planted the shining Stars and Stripes.

The greater part of the Union forces was still in the valley below; but when the soldiers saw the old flag flying there, on the top of the mountain, nothing could restrain them.

With a mighty cheer the whole army rushed up the mountain-side like a resistless wave, and in an hour the victory was won.

It was the sight of that old flag in its new place which gave them inspiration and nerved their arms to greater activity. There are too many of us that are half-hearted soldiers, resting quietly in the valley below. We need some enthusiastic soldier of the cross who will plant the flag far in advance, and thus quicken us to more heroic deeds.—*Bible Teacher.*

1609. Enthusiasm, In the Spiritual Realm. In no other realm is enthusiasm so powerful as in the spiritual realm, in no other activity is it so essential to best results as in religious activity. From the time of old when the prophets spake words of fire as they were moved by the Spirit of God, to these latter days of multiplied religious organizations and multiplied lines of Christian work, the great leaders of the church have been men with spiritual enthusiasm. Threats of imprisonment had no power to prevent Peter from preaching Christ; Saul, the zealous persecutor, became Paul, the greatest missionary. Not all the power of the Medici could crush the unquenchable spirit of Savonarola; the stars in Dr. William A. Sunday's heavenly crown are being won by a heart and tongue burning with zeal divine.

We look with awe upon the records left the world by the heroes of the church

and wonder if this gift of spiritual fire was destined to be for them alone. Alas! our hearts tell us true that the gift is for all who will to become Christ's. We are given diversities of talents, but may all have "the same spirit." Nay, we must all have the same spirit if the world is ever to be won for the "Prince of Peace."—*Zion's Watchman*.

1610. Enthusiasm, Value of. Enthusiasm overcomes critics and detractors. The world makes way for the man who believes in his mission. No matter what objections may be raised or how dark the outlook may be, he believes in his power to transform into a reality the vision which he alone sees.

It was enthusiasm which enabled Cyrus W. Field, after thirteen years of effort and defeat, to lay the Atlantic cable. It was enthusiasm, in spite of carping critics, that sped Stephenson's locomotive to its triumphant goal. It was enthusiasm that sent "Fulton's folly" on its successful way up the Hudson, to the dismay and consternation of his croaking detractors.—O. S. MARDEN.

1611. Enthusiasm, Whitefield's. Whitefield had the courage not only to go into the streets, but actually to stand up for hours preaching amid the capers of Merry Andrews, the jest of clowns, the noise of drums and bassoons and the roar of twenty to thirty thousand people at Bartholomew Fair. And stranger still his efforts were successful, for the next day he received a thousand notes from persons who spoke of convictions through which they passed when he was thus preaching.

1612. Enthusiasms, Worthy. What all need is worthy enthusiasms. Nothing can save life but these. Nothing else can keep life interesting. And there is cause for alarm in any life when it is incapable of bringing at least the same ardor to the higher occupations and exercises of its faculties as it shows in the pursuit of the least important objects. It is too bad to let an immortal soul and divine powers of mind and heart be made to wait upon frivolous and sordid masters. To be bringing pleasures ever up higher is far better, to make them nobler, to be finding more and more delight in worthier things, in one's daily work, in his intellectual activity, in his social service, in his spiritual privileges of prayer and worship, to make these higher delights overshadow and wear out the lower, that is a worthy ambition for a man to follow. The highest enthusiasm

is that which springs from a hearty love for the best in man, for God and his cause, for the Church and its privileges and duties.—*Intelligencer*.

1613. Environment, Equipped for. I have read of herrings, that they will swim through the ocean for a week without weariness. Did you ever see how beautifully a fish swims? And when God creates a thing for a purpose, depend upon it, he never makes a bungle of it. Is God going to make a bungle of you or of me, and yet equip a fish to fulfill its function in life? You cannot think so. God is going to qualify us by his grace that we shall be enabled to live and serve him in our environment, whatever that may be, to his glory.—DR. H. MONTGOMERY.

1614. Envy. See Sin.

1615. Envy. There are all shades of envy from a pious wish to green-eyed jealousy. It is said that years ago the Duchess of Argyle wrote to a number of people in high positions in life and asked them whom they envied. The Czarina of Russia wrote this: "I sincerely envy every man who is not loaded down with the cares of a great empire, and who has not to weep for the woes of a people." Envy in this sense is quite harmless. It is merely a wish.

But envy may be an active and malicious passion. The poor man who sees rich men driving in automobiles, and enjoying leisure and comfort, may envy them and grow bitter. We may see others happy, and, merely because we are sad, we may wish to spoil their happiness; or we may see others prosperous, and, because success has not come to us, we may wish to see them fail. Envy is utterly self-centered, and it shrivels up the soul.

1616. Envy. "Tell me," said the willow to the thorn, "why art thou so covetous of the clothes of those who pass by? Of what use can they be to thee?" "None whatever," replied the envious thorn; "I have no desire to take them: I only want to tear them." How many thorns there are in the living world!

1617. Envy. There are some insects that insert their eggs into the bodies of others, and at first the insertion seems to be comparatively harmless. But the inserted life begins to develop, and to feed upon the body in which it dwells, and matures and strengthens itself by the entire destruction of the other. And so is envy somehow or other introduced into our

spirits, and may at first appear nothing very harmful. But it begins to develop and mature, until it has devoured the whole of our spiritual life.

1618. Envy, Blind. Envy is blind, and has no other quality but that of detracting from virtue.

1619. Envy Lurks. Envy lurks at the bottom of the human heart, like a viper in its hole.

1620. Envy Tarnishes. Newton found that a star, examined through a glass tarnished by smoke, was diminished into a speck of light. But no smoke ever breathed so thick a mist as envy or detraction.—WILLMOTT.

1621. Envy is Suicidal. Says a writer in the *Sunday School Times*: I remember reading somewhere in a Grecian story of a man who killed himself through envy. His fellow-citizens had reared a statue to one of their number who was a celebrated victor in the public games. So strong was the feeling of envy which this incited in the breast of one of the hero's rivals that he went forth every night in order, if possible, to destroy that monument. After repeated efforts he moved it from its pedestal, and it fell, and in its fall it crushed him. An unintentional symbolic act of his, showing the suicidal action of envy in the soul.

1622. Epiphany. See also **Missions.**

1623. Epiphany. The Bartholdi Statue represents Liberty enlightening the world. It is the gospel which enlightens the world, and, placed on the church for a pedestal, holds up Jesus to let all on the stormy sea of life see the light of the world and safely reach the desired haven.—PELOUBET.

1624. Equality. "As I stood upon a high mountain, and gazed upon the city below in the plain I noticed that streets, alleys, palaces and hovels looked pretty much alike. Elevation does away with physical and spiritual distinctions in the Christian life. Then there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond or free, male or female, black or white or yellow—all are men and brothers and need the same Saviour."

1625. Equality of Men and Women. The woman's cause is man's. They rise or sink together; dwarfed or godlike, bond or free; if she be small, slight-natured, miserable, how shall men grow?—TENNYSON.

1626. Equality Taught. We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the

pursuit of happiness—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

1627. Essentials and Non-essentials.

A class in art was receiving instructions in painting from nature. Criticizing the work of one of the pupils the teacher said: "If you spend so much time painting the shingles on yonder unimportant barn you will not be able to portray the glories of the gorgeous, fast-disappearing sunset." Much of our time is very often devoted to trifles at the expense of the really great things. Every task that is worth while has a dominant element that challenges our best efforts. He is a genius who early discovers it.

1628. Eternal Things Important. Above the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses and underneath is the legend, "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over the other is sculptured a cross, with the words, "All that which troubles is but for a moment." But over the great central entrance to the main aisle is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."—*Christian Age*.

1629. Eternity Defined. "What is eternity?" was a question once asked at the deaf and dumb institution at Paris, and the beautiful and striking answer was given by one of the pupils, "The lifetime of the Almighty."—JOHN BATE.

1630. Eternity Important. A profligate young man, as an aged hermit passed by him barefoot, called out after him, "Father, what a miserable condition you are in if there be not another world after this!" "True, my son," replied the anchorite; "but what will thine be if there be?"

1631. Eternity Intimated.

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an
hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

—ADDISON.

1632. Eternity Suggested. This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas.—MOORE.

1633. Eternity, Unprepared for. Said the old college professor: "Well, your college course is finished." "Yes," said the young man, "I graduate to-day." "And then?" "Oh, I shall take up my profession, marry a fine woman, make a fortune, succeed in the world!" "And then?" "Then I shall retire, travel, see the world, take life easy." "And then?" "Well, old age will come but I hope to enjoy that, too." "And then?" "Well,

then I shall have to die, I suppose; all men do." "And then?" But the young man had no answer for that question.

1634. Eternity, Working for. A great painter was once observed carefully re-touching a certain painting of his. He would add a touch here and there. He would cover with other color. He would darken this or brighten that. Some one asked why he did so. He replied, "I am painting for eternity." We are living and working for eternity, and it behooves us to make the best of everything that the result may be all that God would desire.

1635. Evangelism. See **Decision Day.**

See Revivals.

1636. Evangelism. There are churches and ministers that dislike to make an evangelistic effort because they have witnessed endeavors that were carried on in a manner that has prejudiced them against all evangelists. But why should this be? It was Christ the Lord who said, "Ye must be born again," and we should despise no effort that tends to bring about this great end—regenerated men.

Some of the greatest musical compositions have been rendered on a hand-organ that skipped every third note. Or you have even heard them attempted on a harmonica or a jew's-harp. But that did not permanently turn you against the great "Creation." You just longed to hear it presented by some worthy orchestra where a score or two score instruments, under some master hand, brought out the melody and harmony of the composer's soul.

Why should the peculiar preaching methods of one evangelist, or the strange antics of another, or the crude statements of a third, turn you from the path of presentation of the great heart-truth of conversion. Let every pastor and every Christian go forth to tell men that Christ's dictum is, "Ye must be born again."—*The Expositor*.

1637. Evangelists, Necessary. I believe, personally, that revivalists are necessary, and those whom I have met have been just as honest and quite as effective as their critics.

So far as I can weigh evidence, Billy Sunday seems the most effective of that class to-day.

I know one man who spent most of his three-score years and ten doing no good whatever in the world, who has become a very live wire for righteousness since he came across Billy Sunday, and there

are said to be thousands like him.—WILFRED T. GRENFELL, M.D.

1638. Evil. If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.—SAVONAROLA.

1639. Evil Defined. The truest definition of evil is that which represents it as something contrary to nature; evil is evil because it is unnatural; a vine which should bear olive-berries, an eye to which blue seems yellow, would be diseased; an unnatural mother, an unnatural son, an unnatural act, are the strongest terms of condemnation.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

1640. Evil, Glamor of. We may easily be deceived by the glamor with which evil is frequently invested. Imagination, passion, fashion, often wonderfully transform and glorify forbidden things. In South America and elsewhere are mountain ranges distinguished by extraordinary coloring. If an immense quantity of scarlet, vermilion and yellow ochre paint were made to gush over the rocks, it could not produce a more brilliant depth of coloring than nature has spontaneously created. They are known as "The Painted Rocks," because they are decorated by reds, purples, greens and yellows in marvelous mixtures. But these mountains have nothing but their brilliant coloration. Scarcely a lichen or moss grows on their surface, and the precious metals are never found in them. This curious aspect of nature is exactly representative of many of the evil things, places and practices which abound in human society and life; they are seductive to the imagination, whilst utterly worthless and disappointing. Carmel with its flowers, Lebanon with its cedars, or Hermon with its snows, is gloomy and disappointing compared with the gaudy hues of the glowing slopes up which the devil lures his victims. "The dark mountains" of obvious and cruel evil are less dangerous than these mounts of Satanic transfiguration.—W. L. WATKINSON.

1641. Evil, Not Resisted. At a missionary conference Bishop Ridley gave this experience: A band of the boldest pirates of the Caledonian coasts came one night on a band of Christian Indians engaged in a prayer service. The heathen tore up the Bibles, and because the Christians would not promise to cease praying, they began to break up the church, and finally set fire to the building. One young man of the Christians said: "Shall we not fight for the house of God?" But a senior Christian an-

swered, "No, Jesus never fought; he died. We will die rather than fight." This was the beginning of the conversion of the pirates. At a later day, as a site was being measured for a new church house, a man said to the Bishop, holding a tape-line the while: "Bishop, do you know that this hand set fire to the old church? It did, and from that night until I heard the preacher say that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin, I never had peace in my heart."—MISS A. M. SHUMAKER.

1642. Evil Oversteps Itself. A Burmese potter, says the legend, became envious of the prosperity of a washerman, and, to ruin him, induced the king to order him to wash one of his black elephants white, that he might be lord of the white elephant. The washerman replied that, by the rules of his art, he must have a vessel large enough to wash him in. The king ordered the potter to make such a vessel. When made, it was crushed by the first step of the elephant in it. Many trials failed; and the potter was ruined by the very scheme he had intended should crush his enemy.

That is the way with wicked men, and it is the way even with Satan himself. He thought that he had set a splendid trap when he tempted Judas to betray his Master. But on the third day he found that he was the victim and not the victor.

1643. Evil, Power of. When Typhon was overthrown, Jupiter was obliged to lay the whole island of Sicily upon him to keep him down. Briareus had fifty heads and a hundred hands. According to the ancient poets he is imprisoned under Mount Etna, and whenever he tries to move he causes terrible eruptions of the volcano. Evil is not easily suppressed.

1644. Evil, Strength of. In a gun-factory a great bar of steel, weighing five hundred pounds and eight feet in length, was suspended vertically by a very delicate chain. Near by a common bottle-cork was suspended by a silk thread. The purpose was to show that the cork could set the steel bar in motion. It seemed impossible. The cork was swung gently against the steel bar, and the steel bar remained motionless. But it was done again and again and again for ten minutes, and lo! at the end of that time the bar gave evidence of feeling uncomfortable; a sort of nervous chill ran over it. Ten minutes later, and the chill was followed by vibrations. At the end

of half an hour the great bar was swinging like the pendulum of a clock. No man is mighty enough, in his own energy of will, to feel secure, if he is exposed to a constantly repeated influence for evil.

1645. Evil, Supernatural. "You can not explain the wickedness of the world as merely human. It is human, plus something; and that is why non-Christian religions are successful. They are supernatural—from beneath." This, indeed, is a true saying. Eliminate Satan from the non-Christian religions and they would be so powerless that we should have nothing to fear from them. It is the satanic presence and power in them which makes them grip and hold the hearts of men, and which makes them almost invincible. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood—but against principalities, against powers." Hence, there is but one religion that can conquer; that one which is supernatural—from above. And this religion is the Gospel which has been committed unto us, and which God has commanded to be preached to the ends of the earth.—SAMUEL M. ZWEMER, D.D.

1646. Exaggeration. Exaggeration is a blood relation to falsehood and nearly as blamable.—HOSEA BALLOU.

1647. Example. See Influence. See Witness Bearing.

1648. Example. Example is more forcible than precept. People look at me six days in the week to see what I mean on the seventh.—REV. R. CECIL.

1649 Example, Christian. The Rev J. Wilbur Chapman tells the following: "I rode along a country road with my little boy some time ago. I found that he was speaking to my friends just as I spoke to them. One man called my attention to it, and said, 'It is amusing, isn't it?' To me it was anything but amusing. If my boy is to speak as I speak, walk as I walk, then God help me to walk as a Christian."

1650. Example, A Boy's. Just ahead of me on the train I saw a gray-haired mother seated by her son, a manly cadet, evidently just from school. I noticed him put his arm about her and lovingly lean his head on her bosom. Business men were talking of markets around us. My companion, a musician, had been talking of Mendelssohn—but the boy was patting his mother's face, and she was the picture of happiness. Ah, my boy, you have made one heart tender for the day and I thank you. My musical friend has

promised to write a symphony about the boy on the train—so prolific in suggestion is love. The boy's example lifted other lives out of the sordid, onto a higher plane.—WARBURTON.

1651. Example, Following. A writer in *The Youth's Companion* tells this suggestive story, showing the influence of example.

Joe came home with his clothes, and even his little curls, all wringing wet.

"Just knew the ice was not strong enough!" he grumbled.

"Then why did you slide?" asked auntie.

"'Cause all the other boys did," said Joe; "so I had to, or they'd laugh."

His aunt gave him dry clothes, set him down behind the stove, and made him drink hot ginger tea. Then she told him a story.

"When I was a little girl, Joe, my father had a great flock of sheep. They were queer things; where one went all the rest followed. One day the big ram found a gap in the fence, and he thought it would be fun to see what was in the other field. So he jumped, without looking where he was going, and down he tumbled to the bottom of an old dry well where father used to throw stones and rubbish. The next sheep never stopped to see what had become of him, but jumped right after, and the next and the next. Although father tried to drive them back, and Watch, the old sheep-dog, barked his very loudest, they just kept on jumping till the well was full. Then father had to pull them out as fast as he could; and the sheep at the bottom of the well were almost smothered to death."

"My! What silly fellows!" exclaimed Joe.

Then he looked up at his aunt and laughed.

1652. Example, Good. Nouschirvan, a Persian king, had been hunting. Desiring to eat some of the venison, he sent attendants to a neighboring village to procure salt. They took it without paying for it. The king ordered them to return and pay for it. Turning to his attendants, he said: "This is a small matter in itself, but a great one as it regards me. A king ought ever to be just because he is an example to his subjects."

1653. Example, Influence of. An infidel once owned a sawmill which stood by the highway along which a Christian congregation passed every Sabbath to church. The mill was running every day

in the week, Sundays not excepted. But it was noticed that for a few minutes before and after every church service the mill was silent. Close observers discovered that this interval of silence occurred only when a certain deacon of the church was passing the mill. When questioned in regard to this discriminating mark of respect, the infidel said, "The deacon professes just what the rest of you do; but he lives also such a life that it makes me feel bad here (putting his hand upon his heart) to run my mill when he is passing."

1654. Example, Influence of. The following, given by Sir Harry Lauder at the Hotel Cecil, might have been spoken from the pulpit:

"I was sitting in the gloamin', an' a man passed the window. He was the lamplighter. He pushed his pole into the lamp and lighted it. Then he went to another and another. Now I couldn't see him. But I knew where he was by the lights as they broke out doon the street, until he had left a beautiful avenue of light.

"Ye're a' lamplighters. They'll know where ye've been by the lights. Ye'll want your son to be a noble man. Let him say wi' pride when you've passed on: 'Ma faither lit that lamp.'"—*London S. S. Chronicle*.

1655. Example, Influence of. A Chinaman came to a missionary to ask for baptism. When asked where he had heard the gospel, he answered that he had never heard it, but had seen it. He then told of a poor man at Ningpo who had once been a confirmed opium-smoker and a man of violent temper. The man had learned about the Christian religion, and his whole life was altered. He gave up the opium and became loving and amiable. "Oh," said the candidate for baptism, "I have not heard the gospel, but I have seen it." Example—how important the following and the setting of good example.—H.

1656. Example, Influence of. I have read of a lighthouse in the Hebrides, the light of which is merely a reflection by specially adjusted prisms of the light of another lighthouse five hundred feet away. Example, the character that truly reflects Christ is one of the mightiest forces for God in the world. Example is a very powerful influence in the world. "I too can be a painter," exclaimed Raphael as he gazed on a famous painting. Example stimulates, and especially to emulation. "What India most needs,"

said Dr. John Henry Barrows, when he returned from delivering the Haskell lectures, "is not Christianity, but Christians." The natives are saying: "These Christian missionaries and converts are better, gentler, more honest and truthful, more self-sacrificing as well as more purposeful and strenuous, and live in all things on a higher level than we do."—H.

1657. Example, Parental. Shortly before Quentin Roosevelt paid the supreme sacrifice, one was commending him for his bravery, and the good work he was doing for the cause. Young Roosevelt replied: "It is up to us boys to practice what father preaches."

1658. Example Working by Contraries. It is a fact that example works by contraries sometimes. I have read of a maid who had been brought up by an aunt who was noted for her untidiness, laziness, untruthfulness and dishonesty. People who employed the girl were agreeably surprised to find her in no way like the older woman. "How does it happen that you are so different from your aunt, after living with her so many years," some one asked her. "Well, you see," she answered thoughtfully, "I suppose it was on account of her good example." "Her good example!"—and her questioner stopped in sheer astonishment. "Yes," the girl replied. "You see, it was this way. As I grew up, and saw her doing something that I thought wasn't right, I'd say to myself: 'Well, now, there is a good example for you. Don't you ever do such a thing as that.'"
—H.

1659. Excuse, A Beautiful. One of the women belonging to the mothers' club at the settlement house came to excuse herself from the meeting with her face swollen and highly discolored. She was hiding it with a shawl, and she explained earnestly: "He wouldn't have done it for anything, not for a hundred dollars. But he wasn't himself, and I said something that crossed him. Then he done it, but he's sorry. I black awful easy, anyway."
—*Everybody's Magazine*.

1660. Excuse, Her. A lady came to her pastor bearing complimentary tickets and inviting him and his family to attend with her a course of lectures on mental healing. She told how much she had been benefited by a similar course given a short time before by the same speaker. Her health had been greatly improved, she was stronger and better in every way. "I would be glad to attend," replied the

pastor, "but you know our church—your church—is just now engaged in revival meetings. I have not seen you there yet. Will you not come and help in the good work?" "Why, pastor, you know how deeply I am interested in the work of the church. But really my health has been so very poor that I have not felt able to attend."—REV. W. B. HUTCHINSON.

1661. Excuses, Making Foolish. In Massachusetts a man was fined five dollars on account of intoxication. Lacking funds, he was sentenced to jail for five days, but appealed. Being a stranger in town, he found no one to go bail, and finding he would have to stay in jail longer than five days before his appeal could be heard, he decided to accept the original sentence and withdrew his appeal. But the appeal had involved new court charges, with the alternative of twenty days in jail instead of the five that would originally have satisfied the court. It is only when men, without attempting to make excuses, acknowledge their guilt and God's justice in punishing them that they can receive pardon and peace.

1662. Exiled, Needlessly. About a year ago a young man in the state of Michigan, finding himself several hundred dollars short in his account, suddenly disappeared and all effort to trace him proved unavailable. His shortage was made good by his parents and he would not have been prosecuted had he returned home. Ignorant of this, however, he remained an exile out in Colorado, where his death revealed his identity.

What a picture this is of the spiritual lives of millions whom sin has driven into darkness and exile. Yet the fact is that the Saviour has paid their great debt and waits to welcome with great joy the prodigal. Strange, is it not, that men should die in sin when they learn of such infinite love?

1663. Extremity, Man's. "We've just got to Wits' End Corner, Lord, but You are standing there," said a woman in a prayer during a time of great anxiety. Often are we at Wits' End Corner, as we are planning for our work; but our God is one of resources, and we shall find him standing there if our faith is sufficient.

1664. Experience. Experience is the extract of suffering.—ARTHUR HELPS.

1665. Experience, Christian. A gentleman passing along a city common one

day saw a blind boy flying a kite. Laying his hand upon his shoulder as the boy turned his sightless eyes up, the gentleman said: "My son, why do you fly the kite when you cannot see?" "Oh," said the little fellow, with his sightless eyes flashing, "I like to feel the tug up, sir," and it is this "tug up" that Christians in all ages of the church have felt and that has caused them to rejoice when others have done nothing but sigh and moan.

1666. Experience, The Evidence of. A doctor was discussing religion with a minister. "I cannot understand that a man like you still believes such fables," said he. The minister replied: "Supposing you had learned of a remedy that consistently cures a certain sickness. Supposing this remedy had not only cured hundreds of your patients, but you as well. Would you not have confidence in this remedy?" The doctor said: "Certainly!" Then the minister continued: "It is just so with my faith; it rests upon experience. Others may speak of fables, but I *know* what faith has done for me and thousands of others. Formerly my heart was full of unrest. I did not know why I was in the world. I had no answer for the most important of questions. Then Christ came into my life and since then I am a new creature. Now I have peace, comfort and all else that I need." Such an experience is the most conclusive answer to all the doubts of infidelity.

1667. Experience Qualifies. The uses which even past crimes may fulfill in God's world are shown in an anecdote told of the work of John Wesley among the Cornish miners. One of his converts, an old man whose life had been exceptionally base and vicious, after a year of sober, honest effort, came to Wesley, and said in the broad dialect of the coast, "I'd like to help my neighbors as I've been helped; but I can't do it." "Why not?" "I can't read or write." "You know the story of Christ; you can tell it to them." "I don't speak English, only Cornish." "So do they." The miner hesitated, then took a step nearer. "Sir, I've been a drunkard and a thief in my time." Wesley was silent. The old man's voice failed for a moment. Then he said hoarsely, "There's blood on my hands. I killed a man once." "Why, you are just the man I want!" exclaimed the preacher; "you know better than any of us how great is God's forbearance and mercy. You have been deeper in the pit

than your comrades, and you can show them how to escape from it. Go and do it." The miner worked humbly and faithfully among his fellows, and became an earnest helper of the Methodist gospellers on the coast.

1668. Experience, Value of. In his autobiography, S. S. McClure says he asked Stevenson how he knew so well the feeling of extreme fatigue which he describes in his hero in "Kidnapped." He laughed and said he had been through all that himself. Experience—that is what makes great books. It is the life of men in relation to God that makes the psalms and many other parts of the Bible so vital to-day. Jesus said, "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen." I know a minister of very ordinary scholarly attainments whose experience of the things of God is so real and vital that it carries many a sermon to a successful issue.

1669. Experience, The Wisdom of. "I don't like the idea of your going about preaching," said the squire to a Cornish miller who was a Methodist local preacher. "You must know you are very ignorant. I want you to consider whether a man ought, with so few advantages as you have, to take upon himself the responsibility to teach others. Suppose you make a mistake." "Sir, I've thought of that. I do pray God every day to guide me with his Holy Spirit." The squire explained that university training was necessary for preachers who would guide others. "Squire," said the miller, looking at the wall, "is that the map of your estate?" The squire assented. "I s'pose you do know that map perty well, don't 'ee? Every road, and every pathway, and every waterway?" "Yes, yes." "Well, squire, do you remember the other day you was down to the mill, and you asked my li'l Mary to show you the pathway through the woods? I have been thinkin' 'tis like this 'ere. You knowed that road 'pon the map. If you asked li'l Mary what 'a was called—'pon the map, mind, she wouldn't 'ave been able t' tell you. But li'l Mary showed you the way up through the woods. You knowed the way 'pon the map, but li'l Mary knowed the way by walkin' in it; and if I don't know the way 'pon the map as well as some people, bless the Lord, I do know the way to heaven by walkin' in it."—MARK GUY PEARSE.

1670. Extremity, Deliverance in. Latona was driven from heaven by the jealousy of Juno. Terra (the earth) had

promised Juno to give no shelter to Latona. The island of Delos, which formerly floated in the sea, was at that time hidden under the water. Neptune, pitying Latona, caused the island to emerge from the sea. It became immovable and Latona lived there. Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

1671. Eyes, Opened. There is a game in which a small object like a thimble or a coin is placed in a room in plain sight, but in such an unusual position that one must hunt a long time to find it. It is remarkable how blind most of us can be under such circumstances, but is not this the way in which many of the good things of the world are hidden? It is not only knowledge that is concealed in plain sight; it is joy and blessedness as well. Lowell's poem of Sir Launfal tells us of the knight who passed by the beggar at his door to hunt over the world for the Holy Grail, and did not find it until he returned home and, now humble in spirit, shared his own cup with the beggar whom before he had spurned. There at his own door he received the blessing he had coveted and searched the world over to obtain. For most of us the greatest blessing of our lives is close at hand, hidden only by our blindness. Many times a day do we need to pray, "Lord, open thou mine eyes."—ROBERT SPAULDING.

1672. Face. "The countenance is the portrait of the soul."

1672a. Face, A Good. A good face is the best letter of recommendation.—QUEEN ELIZARETH.

1673. Face, The Shining. Years ago, when the great missionary, Adoniram Judson, was home on furlough, he passed through Stonington, Connecticut. In those days the Stonington Line was the principal route between New England and New York, and the boys of the town often played about the wharves in the evening in the hope of catching a glimpse of some famous man. Two trains connected with the boat—an accommodation and an express.

One evening, when the accommodation came in, one of the boys noticed a man whose appearance excited his curiosity and wonder. Never before had he seen such a light on any human face. Presently it dawned on him that the man was the famous missionary whose picture he had once seen. He ran up the street to the Baptist minister's, to ask if it could really be he. The minister hurried back with him. Yes, the boy was right. But

the minister, absorbed in conversation with the missionary, forgot all about the boy who had brought him the news. The boy, silent, eager, unable to tear himself away, stood by and watched that wonderful face.

Many years afterward, that boy, Henry Clay Trumbull, became a famous minister himself, and wrote a book of memories in which was a chapter entitled, "What a boy saw in the face of Adoniram Judson." Now Doctor Trumbull, too, has passed into the presence of the Master whom he served, but the light in the missionary's face still shines down the years. Friends to whom Doctor Trumbull told the story tell it to others, and the printed pages—who can tell to how many lives they have carried their message?

Christians of the shining face—how men and women in doubt, in temptation, in sorrow, search for them; and if they are fortunate enough to find one of them, how they are strengthened and helped!

The shining face is no mystery. Centuries ago the Psalmist knew the secret, and wrote, "They looked to him and were radiant." It comes to those whose faces are always turned toward Him, as a flower turns toward the light. It was said at the time of the Boxer Rebellion that Chinese Christians could not be disguised—the light in their faces betrayed them. The pity of it, that every Christian may not be known by the shining of his face!

1674. Face, with Story. A face that had a story to tell. How different faces are in this particular! Some of them speak not. They are books in which not a line is written, save perhaps a date.—LONGFELLOW.

1675. Face, The Witnessing. The human face speaks eloquently or pathetically of our character and our conduct. It has been said that the face is a mask which reveals more than it conceals of the true character within. Goethe once said: "On some faces there is only a date; on others a history." Of the Christian it should be said that on the face is written the evidence of God's love and the proof of his power to save. Cheerfulness, joy and peace should manifest themselves in the faces of those who are redeemed through his precious blood.—*The Christian Observer.*

1676. Faces, Beautiful. True beauty is in the mind; and the expression of the features depends more upon the moral

nature than most persons are accustomed to think.—FREDERIC SAUNDERS.

1677. Failure and Success. A boy had been trying all day to make a small boat. He failed and went to bed discouraged. Then his father took up the work, and in the morning the boy found the boat completed. Thus we can go to God with our failures, and if we are willing to obey him he will turn them into success.

1678. Faith. See Trust.

1679. Faith. The war has had curious effects on many people. Not the least interesting is found in the will of an old lady who died recently at Marseilles. She directs by her will that, should she die before victory is secured, her body is to be placed provisionally in a vault, and to be interred ultimately in the field on which France's final battle of victory is fought. Her entire fortune she has left to the town that shall give its name to the successful combat. She at least had no doubt of the victory of her country.

The story calls to mind the old incident during Hannibal's siege of Rome. Some man in the city gave courage to the defense by purchasing for a large sum the plot of ground outside the walls on which the tent of the invading general stood. He also had faith and hope.

1680. Faith. "I don't know what's in the future," said a Salvation Army lassie, "but I know the Lord is in the future, and I know I am in the Lord."—*Record of Christian Work.*

1681. Faith. Faith is the force of life.—TOLSTOI.

1682. Faith. A traveler in southeastern France was told to climb a certain hill and he could see the Alps, several miles away. He looked and looked, but could see nothing but the mists rising from the plains below. They commanded him, "Look higher," and then there towered within his delighted vision the snow-white peaks. Soul, lift thine eyes unto the hills, and there beyond the hills behold the helping, redeeming God.

1683. Faith, an Act. When conducting a Gospel mission in a barn in Gloucestershire, at the close of a service a woman who was anxious about her eternal welfare told me that she could not believe on Christ. I knew her name, so I said, "Mrs. Franklin, how long have you been Mrs. Franklin?" "Why," she replied, "ever since I married Mr. Franklin." "And how did you become Mrs. Franklin?" "Why, when the minister said, 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy

wedded husband?'" "You said," I interrupted, "I'll see, or I hope so?" "No," she replied, "I said, 'I will.'" "Mrs. Franklin, God is saying to you, Will you take my Son as your Saviour?" "My," she exclaimed, "is that all! is that all! What a fool I have been not to do it before. Yes, I will. I do take Jesus to be my personal Saviour." Faith is the act of will in receiving Christ.—*The Christian.*

1684. Faith Appropriates. Faith does not first ask what the bread is made of, but eats it. It does not analyze the components of the living stream, but with joy draws water from the "wells of salvation."—J. R. MACDUFF.

1685. Faith, Appropriating. If you saw a letter directed to yourself, would you not open it? I should think so. The other day a poor woman had a little help sent to her by a friend, in a letter. She was in great distress, and she went to that very friend begging for a few shillings. "Why," said the other, "I sent you money, yesterday, by an order in a letter!" "Dear, dear," said the poor woman, "that must be the letter I put behind the looking glass." Just so; and there are lots of people who put God's letters behind the looking glass, and fail to make use of the promise which is meant for them.

1686. Faith, A Bridge Across. Are we not daily, all through life's journey, trusting ourselves to bridges whose supporting piers are away down beneath the water, believing in their strength without doubt, neither wondering nor complaining when by chance one of them trembles or swerves a hair's breadth in the storm? We walk the bridge of life. Can we not trust its safety on the resting places of God's wisdom that are hid from us in the depths of the two eternities?

1687. Faith, a Channel. Faith is the channel or aqueduct, and not the fountain head, and we must not look so much to it as to exalt it above the divine source of all blessing which lies in the grace of God. Never make a Christ out of your faith, nor think of it as if it were the independent source of your salvation. Our life is found in "looking unto Jesus," not in looking to our own faith. By faith all things become possible to us; yet the power is not in the faith, but in the God upon whom faith relies.—C. H. SPURGEON.

1688. Faith of Children. A Japanese police officer had two little daughters who were very timid. One evening he

wished to have a message delivered at a house a quarter of a mile away. He could not leave to deliver it himself, and was much disturbed when he found that there was nobody to carry it. He was greatly surprised when, learning of his difficulty, his own timid little girls offered to take it. Thinking it would do them good to conquer their timidity, he allowed them to go. They set off fearlessly, hand in hand, and when they returned their father looked at them curiously, and asked: "Were you not afraid?" "Oh, no," they replied. "At the mission school the teacher said that God would take care of us wherever we went. We went upstairs and asked him not to let any one hurt us, and then we just trusted him, and there was nothing to be afraid of." The father decided that a religion that could make his little girls so brave was worth knowing about, and, as a result of his inquiries, he became an earnest Christian.—*The Sunday Circle*.

1689. Faith, A Clinging. Sometimes faith is little more than a simple clinging to Christ: a sense of dependence, and a willingness so to depend. When you are down at the seaside, as we might all of us wish to be, you will see the limpet sticking to the rock; you walk with a soft tread up to the rock with your walking stick and strike the limpet with a rapid blow, and off he comes. Try the next limpet in the way. You have given him warning; he heard the blow with which you struck his neighbor, and he clings with all his might. You will never get him off. Strike, and strike again, but you may as soon break the rock. Our little friend, the limpet, does not know much, but he clings. He cannot tell us much about what he is clinging to, he is not acquainted with the geological formation of the rock, but he clings. He has found something to cling to, that is his little bit of knowledge, and he uses it by clinging to the rock of his salvation; it is the limpet's life to cling. Thousands of God's people have no more faith than this; they know enough to cling to Jesus with all their heart and soul and this suffices. Jesus Christ is to them a Saviour strong and mighty, and like a rock immovable and immutable they cleave to him.—C. H. SPURGEON.

1690. Faith, The Confidence of. A poet and an artist once examined a painting by Poussin representing the healing of the two blind men of Jericho. The artist asked: "What seems to you the

most remarkable thing in this painting?" The poet said: "Everything in the painting is excellently given, the form of Christ, the grouping of the individuals, the expression in the faces of the leading characters, etc." The artist seemed to find the most significant touch elsewhere. He said to his friend, pointing to the steps of a house in the corner of the picture: "Do you see that discarded cane lying there?" "Yes, but what does that signify?" "Why, my friend, on those steps the blind man sat with the cane in his hand, but when he heard Christ come he was so sure that he would be healed that he let his cane lie there, since he would need it no more, and hastened to the Lord as if he could already see. Is not that a wonderful conception of the confidence of faith?"

He was right. For too often we hold on to canes and crutches and other means of self-help instead of going to the Saviour, the Helper Divine!

1691. Faith, A Coupling. Faith is like the coupling which attaches the car to the engine. All the power and speed and momentum that belongs to the locomotive now become transmitted to the car. The coupling is simply the medium of communicating that power. So faith joins the believer to Christ, and makes him partaker of all that Christ has, and is, and does.—*The Traveler's Guide*.

1692. Faith Curing Anxiety. Wesley was walking one day with a troubled man who expressed his doubt of God's goodness. "I don't know what I shall do with all this worry and trouble," he said. At that moment Wesley noticed a cow looking over a stone wall. "Do you know," asked Wesley, "why that cow is looking over that wall?" "No," replied his troubled companion. "I will tell you," said Wesley—"because she cannot see through it. That is what you must do with your wall of trouble—look over it and above it." Faith enables us to look over and above every trouble, to God, who is our help.—*Sunday Circle*.

1693. Faith, Daring. An observation balloon over the lines of the Allies was suddenly attacked by a German airplane firing "tracer bullets," which, if they pierced the balloon, would set it on fire. Watching from beneath we saw two black shapes drop like stones out of the car. They were observers. For two or three awful moments it looked as if they would be dashed to pieces. Suddenly a white cloud opened above their heads, and their fall stopped. It was their para-

chute, a frail thing of fine silk, but they cast their weight on it, the air filled it, and it sustained them. They floated gently and safely to the ground. I said to one of the officers, "Isn't it rather awful, wondering if your parachute will open and hold you up?" "Not a bit," he replied, "it always works; you know it will." So faith is trusting yourself to God as completely as the observer trusts himself to the parachute. The parachute might fail. God cannot.

1694. Faith Defined. Faith in Jesus Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive and rest upon him alone for salvation, as he is offered to us in the gospel.—*Westminster Catechism*.

1695. Faith Defined. When Dr. Paton was translating the New Testament into an island language, he found great difficulty in finding a native word "believe" and "faith." While at work in his study one day, one of his native teachers came in, hot and tired from a long walk. He threw himself down on a cane chair, and, putting his feet on another, used a word which meant, "I am resting my whole weight here." Instantly Dr. Paton had his word. The natives of that island now know faith to be an act whereby the whole weight of mind and heart is resting on Jesus—*Christian Herald*.

1696. Faith, Definition of.

With reason's eye we seek out God.

And catch sweet glimpses of His face,
But when we can not see, Faith comes

And trusts Him where it can not trace.

1697. Faith, Example of. A gentleman was crossing on the ferry from New York to Brooklyn. The tide was running very high and the boat crashed into the dock. In a moment all was confusion. The gentleman noticed a little girl sitting on the knee of one of the hackmen, who evidently was her father. The little chin began to quiver, the tears started to her eyes, and a cry of fear sprang from her lips. But turning and looking into her father's face, she saw him laughing. Instantly, without having anything explained, the tears dried, the little mouth straightened out, and the cry of fear gave place to a merry laugh. She had faith in her father.

1698. Faith Exalts. Faith is mind at its best, its bravest, and its fiercest. Faith is thought become poetry, and absorbing into itself the soul's great passions. Faith is intellect carried up to its transfigurement.—CHAS. H. PARKHURST, D.D.

1699. Faith, Example of. There was a

little child whose father and mother died, and she was taken into another family. The first night she asked if she could pray as she used to do. "Oh, yes," said they. So she knelt down and prayed as her mother taught her, and when that was ended she added a little prayer of her own: "O God, make these people as kind to me as father and mother were." Then she paused, and looked up, as if expecting her answer, and then added, "Of course you will."—D. L. MOODY.

1700. Faith a Faculty. Faith is the very heroism and enterprise of intellect. Faith is not a passivity, but a faculty. Faith is power, the material of effect. Faith is a kind of winged intellect. The great workmen of history have been men who believed like giants.—CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

1701. Faith and Failure. Dr. A. C. Dixon says that when he was pastor in a church in Boston they needed two thousand dollars to square up the year's accounts. He and his officers resolved to ask God to send the money. They met for prayer, and one of the deacons rose from his knees and said: "Brethren, God has answered our prayers. He will send the money in next Sunday's collections." When Sunday morning came it was the worst Sunday for rain Dr. Dixon had ever known. Half of the congregation would never venture out. It was suggested that they should postpone the collection. "No," replied the praying deacon, "I did not trust the weather; I trusted God." The collection was taken and amounted to twenty-six hundred dollars.

1702. Faith and Failure. "It is just the way you feel," said the man in front of me in the car. "Now some days I know I won't make a strike"—they were evidently talking about bowling—"a strike or even a spare; and I don't. And then again, other days—don't you know?—I can feel it in my bones that I am going to hit 'em just right, and the ball spins right down the center and knocks 'em every time. Why, I can tell before the ball leaves my hand whether it's going right or wrong. It's funny, isn't it? But I can." There was more of it, much more of it, for he was one of the men that say a thing over several times in as many different ways as they can think of; but he didn't say anything else. What he had said, though, was enough to set me thinking. Isn't it true of the great game of life, as it certainly is true of bowling, that the man who feels he is

going to fail generally justifies his feelings; while the man who is confident of success comes out champion? There are exceptions to all rules, but do we always realize how much of the battle is the spirit in which we enter it?

Skill counts; of course it does. No amount of confidence will gain a victory for a wretched bowler against a crack player. But when two are evenly matched, have you any doubt which will win, the one who believes in himself, or the one who distrusts himself?—JAMES KELLEY.

1703. Faith and Failure. I remember so well Hudson Taylor coming to my church the first time I ever saw him. He stepped on the platform and opened his Bible to give an address, and said, "Friends, I will give you the motto of my life," and he turned to Mark 11:22, "Have faith in God." The margin says, "Have the faith of God," but Hudson Taylor said it meant, "Reckon on God's faith to you." "All my life has been so fickle: sometimes I could trust and sometimes I could not; but when I could not trust, then I reckoned that God would be faithful."—REV. F. B. MEYER.

1704. Faith and Fear. A steam packet was crossing a stormy bay when the engine suddenly stopped, and for a few minutes the situation was one of real peril. An old lady rushed up to the captain, and asked anxiously, "Is there any danger?" "Madam," was the uncompromising reply, "we must trust in God." "Oh, sir," wailed the inquirer, "has it come to that?" Many people are willing to trust in everything—except God. They can always see the coming storms, but cannot trust the goodness that sends them.

1705. Faith and Fear. At a Victorious Life Conference Dr. Griffith Thomas quoted the remark of a Salvation Army lassie: "I don't know what is in the future; but I know the Lord is in the future; and I know I am in the Lord."

1706. Faith and Feeling. A man once came to his pastor and said: "I was filled with joy in the service yesterday and now all is gone, and I do not know what to do. It is dark as night." "I am glad," was the reply. He looked at his pastor in astonishment, and said: "What do you mean?" "Yesterday God gave you joy, and to-day he sees you are resting on your emotions instead of on Christ, so he has taken the feelings away in order to turn you to Christ. You have lost your joy, but you have Christ none the

less. Did you ever pass through a tunnel?"

"Yes, often."

"Did you, because it was dark, become melancholy and alarmed?"

"Of course not!"

"And did you after a while come out again into the light?"

"I am out now!" he cried, "it is all right, feelings or no feelings!"

1707. Faith and Feeling. There is an old saying of Samuel Rutherford's: "Believe God's love and power more than you believe your own feelings and experiences. Your Rock is Christ, and it is not the Rock which ebbs and flows, but your sea."

1708. Faith and Feeling. A dear old Christian, on hearing persons speaking of their feelings, used to say, "Feelings! feelings! Don't bother about your feelings. I just stick to the old truth that Christ died for me, and he is my surety right on to eternity, and I'll stick to that like a limpet to the rock."

"Be my feelings what they will, Jesus is my Saviour still."

1709. Faith and Feeling. Ask that man whose debt was paid by his brother, "Do you feel that your debt is paid?" "No," is the reply, "I don't feel that it is paid; I know from this receipt that it is paid, and I feel happy because I know it is paid." So you must believe in God's love to you as revealed at the Cross of Cavalry, and then you will feel happy, because you shall know you are saved.

1710. Faith and Feeling. Christian workers often hear a man or woman say, "But I don't feel any different." General McClellan, when he had been appointed Major-General of the Union Army, wrote to his wife: "I do not feel any different from what I did yesterday. Indeed, I have not yet donned my new uniform. I am sure that I am in command of the army, however, for the President's order to that effect now lies before me." It is exactly the same with us who are "justified by faith." It is not a question of feeling, but of fact.

1711. Faith the Foundation. Man is not firmer than that upon which he rests. It is not the tenacity with which we lay hold of a thing that saves us. A man may lay hold of a floating spar with extraordinary energy. He will not be fixed, but tossed about by every wave. Let him find the rock that is immovable; let him put his feet upon the rock, and he can say: "My heart is fixed" i.e., "I

have found the place that is fixed." A little child standing upon a rock may be fixed, while a strong man clinging to a spar is not fixed.

I read the story a while ago of a sailor who, being shipwrecked, clung to a giant rock until taken off by rescuers in a life boat. One of the rescue party asked, "Did you not shake with fear as you clung to the rock with the waves dashing over you?" "Yes," answered the sailor, "I shook, but the rock didn't."

1712. Faith, The Foundation of. Dean Farrar tells how an English clergyman visited two fine ships about to sail on their voyage of Arctic discovery, into the land of snow and darkness.

He found the brave captain full of confidence, and raising his eyes in the cabin, he saw there as almost its only ornament, an illuminated text which read, "Have Faith in God."

"Ah, there," he said, pointing to the text, "there is the true pole."

1713. Faith, Fulfilled. When Mrs. William Booth, wife of the Salvation Army commander, was dying, in 1890, she called to her bedside the friends and servants of the family. To each one she gave some special message. To her friend Mrs. Dutton she said, "Pray on, Tom will some day be saved. He will sooner or later turn to your God." Tom was a poor prodigal son, a drunken sot, well-known as a barrel-house loafer in St. Louis. On Saturday, November 4, 1905, Tom came into our St. Louis City Mission, and became a Christian. A few days later he brought to the mission a copy of the *War Cry*, published shortly after Mrs. Booth's death, containing the account of her encouragement of his mother and prayer for his conversion.—P. V. JENNESS.

1714. Faith, a Heathen Woman's. "There is no use in our keeping the church open any longer; you may as well give me the key," said a missionary in Madras, as in the course of a journey he passed through a village where once so many of the natives had professed Christianity that a little church had been built for them.

But the converts had fallen away, returning to their idols, and there remained faithful only the one poor woman to whom the missionary was now speaking.

"There is Christian worship in the village, three miles off," he added, noticing her sorrowful look; "any one who wishes can go there."

"Oh, sir," she pleaded most earnestly, "do not take away the key! I at least will still go daily to the church, and sweep it clean, and will keep the lamp in order, and go on praying that God's light may one day visit us again."

So the missionary left the key with her, and presently the time came when he preached in that very church crowded with repentant sinners—the harvest of the God-given faith of that one poor East Indian woman.

1715. Faith Holds Together. Faith is among men what gravity is among planets and suns.—CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

1716. Faith Honored. "Can you do it?" a Korean was asked with reference to some church work. "We ask such questions as 'Can you do it?' about men's work, but not about God's work," was the quiet reply. To believe God strongly, to place the matter for which we pray entirely in his hands and trust him with it, brings a sense of comfort and security and rest that nothing else on earth can give. And God does not fail such faith as that. Sooner or later he honors it.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

1717. Faith in Christ. Faith is the act of trust by which one being, a sinner, commits himself to another being, a Saviour.—HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.

1718. Faith in Christ. Faith in Christ is not an exercise of the understanding merely; it is an affection of the heart. "With the heart man believeth." To those who believe Christ is precious.—DR. GARDNER SPRING.

1719. Faith in Christ. When you have given yourself to Christ, leave yourself there, and go about your work as a child in his household.—C. S. ROBINSON, D.D.

1720. Faith in the Future. When Nebuchadnezzar's army was encamped round about Jerusalem, Jeremiah bought from his cousin land in Anathoth, a little village about two miles from Jerusalem. The deed was witnessed and transferred publicly in token of Jeremiah's belief that, after the destruction of Jerusalem and the exile of the inhabitants, they should return to their land, and houses, and fields, and vineyards again be bought and sold.

History repeats itself. When Hannibal was besieging Rome, the officials of Rome put up at auction some of the land on which the Carthaginian army was encamped, and a patriotic citizen bought it to show his faith in the ultimate triumph of the Roman forces.

A few months ago, in 1918, A.D., an American officer in France found some of his men buying at a cheap rate, some German marks, which the Arab soldiers had found upon the German dead. The officer said to the boys, "Why are you buying those coins? They are not good here." "But, Captain," said the dough-boys, "we are going to Germany." Some weeks later the officer saw these soldiers spending their marks in the shops of the German towns along the Rhine.

Their faith in the future, in the ultimate triumph of righteousness had been justified.

1721. Faith in God. The following is a well-known incident of Cardinal Manning's life. At a time when he was experiencing great depression of soul and a darkening of his faith he had to go into the shop of a well-known book-selling firm for a copy of one of his own books, entitled "Faith in God." As he waited for the book to be sent up from the store-room he heard a man's voice call up from the lift, "Manning's 'Faith in God' all gone." The cardinal, we are told, took the lesson to his own heart.—*Christian Herald*.

1722. Faith in God. In order to have faith you must have faith in something. From the top of Mount Washburn, in the Yellowstone National Park, I saw an eagle holding himself on pinions, motionless, two thousand feet above the surface of the earth. That eagle had dropped like lead could he not have trusted his wings. Faith is not an indefinite and longing feeling amid vacancy. Faith is definite grasp upon that which can float you where otherwise you were helpless and bedraggled. But there must be that definite something which faith can definitely grasp.

1723. Faith, Keep On In. Our weapons may be old-fashioned, our uniforms worn and faded and tattered, our supplies meager, and our numbers small. The world may despise us. It may see nothing in us but the Peasant of Galilee; but the victory is not in what doth appear. Faith is the victory.

Let us have faith. Let us keep unfaltering trust in our Leader. Let us never hold a suspicion against his Word or his power.

I am only one, but I believe. I am awkward with the weapons of war, but I believe. I am often frightened and discouraged, but I believe. I believe in God. I believe in His Son, Jesus Christ. I believe in my great Commander.

"I believe in himself, as the true living One,
Believe in his presence on high on the throne,
Believe in his coming in glory full soon;
I believe, and I keep on believing."
—J. I. VANCE, D.D.

1724. Faith Kept Bright. The other day I saw some pennies that a miser had hidden away. They were corroded almost beyond recognition. From previous knowledge alone could we guess at their inscription. How differently they looked in the shopkeeper's hand from the pennies that were bright with us, worn bright by purchasing many a necessity, or luxury perhaps, as they were added one to another. But the corroded pennies were still the coin of the country. Their face value was not changed by their lack of use. It seemed a picture-story of our faith. Faith is the current coin in the realm of heaven. We can let it corrode in some dark corner, or we can let it come bright with use as we use it in divine traffic with heavenly things.—*Sunday School Times*.

1725. Faith and Knowledge. Faith is the revealer of knowledge: it is the office of reason to defend that knowledge and to preserve it pure. Independent knowledge—the knowledge that comes not through faith—whether it be of things earthly or things heavenly, never can be ours.—*Sunday School Times*.

1726. Faith, Lack of. Let us grasp intelligently the program of God. Here it is, clearly revealed in the Word of God. But, oh, how many of us stop short. We stop him short. It is just as if we went to a wealthy man for a contribution to some piece of work that commended itself to his judgment. We see him take out his checkbook, and he puts down "I" with an "o" against it. We say "Thank you very much." He says, "What are you thanking me for? I am going to put two more 'o's' to it. You are thanking me for ten pounds, when I meant to give you a thousand pounds." We thank our Father for ten pounds, when he wants to give us a thousand pounds; and he wants to make us spiritual millionaires; and he will do so, if we will only enter into his wonderful program of blessing.—REV. J. G. MANTLE.

1727. Faith of Lincoln. In the darkest days of the Civil War, Richard Oglesby, who was thrice elected governor of Illinois, was at one time very much discouraged. When the Union armies

were being steadily driven back, he sent a melancholy letter to the White House, in which he told the President that he thought all was lost. When the letter came, Abraham Lincoln sent this startling telegram to the state capitol at Springfield,—“Dear Dick: Read Exodus 14:13: ‘Fear ye not: stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.’—Abraham Lincoln.”

1728. Faith Looks Up.

“How stupid life is!” said the mole.

“This earth is a dull, dirty hole!

I eat, I dig and I store;

But I find it all a bore!”

The lark sang high in the blue:

“How sweet is the morning dew!

How clear the brooks, how fair the flowers,

I rejoice in this world of ours!”

Which would you be of the two?

I side with the lark—don’t you?

—PRISCILLA LEONARD.

1729. **Faith and Love.** Logically, faith comes first, and love next; but in life they will spring up together in the soul; the interval which separates them is impalpable, and in every act of trust, love is present; and fundamental to every emotion of love to Christ is trust in Christ.—ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

1730. **Faith, Meaning of.** Phillips Brooks’ oft-quoted definition of faith has been most helpful to many. He said, “F-a-i-t-h means, Forsaking All I Take Him.” Is not this the essence of faith? Not an intellectual acceptance of what the Bible says about Jesus, but a receiving of him, and a daring abandonment to him that permits him to save and guide and rule us.—A. W. COOPER.

1731. **Faith Not Disappointed.** “It is one thing to trust God when the flour-barrel is full, when there is money in the bank to fall back on, and when the wages are coming in regularly. It is quite another thing to trust God when the barrel is empty, the money in the bank is gone, and no wages coming in. Under those conditions one is quite apt to find that what was supposed to be faith in God was simply faith in a full flour-barrel. . . . Not long since, my wife called me to the kitchen. ‘I have often heard you say one could put his head into an empty flour-barrel and sing, “Praise God from whom all blessings flow.” Now, here is your chance.’ There was the empty flour-barrel; my pocket was as empty as the flour-barrel; I was

not on a salary, and knew of no money that was coming in. I said, ‘I will put my head in and sing on condition that you will put your head in with me.’ So we put our heads in and sang the long-meter doxology. I will not say what else we did, but we had a good time. . . . Though no person knew of our need, or of the empty barrel, the next day a groceryman called with a barrel of flour for the Gibbuds. Who sent it, or where it came from, we do not know to this day, save that we do know that our heavenly Father knew that we had need of these things.”—*Christian Endeavor World*.

1732. **Faith and Peace.** Years ago when the old trestle bridge was standing at Niagara Falls, trains in crossing it would just barely creep along, as it was so shaky; people sat perfectly quiet with their hearts in their mouths with fear lest it should fall. There used to be an old colored man come aboard just as they started across the bridge distributing tracts, and in a clear voice cry out in the stillness, “If your trust is in the Lord Jesus Christ you have nothing to fear.” And so it will be to the end of life’s chapter for, “He careth for you”—that trust him.

1733. **Faith, Resting on God.** When I visited one day, as he was dying, my beloved friend, Benjamin Parsons, I said, “How are you to-day, sir?” He said: “My head is resting very sweetly on three pillows,—infinite power, infinite love, and infinite wisdom.” Preaching in the Canterbury Hall in Brighton, I mentioned this some time since; and not many months after I was requested to call upon a poor but holy young woman, apparently dying. She said, “I felt I must see you before I die. I heard you tell the story of Benjamin Parsons and his three pillows; and, when I went through a surgical operation, and it was very cruel, I was leaning my head on pillows, and, as they were taking them away, I said, ‘Mayn’t I keep them?’ The surgeon said, ‘No, my dear, we must take them away.’ ‘But,’ said I, ‘you can’t take away Benjamin Parsons’s three pillows. I can lay my head on infinite power, infinite love, and infinite wisdom.’”—REV. E. P. HOOR.

1734. **Faith and Results.** If faith, then new birth; if new birth, then sonship; if sonship, then “an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ.” But if you have not got your foot upon the lowest round of the ladder, you will never come within sight of the blessed face of Him who

stands at the top of it, and who looks down to you at this moment, saying to you, "My child, wilt thou not at this time cry unto me, 'Abba, Father'?"—ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

1735. Faith Rewarded. One cold day in winter I saw a woman sitting on a step selling *The Country Gentleman* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. I was arrested by the lovely expression on her face, though her eyes were apparently gone. After greetings, I said, "Are you able to help yourself much by selling papers?" "Yes, I get along pretty well." I found she was a widow with two children. She said she did her housework the first three days of the week, and sold papers the last three. "And you are blind, and can do all that?" "I am not quite blind. I can see a very little, but if I were, I think I could do my housework. I know the place so well." I said, "Well, well! there certainly are troubles in this world." She said, "But is not that what the Lord said we must expect till he comes again?—'in the world ye shall have tribulation.'" I said, "I knew you were that kind. I saw it in your face before I stopped." "I am glad," she said, "if my face can glorify my Lord." Then we talked of her Baptist church, and of the "blessed hope," till the winter chill was all gone, and that plain little figure with its black woolen head-wrapping, seemed transfigured. "Well done, good and faithful mother! enter thou."—MRS. S. H. KELLOGG.

1736. Faith Saves. During a revival in a factory town a foreman in a factory was awakened, but could not find peace. His boss, a true follower of Christ, sent him a note requesting the foreman to call upon him at 6 p. m. Very punctually the man appeared. "I see," said his employer, "you believe my word, but here is another letter for you." With this he handed his caller a piece of paper upon which the latter found the words: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

The man's lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears of joy as he said, "I see, I see, faith does it."

1737. Faith, Stand Fast in the. Robley D. Evans will scarcely go down in fame as a diplomat; but in all his stirring career he never rendered a greater service to his country than during that trying time in the harbor of Valparaiso when his little gunboat, the *Yorktown*,

was the sole representative of our naval power in Chilean waters. Insult after insult was coolly heaped upon the young captain's hot-tempered head, and diplomacy was needed. Evans lay in the harbor with nine Chilean war vessels about him. The Chileans were celebrating some independence day or other with fireworks and searchlight drills. The white beams from the Chilean vessels had an impudent way of swinging occasionally on the little *Yorktown*, where she lay within machine-gun range of the Chilean cruisers. As the cruiser *Cochrane* fired her salute she let off a flight of war-rockets, and one of the heavy bombs barely missed the *Yorktown*. "I at once hoisted a large American flag," reads Evans's log, "and turned both my searchlights on it, so that if any one really wanted to hit me he could know just where I was. I was determined if trouble came there should be no ground for saying we had accidentally been struck in the dark. When the searchlights a few minutes later lighted us up they showed the crew of the *Yorktown* standing at their quarters and the guns all ready for business. No more rockets came our way."

1738. Faith and Trust. A beautiful thing is said of Harry Lauder, who, when he learned of his son's death at the battle front, prayed, "O God, that I could have but one request. It would be that I might embrace my laddie just this once and thank him for what he has done for his country and for humanity." Not a word of bitterness, or complaint, but a quiet trust in God and a glad recognition of the noble service rendered by his son. This is a far better way to take our trials than that suggested by Job's wife.

1739. Faith, An Upward. Science is groping in the slime for the missing link, for a supposed organism which makes us one with the underworld, for the link which binds us to the beast, the newt, the worm; it has not hitherto found that link . . . ; but, thank God, in the glorified Christ at the other end of the chain *we have the missing link* binding us to the universe above—the heavenly, the Divine, the eternal. Let us look more steadily to the golden link at the top, and trouble ourselves less about the missing link at the bottom.—DR. W. L. WATKINSON.

1740. Faith, Weak. In the early days of emigration to the West, a traveler once came, for the first time in his life, to the banks of the mighty Mississippi.

There was no bridge. He must cross. It was early winter, and the surface of the great river was sheeted with gleaming ice. He knew nothing of its thickness, however, and feared to trust himself to it. He hesitated long, but night was coming on, and he must reach the other shore. At length, with many fears and infinite caution, he crept out on hands and knees, thinking thus to distribute his weight as much as possible, and trembling with every sound. When he had gone in this way, painfully, about half-way over, he heard a sound of singing behind him. There in the dusk was a colored man, driving a four-horse load of coal across the ice, and singing as he went! Many a Christian creeps tremblingly out upon God's promises, where another, stronger in faith, goes singing through life upheld by the same Word.—*Christian Herald*.

1741. Faith, What It Is. Faith is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe.—*From Augustine*.

1742. Faith and Works. If a person really trusts in God, ought he not to trust God to do everything that is needed? Or ought he sometimes to do things for himself? An absurd little story has been told that throws light on this question. Two little girls were on their way to school one morning, having been detained in starting, so that they were very much afraid that they were going to be late. "Let us kneel right down and ask God not to let us be late." The other said, "No, I think I will run just as hard as I can, and pray to God while I am running to help me to get there on time." It is not difficult to decide which of those two had the right idea about prayer and trust in God. Did the one who ran as she prayed trust God any less than the other?—*Sunday School Times*.

1743. Faith and Works. Dr. Adam Clarke, the great commentator, was a slow worker, and he could only produce his wealth of literary treasures by long and patient toil. He therefore made it his custom to rise early every morning. A young preacher, anxious to emulate the distinguished doctor, asked him one day how he managed it. "Do you pray about it?" he inquired. "No," the doctor quietly answered, "*I get up*." Mr. Moody used to tell how once he came upon a group of wealthy American Christians praying for the removal of a debt of five hundred dollars on their church building. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Moody in his in-

cisive way, "I don't think if I were you, I should trouble the Lord in this matter."

1744. Faith and Works. Trust in God does not mean that we have nothing to do, or that we must not use common sense. There is a story of a man who said, "I trust in God," while he turned his horse loose. Of course when he came for his horse in the morning it was gone. His faith was not accompanied by works. His companion said, "I also trust in God," but he tied his horse, and in the morning there it stood. We must trust and do the best we can, and God will honor our faith.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

1745. Faith and Works. "Faith without works is like a bird without wings; though she may hop with her companions on earth, yet she will never fly with them to heaven; but when both are joined together, then doth the soul mount up to her eternal rest."

1746. Faith and Works. Said a woman to a minister conducting evangelistic meetings: "It's all right for my man to go to your meetings and sing, 'Hold the Fort,' but what I want to know is, when he is going to hold the baby."—*London Sunday School Times*.

1747. Faith and Works. While it is not always best to attempt by ourselves to right things that are wrong, we cannot help sympathizing with the spirit of the child of whom this incident is told. One good way to pray, is to pray first and then work to accomplish what we are praying for.

A little Band of Mercy girl says: "I prayed that the bird traps set by cruel boys might not catch the poor little birds; and then I prayed that God would prevent the birds from getting into the traps; and then I went out and kicked the traps all to pieces."

1748. Faithful in Your Place. "What's the use?" a few hundred rivets chattered. "We've given—we've given, and the sooner we confess that we can't keep the ship together, and go off our little heads, the easier it will be. No rivet forged can stand this strain." "No one rivet was ever meant to. Share it among you," the Steam answered. "The others can have my share, I am going to pull out," said a rivet to one of the forward plates. "If you go, others will follow," hissed the Steam. "There is nothing so contagious in a boat as rivets going. Why, I knew a little chap like you—he was an eighth of an inch fatter, though—on a steamer—to be sure she was only 1,200 tons, now I come to think of it—

in exactly the same place as you are. He pulled out in a bit of a bottle of a sea, not half so bad as this, and he started off his friends on the same butt-strap, and the plates opened like a furnace door, and I had to climb into the nearest fog-bank, while the boat went down." "Now that's peculiarly disgraceful," said the rivet. "Fatter than me, was he, and in a steamer not half the tonnage? Seedy little peg! I blush for the family, sir." He settled himself more firmly than ever in his place, and the Steam chuckled. "You see," he went on quite gravely, "a rivet, and especially a rivet in your position, is really the one indispensable part of the ship." The Steam did not say he has whispered the very same thing to every single piece of iron aboard.—RUD-YARD KIPLING.

1749. Faithful unto Death. When Commodore Joseph Smith saw by the first dispatch that reached Washington from Fortress Monroe that the *Congress*, on which his son was commander, had shown the white flag, he said: "Then Joe's dead!" It was so. It is far better to think of men, dying at their post of duty, faithful, and without a blot on their fair names, than to think of their betraying their trust, or in any way proving unfaithful.—*Scriptural Anecdotes*.

1750. Faithfulness. See *Fidelity*. See *Perseverance*.

1751. Faithfulness. The life guards were about to launch their boat in the face of a terrific storm to attempt the rescue of the passengers on the foundering ship. One of the men, hesitating, said to the captain, "But how are we going to get back?" He was met with the response: "We do not have to get back."—*Homiletic Review*.

1752. Faithfulness. A pastor and his wife, who had labored on many fields with a uniform success, were questioned one day as to the reason for their success. Their answer is memorable, "We are always at our post." It wasn't their brilliancy that won out and made them useful, for they were common folk. They had no great wisdom to gain them favor. They had an every-day principle which they applied effectively. They were faithful, scrupulously faithful, to duty. The standard by which the Master measured men is epitomized in two words that he employed again and again in his gospel messages—"good" and "faithful."

1753. Faithfulness, A Brother's. E. W. Caswell tells this story: "One of two brothers fighting in the same company in

France fell by a German bullet. The one who escaped asked permission of his officer to go and bring his brother in.

"He is probably dead," said the officer, "and there is no use in risking your life to bring in his body."

But after further pleading the officer consented. Just as the soldier reached the lines with his brother on his shoulders, the wounded man died.

"There, you see," said the officer, "you risked your life for nothing."

"No," replied Tom; "I did what he expected of me, and I have my reward. When I crept up to him, and took him in my arms, he said, 'Tom, I knew you would come; I just felt sure you would come.'"

There you have the gist of it all; somebody expects something fine and noble and unselfish of us; some one expects us to be faithful; and, if no one else, our Captain expects and looks for it. If we satisfy him and ourselves, isn't that a grand and glorious reward?—J. F. COWAN, D.D.

1754. Faithfulness, Christian. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado which is a mile deep was not made by some great, sudden cataclysm of nature but by the age-long action of little rivulets that gradually became a river wearing its way to the great gulf. The great things of the church are not accomplished by cyclones and upheavals of power, but by the steady faithfulness of many unknown Christians who prayerfully do the task allotted to them.

1755. Faithfulness in All Things. The world is full of people who are faithful to the interests of life. There may be nothing spectacular in their lives, but they conscientiously persevere in the routine of life's duties. Sir Walter Scott relates a touching story of an old teacher. He was fatally smitten while teaching his class. The end soon came. This faithful teacher "conceived that he was still in school, and after some expressions of approval or censure, he said: 'But it grows dark—the boys may dismiss.'" Instantly he passed into the presence of the Great Teacher.

"Be thou faithful unto death," in position high or low, and the Master himself "Will give thee a crown of life." Though life be spent in obscure service, still do we need to be faithful in all things.—W. J. HART, D.D.

1756. Faithfulness unto Death. Three sea postal clerks lost their lives on the *Titanic*. After the great Atlantic liner

had crashed into the iceberg, these men, disregarding their own safety, began to carry the 200 sacks of registered mail, containing 400,000 pieces, to the upper deck, from which it might be taken off. The situation became more desperate; then these clerks appealed to the stewards of the vessel to assist them in the work. The clerks continued at their tasks until the last.

Postmaster General Hitchcock, in recommending that the sum of \$2,000 be paid the families of each of these three men, said: "The bravery exhibited by these men in their efforts to safeguard under such trying conditions the valuable mail entrusted to their care should be a source of pride to the entire postal service, and deserves some marked expression of appreciation from the government."—REV. W. J. HART, D.D.

1757. Faithfulness to the End. The story of the orchestra on the *Titanic* will long be told, and future generations will hear how these brave men continued to play until the great vessel took her plunge into the depths of the Atlantic. Nor will there be wanting those who will remember the call of Captain Smith, "Be British," which reminded the passengers that they were expected to meet death as brave men.

"Isidor, you and I will remain together," said Mrs. Straus to her husband, in low but firm tones, when her husband tried to persuade her to leave the sinking boat with the other women. So died this gracious and noble woman, "faithful unto death."—W. J. HART, D.D.

1758. Faithfulness in Loyalty. One day, it is said, the prisoners at Andersonville were called together by the keeper, and told that if they would enlist in the Confederate army they would escape the sufferings of prison life. Soon they would be able to go home, for the Union armies were being defeated, and the war would quickly end.

Then a half-starved man said, "Mr. Officer, may I speak a word?"

Permission being given, that shadow of a man stepped to the front, faced his comrades, and exclaimed: "Attention, squad right flank, back to death! March!" The command was instantly obeyed, not a man faltered, and with resolute step those men marched back to their quarters, and some of them to death.—W. J. HART, D.D.

1759. Faithfulness in Peril. A significant incident was recorded in the papers in March, 1912. It told of the rescue

of a woman and her baby from Bird Island, the woman being so weak that she could scarcely crawl. Her husband was keeper of the lighthouse, but he had fallen from the lighthouse and was drowned. Ten days this young mother had kept the light burning through the fearful cold and terrible storm. She was "nine miles from the nearest habitation, and in the most storm-swept area of the Nova Scotia coast." The only way of calling for help was to toll the lighthouse bell, which she often did. Ten days passed before a government ship heard her signal of distress, but all the time the light had been kept burning. Taking her baby in her arms, this mother would crawl up to the tower, and trim and fill the lamps. It was a pleasure to read: "Her faithfulness will be rewarded by the Canadian government, and she and her child will be provided for as long as they live."—W. J. HART, D.D.

1760. Faithfulness, Unseen. "Pansy" tells a story of a boy who hired out to a man who kept a large hardware store. He was sent up into an attic where there was a great box full of nails and screws of all sizes, hinges, old tools, and bits of iron. He was told to put the box in order. The attic was gloomy and dusty, and the work seemed useless and tiresome. Nobody was watching him, and he was tempted to take a nap. But instead he set about his task with a determination to do it well. He made compartments in the box and sorted out the articles carefully. He worked at it three days until it was done, and then he reported to the head clerk, who inspected his work. "All right," he said. "You will be given a place at my counter. That box is a test job which we give to see whether a boy will be worthy of a better place." How are we meeting the nail-box test that may just now be ours?

1761. Falling Away, Danger of. A Christian said to a minister of his acquaintance, "I am told you are against the perseverance of the saints." "Not I, indeed," he replied; "it is the perseverance of sinners that I oppose." "But do you not think that a child of God can fall very low and yet be restored?" "I think it would be very dangerous to make the experiment."

1762. Falsehood. Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—O. W. HOLMES.

1763. Falsehood Destructive. Where fraud and falsehood invade society, the band presently breaks.

1764. Falsehood Reproved. Lie not, neither to thyself nor men nor God. Let mouth and heart be one—beat and speak together, and make both felt in action. It is for cowards to lie.—GEORGE HERBERT.

1765. Falsehood a Rotten Foundation. "Falsehood is difficult to be maintained. When the materials of a building are solid blocks of stone, very rude architecture will suffice; but a structure of rotten materials needs the most careful adjustment to make it stand at all."

1766. Falsehoods Quarrel. Falsehoods not only disagree with truths, but usually quarrel among themselves.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

1767. Fame. Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.—SOCRATES.

1768. Fame Comes Unconsciously. Fame usually comes to those who are thinking about something else,—very rarely to those who say to themselves, "Go to, now let us be a celebrated individual!"—HOLMES.

1769. Fame Despised. None despise fame more heartily than those who have no possible claim to it.—J. PETIT-SENN.

1770. Fame Difficult to Attain. "There is no employment in the world so laborious as that of making to one's self a great name; life ends before one has scarcely made the first rough draught of his work."

1771. Fame Grows. Men's fame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them.—GEORGE VILLIERS.

1772. Fame, Penalty of. It is the penalty of fame that a man must ever keep rising. "Get a reputation and then go to bed," is the absurdest of all maxims. "Keep up a reputation or go to bed," would be nearer the truth.—CHAPIN

1773. Fame's Temple. In fame's temple there is always a niche to be found for rich dunces, importunate scoundrels, or successful butchers of the human race.—ZIMMERMAN.

1774. Family Altar. "How I wish I had built an altar when we started our married life," a father said to his pastor recently. Dr. Norman McLeod tells of one who said the same thing: "I shall never forget the impression made upon me during the first year of my ministry by a mechanic whom I had visited, and on whom I urged the paramount duty of family prayers. One day he entered my study, and burst into tears as he said, 'You remember my girl, sir? She was my only child. She died suddenly this

morning. She has gone, I hope, to God; but if so she can tell him what now breaks my heart, that she never heard a prayer in her father's house, or from her father's lips. Oh, that she were with me but for one day more!'"

1775. Famine and Forgiveness. An India missionary relates that there were many villages in his district that were shut to the gospel. They did not desire to know anything about the Christian religion. They did not want the missionaries to come. But when the famine came they began to suffer, and at length they came saying, "If you do not help us now we shall die." And so they fed these enemies of Christianity, and this was the result: After the famine was past forty of the selectmen of the villages walked fourteen miles to the mission station, and, coming up on the veranda, said: "We have done wrong. We have come to ask you to forgive us. You have helped us. You have saved us from death, and now we promise that we will do wrong no more."—A. M. SHUMAKER.

1776. Fanaticism, Foolish. The Mohammedans of the Caucasus have a religious ceremony called "Chucksee Wucksee." It is a ceremony in which the fanatics cut and wound themselves in a most ghastly fashion. Each man grasps a kinjal in his hand, brings it up in front of his face and down on the crown of his head. Almost at every stroke the blood gushes forth and soon one man after another becomes a staggering, blood-soaked figure. These poor fanatics do not know that the shedding of their own blood avails nothing. Christ shed his own precious blood that all might be reconciled to God through him.

1777. Fatherhood. See God.

1778. Fatherhood. Will was the son of a professor of Greek in college. The father held out great hopes that the boy would follow in his footsteps. But Will did not display any remarkable interest in the classics. He abhorred the abominable Greek and cut his classes at every opportunity. The graveyard of dead languages had little attraction for one who saw the world so athrill with life. Will was interested in athletics. Long hours he would spend out on the field in training, much to the disgust of the father, who would have had him at home digging on Greek roots. He began to think the boy would never amount to much. One day an intercollegiate track meet is held and the whole school turns out to witness the contests. Will is to repre-

sent his college in the long distance run. The father thought he would keep away; but the mother persuaded him to go to please Will. Reluctantly he consented. He sat in the bleachers bored to death by the events. At last the long-distance run is announced. Will is in line and at the crack of the pistol they are off. He falls into fourth place, and as they come around and pass the grandstand he has dropped to fifth, the very last man. The father sits silent and motionless and says to himself, "The boy is going to lose out ingloriously and humiliate us all. I should have stayed at home." But by and by things began to change. Will starts to gain. The runners are beginning to weaken and their wind to fail. But Will keeps right on. Now he is tying the third man. It's the last time around the track. He has caught up with the second; now he passes him; he is running neck and neck with the leader; they are coming down the home stretch; every runner is on his mettle, every muscle strained, every eye upon the goal. Look, he is forging ahead! A tumult of cheers is sent up from the bleachers. That father is interested now. He is on his feet cheering. He jabs the fellow next to him. "That's my boy, that's my boy," he says, and wipes his eyes with his handkerchief and waves it wildly and yells: "Go it, Will; you'll win, you'll win!" The line is crossed and Will is the winner, and that proud father rushes forward to grasp his son's hand and he tells everybody that he is his father.—
REV. ALLISON RAY REAPS.

1779. **Father and Son.** See *Mother's Day*.

1780. **Father and Son.**

Oh, the world is filled with daddies—

Not a place but has its share;
And they're loved by the little laddies,

Here and there and everywhere;

And each little laddie's daddy

Thinks him better than the rest,

And each daddy's little laddie

Loves his own dear daddy best.

And there are so many daddies,

Plain and handsome, poor and rich,

'Tis a wonder little laddies

Can distinguish which from which.

But at picking out his daddy

Every laddie stands the test

For each daddy's little laddie

Loves his own dear daddy best.

—DENNIS A. MCCARTHY.

1781. **Fathers and Sons.**

What sort of a father are you to your boy?

Do you know if your standing is good?
Do you ever take stock of yourself and check up

Your accounts with your boy as you should?

Do you ever reflect on your conduct with him?

Are you all that a father should be?

Do you send him away when you're anxious to read?

Or let him climb up on your knee?

Have you time to bestow on the boy when he comes

With his question—to tell him the truth?

Or do you neglect him and leave him alone

To work out the problems of youth?

What memories pleasant of you will he have

In the years that are certain to come?

Will he look back on youth as a season of joy,

Or an age that was woefully glum?

Come, father, reflect! Does he know you to-day,

And do you know him now as you should?

Is gold so important to you that you leave
It to chance that your boy will be good?

Take stock of yourself and consider the lad;

Your time and your thought are his due;

How would you answer your God, should he ask,

"What sort of a father are you?"

1782. **Fathers and Sons.** The following poem, while not exactly classical in language and form expresses a worthy sentiment the importance of which may well be taken to heart by fathers and sons. It is a hopeful sign of our times that in so many Churches and Christian Associations "Father-and-Son Banquets" are being held which foster this spirit of helpful comradeship:

Be more than his dad,

Be a chum to the lad;

Be a part of his life

Every hour of the day;

Find time to talk with him,

Take time to walk with him,

Share in his troubles

And share in his play;

Take him to the places,
To the ball games and races,
To teach him the things

That you want him to know;
Don't live apart from him
Don't keep your heart from him,
Be his best comrade,
He's needing you so.

1783. Fathers and Sons.

I'm not good at praise bestowing,
Nor expert at bouquet throwing,
For I do not have the talent that I often
wish I had;
And for sentiment expressing
My unfitness is distressing—
But here's a little posy that I wish to
toss to Dad.

And I haven't any notion
To discourage the devotion
You owe some other creature fair whose
smile has made you glad;
But while you may be discanting
In those terms that are enchanting,
This little home-made compliment I'll
pass along to Dad.

It may take a generation
For a full appreciation—
I used to think I knew the most when I
was but a lad—
But the years have brought reflection,
Honest, candid retrospection,
And now I grope for words to say just
what I think of Dad.

When the banks refuse your paper,
And your prospects turn to vapor,
And when the situation is looking rather
bad—

When, some hope you are pursuing,
You are met with "nothing doing,"
It's mighty nice to know that you can
always count on Dad.

And when by some simple token
He conveys the words unspoken
That tells how much he feels when you
are sorrowful and sad—

And when confidence is slipping,
You can feel his fingers gripping—
Say, let's take off our hats right now and
give a yell for Dad!

—REV. F. M. MOORE.

1784. Fatherhood. A wealthy farmer had an only son who was deaf and dumb. He sent him to an institution where the boy spent four years without interruption. During which time he learned to speak as well as those so afflicted can. When the son returned to

his home, he stretched out his arms towards his father and said with clear and distinct enunciation: "My father!"

The latter was almost overwhelmed and later said: "If I live to be eighty I'll not forget the moment when I heard my boy say: 'My father.'"

Is it not sad to think how long it takes man to acknowledge God's relationship to him in the words: "My Father!" And what joy must there be in heaven when a sinner learns so to say in truth!

1785. Fault-finding. See **Complaining.** See **Grumbling.**

1786. Fault-finding—Don't Bark! Fault-finding is not difficult. Isaac McCurry illustrates this: A dog hitched to a lawn mower stopped to bark at a passer-by. The boy who was guiding the mower said, "Don't mind the dog; he is just barking for an excuse to rest. It is easier to bark than to pull the machine." It is easier to be critical than correct. It is easier to hinder than to help. Easier to destroy reputation than to construct character. Fault-finding is as dangerous as easy. Anybody can grumble, criticise or censure like the Pharisees, but it takes a soul to go on working faithfully and lovingly, and rise superior to all, as the Lord Jesus did.

1787 Fault-finding Easy. Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character is required to set up in the grumbling business. But those that are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.—ROBERT WEST.

1788. Fault-finding Foolish. "It was my custom in my youth," said a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practiced virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumbers, while I alone wake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"—*Family Circle.*

1789. Faults, Secret. On the slope of Long's Peak in Colorado lies the ruin of a forest giant. The naturalist tells us that the tree had stood for four hundred years; that it was a seedling when Columbus landed on San Salvador; that it had been struck by lightning fourteen times; that the avalanches and storms of four centuries had thundered past it. In the end, however, *beetles killed the tree.* A giant that age had not withered nor light-

nings blasted nor storms subdued fell at last before insects that a man could crush between his forefinger and his thumb. So human characters collapse into futile uselessness not only through "presumptuous sins" but more frequently through "secret faults." And nowhere is this subtle cause of ruined character more obvious than in the destructive work of the small enemies of usefulness.

1790. Fear in Heathendom. It is hard for those of Christian upbringing to realize the psychological misery of heathendom. An aged Korean woman was asked: "What benefits have you received from faith in Jesus?" "Many," was the reply. "I will tell you of one, though you may not think it important as I do. Before I was a Christian I never slept through the night without starting up and lying awake, sweating for fear lest the evil spirits were bringing some disaster on our family or property. Now when the sun sets I commit family and possessions all to God, lie down, and sleep clear through till morning."

1791. Feeling and Duty. "I don't feel like it." Better study psychology, my friend. Your feelings are not rightly subordinated to your will and intelligence. "I don't feel like teaching my class this hot weather." What has duty got to do with your feelings? Christianity has a large place for sublime feeling, for lofty emotion that breaks forth into cathedrals, missions, oratories, and music that melts the rebellious heart. But truth is the basis of its activity. Did Christ feel like going up to Calvary? Turn to the great "musts" of the Bible. "I must be about my Father's business." "I must go up to Jerusalem." Read again; "love your enemies." Is that feeling? We have always contended that a close study of the Bible and a persistent practice of its precepts are peculiarly calculated to strengthen the will.

1792. Feeling and Faith. There is an old saying of Samuel Rutherford's: "Believe God's love and power more than you believe your own feelings and experiences. Your Rock is Christ, and it is not the Rock which ebbs and flows, but your sea."

1793. Feeling or Faith? When crossing the Atlantic I noticed that our steamer was furnished with two compasses. One was fixed to the deck where the man at the wheel could see it. The other compass was fastened half way up one of the masts, and often a sailor would be seen climbing up to inspect it.

I asked the captain, "Why do you have two compasses?" He said, "This is an iron vessel, and the compass on the deck is often affected by its surroundings. Such is not the case with the compass at the mast-head; the one is above the influence. We steer by the compass above." In the voyage of life we have two compasses. One is the compass of feeling, often sadly influenced by surroundings. The other is the compass of faith, above these influences, and ever pointing true through storm and sunshine to the course marked out on the eternal chart. Let us steer by the compass above!—DAVID DEVOIR.

1794. Feelings, Not a Safe Guide. Our personal feelings are not a safe guide even as to our condition or prospects. When we are in bounding health, without an ache or a pain, we forget that we ever felt otherwise, and it does not seem that we are in danger of sickness or physical suffering. But a temporary attack of disease, even for a few days or hours, may bring us to feel that we can hardly hope ever to be up and about again with our former vigor. In the one case we are all hope; in the other, we have none. We are in fault in both instances. Hope is a duty in the darkest hour. Darkness is sure to follow each day in our present life. Our feelings are usually wrong; they are unduly influenced and swayed by merely temporary considerations. The words of the doctor or the nurse, or of the Great Physician, are a surer guide to your true condition than your personal feelings on the subject.

1795. Feet, Shod. The ancient Roman soldiers had spikes in their sandals so that they might stand steadfastly. Many an army has been worsted because of the faultiness of its foot-gear. "Stand, therefore . . . having your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."—*Christian Endeavor World*.

1796. Fidelity. An English drummer boy was made prisoner during a rebellion long ago in Ireland. His captors wished him to play a tune on his drum. He refused. "We will kill you if you don't," said one. "I don't care," answered the boy. "Well, if you don't play a tune on it, I will," said one of the soldiers, stretching out his hand to take the drum. In an instant, with an angry flash of his eye, the lad leaped through the drum-head, breaking it to pieces, shouting, "The king's drum shall never be beat by rebels"—and fell pierced through with the bayonets of the enemy.

O youths, act the brave part of this little soldier. Never let your powers or your bodies, which are God's, be used in the service of Satan.—HUGH MACMILLAN.

1797. Fidelity to Duty. John Broadbanks, in Boreham's story, was a minister who had one very serious fault. He could not say "no" to any request that came to him. He was invited to speak for other ministers at their week-night services, and at clubs, and banquets and, as he always did well, more and more invitations of this sort came to him, till at length his home was neglected and his church had but a small fraction of his time.

One day he was walking alone by a little lake. There he found a man who was drowning a little dog. "What's wrong with the dog?" inquired John. "Well, you see," replied the man, "it's like this. When Gypsy was a pup he was all right and we were all very fond of him. But now he has got to be a regular nuisance. We are always losing him. He follows everybody. And the dog that follows everybody is no good to anybody."

That last sentence smote John Broadbanks like a blow in the face. He begged that the dog might be given to him. It was done and he took him home saying, "Gyp, you and I will start to reform together."

He taught the dog to follow him and him alone, and he determined to give his best to his home and his own church, and there began a new era in his life and usefulness.

Many of us are missing the best things that life has to offer because we are looking off in the distance for the opportunity which God has given us at home.—REV. STUART NYE HUTCHINSON.

1798. Fidelity, Required. The Hesperides were three celebrated nymphs. At the birthday of Jupiter and Juno, the different deities brought presents. Juno most admired some branches loaded with golden apples, which were offered by the goddess of earth. She begged the earth to plant them in her gardens. The Hesperides were directed to watch these trees. But they proved unfaithful, and frequently plucked the apples for themselves. Juno therefore sent a terrible dragon to guard the fruit. It had a hundred heads and so never slept. It is required of a steward that he be faithful.

1799. Fidelity. See Faithfulness.

1800. Fidelity Urged. Somebody asked an old Waterloo soldier, who at the battle of Waterloo was in charge of a gun holding an important summit, what he could see when the battle was going on. "See!" said he, "nothing but dust and smoke." "What did you do?" "Do! I stood by my gun." Christian: "Whether you can see anything going on or not, whether you know the day is against you or for you, whether this thing is true or that another thing is true, stand by your gun anyhow."—*National Baptist*.
1801. Fighter, Greatest Individual. We are familiar with the fact that greatest business men, lawyers, physicians, statesmen, educators, scientists and military leaders are professing Christians, so we are quite prepared to hear the greatest individual fighter of the great war is a church elder from Pall Mall, Tenn., Alvin C. York, who was a conscientious objector at first, but who practically single handed outfought an entire German machine gun battalion in the Argonne battle, and brought in one hundred and thirty-two prisoners.

Maj.-Gen. C. P. Summerall, before the officers of the 82nd division, decorating York with the distinguished service cross, said: "Corporal York, your division commander has reported to me your exceedingly gallant conduct during the operation of your division in the Meuse-Argonne battle. I desire to express to you my pleasure and commendation for the courage, skill and gallantry which you displayed on that occasion. It is an honor to command such soldiers as you. Your conduct reflects great credit not only upon the American army but upon the American people. Your deeds will be recorded in the history of this great war, and they will live as an inspiration not only to your comrades but to the generations that will come after us. I wish to commend you publicly and in the presence of the officers of your division."

With his automatic pistol he stopped a rush of a German lieutenant and seven men who charged down at him at thirty yards, killing all of them.

1802. Fishing. Mrs. Annie Trumbull Slosson, in "Fishin' Jimmy," has this interesting bit of illustration: "They told me of a little French Canadian girl,—a poor, wretched waif, whose mother, an unknown tramp, had fallen dead in the road near the village. The child, an untamed little heathen, was found clinging to her mother's body in an agony of grief and rage, and fought like a tiger

when they tried to take her away. A boy in the little group, attracted to the spot, ran away, with a child's faith in his old friend, to summon Fishin' Jimmy. He came quickly, lifted the little savage tenderly, and carried her away. No one witnessed the taming process, but in a few days the pair were seen together on the margin of Black Brook, each with a fish-pole. . . . For weeks he kept and cared for the child, and when she left him for a good home in Bethlehem, one would scarcely have recognized in the gentle, affectionate girl the wild creature of the past. Though often questioned as to the means used to effect this change, Jimmy's explanation seemed rather vague and unsatisfactory. "'Twas fishin' done it," he said—"on'y fishin'"; it allers works. The Christian religing itself had to begin with fishin', you know.'"

1803. Flattery, Beware of. Richard Jeffrey says in one of his charming books that the old deer-stealers used to approach the herds with bundles of sweet hay upon their heads, and in this way the scent of the destroying enemy was disguised, and the deer were thrown off their guard. And that is the way in which evil often gets near us to effect our ruin. It comes with the fragrance of friendship about it, sweet adulation, the incense of comradeship and grateful flattery.

1804. Flood, A Legend of. Deucalion was king of Thessaly. During his reign there occurred so great a flood that the whole earth was covered with water. Of the entire human race only Deucalion and his wife, Pyrrha, were saved. When the waters abated the ship in which they were carried rested upon Mount Parnassus. Instructed by the oracle, they cast stones behind them. The stones thrown by Deucalion became men, and the stones thrown by Pyrrha became women.

1805. Flowers. See Children's Day.

1806. Flowers, Lessons from. Cyclamens like to pretend they are cross little animals with their ears laid back; or else that they are little fugitive maidens fleeing very fast across the meadows, with their hair blown back from their lovely faces. Their whimsical trick of play-acting like this is all a part of their quaint mirth. They have of course other attributes as well—beauty, and spirituality, and love. Love I feel with flowers particularly. I seem to get hold of that exquisite sense of the whole world's being wrapped in the essence of God's love

more often through flowers than through anything else. They are to me indescribably dear merry little companions. My affection goes out to them constantly in a deep, happy reverence. The reverence is not only for the lovely things themselves, but also for the wonder that is back of them.—*The Atlantic Monthly*.

1807. Foes of the Soul. There is nothing in the entire round of Christian worship and communion which is not exposed to abomination and abuse. There is not a single plant in your garden which is not the gathering-ground of some particular pest; aye, and the more delicate and tender the plant, the more multitudinous are the foes. But you do not banish the plant because of the pests; you accept the plant and guard it against the pests.—REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

1808. Fog, Above the. It was our privilege to climb the Righi of Switzerland. Our little party started up the western slope. After a time we found ourselves coming into that which seemed like a fog, or mist, but which in reality was a cloud. With greater zeal we pushed on, saying, "Let's get out of this," as we were assured it was better farther on; and so, on we went, until at last we stood upon the summit and in triumph, upon the solid rocks, watched the sun as it went down over and beyond the great sea of floating clouds, above which we had climbed. So let us mount upward in our Christian life, and if, at any time we find ourselves being surrounded by clouds, let us say as we said upon the Righi, "Let us get out of this," and make it cause us to push upward with greater haste.

In the New Year push upward. Get out of the fog.

1809. Fool. Folks in America don't do this because of the law's strong arm. But God's messengers and collectors often get the laugh and the scorn. God sometimes chooses queer rent-collectors. To the millionaire he does not send another millionaire. To the great scholar he does not send another scholar. To these proud Jews God sends a country youth from a village noted for no good thing (John 1:46). To many a master he sent some godly old slave. To many a mistress he has sent the humble servant girl who helps with the house. I have already told of the king and his jester and the cane the jester was to carry until he found a bigger fool than himself. The king lay dying. "I am going to a

far country, Yorick." "Have you made any preparation for the journey?" "Alas, no." "Here, take the cane; I have found the bigger fool." Do men reject Jesus because of selfishness and greed? Because they want to hold on to the "rent" do they say, "I can't give up"?—W. H. RIDGWAY.

1810. Fooled in Religion. Some months ago a wealthy gentleman in the East bequeathed a collection of gems, the work of a lifetime, to one of the Eastern Universities. As a remarkable amount of money had been spent in their collection it was thought that the gems were indeed a rare acquisition. Shortly after the death of the donor it became known that the collection was but a mere lot of baubles of no antiquarian value whatever and the man who had given so much of life and treasure for the gems had been systematically deceived and plundered by a coterie of gem collectors. But this was not all that the wealthy collector had been fooled in for he had adopted the Hindoo faith and in the Hindoo temple which he caused to be built at the university he spent his last days, clothed in a princely dress, surrounded with his treasures and writing learnedly and eloquently on the history of his baubles. In a Christian community, with the Christian Bible and the Bible's Christ he had been fooled into selling the only real jewel of value he possessed—his soul—for the heathen cult of Hinduism.

1811. Forefathers' Day. See Independence Day.

1812. Forefathers' Day. Among the sentiments of most powerful operation upon the human heart, and most highly honorable to the human character, are those of veneration for our forefathers, and of love for our posterity.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

1813. Forefathers' Day. As Mecca is to the Mohammedan and Jerusalem to the Christian, so we make our pilgrimage to-night to Plymouth Rock, hoping that as we lay our tribute upon that hill we shall gird up our loins to meet the fortunes, the successes, the trials, and the duties that are before us.—JUDGE RUSSELL.

1814. Forefathers' Day.

The breaking waves dashed high

On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky

Their giant branches tossed.
And the heavy night hung dark

The hills and waters o'er,

When a band of exiles moored their bark

On the wild New England shore.

What sought they thus afar?

Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?

They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod;

They left unstained what there they found—

Freedom to worship God.

—FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

1815. Forefathers' Day Celebrated.

They (the Pilgrims) believed in the existence of right and wrong, and in the infinite supremacy of righteousness. They believed in the intense reality of God and of the unseen and the spiritual; they held that these were the real, and that everything else was the shadow.—

REV. H. WAYLAND.

1816. Forgetting, Use of. If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slander you have heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are.

Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable.—*The Trumpeter.*

1817. Forgiveness. See Grace. See Pardon. See Sin.

1818. Forgiveness. In an album Guizot wrote, "I have learned in my long life two rules of prudence. The first is to forgive much; the second is never to forget." Under this one day Thiers wrote: "A little forgetting would not detract from the sincerity of the forgiveness." Then Prince Bismarck added these words: "As for me I have learned to forget much, and ask to be forgiven much."

1819. Forgiveness. Between John, the Almoner, the renowned Bishop of Con-

stantinople, and Nicetas, a nobleman, some bitter words had passed one day and they parted in anger. Although he had been wronged, as the day was drawing to its close, John remembered the words of the apostle: "Be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath" (Eph. 4:26). He sent a friend to Nicetas with the message: "My lord, the sun is going down." Nicetas understood, hastened to him, and they reconciled themselves cheerfully before the sun set. Even the sun in its course has a prompting for a tender conscience.

1820. Forgiveness. God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offense into everlasting forgetfulness.—BEECHER.

1821. Forgiveness. Never does the human soul appear so strong as when it foregoes revenge, and dares to forgive an injury.—CHAPIN.

1822. Forgiveness. Two of those Christian Koreans who were imprisoned unjustly so long, after their being set free, called on the old Minister of War, who was chiefly responsible for their imprisonment. They said to him: "Your Excellency was the cause of our being unjustly thrown into prison. Some of us died in prison; we were sick because of the food and filth. I was tortured until the bones of one of my legs were broken." Said Kim: "You almost killed my son in order to get him to confess something which would give you an excuse to kill me." Said Ye: "Our wives and children starved to death. According to Korean codes we should try to kill you now, but we have become Christians and are willing to forgive you. All that we ask of you is to confess your sins, believe in Jesus, and pray for forgiveness." The Minister of War was deeply affected. During the Boxer uprising in China a Boxer came to a missionary and asked the question: "How do you account for the fact that the Christians prayed for the very people who were going to execute them? A religion that has a grit like that must have something in it. Tell me the secret."—*S. S. Magazine*.

1823. Forgiveness, Complete. There is a charming old Celtic legend which says that the Angel of Mercy was sent to a certain saint to tell him that he must start for the Celestial City. The saint received the messenger and his message with gladness, and at the appointed hour they set off together. As they passed up the shining way beyond the bounds of this world the saint was suddenly troubled with the thought of his sins.

"Mercy," he said, addressing his angelic guide, "where did you bury my sins?" "I only remember that I buried them," he replied, "but I cannot tell where." Then he added, "As for the Father, he has forgotten that you ever sinned." What a wonder is divine forgiveness! How absolutely complete.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

1824. Forgiveness for Christ's Sake.

A busy judge was about to rebuff a poorly clad and trembling soldier who had entered his office, when he caught the handwriting of his own son in the missive he extended. It read like this:

"Dear Father.—The bearer of this is a soldier friend, discharged from the hospital, going home to die. Assist him in any way you can for Charlie's sake."

All the tender feelings of the father's heart gushed out. He let him sleep in Charlie's bed and clothed and supplied him with every comfort, for the sake of his own dear boy.

What will not God, the loving heavenly Father, do for his dear Son when he presents his pierced hands, and pierced feet, and pierced side, and precious blood, and says, "Father, they confess their sins, for my sake forgive them"?

1825. Forgiveness Defined. There are many definitions of forgiveness but a very good illustration of it was given by a little boy who, on being asked what forgiveness of injuries was, gave the answer: "It is the scent that flowers give when they are trampled on!"—*Sunday at Home*.

1826. Forgiveness, Emblems of. Are we not to forgive others as we expect to be forgiven? How does God forgive? When you walked, this summer, on the sands of the seashore, you noticed that the next rolling billow washed away all the prints of your footsteps. Is it not so that the blood of Jesus washes away all the stains of sin? Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Scarlet and crimson are considered ineradicable colors. Blood is the bleacher that makes them white. Christ's sacrifice is the antitoxin for the poison of sin. He is the Lord, your Healer, that you may be made blameless, without spot or wrinkle.

God forgives forever. He sinks our sins, like a millstone, in the bottom of the sea. The ocean of his love flows over them in eternal oblivion. He will never make mention of them again, for they are separated as far as the East is from

the West—an infinite distance. They are hidden in the land of annihilation.

Can we forgive men their trespasses as God forgives us? Can we be like him? Christ is made sin for us; by his stripes we are healed, therefore, God, the Father, can tear the black page from the Book of Life, blotting out our sins as a thick cloud. He turns his back upon our past, taking the forgiven soul into his arms of tenderness as a mother would a crying child.

Forgiveness, it is said, is the odor which flowers yield when trampled upon. The poet truly says:

"The sandal tree perfumes, when riven,
The ax that laid it low;
Let man, who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe!"

—E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

1827. Forgiveness of an Enemy.

Governor Stewart, of Missouri, recognized, in a convict he was about to pardon, a steamboat mate under whom he served as cabin boy. He said, "I want you to promise you will never again take a stick of wood and drive a sick boy out of his berth on a stormy night; because some day that boy may be governor, and you may want him to pardon you for another crime. I was that boy. Here is your pardon."—JOHN F. COWAN, D.D.

1828. Forgiveness of Enemies. It is said that after the frightful massacre of Christian Armenians in 1901 "an Armenian woman, who had seen her father, uncles, husband, and son murdered by the Turks, was visiting Moslem homes with an open Bible preaching forgiveness and the life of Christ, within a week of the murders."—DAVID BREWER EDDY.

1829. Forgiveness, Entire. "Oh, yes! I forgave her," she said; "but I thought she ought to know how badly I felt about it, and I was pretty cool to her for a few days."

Now, forgiveness is not forgiveness unless it is absolute and goes so deep into the heart of the forgiver that it makes it kindly, sweet, compassionate, pitiful and eager to help.

There is a sort of so-called forgiveness which partakes of Pharisaism. It seems to be given grudgingly in order to clear the conscience, and its effect is to make one less noble, and also to retard the repentance and improvement of the one thus forgiven. It is almost an insult.

If we only had to forgive once in a

lifetime, it would not injure ourselves and others so much as to leave unhealed wounds in our hearts; but we are called upon to forgive to "seventy times seven." Think what hearts would be like at the end of that time with "seventy times seven" unhealed, rankling sores within them!

"I have to forgive clean as I go," said one who made Christ his pattern. To "forgive clean as one goes" is to help to purify and sweeten the life of the one who forgives and the one who is forgiven.—*The Wellspring*.

1830. Forgiveness, False. Moody tells the story of a man who, supposing he was going to die, expressed his forgiveness to one who had injured him, but added: "Now you mind, if I get well, the old grudge holds good."

1831. Forgiveness and Friendship. A man was severely attacked by another, who thought to kill him. The face of the injured man was badly scarred for the rest of his life. He cherished no enmity, however, against the person who made the attack, and later sought to have him pardoned. Then he asked the privilege of taking the pardon down to Joliet himself. But the criminal, as he took the pardon in his hands, said, "I want something more than pardon, sir; I want friendship." "What kind of friendship do you want?" asked the other. The prisoner replied, "I can do without anybody else's friendship but that of the man I injured." The man with the scars on his face, which he bore for life, made the pardoned prisoner happy by assuring him both of forgiveness and friendship. And that is exactly what our wounded Christ offers to us.—DR. F. W. GUNSAULUS.

1832. Forgiveness, God's. There was a great king who had suffered much from his rebellious subjects. But one day they surrendered their arms, threw themselves at his feet and begged for mercy. He pardoned them all. One of his friends said to him, "Did you not say that every rebel should die?" "Yes," replied the king, "but I see no rebels there."—LAURA M. LATIMER.

1833. Forgiveness, God's. When the missionaries first came to Labrador they found no word for forgiveness in the Eskimo language. So they had to make one—in a word meaning, "Not-being-able-to-think-about-it-any-more." It was such forgiveness that Joseph gave his brothers; and we are so to forgive those who injure us.

1834. Forgiveness Godlike. A gentleman, says *The Canadian Missionary*, once sent to Sir Gardley Wilmot in great wrath and indignation at an injury he had received from a person high in power, and which he was meditating how to resent in the most effectual manner. Having related the particulars, he asked Sir Gardley if it would not be manly to resent it. "Yes," said the Christian knight, "it will be manly to resent it, but Godlike to forgive it."

1835. Forgiveness, God's Repeated. An English officer riding over the battlefield with his servant, noticed a wounded enemy soldier. "Give the poor fellow a drink from the water-bottle," he said. As the servant stooped down the soldier fired, and missed. Stepping back, he said: "What shall I do now, sir?" "Give him the water, all the same," was the noble officer's reply. God forgives—not once, but countless times. Through all our disobedience and waywardness, he never tires, but loves us to the end, until at last we return in penitence to him.—*Sunday Circle*.

1836. Forgiveness, God's Way of. Many years ago now a boy came back to the city from which he had run away some time before, in a box car, drunk and penniless. The next morning, while his brain was still dull, he stopped a couple of men on the street and asked for money for a meal. One of the men looked closely at him and then said to the other, "I must ask you to excuse me. I recognize here the son of an old friend, and I must go with him." But what he could not quite bring himself to say in the shock of the recognition was that it was his own son who stood with him. He arranged his business so that he could be away from it. He never left him day or night, and never by word or sign rebuked him for the past. After six months, he asked the boy to go with him to the city mission one night; and that night the miracle was wrought, and the boy went out clean of soul, with his decision made.

What a picture the story gives of the divine Fatherhood! "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." How lightly we hold the words upon our lips! But how many of us forgive as God forgives—with no lurking feeling that the one who has wronged us should be made to feel our displeasure—only an eager longing that the one who has sinned shall come back into the right relationship with God and

God's children? That is the way God forgives. Do we forgive like that? If not, how dare we pray?—*Youth's Companion*.

1837. Forgiveness, Hungry for. A small boy, who had done something wrong and who found himself amid a roomful of elders, stern-visaged in the hope that he would understand the seriousness of his fault, looked at his nurse and his relatives one by one with a tear-stained face that was just one heart-broken and truly penitent appeal for some sign of relenting. Since that sign came not, the little one burst into tears and asked, "Oh, won't somebody forgive me?"—*The British Weekly*.

1838. Forgiveness, A Passion for. The statement is not too strong that "the passion for forgiveness is universal to religion." Not only are prayer and hymn in the higher types of religion instinct with the desire for forgiveness, it is also pathetically expressed in primitive religions by sacrifice and offering. It is found everywhere in the literature of religion. What is meant by the desire for forgiveness? It means that we desire to stand on the same terms with God as if we had never done wrong. To consciously receive the forgiveness of sins is to receive and retain the impressions upon our inmost souls that God loves us and gives us his smile and peace though we have been transgressors—that he is on our side though we have done wrong and have wandered into unbidden paths. There is forgiveness, the psalmist reminds us, with God; an inexhaustible store from which sinners may draw. And how blessed to know that the Lord is "good and ready to forgive!" There is forgiveness, full, free, and immediate, through Jesus Christ. "Behold, the lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."—*Indian Witness*.

1839. Forgiveness and Peace. Did you ever spill ink over a bill so that it could hardly be read? But that is quite another thing from having the debt blotted out by payment being made. We may blot from our memory our sins. We may ease the mind with false ideas of peace. We may deny that we owe the debt. But that is a far different thing from having God blot out our debts until they exist no more. That is the sweetest peace and the deepest joy that can come to any soul. Has it come to you?

1840. Forgiveness, Practical. The Chinese have great contempt for this teaching of Jesus (or "the barbarians'

Holy Man" as they call him), for they consider such actions as unmanly. A Christian Chinese was once explaining this to a group of people gathered in the chapel under the mission hospital. He said, "I will tell you how we obey this command. When you are sick or hurt, you come to the hospital and we nurse you, dress your wounds, and care for you, but you go away and revile us and lie about us. Then, when you are sick again you come back and we nurse you and care for you again. That is how we turn the other cheek."

1841. Forgiveness of Sin. A preacher says: During the South African War I stood on one of our main thoroughfares watching a regiment of red-coated soldiers marching to the quay to embark for the front. A friend came up to me and asked what color I thought the tunics were, "Why, red, to be sure," I replied. "Look through that," he said, handing me a piece of red glass. And to my amazement when I looked through it, I saw a white-coated regiment pass before me! It may seem improbable, but test it for yourself. Get a piece of red cloth, and view it through a red glass, and you will find the cloth becomes white. So with our sins. Though they are as scarlet, the red blood of Christ will make them white as snow.—*Christian Herald*.

1842. Forgiveness of Sin. You have seen a cloud drifting across the pure blue of the sky, and as you have watched it, it has broken up and disappeared forever. That cloud you will never see again. So God deals with your sins. You believe in his Son as your Lord and Saviour. Then he has blotted out your transgressions as he has swept the cloud from your sight forever. The Bible abounds in these assurances of the utter removal of the penalty of sin from the child of God. "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea"—not upon the beach, in view of all, nor in the shoals where the receding tide shall expose them, but into the depths of the sea, to be seen no more.

1843. Forgiveness, A Soldier's. When in Egypt some years ago, holding meetings among soldiers, the Rev. J. Stuart Holden states that he asked a big sergeant in a Highland regiment, who was as bright and shining for the Lord as it is possible for a saved soldier to be, how he was brought to Christ. His an-

swer was this: "There is a private in the same company who was converted in Malta before the regiment came on to Egypt. We gave that fellow an awful time. The devil got possession of me, and I made that man's life a positive burden to him. Well, one night, a terribly wet night, he came in from sentry-go. He was very tired and very wet, and before getting into bed he got down to pray. My boots were heavy with wet and mud, and I let him have one on one side of the head and the other on the other side; and he just went on with his prayers. Next morning I found those boots beautifully polished by the side of my bed. That was his reply to me; and it just broke my heart, and I was saved that day."—*Sunday at Home*.

1844. Forgiveness, Victory of. "A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours."

1845. Forgiveness, Wonderful. How wonderful this attribute of God is may be inferred from a discourse of Socrates, in whom cultured paganism found its highest expression: "It may be," he said, "that God can forgive sin, but I do not see how." Only Christ and the forgiven soul can "see how."—REV. H. O. HARBAUGH.

1846. Formalism. See Worship.

1847. Formalism. A missionary writer tells us that in one of the great temples of Japan, the devotion of the worshiper consists in running around the sacred building one hundred times and dropping a piece of wood into a box at each round. The wearisome exertion being ended, the worshiper then goes home tired but very happy at the thought of having done such worthy service to his god. We may think this unspeakably silly; and yet, is there much difference between running around a temple a certain number of times, and just going to church, sitting through the service, and going home? Unless we go with the definite purpose of worship; unless we listen reverently and obediently to the voice of God speaking through his Word and his minister; unless we truly approach God when we bow in prayer, we are just as foolish and unreasonable as was the Japanese runner.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

1848. Formalism. At the Eden Musee in New York we once saw a large collection of wax-work men. They were all outside. They were fair to look upon, but they had no soul, no life. They were

outside and nothing else. Let us not forget that there are wax-work Christians too. Like Barnum's Siamese twins, they may move and breathe and seem to be alive, but it is all a sham, for though they have the form of godliness they deny the power thereof. Thus a man may have the logic of godliness, the words of godliness, the litany, the music, the architecture of godliness; but if he have not godliness itself he is as cold and dead and more useless than a figure of wax.—H.

1849. Formalism, Dead and Alive. Some one tells of seeing a notice posted at the entrance to a parish grave-yard, which read as follows: "Only the dead who live in this parish are buried here." Is there a covert truth slyly suggested by this specimen of an Irish bull?—the dead church members who live in the parish flourishing on the church roll, numerical units, serving the ends of the church only so far as "counting heads" is concerned, branches indeed, but fruitless, "dead while they live."

1850. Formalism in Devotion. In an old church at Valsbol, the men have for centuries had a queer habit. They went to the altar to receive the sacrament, and on returning they each made a bow, standing always on the same spot, in the direction of the women. Why they did it, no one knew; but lately, in cleaning one of the walls, a picture of the Virgin Mary was discovered. It was covered up by whitewash four centuries ago, and the worshipers had continued to bow toward it long after every one had forgotten that it was there. It will be well for all Christians, everywhere, if this story cannot be applied to them; if they are not bowing in apparent reverence before some religious experience of their youth or of other ages, whose significance they have forgotten.

1851. Formalism and Politics. Use of religion for political purposes prevailed at one time in England, when in order to hold any civil office under the state it was necessary to attend communion twice a year and join in prayer for the Hanoverian throne to the exclusion of the Stuart succession. In many cases it led to nonconformity with disabilities, or to prosperity with *suppressio veri*.

A spectacle similar to that of the Babylonian image-worship has been witnessed for the last thirty years in the East, wherever there were German communities. Men who never entered a church during the rest of the year put

on Sunday clothes for the service on the Emperor's birthday!

1852. Formalism in Religion. A writer says: There is a good deal of religious life that is much like the practice of "marking time" among soldiers. They lift one foot, and then put it down in the same place; then they lift up the other foot and put it down in the same place. They are marching, but they are not moving. In other words, they are but going through the motions of a march. So it is with many professors. They are but marking time. They are "going through the motions" of a Christian life, but they are not getting on. They are saying their prayers but are not praying; they are going to church but not to heaven; they are talking in meeting but are bearing no testimony.

1853. Formalism in Religion. To live a mere routine of duty is like one's climbing a ladder, not because he had anywhere to go, but because climbing seems salutary. It is not possible that God should have any regard to mere drill of this sort. In York Minster the old monks used to think duty could be done and merit massed by walking around the arches of the solemn cathedral in sedate procession. According to their accurate measurement, twelve rounds made one mile of marching virtue. There yet may be seen holes in a board at the great portal, supplied with pegs to check off their religion. One can hardly fail in those memorial precincts to remember and repeat the words of Christ: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."—REV. C. S. ROBINSON, D.D.

1854. Forward. See Success in Life.

1855. Forward. A tireless American regiment, after driving the Germans for ten miles, was enjoying its breathing spell in a roadside ditch in the French forest of Fere. The battalion commander, according to the story which is told by *The Stars and Stripes*, was sitting with his back propped up against a tree.

His name was Leahy—Captain Francis M. Leahy, of Lawrence, Mass., one who had done his turn in the ranks and who used to tell of the days when he was orderly to Captain Pershing out in the Philippines. He had just caught the signal from down the road that the regiment was to fall in and move on, when,

whining out of space, came a German shell.

It plowed up the earth and stretched on the ground several men who were just getting to their feet, wounding some of them. It hit the tree against which the captain was leaning and snapped it off like an asparagus stalk. A piece of the shell struck the captain in the back and tore its way through his chest.

"Good-by, boys," he said, and his head sagged forward.

Captain Leahy raised his head. With clearing voice he spoke the name of the officer to whom it would be his duty to turn over the battalion in the event of his being called away.

"Lieutenant Hansen," he said, "the command is 'Forward.' See the boys through."

Then he died.

Shall the good soldier of Jesus Christ show any less dauntless spirit than that shown by this brave captain of American troops?—*Sunday School Times*.

1856. Forward-Going. "You remember the battle of Manila Bay. It was black night when the American squadron approached its entrance; and Gridley, of the *Olympia*, signaled from the conning-tower to the commodore on the bridge, 'We are approaching the entrance of Manila Bay.' 'Steam ahead!' came back the commodore's answer. Again the signal from the conning-tower to the bridge, 'We are coming to that part which is supposed to be mined.' 'Steam ahead!' came back the commodore's order. Then the flash of fire and the boom of a great gun, and again the signal from the conning-tower to the bridge, 'The forts of Cavite have opened on us.' 'Steam ahead!' came back the commodore's reply. And on they went, under the batteries, over the mines, into the heart of Manila Bay; and when morning came, here stood the American squadron in battle array, flying the Stars and Stripes, facing the frowning forts and warships, the bands playing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and then came the conflict and the victory."—REV. C. PERRIN.

1857. Foundation, Needed. A short man wanted to drive a nail in a wall to carry a big picture. He stood on a chair; he was not high enough. His wife put on a small box and, balancing himself precariously, he began to give the nail hesitating taps with the hammer. His wife said, "Why don't you give a brave blow or two, and settle it?" He replied, "How can a man give a brave

blow or two when he is standing on a foundation like this?" That settled the question of certainty or uncertainty. It depends upon the foundation on which the preacher or teacher is standing. One need have no note of uncertainty if he believes the Bible and has "Thus saith the Lord" for all he preaches or teaches. —*The Globe*, Toronto, Canada.

1858. Foundation Work. It required years and years to lay the foundations of Minot's Ledge lighthouse, but after that the lighthouse went up in six months. A floating iceberg, with the sunlight beating on its pinnacles and towers, is a beautiful object; but for the hundred feet you see above the ocean surface there are eight hundred feet below. And so everywhere the seen is built upon the unseen, and would be impossible without it.

1859. Foundations, Faulty. All around the salt center in Cheshire, England, you see whole towns and villages tumbling together like shock-shaken paralytics; walls leaving the roof, one story falling in upon the lower and the basement descending to the earth. The ground has been tunnelled and mined for its salt treasures until there is only a thin shell of earth above the hollowed out vacuum, and one day with little or no notice that tumbles in. What a picture of a religious profession that is being undermined by abounding worldliness or secret sin! One day there comes a startling collapse or apostasy, but degeneration has been long in progress. There is only one true foundation, and on that we must build up for eternity.—*Life of Faith*.

1860. Fragments, Gathered. An artist at odd hours took the wasted pieces of glass and out of them constructed one of the most magnificent windows that ever adorned a cathedral. The gold sweepings in the United States Mint, Philadelphia, amount to over \$80,000 per year. Many of the most useful things are now made out of what was once thrown away. The by-product in the great packing houses in Chicago has proven the sources of immense fortunes. Our wasted moments, talents and means, if wisely used, would prove the source of great added treasure in the kingdom of God.

1861. Freedom. Years ago at a notable dinner in London that world-famed statesman, John Bright, asked an American statesman, Dr. Curry, "What distinct contribution has your America made to the science of government?" Dr. Curry replied, "The doctrine of re-

ligious liberty." After a moment's reflection, Mr. Bright made the worthy reply, "It was a tremendous contribution."

1862. Freedom, Spiritual. The 1st of August, 1834, was the day on which the emancipation of 700,000 of British colonial slaves took place. Throughout the colonies the churches and chapels were thrown open, and the slaves crowded into them on the evening of the 31st of July. As the hour of midnight approached they fell upon their knees and awaited the solemn moment, all hushed in silent prayer. When twelve sounded from the chapel bells they sprang upon their feet, and through every island rang the glad sound of thanksgiving to the Father of all, for the chains were broken and the slaves were free.

But greater far is the freedom to the soul who believes on Christ, and as much greater is its joy. For it never ends, but expands more and more unto the perfect day.

1863. Free-Will Respected. An action for damages was decided by the Court of Appeals against the plaintiff in the following case. A man walking down Fourth Avenue, New York, stopped on a temporary bridge to look at work being done in the subway. A workman told him to move on, as he was liable to be hurt. He refused to do so, claiming he had a right to be on a public street. A few moments later he was struck on the head by a piece of iron that was cut from a pipe and was severely hurt. So he sued for damages.

The decision of the final court was that he was perfectly justified in staying where he was hurt after being warned. However, the warning he had received, and had not heeded, precluded him from getting damages for his injuries. The presumption was that he accepted the risk of remaining after the danger had been pointed out to him. The contractor had no right to remove him by force, and had fully done his duty when he had told him of the peril he was in.

The same principle operates in spiritual matters. The right of free will is respected, and it is open to all to reject the warnings and invitations of the gospel. It is man's own soul that is involved, and if he allows it to go to destruction he alone must bear the penalty.

1864. Friend Who Is Near. I remember a dear friend, whose sainted father had been very suddenly called home, tell-

ing me that she had his study photographed just as it was when he was last in it. Looking one day with tearful eyes at the photograph, and feeling as if all were lost, her eye caught the words of a text hanging on the wall behind her father's chair. Part of the card was hidden behind something standing in front, so that the only words that could be seen were "Thou remainest." They seemed like a voice sent straight from Heaven to dry her tears and bid her be of good courage. Her best, her heavenly Friend was with her still; she was not left alone.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

1865. Friends, Choose.

Choose your friend wisely,

Test your friend well;

True friends, like rarest gems,

Prove hard to tell.

Winter him, summer him,

Know your friend well.

—*Unknown.*

1866. Friendship. See Love.

1867. Friendship, Defined. A prize was offered some years since for the best definition of a friend, and this was the one which received the prize: "A friend is the person who comes in when every other person has gone out." That is the kind of friend Christ is. And this is the noble type of friendliness which should characterize us.

1868. Friendship, Keep in Repair.

Samuel Johnson once said to Sir Joshua Reynolds: "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

1869. Friendship, Legacy of. In the will of the late Associate Justice Lamar, of the United States Supreme Court, appears an unusual legacy. The testator leaves to his family his "friendships, many and numerous, in the hope that they will be cherished and continued."

Why not? Friendships are among the most cherished and prized possessions of our life—and too often among the rarest. They are greater than the gold and gear that figure most prominently in last wills and testaments. And they often take longer to create than large estates. A fortune may be gotten in a day, on the turn of a card, as it were—but not a friendship. That takes time.

When one thinks of it, it seems a pity that this fine product of years of toiling, struggling, failing, succeeding, suffering and being happy together—this perfect confidence that comes only when the

years have tested and approved—should be lost when one person dies. It seems as if friendship too, should have a soul and so live on.—*Elgin Courier*.

1870. Friendship Makes Beauty. Friendship and love have eyes when the casual passer-by is blind.

Our dear ones, however they may look to outsiders, are always beautiful to us if we think of their looks at all. Our friends, too, have long passed the stage when we appraise their looks. Looks may lead to love, but character retains it. We love our friends for what they are, but in each one we find some superlative physical beauty. It may be the eyes, or the mouth, or the hands. It may be the voice, the smile, the laugh. It may be the poise, the walk, the carriage; but something we are sure to find.

Have you ever seen in one list the adjectives we are wont to use in speaking of a friend? She may be pretty, attractive, beautiful, distinguished, delightful, charming, fascinating, stunning, interesting, inspiring, superb, splendid, glorious. She may be sympathetic, helpful, restful, kindly, cordial, unselfish, loyal, tender. For these, and a hundred other reasons, we choose our friends, and no two will ever agree exactly in their estimate of another. But with a world full of beauties of body and character it would seem that everybody should have a host of friends to admire and treasure if he have an eye for beauty.

If one cares to make a good impression, to be found attractive and beautiful, health is a first consideration. And the second is plain, old-fashioned cleanness. A healthy, clean person, neatly dressed, however simply, is bound to be attractive. But the well-springs of beauty are in a woman's heart.

Her body's beauty is but a poem
Written by God about her soul.

Her gown is the binding for the poem which, if it serves its purpose truly, will suggest the sentiment of the poem, and at the same time will harmonize with the other bindings on the shelves of life's library.—*RIDGWAY*.

1871. Friendship a Support. A soldier was telling of a frightful wound received in battle. "Did you not at once fall?" said one. "No," he replied; "the boys saw I was hurt, and gathered so closely about me, I couldn't fall." How often we see a comrade grievously wounded by temptation, malice, and other

malignant foes, and because he is hurt, we forsake him, and he falls, is trampled underfoot and out of conspicuous usefulness into a premature grave perhaps, and ultimately lower than the grave.—*Christian Standard*.

1872. Friendship that Understands. When John Huss, of Bohemia, was on his way to the stake, an old friend stood forth from the throng of onlookers, and without a word gave him a powerful grip of the hand. It was a courageous act, for it might have meant death to befriend the "heretic." Huss turned and said that only God and himself knew how much that handclasp meant to him in that supreme hour. Somebody had understood him. Mary of Bethany understood our Lord better than any living being of his time. She understood his mission of death and resurrection so well that she anointed him beforehand for his burial (John 12:3), and she was not found among the women who went to the tomb with spices for a belated embalming, for *she knew better*. No wonder that he loved to unburden himself to her appreciative soul.—*HOWARD A. BANKS*.

1873. Friendship with Christ. Zinzendorf, when a boy, used to write little notes to the Saviour, and throw them out of the window, hoping that he would find them. Later in life, so strong was his faith in the friendship of Christ and in his own need of that friendship as a daily solace, that once, when traveling, he sent back his companion, that he might converse more freely with the Lord, with whom he spoke audibly. So do we all need friendly converse with him our soul's love. "He alone is a thousand companions; he alone is a world of friends. That man never knew what it was to be familiar with God who complains of the want of friends when God is with him."

But who can originate such conceptions of God as are necessary to the enjoyment of his friendship in prayer without time for thought, for self-collection, for concentration of soul? Momentary devotion, if genuine, must presuppose the habit of studious prayer.—*AUSTIN PHELPS*.

1874. Future Life, Aztec Conception of. The Aztecs taught that the wicked were sent after death to expiate their sins in a region of eternal darkness. Those who died of certain diseases were entitled to a state of indolent contentment. But the Aztec Paradise, like the Elysium of the Greeks and Romans,

was reserved for their warriors and heroes.

1875. Future Life, Greek Conception of. The Greeks believed that the souls of good men, after being purified from whatever slight offenses they had committed in life, were conducted to a place abounding in delights, called Elysium.

1876. Future Life, Peruvian Conception of. The Peruvians exposed their dead to the cold, dry, rarefied atmosphere of the mountains before burial. They imagined that the wants and occupations of men would be the same beyond the grave as in this life. So costly apparel, arms, utensils, and sometimes treasures were placed in the tomb. That he might not lack attendance and society the dead man's favorite wives and domestics were sacrificed on his tomb.

1877. Gambling. Some of the terms that are used among modern gamblers are very suggestive of the fearful and quick disaster to which gambling hastens its victims. In some of the policy establishments, betting on two numbers is called a "saddle," three a "gig," four a "horse." In all our American cities hundreds and thousands of young men are leaping into that "saddle" or mounting into the seat of that "gig," behind that "horse," and riding or driving straight to hell. Not only the hell of the future but the hell of the present.

1878. Gambling. Some one has said that gambling bears the same relation to robbery that dueling does to murder. One man will meet another in a dark alley and take his life at the end of a pistol, and you call that murder; two men will meet each other in an alley and agree to shoot at each other until one or both fall dead, and you call that dueling. But the only difference is that in the first case there is one murderer, and in the second case there are two. One man will meet another in a dark alley and take his money at the end of a pistol and you call that robbery; two men will meet each other round a table and agree to take each other's money with dice or cards, and you call that gambling. But the only difference is that in the first case there is one robber, and in the second case there are two.—EVANGELIST W. E. BIEDERWOLF.

1879. Gate, Narrow.

Tall was my camel and laden high
And small the gate as a needle's eye.

The city within was very fair,
And I and my camel would enter there.

"You must lower your load," the porter
cried;
"You must throw away that bundle of
pride."

"Now," said the porter, "to make it less,
Discard that bundle of selfishness."

I obeyed, though with much ado,
Yet still nor camel nor I got through.

"Ah" said the porter, "your load must
hold
Some little package of trust-in-gold."

The merest handful was all I had,
Yet "Throw it away," the porter bade.

Then lo, a marvel! the camel tall
Shrank to the size of the portal small.

And all my riches, a vast estate,
Easily passed through the narrow gate.
—AMOS R. WELLS.

1880. Generosity. See Giving.

1881. Generosity. Generosity is only benevolence in practice.—BISHOP KEN.

1881a. Generosity, A Leader's. Few generals have ever been more loved by their soldiers than the great Viscount de Turenne, who was Marshal of France in the time of Louis XIV. Troops are always proud of a leader who wins victories; but Turenne was far more loved for his generous kindness than for his successes. If he gained a battle, he always wrote in his dispatches, "We succeeded," so as to give the credit to the rest of the army; but if he were defeated, he wrote, "I lost," so as to take all the blame upon himself.

1882. Generosity, Reward of. One of the finest stories illustrating the reward of self-sacrifice is furnished in the following incident which is doubly powerful because it is known to be true.

"In Sherman's campaign it became necessary to change commanders, and Howard was put in place of another general, at the head of a division which he led through the whole campaign. When it came to the great review in Washington at the end of the war, Sherman summoned Howard and told him that the politicians and other friends of the deposed general insisted that he should ride at the head of that division. Howard naturally protested, until Sherman appealed to him on the ground that he was a Christian and could stand the disappointment. 'There is only one answer,' said General Howard; 'Let him

ride at the head of the corps.' Then Sherman turned to Howard and told him he was to ride by his side at the head of the whole army. Howard trembled and protested to the last, but Sherman insisted, and so it was done."

1883. Generosity, A Wife's. The Bishop of Sheffield is credited with the following story:

He had been to visit an outlying parish in his diocese, and was met at the station by the rector, who, though the day was extremely warm, carried an overcoat over his arm.

"You surely will not need your overcoat to-day," said Dr. Quirk.

"I know," was the rector's reply; "but my wife is interested in a jumble sale, and when I carry things with me I know where they are."

1884. Genius, Sorrows of. Sometimes we get greatly discouraged because we have to struggle against so much opposition. But the greatest men the world ever knew have not been exempt. Some one has gathered a few instances of this: Homer was a beggar; Paul Borg-hese had fourteen trades, and yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for five shillings; Cervantes died of hunger; the great Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spenser—the charming Spenser—died forsaken and in want; Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for seventy-five dollars, in three payments, and finished his life in obscurity; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the debtor's prison; and Paul, the eloquent genius of the early Christian era, was opposed and cursed until he shook his raiment against them. Don't get discouraged because you have to struggle. It is the natural order.

1885. Gentleness. See Kindness.

1886. Gentleness. After Mr. Harvey produced his wonderful steel plate armor, inventors of projectiles endeavored for some time, in vain, to make a shot that would penetrate it. The hardest, toughest shots would be destroyed on impact with the face of the plate. By an extraordinary and paradoxical device a shell was finally rendered capable of passing through a ten-inch Harveyized plate. The inventor simply placed a cap of soft steel on the point of the shell.

It is a human impulse to meet wrath with wrath, hardness with hardness; but both in morals and physics experience proves that a little gentleness accom-

plishes more than unyielding rigidity.—REV. C. J. DOLE.

1887. Gentleness. A stranger stopped all night at a farmer's house. He noticed that a slender little girl, by her gentle ways, had a great influence in the house. The next morning, when the farmer wanted to drive the stranger to town, the horse refused to go. They jerked it, whipped it and kicked it. But it would not move. Then the little girl laid her hand on the neck of the horse, spoke a few kind words to it, and stroked it. Instantly the tense muscles relaxed, and the stubbornness vanished. They had no more trouble with the pony that day.

1888. Gentleness, a Manly Trait. It is not unmanly to be gentle. Some people imagine that it is. Some boys think that gentleness is very beautiful in girls, but that it is not beautiful in boys. But this is a wrong thought. All noble and heroic character is kindly and thoughtful. England points to Sir Philip Sidney as one of her brightest examples of manliness, yet it was he—bravest of the brave—who, when dying on the field of Zutphen and craving water, yet motioned away the proffered cup, saying, "Give it to that private soldier: he needs it more than I."

An interesting incident is told of George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive. When a young man, he went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. It had been open for some time. Two or three days afterward he chanced to see a bird flying against the window, beating against it, as if trying to break the glass. What could the bird want? Mr. Stephenson went to the room at once and opened the window. Instantly the bird flew in and went straight to one spot, where Stephenson saw a nest. The poor bird looked at the nest, took in the sad story at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead. Stephenson, drawing near, was himself filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under her, four little ones, mother and young all dead. He cried aloud. Tenderly lifting the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and so bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, he tried to revive it, but without avail. It soon died, and the great man mourned for it many a day. "At that very time," says the narrative, "the force of George Stephenson's mind was

changing the face of the earth, yet he wept at the sight of this dead family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of their death."—*Forward*.

1889. Gentleness Even in Reproof.

With regard to manner, be careful to speak in a soft, tender, kind and loving way. Even when you have occasion to rebuke, be careful to do it with manifest kindness. The effect will be incalculably better.—HOSEA BALLOU.

1890. Girl-Christian, How She Became. A little girl was once asked to tell how she became a Christian. She said that she was reading in the Bible about the leper who said to Jesus, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." And Jesus put forth his hand and touched him, saying, "I will, be thou clean."

"I noticed," said the little girl, "that there was an 'if' in what the man said, but there was no 'if' in what Jesus said. So I knelt down, and took out the 'if.' I said, 'Lord Jesus, Thou canst, Thou wilt make me clean; I give myself to Thee.' And Jesus took me, just as I had asked Him."

This little girl's experience reminds us of the words of a beautiful hymn, which says:

"If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away."

1891. Girls and Boys.

If I a little girl could be,
Well—just like you,
With lips so rosy, cheeks so fair,
Such eyes of blue and shining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile
I'd be so loving all the while;
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That every one would turn to say,
" 'Tis good to meet that child to-day."
Yes, yes, my girl, that's what I'd do
If I were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy
Like some I know,
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
With eyes all beaming bright with fun—
Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive with all my might
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero, as in days of old.

'Twould be a joy
To hear one, looking at me, say,
"My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy, I know
I would be so.

—SIDNEY DAYRE.

1892. Girls Need Opportunity. In the Tate Art Gallery in London is a painting called "The Girl at the Gate." The scene is laid in the Highlands of Scotland. The farther background of the picture reveals the rocky cliff and the jagged scaur. In the foreground is a rude highland cabin whose tiny yard is surrounded by a rickety picket fence. In front of the little home, the aged father is spading the ground. The mother, bedecked in an apron, standing akimbo feeding her chickens. At the front gate, about which daisies are blooming and a sparse vine clammers, stands a fair blue-eyed lassie, dressed in the native plaid. Her hands rests upon the gate post. She is merely a peasant girl in form and surroundings, but with an expression of unutterable yearning after some great ideal. Her face is sweetly sad and beautiful. Her fine dreamy eyes—they form the center and point of the picture. What a study! Those fine eyes are looking across the hazy distances. She seems to have visions of a larger, fuller life. Her soul, imprisoned and uncultured, appears to be striving for liberty, noble activity, and lofty service. Those who look upon this picture are attracted to it with awakened sympathy and tenderness. This picture reminds us of hundreds and thousands of girls who are held back within the barriers of circumstances and narrow environment. There is no nobler task entrusted to men and women than that of giving "the girl at the gate" a chance in life.

1893. Give While Christ Gives. Please do not forget your usual donation this year and, if possible, add a little to it.

We are reminded of a little verse which seems very fitting:

"And must I be giving again and again?
'Oh, no!' said the Angel, piercing me through,
'Just give till the Master stops giving to you!'"

1894. Giving. See Generosity. See Money. See Missions and Missionary Sunday. See Thrift.

1895. Giving. Bluff a man into giving, and you subtract fifty per cent. from his next gift. Persuade him to make the

first gift, and you add 100 per cent. to the second, 1,000 per cent. to the tenth.

1896. Giving, Advice on. "As I sat by his side to-day, Sahib, the Hakim, called for his two sons and his nephew. When they were all gathered at his bed he spoke in a weak voice and said: 'I can not take my property with me, it remains in your hands; therefore take heed unto my words. If you spend money recklessly, it will become a swift river bearing you to destruction; if you hoard it away as a miser, it will turn to ice and freeze your soul within you; if you use it to do good in the world, it will be like the gentle rain that falls upon the earth and makes it beautiful with grass and corn and flowers.'"—H. R. CALKINS.

1897. Giving, Basis of. A Des Moines man who was converted in one of Billy Sunday's meetings was assessed for current expenses by the church with which he united the sum of \$12.50 for the year. When informed of the matter he protested at the smallness of the sum. "For," said he, "I used to spend more than that for a single night's pleasure." He and his wife began to read the Bible to ascertain what it taught about giving and the result was that during the first six months of the year he had given 27 times \$12.50, or \$337.50, and has never since given less than that. The book of Malachi settled the basis of his giving.

1898. Giving Blesses the Giver. "Every flower that you plant along some other man's track sheds its fragrance on you."

One cannot give fully, freely of himself and his substance to others without reaping the reward. Nor can one be miserly of himself and his possessions without suffering for it. You remember Scrooge and how dismal his outlook upon life until the Christmas spirit entered his heart and it was warmed and mel-
lowed. The old man who cared for nothing but money and for nobody but himself was thereby utterly transformed.

Just as far as we are like the old Scrooge in our indifference to humanity, just so far shall we reap bitterness and gall; just so far as we are like the new Scrooge shall the blessings we bestow come back to us a thousandfold. "No man liveth to himself."

1899. Giving, Boy Trained to. Some one tells of a little boy sitting in church beside a richly dressed lady as the collection was being taken. In his hand

he held the silver he intended to give. As the usher drew nearer, he noticed the lady looked straight ahead, appearing wholly unprepared for the offering. When the collection plate had reached the pew in front of them, he handed his silver piece to the woman and whispered to her, "Take this, and I'll get under the seat till he gets by." Could this have happened in your church?

1900. Giving and Business Enterprise. Dr. Ira Landrith tells of a Christian banker who said he could go to a directors' meeting and arrange for the disposal or investment of fifty thousand dollars in an hour. How different it is in the meeting of the financial committee of the church, who debate one hour on how to raise \$30 and another how to spend \$20 of it! But then, if the business methods of the church do not suit us, why not join a church and put a little of Christianity's business enterprise into it?

1901. Giving, Cheerful. "God loveth a cheerful giver" (II Cor. 9:7). In Herefordshire there was one very rich man in my parish, who had a sudden paralytic stroke when I was away from home for a holiday. He was a common, ignorant farmer, and had come into eighty thousand pounds through the death of a brother. He had told me that he did not care for his brother's money, because he had as much as he wanted before, and yet he had not given more than sixpence a year for charity. As soon as I returned home I went down to see him, and he said, "The Lord has stricken me, and I am afraid I may die. I have sent for you at once that I may do what I suppose is right before God; I want to go to heaven, and I want you to take a hundred pounds for the poor." I looked him straight in the face, and said, "Do you think you are going to buy your soul's way to glory by a dirty hundred pounds! Give your money where you like; I will not touch it!" That was rather strong; but, blessed be God, the man lived seven years, and was a very different man before he died.—H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE.

1902. Giving, Cheerful. Martin Luther was once asked to help some cause when he really had no money to give. Still he did not refuse his assistance, but, going to a drawer in which he kept a valuable and highly prized medal of Joachim, the elector of Brandenburg, he drew it out, saying, "What art thou doing here, Joachim? Dost thou not see how

idle thou art? Come out and make thyself useful."—*Christian Age*.

1903. Giving as to Christ. A pastor was taking a missionary collection recently when he said, "I want each of you to give to-day as though you were putting your money right into the pierced hand of Jesus Christ." A lady came up afterward, and said, "I was going to give a half-dollar, but I did not do so." "Why did you not do it?" the preacher asked. "Do you think I would put a half-dollar into his pierced hand? I have ten dollars at home, and I am going to give that." If we were putting our money into the pierced hand of our Lord our contributions would amount to millions, and the world would be evangelized in ten years.—REV. W. THORBURN CLARK.

1904. Giving, Christian. Marion Lawrence says that the first time he ever attended a Sunday School convention he made a speech. "It was the first speech I ever made and it was a good speech. It was so good that they applauded it ever since. This was the speech, 'I pledge for International Sunday School work \$10.00 a year for three years.' If you don't believe they'll applaud a speech like that, just try it."

1905. Giving, Not by Compulsion. Bishop Weaver once told this story: "One day when at church the deacon called on an Irishman for some money for missionary purposes. He excused himself, but the deacon urged him to give. The Irishman said he must pay his debts first, and then he would give. The deacon reminded him that he owed the Lord a great deal and ought to pay him. He answered, 'Faith, deacon, I know it; but then he don't crowd me like my other creditors.'"

1906. Giving, Consecrated. The Rev. J. M. Baker, a missionary of South India, writes this pathetic incident: An old man, thirty-five miles north of On-gole, had a great desire to give something to Jesus. The only thing he had to give was a magnificent pumpkin he had grown with great care and protected a long time from thieves. But how was he to get it to the Lord? The hamlet had no Christian teacher to tell him, and the touring evangelist of that section was not liable to visit his village for some time. His conclusions were: "I will take it to the missionary. He will know what to do." In India this vegetable is worth about four cents. The old man had walked seventy miles, and one-half of the distance carried on his head a weight

of about thirty pounds and the food for his journey that he might present to the Lord an acceptable gift of four cents.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

1907. Giving Only What Costs. The captain of a troop of German cavalry called at the door of a cottage, in a lonely valley, and was met by a venerable Moravian. "Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troops aforaging." "Presently," replied he. The old man conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley. "There is the very thing we want," said the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide, "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther they at length reached another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut and secured the grain, and remounted. The officer, upon this, said to his conductor, "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble: the first field was much better than this." "Very true, Sir," replied the man; "but it was not mine." We are to give not what belongs to others, but of our own, not alone what is easy to give but what costs.—H.

1908. Giving, or the Dollar Ring. This story is told of John Burroughs. Walking one day down Fifth Avenue, New York, past a building in course of construction, he said, "I hear a cricket." He stepped up to a pile of dirt, picked up a rock and found the cricket.

The friend with whom he was walking said to him, "Of all the people that have passed that pile of dirt to-day you are the only one who heard the chirp of the cricket."

Mr. Burroughs laughed. "But if I were to drop a dollar on the pavement every one within reach would stop and listen."

What do you hear as you walk along through life? Is it the clear, sweet call to noble living and high service? Or is it the sordid ring of low and selfish things that catch your ear? Through long years of faithful, careful study Mr. Burroughs had trained his ear to hear the chirp of that tiny cricket on the busy city street. You can train your ear to hear the fine things of life.

1909. Giving, Double It. A preacher recently in his earnest sermon on giving, speaking of the importance of having a regular system, inadvertently remarked, "If you cannot afford to give a

tenth, then give a fifth." It would be a good plan for many who feel they cannot afford to give more to God. Double your giving. It will multiply by geometrical ratio your returns.—*Sunday School Times*.

1910. Giving, Doubling Our Blessings.

"Set your candle before the looking-glass," said a dear, quaint old lady. "Don't you know you get almost the light of two candles that way?" This thought was carried out by a woman whose garden annually overflowed into all her neighbors' houses, and who said, "It is give or die!" Share the lovely, fragrant blossoms; let them carry their sweet messages into life's desert, shadowed places, and your own garden will smile in loveliness until frost comes to banish the outdoor beauty. Pleasures gratefully accepted from the Giver of all true pleasure, and pleasures shared with others, are pleasures doubled. Can we not always set our candle before a looking-glass?"—*Onward*.

1911. Giving, Doubtful. "What's that box for?" asked a little girl in the city of her aunt who had just come home from a missionary meeting. "That's a mite-box," replied her aunt. "Oh," said the child, "I suppose it's called that because you *might* put something in it." That is the conception of giving too many have.

1912. Giving, a Duty. But how is it with the Kingdom? Is the Church on her job? How much of the yellow metal lies in the hollow palm of her lily white hand?

Well, when one sees how much money is on exhibition once a week in church in fashionable finery—rich furs, palm-like plumes, sparkling jewelry, and all the rest, one feels like the Irishman who, walking with a fellow-countryman, passed a jewelry store where a lot of precious stones lay in the window. "Mike, would you like to have your pick?" asked Pat. "Me pick?" echoed Mike. "Not me pick, but me shovel." The Church sometimes is too much of a show window, where wealth is displayed rather than contributed, calling for pick and shovel to dig it out for the Kingdom. What is argued for in this miniature is sufficient available money to shovel out in support of the causes, or humanities, of education, of evangelism, for which the Church of Jesus Christ exists. Because, economizing here is poor economy. Scrimping in missions is strangulation, impoverishment and failure. In fact, it

is ecclesiastical suicide. "The liberal soul shall be made fat." So shall the liberal Church. "There is that giveth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth and it tendeth to poverty."—S. B. DUNN, D.D.

1913. Giving, Duty of. At a sailors' meeting a seaman prayed, "Lord, make us ships with two hatchways; one to take in cargo, and the other to give it out." Paul knew its answer, "I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you." We are not store-houses, we are ships, intended to trade with the heavenly country and bring supplies for a needy world. Always loading ends in overloading; if we unload, we shall soon be reloaded.—*Record of Christian Work*.

1914. Giving, Duty of, Illustrated. "There is a gentleman," said the Indian preacher, "who I suppose is now in this house. He is a very fine gentleman, but a very modest one. He does not like to show himself at a missionary meeting. I don't know how long it is since I have seen him, he comes out so little. I am very much afraid he sleeps much of the time when he ought to be out doing good. His name is Gold. Mr. Gold, are you here to-day, or are you sleeping in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold, come out, and help us to do this great work. Come out and help us preach the Gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sleep so much in your iron chest! Look at your white brother, Mr. Silver; he does a great deal of good while you are sleeping. Look, too, at your little brown brother, Mr. Copper; he is everywhere. Your poor little brown brother is running about doing all that he can to help us. Come out, Mr. Gold, come out of your iron chest!"

1915. Giving, Example of. One of the men who learned the reality of the words of Christ was Daniel K. Pearsons, the great philanthropist, who gave away perhaps seven million dollars in all, enough to build and endow a great "Pearsons College." But he chose rather to distribute his gifts where they would go with the gifts of others, and so much more good be done than would be possible in any institution he could build.

In 1909 he said: "I am having more fun than any other millionaire alive. Let other rich men go in for automobiles and steam yachts. I have discovered, after endowing forty-seven colleges in twenty-four different states, that giving is the

most exquisite of all mundane delights. On my ninetieth birthday I am going to have a squaring up with all the small colleges I have promised money to, and I serve notice now that I am going on a new rampage of giving. I intend to die penniless. If there are any other millionaires who want to have a lot of fun, let them follow my example."

On his ninety-first birthday he completed his giving, and became practically a poor man.

At that time he said:

"I now have finished my career as a giver. I had a good time making my money, and I have had a better time spending it. I am an old man now, and I have reached the limit. I have paid the last dollar of my pledges, and now I propose to rest. Henceforth I will consider no more pleas. With this I retire. I lie down to-night a free man. I do not owe a dollar in the world."

He made this further statement in explanation of his giving to colleges: "I gave to colleges because I believe in young manhood and young womanhood. I gave to poor colleges because I believe in young people who have to struggle. I gave to Christian colleges because I believe that education without character is a very doubtful blessing."

Finally he gave his home to the town for a library, and retired to a sanitarium, where he died in 1912, when more than ninety-two years old.—JOHN T. FARIS, D.D.

1916. Giving, Fruitful. It is said that it is the custom in Zulu churches for the men and women to go out after hearing the sermon and repeat as much of it as possible to any one who will listen. In giving the message to others, they retain more of it for themselves, and therefore receive a double blessing. Is not this the way with our giving to God? We retain for ourselves more fruit by giving God the first fruits, than we would should we keep it all for ourselves. We are told that "if we give it shall be given unto us." Then the more fruits we give the more fruitful we become, but we are not to give with this in view. For it is just like our dear Father to give us "the best end of the bargain every time." How we ought to love Him for it!

1917. Giving to God. Note what a dollar will do:

\$1 spent for a lunch lasts 5 hours.

\$1 spent for a necktie lasts 5 weeks.

\$1 spent for a cap lasts 5 months.

\$1 spent for an automobile lasts 5 years.

\$1 spent for a water power or railroad grade lasts for 5 generations.

\$1 spent in the service of God lasts for eternity.

This does not mean that we should put our income in the contribution box and starve to death, but that we should wake up to the terrible responsibility that accompanies purchasing power. We speak of the "almighty dollar." In one sense this is true. Don't abuse that power. Use it in making good. Get the vision.

—ROGER W. BABSON.

1918. Giving as God's Agents. A rich man trusts his agent to answer appeals for aid. The agent has a great privilege and opportunity. Now every one of us may become God's agent, dispensing God's bounty.

1919. Giving, God's Gift. The other day a little girl told me she was going to give her father a pair of slippers on his birthday. "Where will you get the money?" I asked. She opened her eyes like saucers, and she said, "Why, father will give me the money." And just for half a minute I was silent as I thought the dear man would buy his own birthday present. I was not in the house when she gave him the slippers. But I suppose when the father came down in the morning there was the parcel between his knife and fork. And the father loved his little girl for her gift, although he had had to pay for it. She had not anything in the world that he had not given her.

That is just what I want to tell you. You have not anything of your own to give to Jesus Christ. You can only give him back what belongs to him. When Christ says, "Give me something," and you say, "I have nothing to give," he further says: "I will put back into your own care and keeping—into your own proprietorship, and if you really love me for love's sake, you may give yourself back to me."—W. K. GREENLAND.

1920. Giving, God's Way. They asked Captain Levy, of Philadelphia, out Chestnut street, how he was able to give so much, and still have so much left. "Oh," said he "as I shovel out, he shovels in; and the Lord has a bigger shovel than I have."—DR. WEDDELL.

1921. Giving, Golden. Nathan Straus, in an address entitled "Invest in Happiness," quotes this old saying that has been current among the Jews for over 1900 years:

"What you give in health is gold;
 What you give in sickness is silver;
 What you give after death is lead."
 —*The Expositor*.

1922. Giving, Grace or Disgrace. "Assuming that the Lord expects as much of our Protestant churches as he demanded of the ancient Jews, American Christians have robbed him of \$350,000,000 this year," says J. Campbell White. Which reminds us of the terse saying of Doctor Riley in his "Trial of the Robbers," that if a Jew gave one-tenth under the law, for a Christian to give less under grace is a disgrace.

When a man begins to amass wealth it is always a question as to whether God is going to gain a fortune or lose a man.—*Missionary Outlook*.

1923. Giving, Growing Rich in. There is an old German legend of a "breeding groschen," a magic coin which was a means of prosperity to the owner so long as he employed it for the wants of his family, but lost its multiplying power when he employed it to hoard wealth for himself. The heart is like this "breeding groschen"; it is only enriched when it spends itself for others. The more it gives, the more it is capable of giving.

The heart grows rich in giving;

All its wealth is living grain.

Seeds which mildew in the garner,

Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

1924. Giving from the Heart. A rich Boston woman was dragged very unwillingly one day to see a poor widow who was sick. The rich woman was shocked. She did not care for the widow, but she did not like to see suffering. So she said, "I shall order the charity organization to come and help you." But the widow spoke up, "Thank you, ma'am, but although I am poor I cannot take charity." "But," said the rich woman, "you have just told me that your neighbors help you; you take things from them." "Yes, but that is not charity. They are friends. They care. They know that if they needed help I would do the same for them." This woman, poor as she was, measured giving by the heart of the giver. Gifts from a loving heart are welcome; from a cold heart they mean nothing. Jesus measured the gift by the heart.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

1925. Giving, a Heavenly Deposit. Two friends were in conversation. One told the other of a "good man" who had

died and left \$30,000. "What a pity," said the other, "that he left it behind when he might have sent it ahead. He is not likely now to ever hear of it again."
 —*Call to Prayer Bulletin*.

1926. Giving, How Rated. *The Christian Statesman* tells this tale:

At the Washington Park Community Church, Denver, upon a recent Sabbath night, every person in the congregation received a small envelope containing a piece of new silver money and carrying these words:

"I am 25 cents:

"I'm too small to buy a quart of oil.

"I'm too small to buy one-half pound of candy.

"I'm too small to buy a ticket to a good show.

"I'm even too small to buy a box of undetectable rouge—

"But when I come to church most people think I'm some money."

The pastor, the Rev. James H. Lewis, then preached a sermon on "Silas Marner," in which he attacked miserliness.

And that night, when the collection baskets were brought to the altar, they showed very few quarters and many, many bills—ranging from one to twenty dollars.

1927. Giving, How Some People Give. United States Senator Vardeman, so the story goes, once rented a plot of several acres to one of his black neighbors. The land was to be planted in corn, and the Senator, then ex-Governor, was to receive one-fourth. The corn was duly harvested, but the Senator did not receive his fourth. Meeting the negro one day, he said: "Look here, Sam, have you harvested your corn?" "Yes, sah, boss, long ago." "Well, wasn't I to get a fourth?" "Yes, sah; boss, dat's de truf, but dar wasn't no fo'th. Dar wuz jes' three loads an' dey was mine." There are some white people who treat the Lord in the same fashion.—*Baptist Standard*.

1928. Giving Humbly. Father Taylor was much averse to the practice of giving the names of contributors to charity, and refused to print the names of those who subscribed for the support of the Seamen's Bethel. In one of the meetings a man argued earnestly in favor of printing the names, on the ground that it encouraged subscriptions; and he cited the case of the poor widow who gave her mite, which, he said, as in the case of another woman, had been told in all the world as a memorial of her. At the end of his remarks Father Taylor leaned

forward, with a twinkle in his eye, and said, "Will the brother be kind enough to give us the lady's name?"—*The Standard*.

1929. Giving, Incentive to. A colored minister, in his discourse one Sunday morning, remarked, "The gospel am free, folks; the gospel am free." Later he proceeded to take up an extra collection.

At the close of the service a member of his congregation came to him and said, "Pastor, if the gospel is free, why do you take up so many collections?"

"Well, brother," he said, "it is this way: If you go down to the stream, you can get all the water that you want, can't you? But if you want it in your houses, you have to pay for the pipings. Well, this church and I are the pipings that bring you the water of life. The water is free, but you have to pay for the pipings."—Heard in a Sermon.

1930. Giving, Incense of. There is a woman who has been over the washtub hour after hour, day after day. At the end of the week, when the blessed Sabbath comes, she enters the House of God. It may be only ten dollars, it may be less, that she has been able to win out of the soiled world that way, but if it has been in her heart every day and every hour that the next Sunday morning in the house of worship, with its quiet, with its beauty, with its sweet music, with its hush of the Divine presence, she is to lay ten cents of every dollar on God's altar for humanity, her work—every bit of it—is made divine. Even the ill-smelling, hot suds offer up incense.—Dr. L. C. BARNES.

1931. Giving, Incentive to Generous. So apt was the story told by Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, in the pulpit one Sabbath, that it resulted in one of the largest collections of the year, says the *New York Press*. He spoke in warm terms of the character of John Eliot, the missionary to the Indians, one of whose most lovable traits was an unbounded generosity.

"Out of his salary of fifty pounds a year he gave large sums to charity," said Dr. MacArthur. "On one occasion the secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, when paying Eliot his quarterly stipend, sought to do him a service. He hit upon a plan of safeguarding the missionary's money, knowing that in all likelihood Eliot otherwise would give away every penny of it before he reached home." (Here Dr. MacArthur stepped forward to the side of

the pulpit and drew out his pocket handkerchief.) "The wily secretary took Eliot's handkerchief and tied up some of the money this way in one corner, and some so in another, and so on with the four corners. And firm, hard knots he made of them before handing the handkerchief over to its owner.

"It chanced that Eliot on his way home fell in with a worthy woman whose appearance told of dire poverty and distress. He stopped to speak to her, and pretty soon, his heart being touched, pulled out the handkerchief to give a sovereign to her. For some time he tugged and strained at the knots, but try as he might the corners refused to come untied, then calmly rolling the handkerchief up into a ball, the missionary placed it in the astonished woman's hands, saying: 'My good woman, I think the Lord meant you to have it all.'"

"The ushers," Dr. MacArthur added, "now will pass the basket for collection, and you can imitate John Eliot's example—if you are so minded."

And the congregation dug deep.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

1932. Giving, the Indian's Principle.—Bishop Whipple told the story of an Indian who came to get him to exchange a two-dollar note for two one-dollar bills. "Why?" asked the bishop. The Indian replied: "One dollar for me to give to Jesus, and one dollar for my wife to give." The bishop asked him if it was all the money he had. He said, "Yes." The bishop was about to tell him, "It is too much," when an Indian clergyman who was standing by whispered, "It might be too much for a white man to give, but not too much for an Indian who has this year heard for the first time of the love of Jesus." As year by year God's love has doubled itself upon us, have we kept pace with the Indian's principle of gratitude?

1933. Giving Is Paying. Is there hope for a man when it is reported that he prayeth? How much more when it is said, "Behold, he payeth also."—REV. DANIEL DORCHESTER, D.D.

1934. Giving Is Receiving. There is a legend of a poor boy, the son of a widow, who had gathered in the wood a dish of strawberries. Returning home, a venerable man startled him by calling out, "My lad, let me have your full dish and you take my empty one." Pity for the old man's weakness and helplessness overcame the boy's reluctance to part with his berries, and he made the ex-

change and then went to work to fill the empty dish. Having accomplished this, he returned with it to his mother, to whom he told the story of his adventure. "Ah, happy are we, my child," she exclaimed; "the dish is pure gold." If you give God the contents of your dish, the dish itself will be turned into the gold of heaven.—*Sunday School Times.*

1935. Giving, Joyous. When Miss Helen Culver gave four biological laboratories costing \$325,000 and an endowment fund of \$700,000 to Chicago University, she said: "This is the happiest moment of my life. I believe this money could not have been utilized to a nobler purpose than to give it to that science whose object is to assuage the sufferings of humanity; to make life endurable and enjoyable here on earth." We should bring our offerings to God with joy, if we desire to rejoice before Him.

1936. Giving, Three Kinds of. There are three kinds of givers—the flint, the sponge and the honey comb. It takes a blow of steel to get anything out of a flint, and then it is often a vicious snap. The sponge must be squeezed, and even then will not yield all it has absorbed. The honey comb is but the frail cover for a store of sweetness, and for the smallest puncture, it yields its sweetness.

1937. Giving Does Not Kill. The old colored preacher had the right idea about this when he said, "I hab nebber known a church killed by too much gibbing to de Lord. If dere should be such a church, and I should know about it, I tell you what I'd do. I'd go down to dat church dis bery night; and I'd clamber up its moss-cobered roof, and I'd sit a-straddle of its ridge-pole, and I'd cry aloud, 'Blessed are de dead which die in de Lord.'"

1938. Giving, Legend of. St. Nicholas, of the legend, gave three gold-pieces to three virgin sisters in order to enable them to marry. From this generous gift of the Saint the Lombard family, the first great money merchants of Europe, adopted the familiar sign of the Three Golden Balls, which was the original emblem of St. Nicholas himself. Ay, and shall not the saints to-day, who do business now by lending unto the Lord, hand out their gold-pieces and hang up their golden balls to promote the nuptials of Money and the Kingdom, and, with that, the Marriage of the Bride, the Lamb's wife! The love of specie must give place to the love of the species. Old

Nick must surrender the new nickels. The god of gold must yield to the gold of God.—S. B. DUNN, D.D.

1939. Giving, Measured. "They weighed unto him thirty pieces of silver."

"Still, as of old,

Man by himself is priced.

For thirty pieces Judas sold

Himself, not Christ."

—HESTER CHOLMONDELEY.

1940. Giving by Missing Meals.

Archbishop Magee said that meeting a ragged child, begging for food on the street, he went to his father, then vicar at Drogheda, and asked him to give the child something. Looking intently at his son, the father said, "Indeed, I cannot. I have all our own poor to help, and I really cannot do anything for the lad." However, as the boy turned crestfallen to the door, the father called after him, "Willie, if you would like to go without your own dinner, and to give it to the boy, you may; and go and ask your mother to find some old things to clothe him in." Delightedly the child carried out the suggestion. Have you, O Christian, ever gone without a single meal, to help finance the Kingdom of God? If you have not, you know not what you are missing.

1941. Giving to Missions. A poor woman had a cat of which she was very fond. She fed it with all the dainties that she could procure. Her next-door neighbor's pet was a canary bird. When the bird sang sweetly in its cage the cat would look at it with longing eyes. "Oh," said the woman, "how I wish that I was rich." "Why so," asked her visitor. The reply was: "If I had plenty of money, I would buy Tommy all the canaries that he could eat." There are a good many people whose ideas of the use of money are no better than hers. And some of our millionaires might as well buy canaries for their cats as squander their wealth in the ways that they do. Just compare feeding canaries to cats, as a motive, with the spread of Christ's kingdom through the offering of our gifts to missions.

1942. Giving to Missions. It has been well said, "Missions begin with the giving of men; they are continued by the giving of money." Money is consolidated life; when we are giving money we are giving life. The giving of money is essential to the success of missions.

It is remarkable how little we give to

God in comparison with what we waste on ourselves.

A pastor spent thirty minutes urging a lady of his church to give him a contribution to foreign missions. Finally a check was handed him for two dollars. Looking at it he glanced up, and in subdued, earnest tones, said: "A check from a hand wearing five hundred dollars' worth of diamonds should be larger than this if the wearer belongs to Christ." The check was made larger, but even then not large compared to the diamonds.

Giving is essential to the mission cause, and Christians should feel the shame of not giving.—H.

1943. Giving—Money-box or Bell?

Looking around an old church one day a gentleman was attracted by a ship's bell which he found hanging in the belfry vestry. He tapped it, but instead of giving out a full, ringing note, it only sounded muffled and dull. An examination of the bell showed that the bottom was plugged with a disc of wood, and a door cut in the side, which worked on a hinge and was fastened with a padlock. That old ship's bell was being used as a strong box. "Ah," commented the visitor; "very useful, no doubt, but it is not what the bell was made for." There are many Christians who were made to be bells, and are only just strong boxes. You can not get any sound out of them. You cannot get the very thing they were made for out of them. Are you a strong box or bell?—*Christian Herald*.

1944. Giving, Motive of. Paul's liberality can be traced to Calvary; all his giving had its roots at the cross.—REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

1945. Giving, Motive to. "How much did he leave?" asked one, referring to a millionaire who had just died. "Every cent," was the reply.

1946. Giving Not Welcomed. When Theodore Roosevelt was police commissioner of New York he asked an applicant for a position on the force, "If you were ordered to disperse a mob what would you do?"

"Pass around the hat, sir," was the reply.

1947. Giving Out of Abundance Hard.

A lady of whom we know, when asked by her pastor to help a cause dear to her heart in her comparative poverty, and to which she gave one pound then, proffered him five shillings. Her pastor called her attention to the surprising and ominous change. "Ah," said she, "when day by day I had to look to God for my daily

bread, I had enough and to spare; now I have to look to my ample income, and I am all the time haunted with the fear of losing it and coming to want."—*The Classmate*.

1948. Giving to Our Own. An elder wise and generous was soliciting contributions for his church budget when a lady remarked, "I cannot give to any more charities." He stopped her instantly and effectively by saying, "This is not charity—it is your own church."

We do not treat our church relationship soberly enough. It is a part of our spiritual family. The cries of the children on the street are a mere jumble of noises to a stranger but each mother recognizes her own and if she can say "it is not my child, thank God," she rests on the fact some other breast is warm for it nevertheless.

In these various drives let us not be unmindful of our own. A box of Huyler's for your own wife; a pair of shoes for your own child; a real diamond for your own mother—this is not for charity's sake.—*The Intelligencer*.

1949. Giving Out of Gratitude. One morning after Jenny Lind had given a charity concert, a clergyman found her counting and sealing up the money received, preparatory to distributing it among the poor. He began to compliment her, but she cut him short by saying: "It is the only return I can make unto the good Lord for the gift he has bestowed upon me, which is the great joy of my life. I can repay him only through the poor and the suffering."

1950. Giving Overcomes Selfishness.

A minister went to a prominent church member for help to bury a poor man. As he handed him five dollars, he said, "I wonder if these calls will ever stop?" "Do you want them to stop?" was the retort. "No," came the reply; "for if they did I should become as selfish as the devil."—*Christian Endeavor World*.

1951. Giving, Parable of. A boy who had a pocketful of coppers, dropped one carelessly into the missionary box. He had no thought in his heart about the heathen. Was not his penny light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny, looking around to see if any one was praising him. His was a brass penny.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because others do." This was an iron penny, the gift of a selfish heart.

As the fourth boy dropped his penny into the box, he shed a tear, and his

heart said: "Poor heathen! I am sorry they are so poor and ignorant." This was a silver penny, the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his, saying: "For thy sake, Lord Jesus. Oh, that the heathen may hear of thee, the Saviour of mankind!" That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.

1952. Giving, Parody on.

"Old Deacon Horner,
He sat in the corner,
As the contribution box passed by;
Sweetly content
He dropped in a cent
And said, "What a good churchman am I!"

1953. Giving, Paying a Debt. We all come into the world in debt. We owe our parents and all our ancestors for the homes and the influences into which we are born. We are in debt for our country and its liberties, our religion, our educational opportunities.

Much more do we owe all these to God, who provided them all. We owe him for innumerable blessings wholly out of our power to win by any effort. Most of all, we owe him for his unspeakable gift of his Son.

We ourselves are not our own; much less can we have anything that we can call ours. We are hopelessly in debt. But God has entrusted to each of us certain things. We are stewards of them. We must give account of them. They are to be used according to the commands of God, their owner. One of his commands is that we shall acknowledge his ownership by setting apart a portion of his special service. If we love him, we shall find delight in thus doing his will. Honesty as well as gratitude should lead us to be good stewards.
—*Christian Endeavor World*.

1954. Giving Pennies Only. Dr. Charles L. Goodell startled his congregation recently by preaching a sermon on the striking text, "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil." "I am able to state with absolute accuracy," said the preacher, "that there were 1,700 coppers—cents, pennies—in the collection last Sabbath. This scheme of giving all the pennies to the church is hardly fair—to the newsboys. You gentlemen start downtown Monday morning with nothing but dimes, quarters, and bills in your pockets. As a result the newsboys are forced to lose time and expend profitless energy in making change. It would be infinitely

better for all parties if you would save your pennies for the boys and drop your silver in the collection."

That is true. Still, we have no quarrel with the pennies.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

1955. Giving and Poverty. Money is a poor safeguard against poverty. The Egyptians are credited with a proverb that says: "If you spend all your time collecting money for fear of poverty, you are practicing poverty." Undoubtedly many a rich man suffers more pangs from the thought of possible poverty than some who have never known what it was to have a money surplus. Yet those who have little money often make the same mistake of needlessly "practicing poverty." For poverty is not a question of the presence or the absence of money; it is a question of trusting or doubting the loving care of One who is able to supply all our needs. And when we have come to the point of really trusting him, the fear of poverty fades out like a bad dream, and we rejoice in the riches that can never be taken from us.—*Sunday School Times*.

1956. Giving, a Needed Outlet. The attitude of different individuals towards money and, indeed, towards all God's rich gifts to them, is well illustrated by the two seas of Palestine with which students of Bible geography are familiar. One of these is the Dead Sea. No form of life can live within this sea. The river Jordan flows into it, but there is no outlet:

"I looked upon a sea,
And, lo, 'twas dead,
Although by Hermon's snows
And Jordan fed.

How came a fate so dire?
The tale's soon told;
All that it got it kept,
And fast did hold.

All tributary streams
Found there their grave,
Because this sea received,
But never gave.

O Lord, help me my best,
Myself to give,
That I may others bless
And like thee live."

Now listen to the message of the Sea of Galilee, which has both an inlet and an outlet:

"I looked upon a sea;
'Twas bright and blue,
Around its shores were life
And verdant hue.

'Twas fed by many rills,
With fountains' source
On Hermon's snowy peak
Whence Jordan's course.

But Galilee's blue sea
Lives not alone,
Although it gets these streams
As all its own.

It lives because it gives
Its waters blue
To other shores, and then
It fills anew."

—J. Y. EWART, D.D.

1957. Giving and Not Giving. One young woman, a motion-picture actress, paid an income tax on an annual salary of \$525,000. In Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Oakland, combined there are 155 Presbyterian pastors with their assistants, and that same year it cost \$486,191 to pay all of their salaries and the cost of carrying on all of their churches for a whole year. In other words, this one little movie actress earned enough money in one year to pay the salaries of 155 Presbyterian preachers and keep 155 Presbyterian churches in operation and then have left as pin money for herself the modest sum of \$34,809.—*New Era Magazine*.

1958. Giving and Not Giving. When the Pennsylvania Limited pulled into the big station at New York, the porter on one Pullman of that extra-fare train carried out a curious medley of baggage for one traveler. There was a battered suitcase, a pasteboard box, a paper bundle of clothing, a tin box, and a saucepan. A tired, shabby old man followed and, refusing all assistance, tied his belongings together and staggered down the platform. At the head of the steps he sat down, bewildered, and there a porter found him and took him to the Travelers' Aid booth. He told there that on his way from San Francisco he had been robbed of all his money, \$400, that he had but fifty cents left, and asked that a lodging be found. He was taken in a taxicab to the Municipal lodging house, in East Twenty-fifth Street, where there is a bed for those who haven't more than three dollars cash. There the superintendent noticed that the man was far from well.

They entered him on the books as Peter Vidovitch, a miner of San Francisco and Alaska, on his way home to Serbia. He was sixty-five years old.

Two weeks later Vidovitch died at Bellevue Hospital. When his effects were examined, it was found that the tin-box contained \$54,000 in Liberty Bonds, and bankbooks showing \$60,000 on deposit in San Francisco and Alaska banks. A belt he had worn proved to be a money-belt with \$1,900 in cash. In the small shabby handbag was jewelry worth \$5,000, a gold nugget and deeds to property in Fairbanks, Alaska. A sealed will was found, and it, together with the other valuables, were turned over to the public administrator. The will left all his property to relatives in Austria, and a trust company in San Francisco was designated as trustee. While Vidovitch was ill in the hospital, it was learned by visitors from the Travelers' Aid that he had had a son who, while a student at the University of California was drafted into the army and sent to France, where he was killed in action.—*Newspaper Report*.

1959. Giving and Not Giving. All of us have heard of the tight-fisted church officer who would not subscribe to the fund for repairs on the building until a chunk of plaster fell from the ceiling and struck him, whereupon he subscribed ten dollars, and another member exclaimed, "Lord, hit him again!" The story has been told so often that it seems true. But here is a really true one of the same general sort from the mission field.

A convert had been asked to contribute to a church building, and had made a skimpy little gift which the brethren thought quite insufficient. They could do nothing about it, however, and were letting it go at that, when the reluctant one's house was struck by lightning and burned down. Immediately he made his way to the treasurer and gave five times his original subscription, on the ground that God must be trying to make him realize the transitoriness of earthly things. The man who tells the story says that the faces of the other believers held a convinced smile and that they were more than suspected of praying for more thunder-storms.

And after all the humor is squeezed out of such tales a good deal of substance remains. There are experiences which ought to shake us out of our devotion to mere things. What we have is not so important as what we can do; and, if we grow so attached to what we

have that we will not use it as an agency of good, there is large mercy in letting us find out just what it is worth by some sharp experience that hurts us. I consoled once with a business friend who had undergone a considerable loss in one of his investments, and found him sending away some checks for charity, while he remarked rather ruefully that he would have to get these away pretty soon or he would not have anything to give. But for every one such man ten could be found who feel so poor after a loss that they cannot give anything away. How do you feel yourself at such times?—CLELAND B. MCAFEE, D.D.

1960. Giving, Prayer to Promote. A note was found by a minister upon his pulpit one morning which read: "The prayers of this congregation are requested for a man who is growing rich." The prayers of congregations are always needed for those who are growing into riches, leisure, culture, opportunity for travel, or intellectual brilliancy.—J. G. K. MCCLURE.

1961. Giving and Prayer. An unknown invalid girl in Georgia wrote to the pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Atlanta, telling him that she was unable to do any active service in the great financial drive of that church, but that a strong impression had come to her that she should pray that some of his members would be stirred up to liberal gifts. The pastor read the letter to his congregation the following Sabbath, and during the week received a gift of \$50,000 by one who had been touched by the reading of the letter.

1962. Giving and Praying Related. When the first locomotive went thundering through China, the Chinese piled their most sacred crockery upon the track attempting to stop its progress. "Silly," do you say? Listen, did you ever hear a man with a well-filled pocketbook tightly closed and a large bank account pray "Thy kingdom come"? Do you imagine such a prayer from such a man would have any more effect upon the Almighty than did China's sacred crockery upon the locomotive? And as for silliness—well, there are several kinds.

1963. Giving, Present-day Apostolic. There is a recent incident in connection with the Church Missionary Society's work in South India that illustrates the benevolent giving of the church at Antioch toward the Jerusalem congregation. The Tinneveli mission of the Church Missionary Society was founded

in 1816, and has had a remarkable growth. In the development of church life and organization, self-support and independence, this congregation has scarcely been equaled in all India. The contributions of the Tinneveli Christians have increased eighty per cent. in the last twenty years. In the last two years this church has subscribed eight hundred dollars a year to support two missionaries of its own number and seven Telugu evangelists under their supervision. But most remarkable of all, one year, these Tinneveli Christians collected and sent two thousand five hundred dollars to London.

1964. Giving, Privilege of. It was Lyman Beecher who said to a company of theological students that if he could get a dispensation from above he would gladly return to earth and preach the gospel for another lifetime. What would be your feelings, dear layman, if you could make a return journey and discover what had been actually done with the money you so frugally guarded during your probationary period? If you could certainly know whither your hard-earned ducats were going and the lavish expenditures your heirs would indulge in after the obsequies, would you not alter your will a trifle and mention the Church of Christ, a hospital, or a school at least for a modest sum? Better still, would you not execute your will by liberally remembering now causes that commend themselves to your judgment?

1965. Giving, Proportionate or Systematic? Many church members—and, let it be whispered!—pastors of some churches, confuse proportionate giving with systematic giving.

Systematic giving means the giving of a certain amount regularly, preferably once a week, for the running expenses and benevolences of the church.

Proportionate giving means that each individual has settled with himself that he will give to all benevolent causes a certain proportion of his income.

A person may give 10 cents a week systematically and yet it may not at all be proportionate to his income. There are thousands of Christians who believe we give nothing to God until we have paid at least one-tenth of our net income. You would probably believe this, too, if you studied the literature of Christian stewardship.

God really is the owner of everything, you know. We must render an accounting for our stewardship.

1966. Giving, Recognizing Stewardship. Many rich men prove that it is not impossible to have plenty of money, and at the same time to serve God. They live in the spirit of the business man who wrote:

"When I reached that point when I had a surplus above what was required for my business purposes, I looked around to see what use I could make of it. I resolved to consecrate it to the Master, just as much as I expended on my family. This had a double blessing. It caused economy at home, and enabled me to use cheerfully for Christian work what I had thus set apart."

Like this man was the magnate in a Western city who, when his wife asked for a new automobile, sent for a minister in the city, and told him of his purpose to give to a needy work a sum equal to the cost of the car. A few days later he found it necessary to ask the minister to come to him again. "I must increase the size of that check," he said. "My wife has persuaded me to buy the best car in the market. And I don't propose that we shall spend more on ourselves than we give to the Lord who has given us everything we have."

A missionary in India found, to his joy, a man of like spirit, and in a most unexpected place. While itinerating he came to a village where the head man had a hujra, or guest-house. The host, a Mohammedan, rose from his bed to receive the missionary, who asked if the hujra belonged to him.

"No, it is God's, but I am in charge of it," was the answer, which was not mere form, as was proved by the welcome freely accorded the visitor.

How many of our problems would be solved if we should take the same attitude to the good things of life!—REV. JOHN T. FARIS, D.D.

1967. Giving, Regret for Not. Among the many bequests made to the churches in Venice is one from a wealthy patrician who gave his estate to the church on condition that a funeral should be held every year. We were there the day when the funeral anniversary was observed, and all the bells made uproarious clanging. It seems to me that one funeral is enough.

Another queer bequest might be commended to more modern church members. It appears that whenever the man went to church he carefully selected the smallest coin in Venice to put in as his offering, because he was stingy, mean, and irreverent. When he came to die an

angel appeared to him in a dream and gave him a wedge, telling him to hold it between the doors of Heaven's gate and peer in for a half-hour, "for that was all of Heaven he had paid for." The man in remorse counted up the days he had deposited a penny when it should have been a ducat, and left all his property conditioned on the deposit of a ducat a week in the contribution box forever. The will was made in 1623.

1968. Giving Returns in Blessing. The superb car was speeding back to the city over one of the most wonderful country roads we ever traveled. The night was pitch dark and the powerful lights searched out the road ahead like two great antennæ. Suddenly, far down the road ahead the driver saw a red spot glow out of the night. Almost immediately he began to slow up the car. He was interested in watching that red warning light. He had gone but a few rods when he came to a sharp turn in the road and went on. A little further along another one of those red signals gleamed out. He was curious to know who went to the trouble to light these kindly warnings along the country road. Then he made a discovery. Back of a powerful red lens is a series of mirrors which catch the gleam of an approaching headlight and reflecting it back through the red lens give a perfect danger signal. The device is automatic. It costs nothing to maintain it and it is always in service.

But the utility of the device did not impress like the lesson learned from the signal. That device simply used what was given it—the light from the drivers' own headlights. How many times does God warn us through the reflection of our own temper! We give the world a smile and it smiles back at us. If we give it a frown, it frowns back at us. We give it hard work and it works for us. The world is kind to us as we are kind to it. Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is also more profitable and more remunerative.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

1969. Giving, A Revival of. I suppose we have many times stumbled at Horace Bushnell's word on this subject and wondered whether for once one of the greatest spiritual voices of his time had not missed the true note when he said: "One more revival, only one more is needed, the revival of Christian stewardship, the consecration of the money power to God. When that revival comes the Kingdom of God will come in a day." But may this

not be true? Mr. Gladstone even went so far as to say: "I believe that the diffusion of the principle and practice of systematic beneficence will prove the moral specific of our age."—ROBERT E. SPEER.

1970. Giving, Reward of. We too often lay the stress upon the frequency of the demands made upon us, saying with a sigh, "The poor we have with us always." But we look not sufficiently upon the rewards of true generosity. "The liberal soul shall be made fat."

The old riddle is true:

A man there was, though some did count him mad,
The more he cast away the more he had.

But Gaius guessed it, saying:

He who bestows his goods upon the poor,
Shall have as much again and ten times more.

—J. R. STRATON.

1971. Giving Richly Rewarded. A veteran Sabbath-school missionary of the Northwest, Robert F. Sulzer, once had a unique experience in his efforts to collect funds for a Sabbath-school library. The people among whom he was organizing the Sabbath school were not flushed with money, but they lived ten or more miles from the railway and were in need of more literature than they had if anybody was.

So the missionary made a strong appeal in behalf of a twenty-five-dollar library. Naturally, the responses came in slowly, but at last they were nearing the fifteen-dollar mark. Then Mr. Sulzer announced that if any one else would pledge five dollars he himself would contribute an equal amount.

There were a few moments of silence. Then a tall brother arose in the rear and, in a drawing voice, declared that he had been saving for months to buy a hive of bees. Such a hive would cost five dollars, but he now pledged that sum to the Sabbath-school library and would get along somehow without the bees.

"God bless you, brother," said the missionary, "and I feel sure you'll get your honey just the same." But exactly how it was to happen he had not the slightest idea.

A few weeks later Mr. Sulzer visited the neighborhood again and came to the house of the man of the liberal heart. It was just about dinner time and the

man was unhitching his horses. But he could not wait till he got to the house before telling his remarkable story. He took Mr. Sulzer at once to his cabin door and showed him a spot above the door that looked as if some clay had been attached and had fallen off. Then the pioneer told what had happened.

When he reached home that Sabbath, after he had pledged his five dollars for the library, he found a big swarm of bees hanging over that door and could not get into the house until he had hived them. It was the biggest swarm the man had ever seen.

"You may be sure of that," said Mr. Sulzer, "God never does things by halves."—REV. J. Y. EWART, D.D.

1972. Giving, Sacrificial. In a Bible training-school in Japan a Japanese teacher offered to give half the sum needed to support one of the graduating class so that she might give her time to Christian work among her own people. The teacher's own salary is about fifteen dollars a month, one-third of it going to her mother. The sum she pledged was one-sixth of what she receives. On being asked whether it would not be hard to do so much she answered, "I want it to be hard," as she had wished to do for Christ something that would cost real self-denial.—A. W. KELLY.

1973. Giving, Sacrificial. "Our minister is always talking to us about sacrifice, I am getting tired of it. He expects us to give, give, give all the time. He seems to think the church is the greatest institution in the world."

"Perhaps he is right. But I agree with you that we can't always be giving to the church. There are other things that we must think of. I am afraid our minister is visionary rather than practical."

The first speaker was a wealthy business man and the second was a successful lawyer. Both men had very large incomes; they lived not only in comfort but in luxury, and denied themselves nothing that they felt it desirable to have. They were church members and gave "generously"; but neither of them really knew the meaning of the word "sacrifice."

A few months after this conversation, the two men joined a party that was going round the world. Before they started, their "visionary" minister earnestly asked them to observe and to remember any unusual and interesting things that they might see in the mis-

sionary countries through which the party was to travel. The men promised—carelessly, perhaps—to do so.

In Korea, one day, they saw in a field by the side of the road a boy pulling a rude plow, while an old man held the plow handles and directed it. The lawyer was amused, and took a snapshot of the scene.

"That's a curious picture! I suppose they are very poor," he said to the missionary who was interpreter and guide to the party.

"Yes," was the quiet reply. "That is the family of Chi Noui. When the church was being built they were eager to give something to it, but they had no money; so they sold their only ox and gave the money to the church. This spring they are pulling the plow themselves.

The lawyer and the business man by his side were silent for some moments. Then the business man said, "That must have been a real sacrifice."

"They did not call it that," said the missionary. "They thought it was fortunate that they had an ox to sell."

The lawyer and the business man had not much to say. But when they reached home the lawyer took that picture to his minister and told him the story.

"I want to double my pledge to the church," he said. "And give me some plow work to do, please. I have never known what sacrifice for the church meant. A converted heathen taught me. I am ashamed to say I have never yet given anything to my church that cost me anything."

How much does the average modern church member ever sacrifice for his religion? How many that call themselves Christians ever sold the ox and then harnessed themselves to the plow?—*Youth's Companion*.

1974. Giving Self and Silver. A young recruit who was sent out to the mission field by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in 1919 recently wrote home: "I am mighty glad I am here but I wish I had a thousand lives to live for Jesus Christ and then there would not be enough."

Another young missionary wrote: "It is my first experience of what real work will be and I certainly am convinced that there is nothing like it in the world. We are all so happy we can scarcely hold it!"

These two young missionaries and hundreds of others like them are sacri-

ficing their lives to make Christ known in other lands.

What sacrifice are you making? You may not be able to offer your life but can you not make a special sacrifice of gold or silver to sustain the work of your missionaries?

1975. Giving, Shabby and Generous. In an admirable leaflet on "The Basis of Stewardship," Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost, of Philadelphia, relates this incident, told him by a friend:

"When I was a poor boy, earning only a few dollars a week, I gave a tithe to the Lord; when I got a fairly good salary, I still gave a tenth to the Lord; after I became comfortably well off, I continued to give my tenth; even after I became a comparatively wealthy man, I still gave my tenth; but of late years my business has so grown and increased that I can no longer afford to give a tenth of my profits, for I need more in my business." Here is a once faithful steward fallen from grace and become a robber of God.

It does us good to hear, per contra, what another rich man said:

"I gave my tenth systematically and conscientiously until my wealth increased to such an extent that, considering the New Testament rule of giving 'as prospered,' I gave two-tenths, or one-fifth of my income. Still I grew richer, until I gave a fourth of my income. Finally I felt that I must do more and now I give a full half of my income to God, and still I have enough and to spare."

What a contrast between these two men! One became so rich that he concluded to hold on to his riches and use his surplus to extend his business. The other became so rich that he felt under greater obligations than ever to honor God with his increasing surplus—God, who had given him the power to get wealth.—J. Y. EWART, D.D.

1976. Giving, Shamefully Small. A certain minister says that he has seen the collection plate pass thirty people in succession without receiving one cent, and the people did not seem to be disconcerted in the slightest. On the other hand, we have read that the members of a mission church at Bolenge, Africa, lead their denomination in offerings. Every nine members send out and support the tenth member as an evangelist, this single congregation having sixty men in the field. Their brethren in America give fifty-three cents per capita a year, if the statistics we saw were correct.—H.

1977. Giving, Showing Faith by. Dr. Grenfell tells of an old fisherman, rich in trust, who was "given to hospitality." He was seventy-three years of age, and had fed many hungry folk during the "hard" winters; and when times grew unusually hard this old man of faith brought twelve dirty, well-worn five dollar bills, as a last resort. This money, his entire savings, he gave to the missionary to buy food for needy neighbors. But Dr. Grenfell remonstrated: "You are getting old, and you shouldn't cut the last plank away yet." Then the hardy fisherman of many perils answered: "He'll take care, doctor. I guess I can trust him. It wouldn't do not to have used that sixty dollars, and have sent folks away hungry, would it, doctor? It would look as if I didn't have much trust in him."—From *"Down North on the Labrador,"* by DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

1978. Giving, Stingy. A story told by a minister who vouches for its truthfulness may explain the difficulty that some churches have in persuading themselves to accept a liberal program for themselves. This church, according to the story, had passed through a difficult year and found itself financially in debt. It was planned to discuss the matter at the annual meeting in hopes that some way might be found to meet the situation.

The clerk of the meeting who was one of the active men of the congregation took a large part in all of the procedure and every one listened intently to what he had to say. He was a merchant who was reputed to be wealthy as wealth in that community would be considered. When the financial situation came up he took the floor.

"Mrs. — and I have been talking this over," he began. "God has been good to us during the past year. Our business has not quite doubled but the growth has made us feel that we owe more to him. So we will double our pledge for next year. We have been paying fifteen cents a Sunday but we will pay thirty next year."—W. H. LEACH.

1979. Giving from Surplus.

If so your cup
With joy fills up
That it is overbrimming,
Pray keep in sight
The hapless wight
In difficulties swimming.

Just take the waste
You cannot taste

To some poor soul in sorrow,
I'm quite inclined
To think you'll find
Your stock increased to-morrow.

—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

1980. Giving that Saves. A British soldier invalidated home with his arm amputated at the shoulder, it is related, refuses to let any of his friends refer to his having "lost an arm." Says the soldier manfully, "I did not lose it; I gave it." There is an entire encyclopedia of chivalry and generosity in that distinction. It is the man who has consecrated himself to an unselfish use of all that he is and all that he has, who can see any part of himself or his possessions taken for the benefit of that cause and still feel no sense of loss. In place of lamentation for what he is deprived of, he is conscious of a prideful honor in what he has been enabled to do.

In this high mood the word of Christ saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," rises into a mystic significance, cleared completely from the suspicion which among the selfish and uninspired treats it as a fanciful paradox. When one's giving, either of himself or what he has won and earned, becomes to him a title-deed of comradeship in the mightiest things that God is seen doing among men, then the joy of bearing a share in making the world better and mankind happier appears more than worth any price that it costs. The blessedness of giving is for those from whom nothing can be taken away because they have already dedicated everything. And it is because just this is the spirit of Jesus Christ that he said no man could be his disciple without renouncing everything private and personal to himself.—*The Continent*.

1981. Giving the Tithe. Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale is a tither. One reason is, he must be systematic. He says of his good habit: "In all these thirty years I have never seen the day when I was tempted for a moment to return to the old spasmodic, haphazard method of giving to the Lord. We, too, have been blessed temporally and spiritually, in basket and in store, in mind and in heart, in this practice of systematic giving. There has seemed to be an overarching providence all the way. When the tenth account would be running low because we had drawn upon it more freely in the face of some unusual need, then some windfall 'out of a clear sky, a generous wedding-fee, or an

invitation to lecture, or a commencement address with a very cheering 'honorary' attached, would come to our relief, and we would thank God and go forward."

1982. Giving the Tithe. A widow taught her boys to lay aside ten cents of each dollar they received for the Lord's work. Charley became restless, wandered far west, and went down fast under the influence of strong drink. Still the habit was so persistent that he continued to pay tithes. One day, as the shining ten-cent pieces lay before him he exclaimed, "This is all foolishness. I'll buy a drink with this dime, and end this nonsense forever." He caught it up, rushed to a saloon, threw it on the counter and ordered a drink. Before this reached him the bit of silver seemed turned into an accusing spirit which cried: "You are using God's money for that which is ruining your soul and body." He caught it up, dashed out of the door, ran far out into the country and threw himself on the ground, pleading for mercy. After hours of agony he arose—the child of a King. The tithe had led him to his Redeemer.

1983. Giving, Ungracious. The old miser in the story who dropped a five-dollar gold piece in the plate at church, mistaking it for a nickel, was not the man to give up easily. Accordingly he sought legal advice. But the lawyer gave him no comfort. "You have no case," he declared. "You were guilty of contributory negligence."

1984. Giving Urged. It cannot be denied that a missing note in church music is the bank-note. The lost chord is a more general generosity in church support. Liberal givers are soloists instead of a full-voiced choir. The surplice on preacher and singer is less vital than a surplus in the treasury.

It is recorded of that Christian soldier, "Stonewall" Jackson, how, from the thick of the second Bull Run battle, he sent a letter to his pastor back at home, containing this passage: "I remember that next Sabbath is the day upon which the collection is taken for foreign missions. Inclosed find my check." And is there waging now any conflict comparable with the war of the Kingdom? And can we, from the front of the battle, do better than forward our contribution for the winning Cause? It is such "Stonewalls" that check the foe and send him on the run. Happily, we have them, and not a few. The fighters

now are the givers, and, no less, the givers are the fighters.—S. B. DUNN, D.D.

1985. Giving, Unworthy. A tourist in Southern California tells of looking with much admiration at the wonderful flowers which grew about a fine residence. The lady of the house, seeing the visitors, came out and spoke to them very cordially, asking them questions about their home and their tour. Then taking a pair of scissors, she snipped off a fine handful of flowers, which she gave them. They noticed, however, that the flowers she cut were all past ripe, and when they turned away they gently shook the bouquet, and the petals nearly all fell to the ground. That is the kind of gifts too many give to Christ. But we dishonor him when we bring him our fading flowers.

1986. Giving Weighs the Giver. Evangelist Sam Jones went out one Sabbath afternoon from Atlanta to preach in a country church. Just before beginning his sermon he looked all around at the unceiled walls, at the broken window panes, up through broken places in the roof to the sky above, and then looking into the faces of his audience said, "Well, I know what kind of a crowd I am to preach to this afternoon."—ONE WHO HEARD HIM.

1987. Giving, The Way of. "Why should we give money to save the heathen abroad when there are heathen in our own country to save?"

"There are other 'whys' equally as logical.

"Why should I give money to those in other parts of this country when there are needy ones in my own state?"

"Why should I give to the poor in the town when my own church needs the money?"

"Why should I give to the church when my own family wants it?"

"Why should I give to my family what I want myself?"

"Why?—Because I am a Christian: not a heathen."

1988. Giving the Widow's Mite. A gentleman called upon a rich friend one day and requested his help for some charity. "Yes; I must give you my mite," said the rich man. "Do you mean the widow's mite?" asked the solicitor. "Certainly," was the answer. "I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his friend, "how much are you worth?" "Seventy thousand dollars." "Give me, then, your check for

thirty-five thousand; that will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave her all."—*Christian Herald*.

1989. **Gloom.** See **Sorrow**.

1990. **Gloom Brightened.** When it rains hard, remember what the rain does to make a beautiful world. When the depressing experiences come, meet them with the patience and faith that shall make them produce new powers in you and new blessings for others through you. Remember the never-failing truth that "The bow shall be in the cloud," Gen. 9: 16.

"It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils!
In ev'ry dimpling drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills!

A cloud of gray engulfs the day
And overwhelms the town;—
It isn't raining rain to me,—
It's raining roses down!

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.

A health, then, to the happy,
A fig to him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,—
It's raining violets!"
—ROBERT LOVEMAN.

1991. **Gloom, It Weakens.** Doctors know that when a patient makes up his mind that he is going to die it is very hard to save him. Despair weakens. On the other hand, the indomitable determination to get well, combined with a sunny spirit, often cheats death of his prey. If you know that you are going to fail, you will fail; and you will deserve it. If you wish to succeed in life, resist the tendency to think that you are inferior. Believe that you can do what you undertake; then put every ounce of your energy into the task.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

1992. **Glorying in God.** Here are the testimonies of two precious saints who, in extreme age, are able to say of the afflictions which have befallen them, "I am glad":

"I am glad the dear Lord has permitted me to be entirely deaf. I am shut in as in a closet with my Lord."—MARY H. MOSSMAN.

"Oh, I am so glad the dear Lord permitted me to be blind since I was six

weeks old. Why, he could not have done a better thing than to suffer blindness to come to me—he has shut me in with himself."—FANNY CROSBY.

Yet who more active in word and in deed than these saintly souls!—*Woman's Home Missions*.

1993. **God.** See **Christ**. See **Holy Spirit**. See **Trinity** and **Trinity Sunday**.

1994. **God.** A heathen philosopher once asked a Christian, "Where is God?" The Christian answered, "Let me first ask of you, Where is he not?"—ARROW-SMITH.

1995. **God, Access to.** Several years ago a noticeable cartoon appeared in one of our newspapers on Lincoln's birthday. It represented a log cabin close to the base of a high mountain. On the mountain-top was shown the White House. Against the side of the mountain rested a ladder—its foot touching the cabin, its uppermost round reaching the mansion on the cliff. The cartoon was well-named. "The ladder is still there." It is a sermon in a sentence. The ladder that connects earth and heaven is "still there," and we, too, may inquire of God, as did David, when we come to life's crises.

1996. **God, Acquaintance with.** When Mark Twain was in Berlin he received an invitation asking him to call upon the Kaiser. "Why, papa," exclaimed his little daughter, after contemplating the missive for a moment in speechless awe, "if it keeps on this way there won't be anybody left for you to get acquainted with but God." An amusing remark; but in saddest seriousness how many there are who have a wide circle of acquaintance and yet have never come to know him whom to know aright is life eternal.—*Autobiography of Mark Twain*.

1997. **God, All-seeing.** One day the astronomer, Mitchell, was making observations on the sun just as it was setting, and there came into the range of the great telescope the top of a hill seven miles distant. On the hilltop were several apple trees, and in one of them were two boys stealing apples. One was getting the apples and the other was watching to make sure that nobody saw them, and that they were safe. But there sat Professor Mitchell, seven miles away, with the great eye of the telescope full upon them, noting every motion and even the guilty expression of their faces, as plainly as if he had been in the tree with them.

We may not see the eye which watches us with sleepless vigilance; we live as if we were not seen; but God's eye is upon us, and not an action can be concealed. Not a deed, not a word, not a thought is unknown to him. If a man can make an instrument which shall make distant things close within sight, shall not he that sitteth on the circle of the heavens see plainly all that passes upon the earth which he has made the resting-place of his feet?—*Messenger*.

1998. God, Anger of. God is angry with the wicked every day, because they interfere with his plan of salvation and bring untold suffering upon the innocent. Hence the wicked will God destroy, and all the nations that forget God. It is not vengeance; it is protection for those that love righteousness and hate iniquity. "I stood with the captain on the deck of an ocean steamer. Suddenly a steward came forward and said that a hostler in charge of horses in the hold had thrown a lighted match into the straw. The captain turned pale, rushed to the gangway, seized the offender by the collar, dragged him from the stall, and put him in irons for the rest of the voyage. Because that lighted match might have meant the loss of the ship, passengers, and crew, the captain hated fire."—A. H. STRONG.

1999. God, Attuned to. See **Radio Illustrations**.

2000. God, Attuned to. Two friends of the great painter Turner visited him in order to see his picture. When they arrived, Turner kept them for a short time in his closely shrouded room before he sent the servant to take them up to the studio. Arrived in the studio, he apologized for his apparent rudeness by telling them that it was necessary for their eyes to be emptied of any glare before they could appreciate the colors in his picture. You and I need to live in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ in order that we may be emptied of everything that is common and earthly, and in order also that we may see and behold and rejoice in his beauty.—REV. W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS, D.D.

2001. God, Persons Against Him. It is said that there are those in France who have come to hate religion so thoroughly that they have tattooed upon their body the words, "Against God." But the Word of Christ declares that "he that is not for me is against me." That includes a whole host of respectable as well as disreputable rebels who would

hesitate to have Christ's judgment tattooed on their bodies. "Even now," wrote John, "there are many 'Anti-Christ's' in the world."

2002. God, Aztec Conception of. The Aztecs believed in one supreme Lord and Creator, to whom they attributed all divine perfections. The prayers which they addressed to him recall in many instances the very words of Scripture.

2003. God of Battles. Some few years ago, in the south of England, three men who were traveling were interested in the entrance of a stranger just as the train was starting. His bag and sword-case indicated that he was a military man, and after a moment he said, "That was a close shave; I've come from Gibraltar, and specially wanted to catch this connection." Said one of the other men. "I am glad you have joined us, for we have been warmly discussing the comparative merits of Napoleon and Wellington. As a military man, we should like your opinion as to which of these was the greater general strategically. We are of opinion that Wellington was the greater." With considerable skill and graciousness the stranger proved that strategically Napoleon held the first place. "Ah! then who won Waterloo?" was the rejoinder. In quiet and reverent voice the stranger said, "God won Waterloo." The speaker was General Sir John French.—*The British Weekly*.

2004. God Calling Us. There is one person in England, and only one, whose calls for a telephone trunk-line are honored immediately. That person is King George. When he telephones to the central post office in London, asking to talk with Paris, or Berlin, the number and exchange required are written on a card which is stamped with the word "Royal" in red. That stamp gives the docket precedence of all other calls, though ordinarily calls are taken up in order of their receipt, and it is usually half an hour before the busy trunk-line can be handed over to the applicant. But King George gets it at once, and holds it, not three minutes, which is the limit for his subjects, but as long as he pleases. Moreover, he is not on any account to be interrupted by an operator in his conversation. I wonder if that it what occurs when the King of Kings calls us up on the telephone of the universe.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

2005. God Carries Us and Our Burden. A well-known English evan-

gelist, when engaged in a work that seemed to call for more than usual exercise of faith, received what seems like a most tender answer from God.

His little daughter, who was a paralytic, was sitting at her chair as he entered the house with a package in his hand for his wife. Going up to her and kissing her, he asked, "Where is mother?"

"Mother is upstairs."

"Well, I have a package for her."

"Let me carry the package to mother."

"Why, Minnie dear, how can you carry the package? You cannot carry yourself."

With a smile on her face, Minnie said, "Oh, no, papa; but give me the package, and I will carry the package and you will carry me."

Taking her up in his arms, he carried her upstairs—little Minnie and the package, too. And then it came to him that this was just his position in the work in which he was engaged. He was carrying his burden, but was not God carrying him?—REV. G. D. COLEMAN.

2006. God Carrying Us and Our Burdens. A station-agent at Bloomington, New Jersey, saw a man walking on the tracks of the Lehigh Valley railroad. On his back he carried a huge package, apparently containing household utensils as well as clothes. He seemed tired. The agent stopped him and ordered him off the track, telling him that he was liable to arrest for trespass, besides incurring the risk of being killed by a train. The man, who was a Hungarian, demurred, and produced a railroad ticket, good from Jersey City to Scranton, Pa. The agent looked at him in amazement, and asked him why he was walking when he might ride. The Hungarian replied that he thought the ticket gave him only the privilege of walking over the road. His right was explained to him, and the tired man delightedly boarded the first train that stopped. How many of us Christians make the same mistake! Our Lord wants to bear all our burdens and hold us in continual freedom from care and from the power of sin.—*The Christian Herald*.

2007. God, Druids' Conception of. The Druids believed in one supreme Being; in the immortality of the soul; in a future state of rewards and punishments. They believed that the supreme Being was free and self-existent, and that the creation of the world was his voluntary act. They taught that except this

supreme Being all things had a beginning, but that nothing created would ever have an end.

2008. God, Existence of. When I was a boy away in the mountains of Pennsylvania, I knew an old infidel who was eager to argue against the existence of God. A young preacher resolved to visit him. He was sitting in his saw-mill, just over the lever that lifts as the saw leaves the log, and while denouncing the Deity, that lever sprang, catching him under the heels, and flinging him backward and downward, headlong into the stream! As he plunged, however, he shrieked out as loud as he could yell, "God have mercy!" The preacher ran around, waded into the water and drew the struggling man ashore. Said the pastor, "I thought that you did not believe in a God?" As soon as the infidel stopped strangling, he said in a subdued voice, "Well, if there is no God, there ought to be, to help a man when he can't help himself."—*Vanguard*.

2009. God, Finding a. Apis was the sacred bull of Memphis. Upon his death the whole country was plunged into mourning, which lasted until his successor was found. The animal into whom Apis passed was known by many marks, a square white spot on the forehead, the figure of an eagle on the back, a white crescent on the right side, and the mark of a beetle under the tongue. The priests always succeeded in finding an animal with these marks, and the happy event was immediately celebrated throughout Egypt.

2010. God, Greek Conception of. The Greeks regarded Jupiter as the king and father of gods and men. He is represented as a majestic man, sitting on a throne of gold and ivory. He brandishes the thunder in his right hand, and giants lie prostrate at his feet.

2011. God, Guidance of. I remember, when sailing one day in a steamer, the captain's son, a bright little fellow of five or six years of age, was on board, and wanted to take the place of the man at the helm. The good-natured steersman, to humor him, put the spoke of the wheel into his little hand, which was hardly able to grasp it. But he was careful at the same time to put his own big hand on the child's tiny fingers and took a firm hold, and the boy was in high glee, imagining that he himself was steering the huge steamer. Now, so God deals with you. He puts his almighty hand on your feeble hand when you are ruling

your own spirit, and makes his strength perfect in your weakness.

2012. God, Our Helper. It is related of the late Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, that once in following his duty and obeying his conscience, he offended some people and laid himself open to grave misunderstanding. He was Bishop of London at the time, and Archbishop Benson spoke to him about the matter with suggestion that he might make explanation. "Shan't do it," was Temple's reply. "I suppose you rely upon the future to vindicate you," said Benson. "No, I don't," answered Temple. "Upon what do you rely, then?" said Benson. "God," was the firm and unyielding reply. God was his helper. He could not be moved.

2013. God Our Helper. Dr. Forsyth told the story of a friend of his, who was taken over a sheep farm in Australia, at the time of shearing, and how the guide took one little lamb from a pen and placed it in a huge enclosure with some thousands of sheep, where the noise of the bleating of the sheep and the shouting of the shearers was deafening. The lamb remained still for a moment, then it cried, and its cry was answered by the mother at the other end of the enclosure, along which the lamb walked to its mother, who came to meet it. "Do not imagine that you are beyond the reach of God," said the doctor. "He sees you, he hears you, every good desire of yours is known to him, and every secret longing for better things. He sees you as if there were no other child in the whole world."

2014. God, Helping. A little girl had been out quite a little while. When she came in at length, her mother asked her where she had been. "In the garden, mother." "What were you doing in the garden, my dear?" "I was helping God," the child replied. She explained that she had found a rose almost blossomed, and had blossomed it. She had only ruined the rose. There are many people who try in the same way to help God, and try by schemes of their own to hasten the results.

2015. God, Hindoo Conception of. The Vedas are the sacred books of the Hindoos. They teach one supreme deity called Brahma. Like the Persians, they seem to have some idea of the Trinity, speaking of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva as one god.

2016. God Holds Us. A life-boat was pitching and rolling in a fearful storm,

when the old captain cried aloud to all, "Hold on! Hold on!" The response came, "Aye, aye." But one little voice answered, "I can't hold on." Instantly the strong arm of the captain was thrown around the trembling child and he was safe. That is how God holds us, when we let him.—*Golden Hours.*

2017. God and I. I pluck an acorn from the greensward, and hold it to my ear; and this is what it says to me: "By and by the birds will come and nest in me. By and by I shall furnish shade for the cattle. By and by I shall provide warmth for the home in the pleasant fire. By and by I shall be shelter from storm to those who have gone under the roof. By and by I shall be the strong ribs of the great vessel, and the tempest will beat against me in vain, while I carry men across the Atlantic." "Oh, foolish little acorn, wilt thou be all this?" I ask, and the acorn answers, "Yes, God and I."—LYMAN ABBOTT.

2018. God, Impartiality of. "No, I don't speak to him," said the convicted banknote counterfeiter. "He's hardly in our set. He is in here for making bogus nickels." At some future time these men may come to fear God, then both shall find that God is no respecter of persons.—*Coatesville Record.*

2019. God in Nature. "The undevout astronomer is mad."

2020. God in Nature. "I am thinking of God's thoughts after him," said the great astronomer.

2021. God in Nature. "What do you see?" was asked of the famous botanist, who was scrutinizing a flower. "I see God," was the reverent answer.

2022. God in Nature. "I have found a universe worthy of God," said a Christian microscopist, turning from his microscope.

2023. God in Nature. They tell a story of a great scientist, a great naturalist, who, one lovely summer day went out in the Highlands of Scotland with his microscope to study the heather bell in all its native glory, and, in order that he might see it in its perfection, he got down on his knees, without plucking the flower, adjusted his instrument, and was reveling in its color, its delicacy, its beauty, lost "in wonder, love and praise." How long he stayed there he does not know, but suddenly there was a shadow on him and his instrument. He waited for a time, thinking it might be a passing cloud. But it stayed there, and presently he looked up over his shoulder and

there was a fine specimen of a Highland shepherd, watching him, and, without saying a word, he plucked the heather bell and handed it, with the microscope, to the shepherd that he, too, might see what he was beholding if he had vision. And the old shepherd put the instrument up to his eyes, got the heather bell in place and looked at it until the tears ran down his rugged face like bubbles on a mountain stream, and then, handing back the little heather bell tenderly, and the instrument, he said, "I wish you had never shown me that. I wish I had never seen it." "Why?" asked the scientist. "Because," he said, "mon, that rude foot has trodden on so many of them." When once you get your eyes open and look through the telescope—God's telescope of the love of Calvary; at God's dear Lamb for sinners slain, you will accuse yourself because you ever treated him badly for a moment—when you have got sight, when you have seen him. The Lord open our eyes!—GIPSY SMITH.

2024. God, Our Creator. A Scottish doctor with his finger wrote in the garden the letters of his little son's name, sowed cress in the furrows, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after his son ran to him in astonishment, and said that his name was growing in the garden, and insisted on his father seeing it. "Is it not mere chance?" asked the father. "No; some one must have arranged it so." "Look at yourself," said the doctor; "consider your hands, fingers, legs, feet; came you hither by chance?" "No; something must have made me." "And who is that something?" As he did not know, the father told him the name of the great Being who had made him and all the world; and he never forgot that lesson.—*Lutheran Herald*.

2025. God is Faithful. A dying Scotch lass was asked, "What if God should forsake you now?" "He would have more to lose than I," she replied; "I would lose only my poor soul, but he would lose his honor."—GEORGE LEHIGH, D.D.

2026. God, a Father Not Known. A blind girl whose eyes had been opened by a surgical operation delighted in the sight of her father, who had a noble look and presence. His every look and motion was watched by his daughter with keenest delight. For the first time his constant tenderness and care seemed real to her. If he caressed or even looked upon her kindly it brought tears of gladness to her eyes. "To think," she cried, holding his hand closely in her own,

"that I have had this father for these many years, and never knew him!" The redeemed soul awaking in the next life to the glories of the divine presence may voice in a similar way its wonder that it had for many years of earthly life a Heavenly Father, yet never quite knew how great, how loving, and how ready to bless he actually is!—*New York Observer*.

2027. God, Our Father. Dr. J. R. Miller relates a story of some children alone during a thunderstorm; each gave a favorite Scripture verse. One of the children chose, "The Lord of glory thundereth," and when she was asked why she gave these words, she said, "Once I heard a great noise when I thought I was all alone in the house, and I was so frightened that I screamed with terror. My father was near, and he called, 'Don't be frightened, Margie; it's only father.' Now when it thunders, and I begin to be afraid, God seems to say to me, 'Don't be frightened, Margie; it's only father,' and all my fear vanishes."

2028. God, His Fatherly Care. One writer uses this beautiful illustration: "A king is sitting with his council deliberating on high affairs of state involving the destiny of nations, when suddenly he hears the sorrowful cry of his little child, who has fallen down, or been frightened by a wasp; he rises and runs to his relief, assuages his sorrows and relieves his fears. Is there anything unkingly here? Is it not most natural? Does it not even elevate the monarch in your esteem? Why then do we think it dishonorable to the King of kings, our Heavenly Father, to consider the small matters of his children? It is infinitely condescending, but is it not also superlatively natural that being a Father he should act as such?"

Well, he has given us the promise: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

2029. God, First. Jenny Lind was, in her day, probably the greatest singer in the world. At the height of her fame she left the opera for conscientious scruples. One day her friend found her sitting on the steps of the bathing machine at the seaside, with her Lutheran Bible open on her knee, and her face turned towards the glorious sunset. The conversation turned to the inevitable question: "Oh, Madame Goldschmidt, how was it you ever came to abandon the stage?" The singer replied, "Be-

cause every day it made me think less of this," laying a finger on her Bible, "and nothing at all of that," pointing to the setting sun.—*Sunday at Home.*

2030. God First. A worker in New York on one of her visits to Eliada Orphanage told the children how in the great city they had put up everywhere they could the sign, "Safety First." One little fellow jumped up and said, "Down here we put God first."—*Record of Christian Work.*

2031. God First. A boy was going to college. His mother's parting words were, "Remember, my son, you are always third." When he reached college he wrote upon a placard, "I'm third," and hung it in his room. It called forth many queries and witticisms, but to all he turned a deaf ear, until he had been in college about two months. Then he said to his chum, "I have the courage now to tell you what my mother meant when she said to me, 'I'm third.' First, God; second, others; third, myself."

2032. God, Instinct for. See **God Speaks.**

2033. God, Just Like. A little girl was one morning reading with her mother in the New Testament, and this was one of the verses of the chapter: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life." Stopping for a moment in the reading, the mother asked, "Don't you think it is wonderful?" The child, looking surprised, replied in the negative. The mother, somewhat astonished, repeated the question, to which the little daughter replied, "Why, no, Mamma; it would be wonderful if it were anybody else; but it is just like God."—*Children's Visitor.*

2034. God, Our Keeper. By way of illustrating that we are all the children of God, and have the right to call upon him, Dr. Torrey recently told an amusing but true story.

An old black man was the slave of a gentleman who cared nothing about Christianity. A favorite amusement of his was to chaff the colored man.

"Sambo," he said, "aren't you afraid the devil will get hold of you?"

"I am not," was the reply.

"Sambo, doesn't the devil ever attack you?" the master questioned.

"Often," showing his gleaming white teeth.

"What do you do?"

"I looks up to Heaven and says, 'Massa, look after your property.'"

2035. God, Our Keeper. A man whose heart had been deeply touched by the death of a friend expressed a desire to begin the Christian life, and he told the minister so. "There's just one thing makes me hesitate," he added, "I'm afraid I can't hold out. You know, where I work there are some pretty rough fellows. I don't believe there's a real Christian in the crowd." For answer the minister reached down and lifted a flower from the vase on the table. "Do you see this flower, Arthur?" he asked. "It grew right in the mud and slime of a marsh. Yet see how clean and spotless it is. That's because God kept it. And he can keep you, too." It ought to be enough for every Christian just to know he is in God's keeping.

2036. God, Our Keeper. The Bible says, "The Lord will preserve us." I never fully understood that until I went into the kitchen when my wife was making preserves. She had a big pan of peaches peeled and cut up, and a big bowl of sugar, and emptied them both into a brass kettle, and I said: "What are you doing?" She said: "I am preserving peaches." I said: "What is that?" She said: "I am fixing them up so they will keep, and keep sweet." Some of you old kicking, quarreling, grumbling Christians think you are preserved. You are not preserved, you are just pickled.—REV. SAM JONES.

2037. God, He Knows and Cares. A little girl was seated in the corner of a 'bus on her way to Piccadilly. Before starting, the conductor popped in his head, and said, "Where to, Miss?" "Home, sir," was the reply. With a broad grin, the man inquired, "An' where may that be, my little lady?" For a moment the small passenger looked perplexed, then her face cleared, and she answered confidently, "Father's up there," pointing to the roof; "he knows."—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

2038. God, Listening to. I once heard Dr. Pierson say that he called upon a clergyman who was laid on his back for six months. The doctor said to his friend, "You are a very busy man. It may be that God had something to say to you but you were too busy to listen, so God had to lay you on your back that you might hear his voice and receive his message." As he was leaving the house it struck Dr. Pierson that he himself was a very busy man, and did

not give much time to listening for the voice of God. So he determined to practice what he had preached. "And from that time," said he, "I have sat at the close of each day for an hour in the quiet of my study. Not to speak to God, but to listen to what God has to say to me, and to lay the day's life and work open to the gaze of God."—REV. W. HETHERINGTON.

2039. God, His Love. Standing on the top of the Cheviot Hills, a little son's hand closed in his, a father taught the message of the measureless love of God. Pointing northward over Scotland, then southward over England, then eastward over the German Ocean, then westward over hill and dale, and then, sweeping his hand and his eye round the whole circling horizon, he said, "Johnny, my boy, God's love is as big as all that!" "Why, father," the boy cheerily replied, with sparkling eyes, "then we must be in the middle of it!"—*Thoughts for the King's Children.*

2040. God, Love Toward. A wee maiden of seven had been proudly helping her mother in small kitchen duties during the absence of the usual "woman in." There was a kiss and a word of commendation when all was done. And the little maid said softly, "Mother, do you ever smile up at God, as you smile down at me, just for love, you know? I do very often, it's so nice to smile at God." And the mother thought tenderly of the words, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father."—*Sunday at Home.*

2041. God, Longing for Sinners. A poor laborer named Halletza, who had left Hungary to prepare a home for his wife and child, came to this country, worked hard, and finally saved enough to send for the child's passage, the mother having died. A ticket was tied about the child's neck with a tag, on which was the father's name and address, and a request for Christians to care for the boy. The men shared their meals with him, the women made room for him beside their own children, and at night, when he cried, they rocked him to sleep. In this way he crossed the Alps, passed through Italy, and boarded a steamer for New York. On the steamer somebody was always ready to feed him or put him to sleep. The cabin passengers made up a purse for him, and the women in the steerage washed and mended his clothes. When he reached New York he was placed on

a train, and a kind soul telegraphed his father. That evening a poor working-man caught the boy in his arms, and, with tears rolling down his cheeks, carried him home. The heavenly Father is longing for those who are out in the world away from him.—*Young People's Weekly.*

2042. God is Love. Mr. Spurgeon was once riding in the country, and on a farmer's barn he saw a weather vane on the arrow of which were inscribed these words: "God is love." He turned in at the gate and asked the farmer: "What do you mean by that? Do you think God's love is changeable; that it veers about as that arrow turns in the wind?" "Oh, no!" cried the farmer. "I mean that whichever way the wind blows God still is love." It would be a blessing if all Christians had his simple faith.

2043. God, His Love in Providence. Our life is like the dial of a clock. The hands are God's hands passing over and over again. The short hand, the hand of discipline: the long hand, the hand of mercy. Slowly and surely, the hand of discipline must pass, and God speaks at each stroke. But over and over passes the hand of mercy, showering down sixtyfold of blessings for each stroke of discipline or trial. And both hands are fastened to one secure pivot, the great unchanging heart of a God of love.—*Sunday Circle.*

2044. God, Our Maker. It is related of a well-known literary man in Great Britain that he wrote once to Dr. Marcus Dods, proposing to advance his reputation, and telling how he had made one and another of the best-known writers of Great Britain. The sturdy preacher and teacher of Edinburgh wrote back, "I note that you made — and —. God made me." God is the only good maker. We shall make sorry work of ourselves, and the cleverest of men cannot make much of us. But God can take even such as we and make us like Christ.—*The Sunday School Times.*

2045. God, Making Alliance With. Three hundred years ago, in Holland, about one million people stood for Protestantism and freedom, in opposition to the mightiest empire of that age, whose banners the Pope had blessed. William, Prince of Orange, a man who feared God, was the champion of the righteous cause. In the heat of the struggle, when the young republic seemed about to be overwhelmed, William re-

ceived from one of his generals then in command of an important post a mis-sive, inquiring among other things if he had succeeded in effecting with any great foreign power a treaty for aid. William's reply was, "You ask me if I have made a treaty for aid with any great foreign power; and I answer that, before I undertook the cause of the oppressed Christians in these provinces, I made a close alliance with the King of Kings, and I doubt not that he will give us the victory." And so it proved.—*True Stories of Protestantism.*

2046. God Meets All Our Wants. God is whatever you need him to be. There is an old tradition among the Jews that the manna tasted like whatever you were hungry for every morning. If you woke up, for example, hungry for Egyptian cucumbers and leeks, and did not murmur after them, but thankfully took your manna, the manna tasted like them. And God, he is our life; he is all our strength and stay, and is whatever we need him to be. Do you want a friend? God is a guide. Do you want somebody to be your leader in battle? The Lord is a man of war. Do you want somebody to be your advocate, to stand in the high court and plead your cause? We have an Advocate. Our God adapts himself exactly to the very shape and body and color of our wants.—JOHN McNEILL.

2047. God is Near. Once I asked a hermit in Italy how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation. He replied that "Providence has his very next-door neighbor."—STERNE.

2048. God, Need of. When the Trojans were building the temple of Minerva, a statue of the goddess fell from heaven. The oracle of Apollo declared that Troy would be safe as long as this statue remained in the walls. When the Greeks besieged Troy their efforts were of no avail. Then they managed to steal the image, and the city was taken and destroyed. When God is with us we cannot be defeated.

2049. God, Omnipotence of. At the foot of every page in the annals of nations may be written, "God reigns." Events as they pass away proclaim their original; and if you will but listen reverently, you may hear the receding centuries, as they roll into the dim distances of departed time, perpetually chanting, "Te Deum Laudamus," with all the

choral voices of the countless congregations of the ages.—BANCROFT.

2050. God, Our Keeper. To look at the outside of the wheels of a train one would say it would easily run off the track, but when we see the inner side of the wheels we understand how its safety is secured. So when we look at our own nature we say it is an easy thing for us to fall, and the greatest wonder is we don't; but when we see our safety is from within and not from without we easily understand how it is we remain on the track.—W. J. BINGHAM.

2051. God, Omnipresence of. I was reading the other day that the Arabians, who are Mohammedans, have a saying among themselves: "Within the Kaabah it matters nought whither men turn."

The Kaabah is their national shrine, and occupies the same position as the Temple did to the Jews. And just as the Jews believed that the Temple was the special revealing place of Jehovah, so the Kaabah is the most sacred shrine on earth for the Mohammedans; they believe that in some special way the invisible presence of their god abides in it. In many of our churches, we try to sit facing toward the altar at the east end of the church; we pray toward it; there is one direction in which we think our hearts should be turned, and the altar is the most sacred of all. But the Mohammedans say: "Within the Kaabah it matters not whither men turn," for, whether north, south, east or west, God and heaven are there. That is the best attitude of all; "every spot is hallowed ground," church or no church. So when I stand facing the bleak problems coming from the north, I will still believe that God is there. When I am in the dark night with my face to the east wind I will there look for the dawn of a new and better morrow. When I am frail and delicate, and need help and encouragement and cheer and strength, I will turn to the fertilizing, verdure-bringing south, and I will find a gate to God there. And when I come to the last scene of all and life is westerning, then I will be most sure of all that God is there to "receive me" unto himself. Then in that West gate I will find that the Temple and the Kaabah have merged, and it will matter no longer whither men may turn.—JAMES LEARMOUNT.

2052. God, His Omnipresence. A Brooklyn preacher once said, "Napoleon Bonaparte claimed that his presence on the battlefield was equal to that of one

hundred thousand men. But Napoleon needed to be on every battlefield in order to win. When the news of the disastrous naval battle of Trafalgar reached him, he simply said, "Well, I cannot be everywhere." But it is not so with God. His saving presence is with his people everywhere, in every contest for the truth, in every fiery furnace of trial, to give them victory."

2053. God, Omniscience of. In our day the science of photographing moving objects has become very wonderful. By a kind of microscopic cinematography even blood corpuscles are being pictured. Twelve distinct photographs have been taken of a bullet in its passage through a bubble. The splashing of a drop is recorded. And they succeed in taking two thousand photographs in a second. If then, through the crude inventions of men these swift and subtle movements of matter are discovered and fixed, there is certainly little difficulty in believing that God has subtle processes of his own by which all the movements of our intellectual and moral life are infallibly recorded.—DR. W. L. WATKINSON.

2054. God, Omnipresent. A little boy being asked, "How many Gods are there?" replied, "One." "How do you know that?" "Because," said the boy, "there is only room for one; for he fills heaven and earth."

2055. God, Omniscient. Heimdall was the watchman of the Scandinavian gods. He required less sleep than a bird. His sight was so keen that he could distinguish the smallest object for a thousand leagues around, even in the darkest night. His hearing was so keen that he could hear the wool growing on the sheep's back, and the grain sprouting in the fields. When he blew upon his horn the sound spread in widening circles until it reached the uttermost confines of the world. "Thou God seest me."

2056. God, But One. "Mother, how many Gods are there?" asked a little boy one day. A younger brother who heard him said, "Why, one, to be sure." "But how do you know that?" said the one who asked the question. "Because," said his little brother, "God fills every place, so there is no room for any other."

2057. God, His Overruling Providence. Livingstone planned to go to China, but God led him to Africa, to be its missionary statesman, general and explorer. Alexander Mackay prepared for work in Madagascar, but was directed to Uganda, to aid in founding one of the most re-

markable missions in the world. Carey proposed to go to the South Seas, but was guided divinely to India, to give the Bible in their native tongue to its teeming millions.

2058. God, His Overruling Providence. Our belief in a personal God and an overruling Providence justifies India to give so many versions of the Scriptures to the people. That he sent that copy of the Pushtoo Bible to the Afghan, who kept it "from fire and from water" for thirty years, so that when it was resolved to reprint this Serampore version, this copy was the only one that could be found in India; who guided that copy of the Japanese New Testament, floating in one of the harbors of that empire, into lands where it was greatly blessed by God; who sent through shipwreck and heavy loss the ruined merchant to Mr. Ross, of Manchuria, when he was at a loss to find any one competent to assist him to translate the New Testament into Korean. Surely the God of Israel still guides his people, going before them in a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.—REV. EDWARD STORROW.

2059. God, Partnership With. "When St. Teresa was about to found her Homes of Mercy," said Mr. Hanson, "she had only three halfpence in her possession, and she said in ever memorable words: 'Teresa and three halfpence can do nothing; God and three halfpence can do everything.'"

2060. God, His Patience and Perfecting of Us. A musician's child sat at a piano, carelessly striking the keys. The master-player arose, and, putting his hands down over those of the child, blended into perfect harmony the notes which had been but a turbulent discord. So let us be patient when God lays his hand upon us, and seeks to bring still more beautiful harmony out of our lives. I have lived to thank God not all my prayers have been answered.

2061. God, His Patience with Sinners. When Robert Ingersoll was lecturing in this country, he once took out his watch and said, "I will give God five minutes to strike me dead for the things I have said." The minutes ticked off as he held his watch and waited. At about four and one-half minutes some women began to faint, but nothing happened. When the five minutes were up, he snapped his watch shut and put it in his pocket. That story went across the Atlantic and reached the ears of Joseph Parker.

When the great man heard it, he said, "And did the gentleman think he could exhaust the patience of eternal God in five minutes?"—JAMES A. FRANCIS, D.D.

2062. God Permits No Rivals. The Roman soldiers on one occasion chose Valentinian to be their emperor. Afterwards they consulted how they might join a partner with him on the throne. On hearing this, Valentinian said, although it had been in their power to give him the empire, it was not in their power to give him a colleague. So God will have no rivals on the throne of our hearts.

2063. God as Pilot. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell says: "Late one autumn I was bringing my little steamer home. It was all-important that we should go quickly south. It was mid-afternoon as I passed the last harbor of safety for seventy miles. I decided to risk it and go on. It would be necessary in the dark to pass two shoals, on which more than one good ship had met her doom. There is a light which, keeping dead astern till it dips below the horizon, should guide you toward the rocks; and when you near the danger, far away in the distance looms up another, and for this one you steer. Those hours at the wheel so impressed on my mind the utter insignificance of our own powers that I never forget them. It seemed so allowable to ask God to direct the ship right; he seemed naturally to be aboard and to take charge. When at last we judged, by the rising of the southern light, that we were really past those submerged shoals, I felt as if there were indeed an extra Hand aboard our ship, to whom we ought to say, and did say at once, 'Thank You.'"

2064. God, Our Pilot. Robert Louis Stevenson has somewhere told of an experience that happened once to his grandfather. He was on a vessel that was caught by a terrific storm and was carried irresistibly toward a rocky shore where complete destruction was imminent. When the storm and danger were at the height he crept up on deck to look around and face the worst. He saw the pilot lashed to the wheel, with all his might and nerve holding the vessel off the rocks and steering it inch by inch into safer water. While he stood watching, the pilot looked up at him and smiled. It was little enough, but it completely reassured him. He went back to his room below with new confidence, saying to himself, "We shall come through; I saw the pilot smile!" If we could only in some way catch sight of a smile

on the face of the great Pilot in this strange rough sea in which we are sailing, we, too, could do our work and carry our burdens with confidence, perhaps with joy.—*The Expository Times*.

2065. God, Presence of. Luther, when excommunicated by the Pope and proscribed by the Emperor, being asked by one where he would shelter himself, answered, *sub coelo*, "Somewhere under the cope of heaven, where God shall please to cast me."—TRAPP.

2066. God, Presence of. A young man who was driven out of Western China during the riots years ago was the treasurer of our mission there, and there were others farther up than he who needed silver to pay their way out. He saw that they were cared for, and then started along down the river. The rioters overtook him, boarded his boat, and he jumped overboard. They then began to spear at him in the water. He would dart under the boat and come up on the other side, only to find another spear shot at him. Down he went again, and up again, only to be speared at again, until his case became hopeless. Finally he struck out for the shore, and as he stood in the face of the surrounding mob the chief said, "Let him go," and they melted away. At Northfield, when asked to tell his story on "Missionary Day," he said, "Some friends were curious to know what particular text of Scripture came to me when I was down under that boat. Scripture text? 'The Lord himself was there.'" Well, every one who heard him speak knew that he was. And when the people hear a young man tell one fact like that, and then say, "I am ready to go back and take my wife and child," the church of God believes, and every man and woman that ever has had an experience of divine things is reinforced.—DR. H. C. MABIE.

2067. God, Presence of. Not long ago I came across a hunter, and we began the process that you call "swapping yarns." He had been in Africa and, of course, he trotted out a lion. I trotted out twelve I had tackled. He trotted out a snake, and I trotted out a few more. He trotted out his elephant story, and I trotted out a few of mine. Most men have a little phrase, a little characteristic trick, that gives the game away. His little phrase was "presence of mind," and my little phrase was "presence of God." Let me put it fair and square: You are jaded and tired and done out, and you dump down on some grass.

And just as you dump down out shoots a big snake or a leopard. Now, you could not possibly have searched for that snake. No amount of mere mediocre "presence of mind" could have averted that contingency, but—blessed be His name!—there is such a thing as the "presence of God."—DAN CRAWFORD.

2068. God, Always Present. "Johnny," said a man, looking at a boy who was taking care of a shop while his master was out, "you must give me an extra measure; your master is not in."

Johnny looked up into the man's face very seriously and said: "My Master is always in."

Johnny's Master was the all-seeing God. Let us all, when tempted to do wrong, adopt Johnny's motto: "My Master is always in." It will save us from many a sin and much sorrow.

2069. God, Providence of. While Judaism was preparing a religion for the world, Paganism was preparing the world for religion.

2070. God, Providence of. By a flight of parquets God diverted Columbus to the West Indies, and thus preserved this land from Papal rule.

2071. God, Providence of. The statesmen of the Civil War remarked the good fortune of the Union in the discovery of the Pennsylvania oil fields when we needed a new product for exchange with Europe, to take the place of blockaded cotton.—AUSTIN PHELPS.

2072. God, Providence of, in National History. Providence is the key to our national history. The British lion chained at the 49th parallel of north latitude; Mexico backed by France rendered powerless by the previous conquest of her western territory; and California pouring her gold and her men into the Union side during the struggle for freedom are God's providential way of saying to a missionary age, "one hundred fold in this world and in the world to come eternal life."—*Missionary Review*.

2073. God, Quiet. Finney, the great evangelist, tells us that he was once crossing the Atlantic when the steamer was overtaken by a fierce gale of wind. Upon the deck the roar and confusion were terrific. The spray from the crests of the waves blew upon the face with almost force enough to blister it. The noise of the waves roaring and foaming was almost deafening. But when he stepped into the engine-room, everything was quiet. The mighty engine was moving with a quietness and stillness in

striking contrast to the roar without. So God gives courage, strength, and quietness to the storm-tossed souls who follow Jesus' example and come to him in prayer.—E. M. WADDELL.

2074. God, Reaching After. Two gentlemen, standing near a great heathen temple in India, saw a native woman approach the temple with a little child in her arms. She prostrated herself, and lifted the little one before the idol, and they saw that it was sick and deformed and misshapen. They heard the woman pray: "Grant that my child may be comely and fair and strong, like other children." When she turned to go away one of the gentlemen approached her and asked: "Friend, to whom have you prayed?" "I don't know," she replied; "But surely there must be some one somewhere to hear a mother's cry and to keep a mother's heart from breaking."—*Baptist Missionary Magazine*.

2075. God, Reality of His Presence. The story is told of a certain lady who was a great reader of history, and reveled in pictures illustrating scenes in many lands, and was equipped with good imaginative powers, yet had until more than thirty years of age traveled very little.

Finally the time came for a trip to Egypt. On the way, one morning, the ship came to a standstill. On going to the port-hole, the traveler saw the rock of Gibraltar within a stone's throw, just as pictured and read about, but with one difference; it was real. So it was along the voyage as one after another of the points of interest became actually visible to the outward eye; everything was just as pictured in the mind, but everything was real instead of only imagined.

This experience made a deep impression on her in connection with her sense of the reality of God to her soul. It may well be to us a parable of the difference between thought about God and the real experience of him.—W. B. HARVEY.

2076. God, Recognized. After the appalling disaster of the sinking of the *Titanic*, with so many human lives thus ended unexpectedly, I looked in vain for any recognition from the saved that they owed their lives to God. A meeting of the survivors was called on board the rescue ship, the *Carpathia*, for the purpose of thanking the captain, crew, and passengers for saving the lives of the sufferers and ministering to their necessities. It remained for a woman,

Mrs. Arthur Ryerson, of Philadelphia, to point out, after the resolutions had been drawn up, that they contained no reference to the all-seeing and merciful God. It needed but her timid suggestion to bring home to them all the truth that God was first in the work of rescue, and this entirely changed the resolution, so that it placed God first. It remained for *The Pittsburgh Sun* to speak editorially of the incident, and add, "In doing so she maintained one of the sweetest traits of womanhood—the spirit of devotion that made woman the last to leave the cross on Calvary and the first to arrive at the sepulcher." Unfortunately a daily newspaper is the last place we should expect to see such recognition, for in this day "He comes to his own, and they receive him not," even more than in far-off Palestine nineteen hundred years ago.—A. H. POTTS.

2077. God Reigns. The painter's soul is, no doubt, thrown into his painting, and the sculptor's and architect's into their statues and buildings; but their souls meanwhile exist apart, and are capable of other acts besides these. In a sense as true as it is grand, the soul of the Creator is streaming through the order and life of the creation; but meanwhile he exists independent of and far above them.—JAMES McCOSH.

2078. God, His Representative. A traveling salesman was telling a friend the story of the treatment received in a certain business house at the hands of the member of the establishment with whom he had come in contact. The rudeness and injustice recited stirred the listener to protest. "And you did nothing about it afterwards? You let it go too easily. A fellow like that deserves to be taught a lesson." "Yes, but—I'm not here to avenge personal wrongs, you know; I'm on business for the firm," answered the salesman. He must do nothing to hinder or bring discredit upon the interests intrusted to him. What of us who are intrusted with the King's business?—*S. S. Times*.

2079. God, His Call Resisted. Dr. Robert Bruce, whom Alexander Whyte called the most finished divine of Scotland, was educated for the bar, but against the wish of both parents the Lord had set him apart for the Edinburgh pulpit. Listen to what he says: "I would rather walk through a mile of burning brimstone every night than spend over again those midnight hours when I fought against the call of God."

2080. God Revered. No man has ever written his name indelibly in the history of the American nation who has denied the existence of God or scoffed at religion.—BISHOP WHIPPLE.

2081. God, Rich. The following story is told of W. T. Stead, who perished on the *Titanic*. Toward the end of his life he abandoned a lucrative position for conscientious reasons. A friend asked, "Can you afford to do this?" "Well," Stead replied, "you see I have a very wealthy partner." "Who is he?" asked the friend. "God Almighty!" was the reply.—*Christian Herald*.

2082. God Rules the World. Says one: "I read the daily newspapers because I like to know how God has ruled the world since yesterday."

If the great majority of those who read the daily papers were even willing to admit that God does rule the world, it would be something different from what it actually is. The masses forget God; it is only the few who recognize and obey Him. And the fact is sad beyond all speech and all imagination.

2083. God Seen in His Works. The kindness and generosity of Robert G. Ingersoll won for him many friends who deeply regretted his opinions. Among these was Henry Ward Beecher. In the study of the famous preacher was an elaborate celestial globe, which had been sent him with the compliments of some manufacturer. On the surface, in delicate workmanship, were raised figures of the constellations and the stars which composed them. The globe struck Ingersoll's fancy. He turned it around and around with admiration. "This is just what I want," he said. "Who made it?" "Who made it, do you say, colonel?" repeated Beecher. "Who made this globe? Why, nobody, of course. It just happened."—*Youth's Companion*.

2084. God Speaks. A beautiful illustration of how God does speak to each heart is seen in the life of Helen Keller, that wonderful girl, who, blind, deaf, and mute, is yet a profound student, not only of facts, but of abstract truths. Her teacher had felt that it would be impossible to teach her of the great and all loving Spirit. It was a subject impossible to explain to one whose only sense was that of touch. But when Helen was fourteen, the teacher felt that she must make an effort to give her some glimpse of spiritual truth, so she tried to tell her of God, his infinite

love, and protecting care. With her sensitive fingers placed on the lips and throat of her patient teacher, Helen followed the words with a face that began to glow and shine more and more until she said, "Oh, I am so glad you told me his name, for he has often spoken to me."

2085. God, Our Strength. It has been learned through the niece of the Rev. John Harper that at their last little gathering for family prayers on board the *Titanic* he read Psalm 46. What could have been more appropriate in preparation for the terrible catastrophe to take place that very Sunday evening only a few hours later? The niece and little daughter of the good minister were saved from the wreck, but he himself, after his last faithful Sabbath's work spent in speaking to young men personally on board about their spiritual interests, passed through the "heart of the seas" to his God.—FLORENCE AUGUSTA BRIGHT.

2086. God, Sufficiency of. Chicago tapped Lake Michigan for its water supply and that's a great reservoir; but God's gracious spiritual supplies are inexhaustible, and the humblest Christian can draw on him for help sufficient for his need.

2087. God, Our Sun and Light. "Lord Tennyson, what do you think of Christ?" asked a friend, who had heard that Tennyson was a Unitarian, as they walked in the poet's garden. Stooping down and caressing a flower at his feet, the Laureate answered impressively: "What the sunshine is to that flower, the Lord Jesus Christ is to my soul."

2088. God, the Supreme Ruler. In 1839 the Sultan of Turkey decreed that not a representative of the Christian religion should remain in the empire. Learning of this, Dr. William Goodell, an American missionary to Turkey, came home to his friend and colleague, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the first president of Robert College, Constantinople, with the sad news. "It is all over with us; we have to leave. The American consul and the British ambassador say it is no use to meet this violent and vindictive monarch with antagonism." To this Dr. Hamlin replied: "The Sultan of the universe can, in answer to prayer, change the decree of the Sultan of Turkey." They gave themselves to prayer. The next day the Sultan died, and the decree was never executed.

2089. God, Sympathy of. Dr. W. L. Watkinson describes a physician demonstrating to an audience before whom he was lecturing how the pulse varied in certain diseases. The lecture room was placed in telegraphic communication with the hospital, fifteen miles distant; and then, by means of special apparatus and a vibrating ray of magnesium light, the pulse-beats of a patient were exhibited upon the wall. "There is not a throb of our heart," adds the preacher, "but makes its sign upon the Great White Throne."

2090. God, Talking With. A friend of mine, a Christian minister, at the height of the Welsh revival, was approached by a humble saint in his church and asked this question: "Can you guess what is the happiest time I have in religion?" My friend thought he could easily answer, and so he said: "Why, we are all as happy as we can be during these revival days, and at our prayer meetings night after night." The old man seemed somewhat taken aback. "Well," he said, "that is true, but I was not thinking about that. Try again." "Then," said my friend, "it must be when you are at prayer." "You are getting near it now," said the old man, "but it is not exactly when I pray. It is when I have done praying, and God and I are just chatting." Have we gone deep enough into the practice of the presence of God so that we have this kind of silent dialogue between our soul and our Father in heaven?—REV. H. ELVET LEWIS, M.A.

2091. God, Trying to Cheat. See Cheating God.

2092. God, Unchangeable. It is not the star's fault that we see it with five points. W. Holtz, a native of the Fatherland, says that all stars show precisely the same rays, but that in case of the brighter stars the rays are plainer and longer. He further remarks that the rays seen by the left and the right eyes differ, and that, if the head be turned, the rays are rotated in a corresponding manner. It is thus concluded that the source of the rays is not in the stars themselves, but in the eye, the middle of the retina not being perfectly homogeneous in its sensitiveness.

Even so has our spiritual eyesight been defective. God has never changed. His dealings have been in loving kindness through all the ages. If we are not able to see him such at all times remember how finite are these earthly sensibilities,

how defective and limited the vision. 2093. **God, Waiting for Us.** This morning I wanted to feed the birds. It was gray and cold, and the ground was covered with snow. I stepped out on the porch and flung them handfuls of crumbs, and called to them; then I stepped back and watched them from my bedroom window. Would they fly down and eat? No, there they sat, cold, hungry, and afraid. They did not trust me; they did not believe it was food I had put out there; they did not care to fly from tree and fence even to see; and so they huddled close together teetering on the fence, as they let the snow drift over the food that meant life and warmth and cheer to them. And as I sat and watched and waited, it seemed to me I could get God's viewpoint more clearly than ever before. He offers, plans, watches, waits, hopes, longs for all things for our good. We are cold, hungry, forlorn, and afraid. We do not trust him, and yet within our reach are all things,—food, raiment, warmth, light, and life, and above all, the fullness of life and joy in Christ his Son! And God has to watch and wait, as I did for my timid friends.—A. V. O. T.

2094. **God and We.** On the keystone of a bridge over a little stream in a beautiful Scottish parish we have read the words, "God and We." The tale is interesting. A girl in danger of perishing in the storm, when the stream was in flood, vowed that if God would save her life and help her in the future, she would build a bridge over the dangerous chasm. Her prayer was heard. She lived to build the bridge, and to leave an endowment for the poor of the parish. The inscription on the bridge gives the secret of success. "Fellow-workers with God," ever depending on him.

2095. **God, Wise Ruler.** Without God the world is simply a place where men sit and hear each other groan.

2096. **God, His Wisdom in Providence.** "I wanted it so badly," said the one who had just spoken of a past desire, "and now I am so glad that I did not get it. I can see, looking back, that it would have changed the whole current of my life, and changed it for the worse. I would never have attained to what I have if my desire had been granted."

One of our devotional poets asks:

"When shall I attain to this
To thank Thee for the things I miss?"

It is sometimes a hard task to attain to this. We want things—want them so fervently and earnestly, and they do not come to us. It seems hard, and we are tempted to rebel. Yet in the years ahead of us, the reason lies clear and plain why it is not good for us to have our way. A better path is marked out for us by a wiser One, and we are led along it gently, patiently, in spite of our murmurs and rebellion. Some day we see the hidden reason and better plan—some day here or beyond; and we pour out our thanks for the things we have missed.

2097. **God with Us.** Ibsen in one of his books describes two persons attempting a great climb in Norway. The people tried to hold them back, but they were determined to go and do it, and the man shouts out to those who would detain him, "There is no precipice too steep for two." Worth remembering, that! If God is the other, there is no precipice too steep for God and me, no hill too high, no difficulty too big, no sorrow too terrible, no duty too onerous if only you walk with God.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

2098. **God with Us.** When Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, long ago, told his good friend Mr. Moody that somehow he could not get the assurance he wanted as to his salvation, Mr. Moody finally asked him bluntly, "Who are you doubting?" Dr. Chapman saw that he was doubting God; and from that day he stopped this unintentional sin. God is the same on our dull days as on our bright ones. The mountain-top experience may be ours every day that we cast ourselves entirely upon the Lord, for it may be enjoyed quite irrespective of outward troubles or circumstances.—*London Christian*.

2099. **God with Us.** In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, there is a representation of the Battle of Ivry, in which Henry IV of Navarre is waging war. Up in the right-hand corner, one can see which of the contending armies will win; for there is pictured a group of angels with drawn swords, the guiding divine force that will win the day. No wonder one can be strong and of good courage when he can feel a power with him like that. It is God on our side. Caleb and Joshua felt that when they said, "Let us go up at once and possess the land." Cromwell's men felt it when they conquered everything before them; for their battle cry was "God with us." And discouragement will flee like the shade of night

before the rising sun when we can feel too that God is with us, that we are doing his will.—REV. J. L. SHERRILL.

2100. God with Us. A little village lad once had to make a long journey to a distant town. When he was ready to start, he paused, and hesitated at the doorway. "Mother," he said in a trembling voice, "it's so far, and it is a strange road. I—I'm not 'zactly afraid, but could you come a teeny way with me?" The mother caught the anxiety in the childish appeal, and, taking his little hand in hers, said, "My son, mother will go all the way with you." And so, with his hand in hers, the lad walked along fearlessly. Even so with us, we have no need to fear the future if God be our guide.

"God is Before me, He will be my guide,
God is Behind me, no ill can betide;
God is Beside me, to comfort and cheer,
God is Around me, so why should I fear?"

—*Christian Herald.*

2101. God Is Working. After the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Mrs. Stowe was in London, and at a public meeting was presented with a bracelet of gold, on which was inscribed the date of the emancipation of the slaves by act of the British government. Beneath the date a place was left for the engraving of the year when slavery should be abolished in America. In accepting the gift Mrs. Stowe said: "I will transmit the gift with its instructions to my daughter, who in turn shall transmit it to her daughter. Perhaps in her lifetime that far-away date may be inscribed on this handsome bracelet." But in less than ten years from that time the Emancipation Proclamation was signed by President Lincoln. Moses despairingly cried: "Neither hast Thou delivered Thy people at all." But Omnipotence was at work, and his purposes were accomplished.

2102. God's Grace. This lack of faith makes more Christians miserable than all things else unpleasant that can come into a life. The fearful Christian dies many times, the faith-full Christian dies but once. Look back over the way you have come. What have you lacked? Have you not been provided for? How often have you suffered from hunger and cold? When has Jesus ever left you friendless and forlorn? When did you ever have to say as he had to say, "My

God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" If Jesus has been so faithful and true to you in all the many days gone by, say, can't you trust him implicitly for just one little day more? "Nothing ever seems to worry you," said a friend to Uncle Billy Watson. "I'm like the old man you read about," said Uncle Billy. "I'm an old man, and in my time have had many troubles, but most of them never happened." All a man who is a Christian has to do is to grow like the lily. Keep spread out in the sunlight of God's grace, and grow in faith as he grows in knowledge and in fellowship with Him. (Heb. 13: 5, 6; Isa. 26: 31).

2103. God's Love Defined. From the island of Ambrym, in the New Hebrides, we hear of a beautiful word, the native word for love. Literally translated it means: "The heart keeps calling, calling for me," and "love of God" in the Ambrym language is "the heart-callings of God."—Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

2104. God's Loving Care. A father was nursing his little blind daughter on his knee. Just then a friend came in, and, picking her up, walked off with her down the garden. The little one expressed neither surprise nor fear, so her father said, "Aren't you afraid, darling?" "No," she said. "But you don't know who has you?" "No," was the prompt reply, "but you do, father." That was enough. She was in "the sight of" her father, and faith in her father's loving care banished fear.—W. HETHERINGTON.

2104a. God's Love Misunderstood. Some time ago the newspapers related that a herd of cattle was being driven through a long, dark, wooden tubular bridge. Here and there in the planks were knot-holes, which let in the sun in bars of light. The animals were afraid of these sun bars; they shied at them, were terrified at them, and then, leaping over them, made a painful hurdle-race of it, coming out at the other end palpitating and exhausted. We act just as madly. The laws of God are golden rays in a dark path; they are for our guidance and infinite perfecting and consolation, but they irritate us, they enrage us, we count them despotic barriers to liberty and happiness, and too often we put them under our feet. "So foolish was I, and ignorant; I was as a beast before thee."—REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

2105. God's Particular Care. A

French Prime Minister once sent for an eminent surgeon to perform upon him a serious operation. Said the Prime Minister: "You will not, of course, treat me in the same rough manner as you would treat your poor miserable wretches at the hospital." "Sir," replied the surgeon with dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your Eminence is pleased to call them, is a Prime Minister in my eyes."

2106. God's Presence Sustaining. When Dr. David Livingstone returned to Scotland after an absence of sixteen years in Africa, the University of Glasgow desired to honor him by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. On such occasions candidates for honorary degrees usually expect an embarrassing reception at the hands of the young collegians who are present in full force, bubbling over with boyish fun. But when Dr. Livingstone appeared on the platform they received him with silent respect and reverence. He was gaunt and weary from exposure to sixteen years of African sun and twenty-seven attacks of African fever; one arm, having been rendered useless by the bite of a lion, hung helpless by his side. There stood a real hero who had fought many a battle for humanity, and his presence inspired a feeling of awe in the minds of all present. He told them that he was going back to Africa, partly to open new fields for British commerce, partly to suppress the African slave trade, and partly to open the way for the preaching of the Gospel. But the sentiment which stirred all hearts most was this: "Shall I tell you what supported me through all these years of exile among a people whose language I could not understand, and whose attitude toward me was always uncertain and often hostile? It was this, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'"

2107. God's Viewpoint. A celebrated physician who always entered the sick room with a smile upon his lips was asked how he could be living among so many terrible diseases and yet not be overwhelmed by them. He replied: "I always look upon disease from a curative standpoint." The heart of Christ would have broken long before he reached the cross had he not looked upon sinning humanity from the "curative standpoint." If we would have his joy in us let us take his view of evil.—*Record of Christian Work.*

2108. God's Watchful Love. People talk as if the blessed Master only got fruit out of us with a prunin' knife,—always standin' over us, an' a-cuttin' here, an' a-loppin' there. Why, bless his name, sunshine and showers, and the gentle south winds, have a deal more to do with a bunch of grapes than prunin' knives have. We do want a bit o' prunin' now and then, I dare say, but don't 'e go a-thinkin' about the dear Lord as only standin' over us for that. A-standin' there with all his kindness and care—why, he is trainin' the branches, and is watchin' over us, and wardin' off blights, and keepin' off enemies,—slugs and snails, and such like, that do harbor in a man's soul; and his gentleness and lovin' care have a deal more to do with the fruit than the knife has.—MARK GUY PEARSE.

2109. God's Watchfulness. God's watchfulness gets emphasis, though rather feeble, from this following illustration. A gentleman once paid a visit to India, and, following the custom of that country, he hired a servant to fan him all night. Some servants only fan their masters until they fall asleep, and when they are about to wake they start fanning them as if they had been hard at work all night. This particular gentleman had a glass eye, which he used to take out every night and put on the table. To his great amusement, one morning, the gentleman heard his servant telling the other that he could not steal any time between his master's naps, for he always took out one of his eyes and placed it on the table to watch him and so he was compelled to fan his employer all the night until the other eye awoke in the morning. The "Eye that Never Sleeps" is watching us in our watching.—*Sunday Companion.*

2110. Gods, Fall of Heathen. A missionary from Chang Li, North China, relates this incident:

In the city school here all the teachers but one have lost faith in their idols. That one still has faith, particularly in the god of war, and in a discussion the other day, with the other teachers expressed himself to that effect. The teacher of English, a Cantonese, joked him about this god and he said he was not afraid to go up to the temple and paint the white face of the god's wife black, right before him. It was arranged that if he did this and no harm came to him within a week, the other man should give a feast, while if anything did hap-

pen to him, his money should pay for the crowd.

The next day the Cantonese teacher went to the temple and did the job, and after a week, needless to say, he got his feast free of expense to himself.

No wonder that China is ready to receive the gospel, as she is without God or gods.

2111. God's Will Best. Dr. A. C. Dixon told the story of a lady who was traveling with her maid and child. A wasp got into the carriage, and the child kept crying for it. At last the lady said to the servant, "What is the child crying for? Let him have it." A few minutes later the lady was startled by an awful scream from the child, and exclaimed in alarm, "What's the matter?" "He has got it!" was the servant's calm reply. So sometimes, in his great wisdom, God allows us to have what we cry for, that we may feel the sting and the misery of it, and learn through pain and humiliation that God's will and way are best.

2112. Godliness. Godliness is practical religion.—DEWEY.

2113. Godliness Profitable. A terrible plague was raging in a village of China. One family was immune, which the other natives could not understand. They asked the head of the house how it was, and he told them how the missionary had told him how to keep the house clean and to take other necessary precautions. He was also careful to add that every day at family prayers he asked God's protection and guidance. "Where is this wonderful God of yours? We don't see him." "No," replied the man, "you can't see him, but here is a Book that tells all about him," and he showed them a Chinese Bible. Some of them were eager to learn about him, and gathered at the house every afternoon, while this godly man told them about Jesus, and what to do to avoid the plague. His instructions were followed, the plague was stayed, and many turned to the Lord.

2114. Godliness Profitable. In his book entitled "Golden Age of Authors," William W. Ellsworth, who for forty years was identified with the Century Company, and knew all the famous men and women of literature during that time, tells an interesting story about Roswell Smith, founder of *Scribner's Magazine*, as well as of the *Century*, and "one of the few publishers who made money without the commercial spirit."

He was a religious man and always opened the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Century Company with prayer. He believed that God would bless him in "basket and store if he did his duty." And the years that Roswell Smith opened the annual meeting with prayer were the best years the Century Company ever had. It took ten years to edit the Century Dictionary and it cost barely under a million dollars, but so prosperous was the magazine at that time that it was never necessary to borrow any money to pay the bills, and it was possible still to pay good dividends to the stockholders, so when the dictionary did appear it was already paid for.

2115. Godliness Profitable. Dr. Nitobe, one of the leading Christian educators in Tokyo, told recently of a school superintendent who came to him and said: "Doctor Nitobe, I am in need of teachers. Will you give me a list of those who you think would be good for my district?" And Doctor Nitobe gave him a list of ten names of those whom he knew to be good teachers. The superintendent interviewed them all and came back to Dr. Nitobe and said: "I have chosen only four out of the ten whose names you gave me. They seemed to have a different spirit in their work from the others and appeal to me as the most qualified." And Dr. Nitobe said it was rather significant that the four he had chosen were the only Christians.

2116. God-Satisfied People. A young girl met Frances Ridley Havergal on a brief railway journey, and said long afterward: "I am so glad that I saw, just once, that God-satisfied face!"—LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

2117. Gold. See Money. See Giving.
2118. Gold, Crushed by. Tarpeia, daughter of the Governor of the Fort on the Capitoline Hill in Rome, saw the enemy one starry night whilst all her father's garrison slept. The invaders asked her to open for them the gates. Seeing the sheen of their gleaming bracelets and rings reflected in the moonlight, she replied, "Yes! if you will give me what you have upon your arms." Tradition says that her wish was gratified, but these golden bracelets by their weight crushed the traitorous girl to death. "Things on earth" furnish a grand field for the head and for the body, but not for the affection of the heart. For a safe investing place for our love "Set your affections on things above." The life

below, the life above; How great the difference! how wide the contrast!

2119. Gold or God. Roger W. Babson thus endorses the aims of the early settlers of this land. The application is, Never kick down the ladder by which you climbed up. Mr. Babson said:

I was the guest of the President of the Argentine Republic. One day we sat in his sun parlor looking out over the river. He said, "Mr. Babson, I have been wondering why it is that South America with all its great natural advantages is so far behind North America notwithstanding that South America was settled before North America." He went on to tell how the forests of South America had two hundred and eighty-six trees that can be found in no book of botany. He told me about many ranches that had thousands of acres of alfalfa in one block. He mentioned the mines of iron, coal, copper, silver, gold; all those great rivers with waterpower which rivals Niagara. "Why is it, with all these natural resources, South America is so far behind North America?" he asked. Those of you who have been there know the reason. But, being a guest, I said: "Mr. President, what do you think is the reason?"

He replied: "I have come to this conclusion. South America was settled by the Spanish who came to South America in search of gold, but North America was settled by the Pilgrim Fathers who went there in search of God."

Friends, let us as American citizens never kick down the ladder by which we climbed up. Let us never forget the foundation upon which all permanent prosperity is based.

2120. Gold Sought. An old soldier of the British army died in England. At his bedside he told a story of a hidden treasure of royal jewels in the far East. The tale came to the ears of a half dozen men, more or less, and instantly a wild race was begun for the Orient. Some took passage by Australian steamers; some crossed the continent of Europe to ship at Mediterranean ports; some crossed the Atlantic to New York, thinking that a quicker passage could be effected by way of San Francisco, but all were in strenuous haste to reach the goal. The story may have been the hallucination of a dying soldier. At the best, however, the object of this frantic search will be but a few jewels that will bring in the open market only their return in gold, which at

last will vanish like the brilliant dust on a moth's wing. When will humanity pause in the pursuit of temporal riches long enough to take one look at the imperishable wealth of heaven and the storehouses of plenty which divine opportunity offers us all?

2121. Gold, Too Much. Many men cannot stand financial success. Getting money may develop their characters; having it ruins them. An old legend says that Moses used to play the shepherd's pipe as he tended his flocks upon the plains of Midian, and that when he went up to die on Nebo's top he gave his old flute to the priests, who used, on high occasions, to play it before the Lord. In time, however, it seemed unworthy that this simple shepherd's pipe should have touched the great Moses' lips; so they covered it with gold. But the gilded instrument would play no more; it shone externally, but it was mute.—Dr. H. E. FOSDICK.

2122. Good, Doing. One day, at the national Olympic games of Greece, a feeble old man arrived late and found all the seats occupied. He passed the seats of the Athenians, but they only laughed at the old man. He passed on to the seats of the Spartans, when, in a moment, they rose from their seats as one man to offer him a seat. The Athenians, seeing this, raised a loud cheer. "Ah!" said the aged, white-haired stranger, "the Athenians admire that which is good, but the Spartans practice it."—REV. JAMES LEARMOUNT.

2123. Good, the Good of Being. Bishop Merrill in bidding good-by to the students of the Adeline M. Smith Industrial Home of Little Rock, Ark., as a last word said: "Be good, girls. That covers it all." The testimony of the superintendent is that those girls never forgot the bishop's admonition. They talked for months about it, and those words were engraved lastingly upon their memory. "Be good, girls. That covers it all." And he was correct.

Some years after that Bishop McDowell paid a visit to the same institution; and he left his parting message, "It is always right to do right, and never right to do wrong." To this day the girls cherish those words as of more value than gold. They hand them down from class to class.

2124. Good, but Jerkily So. "Yes, Julia is good—usually," said a young girl who was running over a list of acquaintances in search of one who might

be able and willing to help in some work she had undertaken. "If it happened to appeal to her in just the right way, and just the right mood, she would be the best of help, but that is what one never can be sure of with Julia. She is so—jerkily good."

She laughed a little over the phrase that came to her lips, but it was an apt description. There is a great deal of goodness—real goodness in its way—that goes by fits, starts and jerks, and can not be depended upon to run steadily and smoothly. Its possessors sometimes wonder why others do not confide in them more, why their aid is not oftener invoked in causes they are willing to help. They know themselves to be kind-hearted and well meaning, but their prejudices and unreasonableness, like their better impulses, are jerky, and no one can be quite sure which will be uppermost.

2125. Good, Persistence of the. We hear frequently, and truly, of the persistence of evil and its almost omnipresent power, but do not forget that it is just as true that good is even more persistent, that "where sin aboundeth, grace doth much more abound." Illustrating this a speaker said recently: "Have you ever noticed how hard it is to 'kill off' some of the commonest plants and trees? Take, for example, the willows that grow so profusely along the banks of our creeks and rivers. You may chop one of them down and it will immediately repair the damage by sending forth a multitude of shoots and grow into a strong tree with its original shape alone modified. Many of the smaller branches that fall to the ground will also begin the fight to perpetuate its species, and as it were, to 'avenge the insult' by developing roots that will seek out the faintest excuse for soil and growing into a robust representative of the parent willow." God has fairly blockaded the road to ruin with things that help and inspire. The Christian fights with the universe on his side.

2126. Good, The Power of. A good Boston woman complained bitterly that an Italian family had moved into her neighborhood. Of course she had always prayed for the Italian's conversion, but now that he was at her door he was a menace. The Italian had six children, the Boston woman but one, and that one she guarded like the apple of her eye, carefully keeping her away from the numerous Italian children who were sup-

posed to be swathed in microbes. Soon the Italian caught the spirit of the neighborhood, and in his lawn smiling crocuses came up in the spring and flowers bloomed until the frost shriveled their glory.

The Italian children lured the little New England girl by their flowers and their gay laughter so that she often left her mother's silent and somber house for their more humble but cheery dwelling; and thus the children grew into each other's lives. As Maud did, so did the Italians. Maud was not permitted to play out of doors on Sunday, neither were the Italians; Maud had her hair docked, and promptly other locks were curtailed and the little Italians looked like bob-tailed horses.

The remarkable fact in this close social relationship is this: that Maud, who plays daily with the little Italians, is not growing like them, but that all the little Italians are growing to be like Maud.—E. A. STEINER.

2127. Good Cheer. In the life of the late Thomas Bone, the well-known worker among the sailors, an incident is given where Mr. Bone told his hearers of three good cheers. "The first is the cheer of forgiveness, as our Saviour said, 'Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.' The second is the cheer of companionship. Jesus said, 'Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid.' And the third is the cheer of victory. 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.'"
—*Christian Herald*.

2128. Good Friday. See **Atonement**. See **Cross**. See **Crucifixion**. See **Death** of.

2129. Good Friday. The Atonement. We get some faint idea of the effect of the atonement from an incident which Bronson Alcott relates as having taken place in his school in Boston some years ago. "One day I called up before me a pupil eight or ten years of age, who had violated an important regulation of the school. All the pupils were looking on, and they knew what the rule of the school was. I put the ruler in the hand of the offending pupil; I extended my hand; I told him to strike. The instant the boy saw my extended hand, and heard my command to strike, I saw a struggle begin in his face. A new light sprang in his countenance. A new set of shuttles seemed to be weaving a new nature within him. I kept my hand extended. The school was in tears. The boy struck once, and he himself burst

into tears. I constantly watched his face; and he seemed in a bath of fire, which was giving him a new nature. He had a different mood toward the school, and toward the violated law. The boy seemed transformed by the idea that I should take chastisement in place of his punishment. He went back to his seat, and ever after was one of the most docile of the pupils, although he had been at first one of the rudest. Note, (1) the boy had sinned, (2) he was conscious of sin, (3) he deserved punishment, (4) to let him go would ruin the moral discipline of the school, (5) the boy could not forgive himself or escape from his sin, (6) it put him in antagonism with his teacher. Mr. Alcott's course (1) affected the boy well; it touched his heart; (2) it affected the school well; it was perfectly safe to offer forgiveness under such conditions; (3) it affected the sense of justice in the teacher; it was not right to treat good and bad alike.

2130. Good Friday. Christ's Blood Upon Them. "His blood be on us, and on our children." Matt. 27:25. That blood was upon them, not as vengeance, but as a natural consequence of their conduct, as any one can see who reads the accounts.

Judas died by his own hand. Pilate was soon recalled, degraded, banished to Gaul, where he committed suicide. The tower from which he is said to have precipitated himself is still standing. The prize for which he staked his soul never became his. Herod died in infamy and exile; Caiaphas was deposed the next year. The house of Annas was destroyed a generation later by an infuriated mob, and his son was dragged through the streets and scourged and beaten, to his place of murder. Some of those who shared in and witnessed the scenes of that day—and thousands of their children—also shared in and witnessed the long horrors of that siege of Jerusalem which stands unparalleled in history for its unutterable fearfulness. They had forced the Romans to crucify their Christ, and they and their children were themselves crucified in myriads by the Romans. They had given thirty pieces of silver for their Saviour's blood, and they were themselves sold in thousands for yet smaller sums.

Legend has it that Plato, in extreme misery, cast himself from an Alpine peak into a mountain lake. The mountain is still called by his name, Pilatus, and a glittering lake, which reflects its

dark shadow, bears the shape of the glorious cross.

2131. Good Friday. Christ Died. A certain student during his student days lost his faith and became an infidel. He lived a life notorious for its wickedness. Once in a spirit of levity he went to his old pastor and asked him about God in relation to a wicked life. He mentioned the sins that he had committed, and said after each one, "But I don't care about that." His pastor knew that it was said in a spirit of levity, and he replied, "Promise me to do one thing." The man promised. "Every night for one week bow down and say, 'O Jesus Christ, thou hast died for my sin, but I don't care about that.'" That night the man tried to say it, but he could not say the last part of the sentence. On the fourth night he went to his pastor with a white face and said, "I couldn't say it."—REV. M. MACARTHUR.

2132. Good Friday. Christ Mocked. "And they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews." Matt. 27:29. There have been more modern mockeries at good things. "Let us go and see that crazy man try to sail a boat by steam," said one to an idle crowd in New York. They hurried off to the Hudson. Thousands were there to see that crazy man's novel experiment. That boat went.

"So with a lot of romantic girls and crazy boys you expect to see the world converted," said a popular journal of the Andover and other missionaries in the beginning of the American missionary enterprise.

"While the first steamboat was crossing the Atlantic Ocean a pamphlet was being circulated showing how futile and visionary was such a plan, and why it could never be accomplished. Edison's inventions have even in recent years been treated in the same manner."

Nearly all original young authors have been laughed at and their manuscripts rejected. Carlyle's books were jokes of critics. The early poems of Wordsworth were criticized as being next to idiotic. Byron says that this poet wrote so naturally of the "Idiot Boy" that he must be the hero of his own tale. Tennyson's early volume of poems, "The Poems of Two Brothers," was a failure. Irving's first book manuscript was refused. "Jane Eyre" was again and again rejected. A publisher advised Miss Alcott, after reading one of her manuscripts, to "stick to teaching." When

Disraeli first attempted to speak in Parliament he pitched his voice too high and the Commons roared with laughter. "You will not hear me now," he said, "but the time will come when you shall hear me." That time came. Science is one long record of the ridicule of new discovery. Dr. John Hunter's discoveries in anatomy were the jibes of the medical profession. When one physician laughed at him because he did not publish his investigations in Latin, Dr. Hunter sharply remarked, "I would teach him on a dead body what he never knew in any language, Latin or Greek." Jenner (who first vaccinated) was both ridiculed and abused.—HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

2133. Good Friday. Christ Mocked. Some of the best people and the best causes and the noblest truths have been mocked and derided at first. "Christian," "Puritan," "Methodist," were names given in derision, but now are crowns of glory, and are written on the banners of conquering hosts. Rome's early days were looked upon with contempt but she became mistress of the world. Many of the world's greatest warriors, prophets, authors and artists have passed through the experience of mockery. It is better to be mocked than a mocker. Men may despise the acorn, but the oak is hidden there. They may sneer at the small black seed, but exquisite flowers are enfolded within it.

2134. Good Friday. Christ Saves Us for Nothing. A man in a special service once said to a Christian worker: "I am such a helpless, miserable sinner, there is no hope for me. I have prayed and resolved and tried and vowed until I am sick of my unavailing efforts." "Do you believe that Christ died for our sins, and rose again?" was the reply. "Of course I do." "If he were here on the earth in bodily and visible form, what would you do?" "I would go to him at once." "What would you say to him?" "I would tell him that I am a lost sinner." "What would you ask him?" "I would ask him to forgive and save me." "What would he answer?" The man was silent. "What would he answer?" At last the light came into his eyes, and a smile of peace stole over his face as he whispered, "He would answer, 'I will.'" And the man went away rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and since that time, it is stated, has been working faithfully for the Christ who saved him for nothing!

For nothing! Freely! "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The first word from the cross—it was the word, the blessed word, of forgiveness.

Let us not forget that we have the same Saviour still.—H.

2135. Good Friday. Cost of Salvation. Christ died for our sins. In Arizona an Indian boy was plowing corn. His little sister was playing back of a mud hut among the stones. On this great desert there are many rattlesnakes. The little girl turned over a stone, and there was a great rattlesnake. It coiled and struck her deep in the flesh of the leg. She screamed aloud; her brother heard in the field and rushed to her aid. Seeing at once what had happened, he killed the snake with the heel of his boot, then took his sister in his arms, and, holding his two hands tightly about the wound, placed his lips to it, sucked out the deadly poison, and spit it out on the ground. He had saved her life, but he lost his own, for he had a sore in his mouth which the poison entered. The Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son, when we all had been bitten by the old serpent, heard the cry of need. He came down to us from heaven, dealt a blow to the "old serpent the Devil," and took the sin poison for us. And it was our sin that caused his death.

2136. Good Friday. Christ's Finished Work. "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Jesus must sink down to the lowest depths of lost men if he would pay their penalty and restore a prodigal world to the bosom of the Father. He must for the time being allow his own glory to be clouded to secure ours. He must enter the prison house of despair if he would set the prisoners free. He must endure for a moment the pain of a sinner separated from the Father's presence, that he may know how to succor those who are lost in the toils of the serpent of sin.

Christ entered humanity that he might go through Gethsemane, climb Calvary, hang on the tree of the cross, taking the burdens of the guilt of the world upon his own shoulders and shout, at the climax of his sufferings, "It is finished." —REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

2137. Good Friday. Day of Forgiveness. Forgiveness, it is said, is the odor which flowers yield when trampled upon.

The sandal tree perfumes when riven
The ax that laid it low

Let man, who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe.

God will not forgive us till we are willing to receive his nature and become his faithful followers. To forgive without conversion would be to sanction the evil in man condoning his offense.

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." Not because we have been kind, but because we manifest the true spirit which alone commends us to God. If we would enjoy the truth, we must be true; would we have love? love begets love; by showing ourselves friendly we will have friends, even among our enemies. Stephen exclaimed, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Martyrs have shown no resentment towards their persecutors. President McKinley, when shot by the man he was shaking hands with, exclaimed, "Do no harm to the young man," and thus he acted like his Master, who prayed for his murderers.—REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

2138. Good Friday. Defeats That Are Victories. Bunker Hill Monument commemorates a defeat, which for a long time was looked upon with chagrin and disappointment; and yet that defeat was really the birth-throe of our country, and had more glorious results and more wide-spreading influence than most victories. So the famous Thermopylæ was a defeat, but has thrilled the ages because it was a moral victory. So the crucifixion of Christ was a defeat, but in reality the greatest victory.

2139. Good Friday. Dream of Pilate's Wife. "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," in the Dore Gallery in London. The dreaming woman is represented standing in a balcony and looking up an ascending valley which is crowded with figures. It is the vale of years or centuries, and the figures are the generations of the church of Christ yet to be. Immediately in front of her is the Saviour himself, bearing his cross; behind and around him are his twelve Apostles and the crowds of their converts; behind these, the church of the early centuries, with the great fathers; further back, the church of the Middle Ages, with the majestic forms and warlike accouterments of the Crusaders rising from its midst, behind these the church of modern times, with its heroes; then multitudes upon multitudes that no man can number pressing forward in broadening ranks, till far aloft, in the white and shining heavens, lo, tier

upon tier, and circle upon circle with the angels of God hovering above them and on their flanks; and in the midst, transfigured to the brightness of a star, the cross, which in its rough reality he is bearing wearily below.—REV. JAMES STALKER.

2140. Good Friday. Ever-Blooming Crown of Thorns. Among the wonder-plants of modern floriculture is one called "The Crown of Thorns." The plant itself bears the shape which gives it its name, and is studded thickly with thorns. The flower is both delicate and beautiful. But the most significant feature of this unusual plant is that it blooms continuously. And this is a parable, too. The only crown which ever blooms is a crown of thorns. Sacrifice is the most fructifying thing in the world. There are few joys equal to those of a great renunciation! One does not need to trust the future to prove the truth of Jesus' word about finding one's life by losing it. He who lavishly gives any part of his life to his child, his friend, his age, discovers that he has "found" by "losing." The joy of Christ is perfectly plain. It is the joy of giving up; a joy that none can take from us because none can ever deny us the ability to give. The crown of thorns always hurts; but worn heroically, it always blossoms. That is true for us. And Christ bore his crown of thorns for us.

2141. Good Friday. "Father, Forgive Them!" What a Godlike act! Behold the Son of God, beaten with rods, crowned with thorns, mangled with nails, hanging on his wounds. Listen to his prayer, "Father, forgive them!" He is not thinking of himself; his blood is flowing for the pardon of his persecutors. The cross is the hope of glory for the sinful, and Christ is the infinite Forgiver, suffering for the sins of a race. He prays for all sinners during all the ages of time; his forgiveness is forever. He is a picture of loving kindness. It will take an eternity to understand the wondrous mystery of Calvary.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee.

O love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee!

If our sins are sunk like a millstone
in the bottom of the sea, if the ocean of
his love flows over them forever, should
we not forgive as we are forgiven and

pray for those who despitefully use us?
—REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

2142. Good Friday. A Finished Work. Every day has its morning and evening; every year has its beginning and ending. So does every life except the eternal life of Christ. Our Lord's work of redemption had a beginning, when he was the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world, and it had an ending when, on the Cross, he cried, "It is finished!" Earth's millions cannot return to correct mistakes or wash sins away, but our Lord's finished work redeems that which is past and creates purity and peace in the hearts of his followers. Christ's finished work of salvation can never be added to or taken from; it is complete, as we may become complete in him. Jesus meant more than the Apostle did when he had finished his life on earth, but the development of his character and mind would go on forever. Christ's is the eternally perfected life, ever the same, unchangeable one, the "I am."—REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

2143. Good Friday. "It Is Finished." Streams from Calvary's fountains are flowing over a thirsty, sinful world, quenching and cleansing the thirst and blackness of the heart. A new life for mankind blossomed on the tree of the cross; a new death burst into full bloom on the morning of the resurrection. A new life that will always live, and a new death that will never die.

When Cecil Rhodes lay dying, he is reported to have said, "So much to do, so little done!" He could not say, as the Master said, at the climax of his career, "It is finished. All the work Thou gavest Me to do, I have done!" How glorious for the Son of God thus to reach the goal predicted and accomplish the redemption of a world!—REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

2144. Good Friday and Forgiveness. "What great matter," said a heathen tyrant to a Christian while he was beating him almost to death—"What great matter did Christ ever do for you?" "Even this," answered the Christian, "that I can forgive you, though you use me so cruelly."—*Religious Anecdotes.*

2145. Good Friday a Foundation. An old Roman said when the Christian system was introduced: "This system can not stand because it is founded upon a cross, upon the death of its own Leader, upon a catastrophe; it can not stand." And yet we know that that is just why it does stand.

2146. Good Friday Lesson. There is a picture recently published which shows a company of wounded soldiers at Lakewood, New Jersey, going through calisthenic exercises, but the title struck a deep note of sympathy; "The Invisibly Wounded." Their scars in battle were hidden, yet awfully real. The empty sleeve did not dangle at their side, nor the frightful furrow of shrapnel glare from eyeless sockets. Their wounds defied the scrutiny of the curious. The patients felt the ache from racked nerves and deranged digestion growing out of barrage fire, gas attacks and trench fevers, and the doctors knew the stupendous price each had paid for liberty and would continue to pay for years. But only the very thoughtful could doff their hats at the sight of these martyrs for a race's emancipation. "The Invisibly Wounded!" The "five bleeding wounds" of our Saviour were very visible. Yet, as some one has said, "The suffering of Christ's soul was the soul of his sufferings."—H.

2147. Good Friday Lesson. A native priest came to Bishop Warren in India to ask what this Gospel was that he was preaching. For answer the Bishop told him the story of Jesus' prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The priest listened with increasing perturbation and at the end of the story sprang up and cried, "Get out of here! Get out of India! You will convert all our people if you talk to them in that way. We have in all our religions no story of love like that!"

There is no other such story as that. It is the story which if rightly told will convert the world, for Christ himself said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."—H.

2148. Good Friday. Love Brought Out. A flower has been discovered in South America which is only visible when the wind blows; it is of the species cactus, and when the wind blows a number of beautiful flowers protrude from the little lumps on the stalks. So in these trials of Jesus are brought out his noble nature, his love, his patience, his faith, his hope.

2149. Good Friday. Love for Him Who Died. Mrs. Browning has pictured with rare beauty the effect of Christ's death upon two seraphim who lingered a little behind the hosts of heaven that had gathered about the cross. One of them, as he thinks of the meaning of the wonderful sacrifice, is troubled

by the thought that men will now have more reason to Love God than even the angels have. The other remonstrates, saying, "Do we love not?" "Yea, but not as man shall," he answered.

Oh! not with this blood on us—and this face,
Still, haply, pale with sorrow that it bore

In our behalf, and tender evermore
With nature all our own, upon us gazing—

Nor yet with these forgiving hands up-raising

Their unreproachful wounds, alone to bless.

Alas, Creator, shall we love thee less
Than mortals shall?

—REV. J. R. MILLER, D.D.

2150. Good Friday, Its Meaning. On Calvary our Lord completed his mission of mercy and atonement for the sins of the race. On the Cross he appeared like a defeated mortal; no viewer of that scene could fathom the full meaning of his dying. To the Jews, he was a blasphemer; to the Greeks, foolishness; to the pagan Romans, a common criminal; but, since that hour, the world has realized that he was God manifest in the flesh, shedding his blood for the remission and cleansing of sin and drawing all men unto him. Every believing soul receives an experimental consciousness of the meaning of Christ's death to him. A young seeker in an evangelistic meeting cried out, "I see it, I see it!" He saw Jesus dying for him; he realized love's compassionate bleeding. The power of its glory filled his soul with joy; the atonement was a reality to his soul.—REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

2151. Good Friday. Meaning of the Cross.

The cross on Golgotha will never save thy soul,

The cross in thine own heart alone can make thee whole;

Christ rose not from the dead, Christ still is in the grave,

If thou for whom he died art still of sin the slave.

—JOHANNES SCHAEFFER.

2152. Good Friday Means Redemption. Sargent's acknowledged masterpiece is his mural decoration in the Boston public library called "The Dogma of Redemption." On the cross hangs the dying Saviour. Bound up with him, as by a common girdle, is on the one side

Adam, the father of all mankind, and on the other Eve, the mother of all the race. Each holds, with outstretched hand, the loving cup to catch the drops of blood falling from the pierced hands of the dying Christ. Beneath is a stork diving its beak into its very vitals, to take its own life-blood to bring its dying offspring back to life. Underneath all are these words, "He died to redeem our bodies and to cleanse our hearts."—REV. FRANK N. RIALE.

2153. Good Friday and the Power of Pardon. God is great in Sinai. The thunders precede him. The lightnings attend him. The earth trembles. The mountains fall in fragments. But there is a greater God than this. On Calvary, nailed to a cross, wounded, thirsting, dying, he cries, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Great is the religion of power, but greater is the religion of love, the religion of pardoning mercy.

I have read of a soldier who was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offense. He was an old offender, had often been punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, as his name was mentioned, "everything has been tried on him." Just then a subordinate officer stepped forward, and, apologizing for the liberty, said, "There is one thing that has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that?" said the officer. "Well, sir," said the other, "he has never been forgiven." "Forgiven!" said the colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He thought a moment and then ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge. "Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only I am sorry for what I have done." Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than his punishment would be increased with the repetition of the offense, the colonel addressed him, saying, "Well, we have tried everything with you, and now we have resolved—to forgive you."

The soldier was struck dumb with amazement. Tears started to his eyes as, thanking his officer, he retired—to be the old refractory, incorrigible man? No, from that day forward he was a new man. It is said that from that day on a better conducted man never wore the uniform.

2154. Good Friday. The Prophetic Inscription. It was written in three languages,—in Greek, the language of literature and culture, read in all cultured

circles of the world; in Latin, for the Roman soldiers, the language of law and power; in Hebrew, the language of the Jews, the language of religion. It was a prophecy that the language of the cross itself should be heard everywhere, and include all the others,—a language of culture, of power, and of religion. Christianity is for the whole world. Thus in the chief tongues of men was proclaimed in jest what became a living truth,—that Jesus is king; the king to whom all nations and peoples should yield allegiance,—“a king with many crowns.”

2155. Good Friday Reveals the Heart of Christ. I read the other day that the heart of Kosciusko, which is buried in a bronze urn in Switzerland, is about to be taken back to his native Poland, for whose liberties he fought so faithfully in 1791 and 1794. The fact is natural and beautiful. The dreams that Kosciusko dreamed more than a century ago are now coming true, and the removal of the heart to Poland will encourage all patriots to believe that justice and truth must triumph in the end.

But I want to apply the thought to a greater than Kosciusko. The heart of Christ is with his people, has never left them a moment through all the reeking centuries. “I am with you,” he said, and he has made good his word. The heart of Christ is in the midst of his people’s struggles—with Jews murdered in cold blood; with Armenians martyred by Turkish hatred; with every sufferer, every worker, every servant. And his heart is not dead and dumb, but alive and full of tender speech. It keeps alive our faith. It comforts us in our sorrows. It brings us life in the midst of death. It is the heart of his great un-failing love.—H.

2156. Good Friday. Seven Facts About the Cross. There are at least seven striking facts about the cross and its offense.

The cross stood for the utmost disgrace; that is why it was a stumbling block to Jews and foolishness to Greeks.

But worse than disgrace, on the cross Christ became a curse for us.

Not only did Paul glory in Christ’s cross, but it is the only thing he gloried in. For the thunderbolt of God’s curse—all curses in one—crashed into the bosom of Jesus; and God never strikes twice for the same sin.

Therefore Paul’s glory was not in the incarnation, not in the divine example,

not in the second coming, not in Paul’s labors and sufferings; it was all in the cross.

Ethical results of the cross: the only source of goodness for men.

While the cross crucified me to the world, it exposes the true character of the world to me.

The cross reveals the awful holiness of the Law, yet also the mighty reconciliation of Law and Love.

In all this the cross is the wisdom of God,—such wisdom as men could never have known or planned.

2157. Good Friday Teaches Forgiveness. Edith Cavell, put to death for being true to her idea of liberty and friendship, had no ill will towards the German nation. She said, “Standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough; I must have no hatred or bitterness towards any one.” “Speaking for the Allies,” she continued, “for us, too, patriotism is not enough; our victory must be not only over the Germans, but over ourselves. We must have no bitterness; by no other means will peace be conclusive.”

Nations, like individuals, must follow Christ’s forgiving spirit, as this is the only real Christianity.—REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

2158. Good Friday Tells of Christ’s Forgiveness. In a Young Woman’s Christian Association meeting in France, it is said that “Holy Night” was sung and all present joined in the song in their own language, French, Swiss, Austrian, Belgian, Pole, Italian and Russian. We know that music is the same in all tongues. It is the Heavenly Father’s picture of unity among all the peoples in his great family. All are forgiven alike when repentant; the melody of forgiveness is God’s richest music.

Mortals cannot forgive sin; we can only remove our own resentment; God is the Forgiver of sin; his pardon makes a new being out of the rebellious; he justifies and sanctifies. A judge must do differently from a friend; he is sworn to execute the law. “Vengeance is mine,” saith the Lord. He is our Judge until we receive Christ as our Saviour; therefore we are guilty before him until we receive his forgiveness.—REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

2159. Good Friday Tells of Forgiveness. Let us not forget it, that the first word, Christ’s very first word from the cross, was the word of forgiveness. That does not imply that sin is a small thing.

No, it only causes us to wonder the more how evil-doers ever come at their notion that sin is so trifling an affair. Surely the costly expiation for sin shows it to be no trifle. But it is true that Christ's prayer included many persons. It included all who had any share in the mockery and crucifixion and death of Christ. It included the Roman governor, who had given authority to crucify him. It included the Roman soldiers, whose duty it was to see the sentence carried out for judgment. It included the multitude who were stirred up by their religious guides and rulers. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Some knew more than others. According to their greater knowledge was their guilt. According to their ignorance was their personal share in this prayer, offered from the cross. "Father!" It is a word of confidence toward God and of love to his enemies. "Father, forgive them!" He mentions the sweetest relation, as when children who would obtain anything at their parent's hands cry, "Father!" "Father, forgive—forgive them!" Word of pardoning mercy. Wonderful, is it not?—H.

2160. Good Friday Tells of the Pardoning Saviour. Two men entered a car while a train was being made up and took comfortable seats. They were asked by a grimy-faced trainman to go forward. "What's the matter with this car?" they inquired. "Nothin'," he grinned, "only t'aint coupled to anything that'll take you anywhere." That is the trouble with so many creeds, for the soul that would journey heavenward must make sure of the coupling. We must be attached by faith to the atoning Saviour—the Saviour who was lifted up for our sins on that first Good Friday.

2161. Good Friday. The Towel as a Weapon. A sentence from the lips of a great living preacher ("living," in more senses than one), suggested the above caption: for it was a towel, not a sword, that the greatest of all Conquerors chose as the means of victory—victory, first, with his closest lieutenants, and then, through them, in all the world.

It was his last hour with them before he was to be delivered defenseless into the hands of his foes. He would bind them to his person and service by a bond that naught could break. He had eaten and drunk with them. After supper, he laid aside his garments, and,

servant-like, took a towel and poured water into a basin, that he might wash their feet—a pattern, as he told them, of the service which they, as his followers, were to be ever ready to render. His willingness to serve won their hearts; even as their willingness to serve was to win the hearts of the myriads, who, before the course of these first valiant message-bearers was run, had yielded to the claims of their Lord and Master.—DOUGLAS FRASER.

2162. Good Friday. Watchers at the Cross. Besides these careless ones, there were friendly watchers, as we learn from John 19:25, 26. The three Marys were there: Mary, the mother of Jesus; Mary, the wife of Cleophas; and Mary Magdalene, his mother's sister; probably Salome, the mother of John; and many other women from Galilee. John was there; and the other disciples were not far away.

In the groups around the cross we see "three predominant states of mind,"—in the soldiers, indifference, apathy; in the rulers, antagonism, hatred; in the women and disciples, sympathy. "Apathy, antipathy, sympathy."

2163. Good Friday. Its Wonderful Story. Let us not try to glide over, or ornament, or in some way dress up this simple story of the cross, because we think it lacks power to-day. It does not lack power. We lack the wisdom to tell it in its simplicity and trust in the result.

I have read of a young boy who confided his experience to his mother after a church service. "Why, mother, when the minister was telling about Calvary, I could just see Jesus going up there, and the cross, and the people; and just when I was most interested, the minister stopped—and went on with the sermon."

May it not be true that some of us preachers or teachers or parents rest too lightly upon the unadorned Gospel narrative, in our eagerness to find devices that will create interest in the story? It may be that some to whom we are seeking to carry the Gospel lose interest when we "go on with the sermon."

It is one of the blessed facts that we may come back to the Cross and to the simplicity of the story of Christ's redeeming love.—H.

2164. Good Nature. Good nature is one of the richest fruits of true Christianity.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

2165. Good Nature, Worth of. Good

nature is worth more than knowledge, more than money, more than honor, to the persons who possess it, and certainly to everybody who dwells with them, in so far as mere happiness is concerned.—

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

2166. **Goodness.** See Religion. See Faithfulness. See Fidelity.

2167. **Goodness.** Goodness is beauty in its best estate.—MARLOWE.

2168. **Goodness.** How far that little candle throws his beams! so shines a good deed in a naughty world.—SHAKESPEARE.

2169. **Goodness.** He who believes in goodness has the essence of all faith. He is a man "of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows."—J. F. CLARKE.

2170. **Goodness and Things.** Dan Crawford says that in the south of Africa there is a certain kind of civilization advancing, the civilization that brings drink, gambling, and all the rest with it. "It was down that way," he states, "that I was starting out for England, down by the railway head, where I and my black friends bade each other goodbye. Oh, how they looked at that railway! Then they asked me to explain to them about some of the things belonging to your so-called civilization. So I began gushing about all your wonderful civilization. How they looked and listened! As I went on telling them of automobiles, submarines, aeroplanes, and everything else, trying to draw a wonderful look from them, I noticed one man with an uncomfortable look in his eyes. I could see he was waiting for me the way a cat waits for a rat. Finally he said, as I stopped, 'Are you finished?' And then, dear friends, he punctured my tire with a bang. I will never forget it. He said, 'To be better off is not to be better.'"

2171. **Goodness, Importance of.** After all, there are few ways in which most of us can do better service for Christ in this world than just by being good. Sir Walter Scott's farewell to Lockhart contained wise counsel: "Be a good man, my dear." Cleverness shines more brightly in society; eloquence makes itself heard, more widely known, and elicits its huzzas from the throng; wealth yields a greater show of splendor, gives more worldly power for the time, and gets itself talked about by more people; conspicuous almsgiving is more praised of men—it has its reward; but plain, simple goodness is as likely to have as bright a crown and as high a

place in heaven as any of her more showy sisters. It is certain, too, that nothing makes a deeper and more lasting impression on human lives; and this is the test of the real value of living.

2172. **Goodness and Mercy.** A friend who paid a visit to Sir William Robertson Nicoll, famous editor of *The British Weekly*, a few weeks before the end, spoke of a project Sir William had in view which was then to be carried out. When the latter learned of the fulfillment of his wish, he said in his thin, frail voice, "Goodness and mercy—it is all goodness and mercy." . . . His friends may recall . . . the words with which he closed his memoir of his friend W. G. Elmslie, "They who love God never meet for the last time."—J. M. E. ROSS.

2173. **Goodness, Tainted.** "There is no odor so bad as that which arises from goodness tainted. It is human, it is divine carrion."

2174. **Gospel.** See Advent. See Christmas. See Cross.

2175. **Gospel, Adaptability of.** Dr. Chamberlain, one of the oldest missionaries in India, says that one day while he was preaching in Benares, among the devotees who came to bathe in the sacred stream by which he was standing, was a man who had journeyed wearily on his knees and elbows from a great distance with the pain of conviction at his heart. He hoped by washing in the Ganges to be relieved of his "looking for judgment." Poor soul! He dragged himself to the river's edge, made his prayer to Gunga, and crept in. A moment later he emerged with the old pain still tugging at his heart. He lay prostrate on the bank in his despair and heard the voice of the missionary. He raised himself and crawled a little nearer. He listened to the simple story of the cross; he was hungry and thirsty for it. He rose upon his knees, then upon his feet, then clapped his hand and cried: "That's what I want! That's what I want!"

That story of the cross is what the whole world wants. The world wants Christ, for Christ has what the world needs.

2176. **Gospel Call, The.** A little boy, says Mary E. Watson of Hartford, who saw for the first time the sign, "Common," in Boston at the entrance of the great park known as Boston Common, called out joyfully, "It doesn't say, 'Keep Off the Grass'; it says, 'Come on!'" And this is the Gospel invitation,—not "Keep off," but "Come on!"

2177. Gospel Desired. "I have been waiting for you for ten years!" was the greeting of the old man of Mesopotamia to the stranded missionary in the mountains.

"Why, how did you know I was here?" said the missionary.

Then the old man told his story.

"Ten years ago," he said, "I went on a pilgrimage to Arabia. There, in a market place, I bought this little book from a stranger. As I traveled home I read how God sent his Son into the world, and how he died and rose again. The journey did not seem long to me. Then I prayed: O God, send me a teacher, that I may understand these things. And for ten years I waited. Now the teacher has come. Teach me!"

2178. Gospel and Liberalism. The modern minimizer of the gospel takes a few tablets of doctrine, dissolves them in a gallon or two of the rosewater of sentimentality, puts a little in an atomizer, and sprays the congregation to an accompaniment of the sweetness of Christianity and the fragrance of a benevolent life. The New Testament tells but one story,—that man is a sinner, that he has been redeemed, that the only way of salvation is through faith in Jesus Christ. Don't talk to me about "value judgments." You can't believe with all your heart what you have already rejected with all your head.—DR. FRANCIS L. PATTON.

2179. Gospel, Melting or Hardening. The freezing-point is equally the melting-point. Thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit is critical for either process. Which it shall be depends on which way things are going. If the temperature is falling, water will freeze at thirty-two degrees. If the temperature is rising, ice will melt at thirty-two degrees. The same temperature may either freeze or melt. Barely pass it, and you may get opposite results. That it is thirty-two degrees out of doors does not indicate whether it is freezing or melting.

The same individuals under precisely the same influences may be becoming exactly opposite. Under gospel rays the spiritual thermometer is either rising or falling. It is growing either warmer or colder. At the critical point some hearts melt, soften, relent, yield, give way, begin to flow in the channels of the divine will; but other hearts congeal, stiffen, harden, cease their better movements, stand still like a rock. With a

rising temperature the gospel is the power of God unto salvation; but with a falling thermometer it becomes a stone of stumbling and a rock of offense.—REV. FREDERIC CAMPBELL.

2180. Gospel, Power of. Two priests of the Russian Church (in Siberia) met on a river steamer. The one warned the other against the Baptists, but the second retorted that he feared nothing. His people were such drunkards and ruffians that the Baptists could never make members of their churches of them. "But, dear colleague," answered the first, "that is the very material out of which the Baptists make their most devoted adherents."—*Record of Christian Work.*

2181. Gospel, Price of. As a result of a wager to test the skepticism of the British public, a man disguised as a peddler appeared in the streets of London and offered genuine five-pound notes for a penny each. Although he offered these extraordinary bargains for an hour, flourishing the notes in his hand and crying, "Five-pound notes for a penny each," even permitting people to examine them, the peddler sold only two. It appeared to be too good an offer to be true. It suggests to us the query, "Is the Gospel too cheap?" Our answer is that it is offered freely without money yet a man must give himself and his life in return for it. Then the price of our redemption was the suffering on Calvary. While it is offered freely, and every one is urged to come and partake of it, we must never forget the price paid was not silver or gold, but the "precious blood of Christ."

2182. Gospel, Spreading the. Huber, the great naturalist, tells us that if a single wasp discovers a deposit of honey or other food, he will return to his nest and import the good news to his companions, who will sally forth in great numbers to partake of the fare which has been discovered for them. Shall we who have found honey in the Rock, Jesus Christ, be less considerate of our fellow-men? Ought we not rather to hasten to tell the good news? Common humanity should prevent us from concealing the great discovery that grace has enabled us to make.—SPURGEON.

2183. Gospel, Sweetness of. The sweetness of the gospel lies mostly in pronouns, as me, my, thy. "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." "Christ Jesus my Lord." "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee."—MARTIN LUTHER.

2184. **Grace.** See Love. See Christ, Love of.

2185. **Grace.** The Duchess of Gordon left among her papers, found after her death, the following lovely prayer:

"O Lord, give me grace to feel the need of Thy grace; give me grace to ask for Thy grace; and when in Thy grace Thou hast given me grace, give me grace to use Thy grace."

2186. **Grace.** Dr. John Henry Jowett tells a story of Joseph Parker. "Why did Jesus choose Judas?" Dr. Parker was once asked. "I do not know," replied the doctor, "but I have a harder question; why did he choose me?"—*Christian Endeavor World*.

2187. **Grace, a Bank Balance.** A friend of mine, who was sick and in need of money, said to me: "Here is my bank-book; I wish you would take it in and have it balanced." "Don't you want to send a check by me and draw some money?" I asked. "No," was the reply; "I dare not do that, for I am afraid that there is very little, if anything, to my credit." I took the book, left it at the bank, and when I called for it, lo! it showed over \$150 to the credit of the depositor. I cannot tell how glad he was when he saw those figures.

After examining the book, he said: "Oh, how foolish I was to worry over my want of money when I had it in bank, and could have known it by having the book balanced." And then I thought, are there not a good many people just as foolish as he was. They have a bank-book called the Bible. There is in it always a balance to their credit in the divine promises. But though they keep the book and study it, now and then, they fail to realize the goodness that is laid up in it for them who fear the Lord (Psa. 31: 19).

2188. **Grace, Abounding.** A little puny child was brought to a London hospital for treatment, and on his arrival the nurse gave him a glass of milk. Before lifting the cup to his lips the little fellow asked anxiously, "How deep may I drink, Miss?" How much that question told of the poverty of a home where a glass had to be shared among many! He could hardly believe the nurse when she told him to drink it all. How deep may we drink in our thirst after righteousness! God made us for righteousness: we shall be filled, wherefore we are blessed.—*Teacher's Guide*.

2189. **Grace, Abounding.** Not long before the end of George Muller's won-

derful life, a friend called to see him. This friend spoke to Muller of his great life-work, and of the marvelous faith he had in God. "My friend," said Muller, "I have no monopoly of God's grace. The same life is open to you. It is open to all!"—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

2190. **Grace, Daily.** It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear. Never load yourselves so, my friends. If you find yourselves too loaded, at least remember this: it is your doings, not God's. He begs you to leave the future to him and mind the present. What more or what else could he do to take the burden off you?

2191. **Grace, Daily.**

"All my need shall be supplied,
All I want in Thee I find."

This supply is moment by moment. The manna just fell day by day. As one dear saint has said, "God gave me a great fortune—placed thousands and millions to my credit. But he gave me a check-book with this one condition, 'You never can draw more than you need at the time.'"

2192. **Grace, Daily.** When I was a little boy, helpin' mother to store away the apples, I put my arm around so many o' them and tried to bring them all. I managed all right for a step or two; then one fell out, an' another, an' another, an' two or three more, till all were rolling over the floor. Mother laughed.

"Now, Daniel," says she, "I'm goin' to teach you a lesson." So she put my little hand quite around one.

"There," she said, "bring that, an' then fetch another."

I've often thought about it when I've seen folks who might be doing ever so much good if they didn't try to do too much all at once. Don't try to put your arms around a year, and don't go troublin' about next week.

One day at a time, one hour, one minute—yes, one second—is all the time we get at once. So our best course is to "do the next thing next."—DANIEL QUORM.

2193. **Grace, Daily.** A great preacher was asked if he had grace enough to be a martyr; he replied, "No! What do I want with a martyr's grace now? If I am ever called to be a martyr, then a

martyr's grace will be given me. What I need now is grace for my present circumstances." Even so. Whatever is brought forth in the way of trial will find God's grace brought forth to meet it; but let us live on God's strength moment by moment, so that "As our day is so shall our strength be." And he has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

2194. Grace, Free. When Clara Barton was engaged in the Red Cross work in Cuba, during the Spanish-American War, ex-President Roosevelt (then Colonel Roosevelt) came to her desiring to buy some delicacies for the sick and wounded men under his command. His request was refused. Roosevelt was troubled; he loved his men, and was ready to pay for the supplies out of his own pocket. "How can I get these things?" he said; "I must have proper food for my sick men." "Just ask for them, Colonel," said the surgeon in charge of the Red Cross headquarters. "Oh," said Roosevelt, his face breaking into a smile, "then I do ask for them." And he got them at once; but you notice that he got them through grace, and not through purchase. If men could buy the grace of a quiet conscience and a restful heart, how the millionaires would vie with each other at such an auction; but no one can have this chain of heaven's gold except by the free grace of God, which is offered to us every one.—*Onward.*

2195. Grace, God's Secret. In Northern Rhodesia men tell us how they suffer each year from long months of drought which begins in March and lasts on till November. During the weeks after Michaelmas, however, before any rain has fallen, a strange miracle passes over the face of the thirsty land. Everywhere, without apparent cause, the sun-baked soil breaks out and blossoms into wonderful wealth of flowers. By such resurrections nature still speaks to us in parables concerning the secret grace of God.—*The British Weekly.*

2196. Grace Makes New. Queen Victoria once paid a visit to a paper mill in the neighborhood of Windsor. The foreman showed the lady and her attendant over the works, not knowing who his distinguished visitor was. She went finally into the rag sorting shop, where men were employed in picking out the rags from the refuse of the city. She inquired what was done with this dirty mass of rags, and was told that, sorted out, it would make the finest white paper. After her departure, the foreman found

out who it was that had paid the visit. After a little time Her Majesty received a package of the most delicate white paper, having the Queen's likeness for the water mark, with the intimation that it was made from the dirty rags she had inspected. Thus saved and fashioned by grace, Jesus stamps his image upon us.—*The Churchman.*

2197. Grace, Possibilities of. It is said that several years ago a great telegraph company, fearing the competition of Edison's prolific genius, tendered him \$10,000 a year for his invention of a telephone and all that he might invent in the future which would in any way interfere with the company's telegraph. Thus they proposed to possess themselves of Edison, and with him get all the possible productions of his genius in their line.

In like manner, when we get Christ, we get infinite resources. All the possibilities of grace become ours, with this difference—Christ is a free gift to who-so-ever will.

2198. Grace, Sustaining. God never gives a command without giving with it the power to obey. A Scotch lord gave his old servant, Donald, a little farm. He said, "Donald, I'm going to give you that farm that you may work it for yourself, and spend the rest of your days on your own property." Donald replied, "It is nae gude to gie me the farm; I have na capital to stock it." His lordship looked at him, and said, "I think I can manage to stock it also." "Oh, well," said Donald, "if it's you and me for it, I think we will manage."—*Christian Age.*

2199. Grace, Sustaining. Josephine Butler, the great social reformer, had a dream just when her life was passing into deep shadow. "I thought," she wrote, "I was lying flat, with a restful feeling, on a smooth, still sea, a boundless ocean, with no limit or shore on any side. It was strong and held me up, and there was light and sunshine all around me. And I heard a voice say, 'Such is the grace of God!'"—*Sunday at Home.*

2200. Grace, Transformed by. Luther Burbank is well called the plant wizard, and his fifty years of notable service is worthily celebrated. He has produced the Burbank potato; the high gluten wheat; from the dewberry and raspberry, a new and superior berry; changed the hard-shelled walnut into a soft-shelled, and improved the quality of the wood; improved several varieties of apples and other fruit, and produced new

kinds; evolved wonderful roses and other flowers; taken the spines from the cactus, and made it food for stock. In like manner our Divine Lord takes the bitter, thorny, unlovely lives of men and transforms them by his grace into beauty, fruitfulness, and glorious usefulness. In his hands even the most unpromising are made into his own likeness.—*Homiletic Review*.

2201. Grace, A Wonder of. In that wonderful story of redeemed humanity, "Down in Water Street," the late S. H. Hadley tells of a character known as the "Old Colonel," who wandered into the mission rooms one night. He was over six feet tall and sixty years of age, but he looked at least a hundred. His dirty grey beard was a foot long, and his hair, of the same color, hung a foot down his back. His eyes were bleared, and the hue of his face showed that he had long been a stranger to water. He wore an old ragged overcoat fastened with a nail. His trousers could hardly be called a part of his outfit, for they were little more than holes with rags tied around them. On his feet, in place of shoes, were rags tied up with strings. Whisky had brought him to this condition. After graduating from college, he had studied law in the office of Lincoln's great war secretary, E. M. Stanton; but the demon drink had ruined his prospects, and reduced him to the level of the lowest beasts. But "Down in Water Street" Jesus Christ took hold of him. On his knees for six nights in succession the old colonel cried out, "O Lord, if it is not too late, forgive this poor old sinner." The seventh night he arose and said, "Brother Hadley, I am saved." "I believe you," said Hadley. From that instant the old tramp fairly loathed rum. God restored his intellect. His youth returned and he became a dignified Christian gentleman, faithful to the day of his death.—REV. W. S. AVERNETHY.

2202. Grant, U. S. See *Grant's Birthday*.

2203. Grant, Appreciation of. His love of justice was equaled only by his delight in compassion, and neither was sacrificed to the other. His self-advancement was subordinated to the public good. His integrity was never questioned; his honesty was above suspicion; his private life and public career were at once reputable to himself and honorable to his country.—REV. J. P. NEWMAN.

2204. Grant and His Daughter. Some of the prettiest of the stories about Grant

have to do with his little daughter Nellie, who was only a little girl of twelve or thirteen when he was elected President. They were the best of friends, and on the day of his inauguration she sat very near him on the platform. Suddenly she felt frightened before all that huge crowd of strange faces; and, quite regardless of the fact that her father was giving an inaugural address, she ran forward, and slipped her little hand into his, and so stood until he had finished.

During his second term in the White House this same little Nellie was married; and after the grand wedding ceremony was over, and the newly married couple and the brilliant guests had left the house, we are told that the brave old soldier of so many battles went up to his daughter's bed, sobbed his aching, fatherly heart out for the little girl who would never be his own "little girl" again.

2205. Grant and Discipline. No theory of my own will ever stand in the way of executing, in good faith, any order I may receive from those in authority over me.—GEN. GRANT TO SECRETARY CHASE, 1863.

2206. Grant, Lover of Peace. Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it, except as a means of peace.—GEN. GRANT.

2207. Grant as a Soldier. As a great soldier leading our armies to victory, he first attracts the eyes of the world. His courage, though lofty and steadfast, was not of that fiery, chivalric kind which dazzles the public. He was not borne up in action by the enthusiasm and pride of the warrior; but apparently unconscious of danger, made battle a business which was to be performed with a clear head and steady nerves. His coolness in deadly peril was wonderful. What was once said of Marshal Ney applies forcibly to him: "In battle he could literally shut up his mind to the one object he had in view." The overthrow of the enemy absorbed every thought within him, and he had none to give to danger or death.—J. T. HEADLEY.

2208. Grant's Birthday. I desire the good-will of all, whether hitherto my friends or not.—*Gen. Grant's Easter Message, during his sickness, 1885.*

2209. Grant's Birthday. Grant's gifts as a rider were always useful in his military career, but never more so than once during the Mexican War, when a

fight was raging hotly in the streets of Monterey, and he volunteered to ride back to General Taylor's headquarters, and bring up ammunition. In order to do this under the fire of rifle-shot which blazed upon him from every housetop and street corner he had to throw himself upon his horse circus style, with one heel in the cantle of his saddle and one hand grasping the horse's mane, so that he himself was merely slung along by the horse's side. In this way he dashed through the city gates at a gallop, leaped a wall of several feet, and accomplished his mission. The best part of this story is that, when he referred to this ride in his "Memoirs," he merely said, "My ride was an exposed one." It was, all right!

2210. Grant's Birthday. When Grant was about ten years old, he fell in love with a colt belonging to a farmer near by, and begged his father to buy it for him, for he adored horses and could already ride better than any other boy in the neighborhood. His father yielded to the boy's pleading, but thought that it was a good time for him to learn how to manage his own business affairs, so he gave him the money with strict instructions how to manage the deal.

When the young purchaser appeared, the old farmer said, "And how much did your father say you could pay?" And out with the whole story came the truthful Ulysses.

"He told me to offer you twenty dollars," said he; "and, if that wouldn't do, twenty-two fifty; and, if that wasn't enough, twenty-five but not a cent more."

"Well, now, that's the very lowest I can take," said the old farmer with a twinkle. "Twenty-five dollars, but not a cent less."

2211. Grant's Birthday. When Grant was a mere boy, he showed in many instances that talent for planning ahead and mixing his work "with brains" which characterized him in his after-life. One well-authenticated story tells us how at the age of twelve he taught the grown men of his town a lesson in mechanics.

A big building was going up in Georgetown, O., where Grant's father had a tannery; and young Lyss, as he was then called, drove the ox-team that hauled the stone for the foundations. A specially large stone had been selected to use as a door-step according to the custom of those days; but the men of the town found that they couldn't lift it on

to the wagon, so decided that they must give it up and use something smaller.

Then at length their twelve-year-old teamster, who had been quietly watching them as they strained and pulled, announced that he'd like to make a try at it.

"If you'll just help me a little," said he, "I think I can load it."

You can imagine with what laughter they promised to give him the desired "lift." But the laughter ceased when he asked them to prop up one end of the stone, and "chock" it until he could back his wagon over it, and sling it under the front end by chains. After that it was easy enough to repeat the process with the other end, and in due course the stone was hauled triumphantly into town, and placed before the doorway.

2212. Grant's Birthday. Grant had a quiet, Lincoln-like sense of humor. At the time when he was commander-in-chief of our armies during the Civil War two of his men played what they considered an excellent joke on a certain very raw recruit. Bearing a large bundle of soiled clothes, this "rookie" came up to them, and said, "Do you know where I can get this washed?"

"Oh, yes," answered the men promptly, "go right up to that tent. There's a short, stout man there who does washing; and likely he can accommodate you."

The boy thanked them, and walked straight away to the very modest headquarters of the General, leaving his fellow soldiers in fits of laughter.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the General, looking up from papers, as the soldier appeared before him with very little ceremony.

"Why, a couple of the boys sent me up here to you," explained the rookie. "They told me that you did washing, and I've got a bundle here that I need pretty badly. How soon could you get it done?"

"Right away," said General Grant. "Could you identify those men?"

"Why, yes, I think so."

"Very well, you shall." And, turning to an orderly, he told him to call a guard and go with the man to identify the two jokers.

"Give them this man's bundle," he ordered, "and take them down to the guard-house, and have them wash the clothes for him," he commanded; and this time there was a real twinkle as he added, "Be sure they do it thoroughly!"

2213. Grant's Birthday. Little did

Jesse and Hannah Grant realize on April 27, 1822, when they named their first boy, Ulysses, who later was called Ulysses Simpson Grant, that they were naming a personage, who later would be known as "United States Grant." The boy's grandfather had seen service in the American army under General George Washington. After the close of the Revolutionary War, the family had taken the few belongings they claimed, and turned toward the peaceful Ohio valley. Here it was that United States Grant was born.

A little over a year later the family moved to Georgetown, on White Oak creek, seven miles back from the Ohio. Here the boy lived for sixteen years, until the time for him to go away to West Point in 1839. His father was a tanner by trade, but Ulysses protested so vigorously against having to work in the tannery that his parents permitted him to work on the farm. This pleased the boy very much, as he was fond of working with horses. At the age of five he would ride upright standing on the back of the horse, and at nine, he would speed along on the horse, standing up on one foot and holding to the reins.

2214. Grant's Birthday. To repay partially the debt he owed the Government for the training he had received while at West Point, Grant saw his first army service on the Texas border in the war with Mexico. The first part of his work there was mainly social life. In this he played his part well, as is seen by the fact that it was during this time he met and captured Miss Julia Dent, who four years later became Mrs. Ulysses Grant.

2215. Grant's Birthday. The dark war clouds of the Civil War became more threatening and a call was issued for volunteers for the army. Naturally Ulysses Grant was among the first to offer his services. In presenting himself to Governor Yates, young Grant merely said that he had received training at West Point and since his country needed help he was offering his services wherever they could be used. Nothing was said about his having seen service in Mexico or that he had fought at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and at Monterey, under Scott. His short stature and the reclusive manner in which the future general conducted himself caused the Governor to set him aside and give other men, who were untrained and inexperienced, the task of training the raw recruits.

A young man from Grant's home town was making an awkward attempt at drilling his squad of men on the streets of the town, when his eyes caught sight of Captain Grant sitting on an old box. Remembering that Grant had been in the regular army, the young man asked Grant to try his hand at drilling the men. Ulysses buckled on the sword that was offered to him, and stood before the men. With the quick snappy motion of an experienced officer, he displayed in a short time that he was one who understood thoroughly the art of war.

He was then given charge of a regiment of men, a group that was on the point of mutiny or open revolt. When Grant was assigned to the regiment, a program was planned, where speeches could be made to enthuse the members in the spirit of the struggle. They called on Grant for a speech. He arose and spoke very quietly and firmly, "Go to your quarters."

This same characteristic followed Grant all through his war experience and as the President of the Nation. He was a man of few words, but what he did say, was to be heeded even by President Lincoln himself.

2216. Grant's Birthday. When war activities opened on the frontier, Grant was among the first to be placed into active service. He remarked after his first experience in action that he did not like the idea of being a target for the other fellow. In spite of this dislike, he conducted himself with honor while under fire. Many times during his experience on the frontier, the officers over him made special mention of his bravery and his conduct while in action. During his service, he passed through all of the lower ranks for the officers in the United States Army. At none of these times would he permit them to keep him out of the conflict. Even at the time when he was the quartermaster and was supposed to take care of the army supplies, he said that they could not keep him out of the conflict during the battle. Leaving his place as quartermaster Grant followed the regiment into the fight and acquitted himself with honor while in the battle.

2217. Grant's Birthday. Grant's early education was obtained in the small pioneer schools, where the old-fashioned beech-switch instruction played the most prominent part. At the age of sixteen, Ulysses told his father that he would work in the tannery until he would be-

come of age, but then he was going to leave. His preference was to become a Mississippi boatman or to get some more education. This led his father to getting in touch with their Congressman and obtaining an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point.

Ulysses was not a scholar nor was he a student, although he ranked well in his classes. His interests were in outdoor sports, such as horsemanship and the like. At the time of his graduation from West Point he was the twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine. It was his steady persistent and consistent work, that won the high place he held in the estimation of the fellow-students and the instructors, rather than any brilliant scholarship on his part.

2218. Grant's Birthday. Like many great and famous men, Grant felt that he was to play an important part in the history of his country. He writes in his "Memoirs" of the time when the corps of cadets was being reviewed by General Scott in full-dress uniform: "I could never resemble him in appearance, but I believe I did have a presentiment for the moment that some day I should occupy his place in review—although I had no intention then of remaining in the army."

2219. Grant's Birthday. Two years after U. S. Grant's work as President was spent in travels in Europe. There he was received gladly by all people, as the great war hero of the United States. Returning to his home country, he settled down in New York City to spend the rest of his life there.

Financial necessity forced him to take up the task of writing personal "Memoirs" of his experiences in the war and in the President's chair. He kept at this work clear up to the last day, July 23, 1885. His body was laid to rest at the Riverside Drive in New York City, where a large tomb has been built to his honor, bearing the inscription, "Let us have peace."

2220. Grant's Death. A brilliant soldier, a calm and just ruler, a true patriot, an humble Christian, he yielded up his spirit without a sigh into the hands of his Maker. That character will shine brighter with time, and his memory grow dearer with each successive generation.—J. T. HEADLEY.

2221. Grant's Loyalty. The government has educated me for the army. What I am, I owe to my country. I have served her through one war, and,

live or die, will serve her through this.—GEN. GRANT, at the outbreak of the Civil War, 1861.

2222. Grant's Persistence. I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.—GEN. GRANT, in the Wilderness, May 11, 1864.

2223. Gratitude. Thankfulness is the tune of angels.—SPENSER.

2224. Gratitude. The Chinese people are not unappreciative of what is done for them, but are very grateful for any favors they receive. According to their ability they are quite willing to pay for all they receive. A poor woman had nothing with which to pay us for what we had done in the hospital for her child, but the quality of her gratitude may be perceived by what she said to the Bible woman. Like all other Buddhists she was a believer in the transmigration of souls.

"I have been praying," said she, "that when I die I may become your donkey and carry you about from city to city in your work."—R. C. BEEBE.

2225. Gratitude Defined. "Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

2226. Gratitude in the Psalms. Did you ever think of the reason why the Psalms of David have come, like winged angels, down across all the realms and ages—why they make the key-note of grateful piety in every Christian's soul, wherever he lives? Why? Because they are so full of gratitude. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"—A. A. WILLETS.

2227. Gratitude Shown. It was only a Chinese laundryman, named Tong Jack, living in Cambridge, Maryland. He set up his laundry in a building next to James A. McAllister's house. Mr. McAllister did not like it, but he recognized his neighbor's rights, and when the boys teased and annoyed the Chinaman Mr. McAllister drove them away and stopped their interference with his peaceable business. Tong Jack had prospered in his humble business, when McAllister was taken sick. Tong Jack constantly sent flowers and delicacies to him, and when he died the poor man's grief was intense. He hired thirty carriages for the funeral that all might ride, and himself walked behind the hearse to the grave, all clad in mourning white. And some people think the Chinese have no gratitude.—*The Independent*.

2228. Grave, The. Dark lattice! letting in eternal day!—YOUNG.

2229. Greatness, Test of. The words of Napoleon, when he stood in the old house where first lived Peter the Great of Russia when he came to Holland to learn the art of shipbuilding, and now inscribed over the mantelpiece there, might well have been spoken of David, and would make a good motto to-day: "Nothing is too small for a great man."—BURTON H. WINSLOW.

2230. Grow. A story is told of a young couple that were married when quite young, the bride being above the average height and rather stout, while the groom was very slim and undersized in every way. Half a score of years passed, during which she gained while he rather lost flesh. One day there arose a sharp controversy between them, the husband insisting that the wife do something which she flatly declined doing, adding that she would like to see him make her.

"Now, look here," said the husband, "when we were married, didn't you promise to obey me?"

"Yes," retorted she, scornfully looking him over from head to foot; "but I expected you to grow."

Who can greatly wonder at her contempt or severely censure her attitude, since no doubt she had other than mere physical stature in mind, even if not clearly conscious of the full force and application of her words? Verily, blessed are they that grow, for thus they shall never shrink.—*C. E. World.*

2231. Growing Costs. The Bishop of Nelson (New Zealand), at a recent meeting, told of two men who met recently, and one asked the other for a subscription for his church. The reply was that the church was always wanting money. The other friend said, "When my lad was a boy, he was costly; he always wanted boots and shoes, stockings and clothes, and wore them out fast, and the older and stronger he grew the more money had to be spent on him, but he died, and does not now cost me a shilling." "Yes," said the Bishop, "a live church always wants money."—*Christian Herald.*

2232. Growth. There is a Chinese fable about a man who, in order to make his garden produce faster, went over it and pulled his plants a little further through the ground. He was rejoicing in his foresight only to find that his plants were dead. It takes time to be holy. You can't do it on toadstool principles.

2233. Grumbling. See Thanksgiving Day.

2234. Grumbling. Don't be a grumbler. It is the lean pig that squeals the most. Trials never weaken us. They only show us that we are weak.

2235. Grumblers. Grumblers deserve to be operated upon surgically; their trouble is usually chronic.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

2236. Guidance, God's. See Palm Sunday.

2237. Guide, God Our. A recent writer, telling the story of a visit to Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, recounts how, in what is known as "The Cathedral," the guide mounted a rock called "The Pulpit," and said he would preach a sermon. It was a short one: "Keep close to your guide." It was a practical one, for the party soon found that, if one did not keep close to his guide, he would certainly be lost, in the midst of so many pits, precipices, and defiles. It is harder for us to find our way through this world without the lamp of God's Word than it is to find one's way through Mammoth Cave without a guide. A good motto would be, "Keep your eye on the lamp."

2238. Guidance, God's. There are four especial ways in which God speaks: by the voice of Scripture, the voice of the inward impressions of the Holy Spirit, the voice of our own higher judgment, and the voice of providential circumstances. When these four harmonize, it is safe to say that God speaks.—H. W. SMITH.

2239. Guidance, God's. A yacht was cruising among the isles of Scotland, when a gale caught the frail craft off a perilous leeshore. The skipper made for a harbor leagues away. Through the darkness the yacht went plunging on her course. At length she swung into smooth water, and they dropped anchor, and turning into their berths went peacefully to sleep. In the morning the owner came on deck and surveyed the scene,—a little haven girt about by dark purple mountains. Looking toward the entrance, he saw a narrow channel, with sharp rocks jutting here and there, all awash with boiling surf. Turning to the old skipper, he exclaimed: "Did we pass there in the darkness?" This is a parable of life. We know something of the goodness and mercy which have followed us all our days, but we shall never realize fully the debt we owe our unseen Guide until we are safely within the harbor.—*British Weekly.*

2240. Guilt.

Guilt is the source of sorrow! 'tis the fiend,

The avenging fiend, that follows us behind

With whips and stings.

—ROWE.

2241. Habit. The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—G. D. BOARDMAN.

2242. Habit. Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

2243. Habit.

Habit with him was all the test of truth; "It must be right: I've done it from my youth."

—CRABBE.

2244. Habit. "Learn to do well." Learning to do well is like learning to swim. You wade into the water, but not very far, for fear you will drown. You try to swim, but sink. You try again, and do a little better. You swallow a good deal of water; it gets into your ears, and eyes, and nose, but you keep on splashing, and finally can swim. So you must keep on doing well until you learn how, and it has become a habit. A habit is something which we have. That is what the word means. It often becomes something which has us.

A habit is formed in the same way that paths or roads are. You often see people "cutting across lots." Where they do this, a narrow strip of grass about a foot or fourteen inches wide will soon be trodden to death, and a narrow strip of ground about the same width beneath it will be trodden hard, and that is a path. It is made by being walked over again, and again, and again. You can soon get into the habit of doing a thing if you will do it over and over many times. The more you do it the easier it will become, just as a path grows wider and plainer the more it is traveled. It is hard to keep people from going across lots after a path is once made; and so it is hard to stop doing what we have fallen into the habit of doing. It will not be easy for you to "do well" after you have once learned to do wrong. Bad habits are like roads; they hold people fast. I once read of an old man who had crooked fingers. When a boy his hand was as limber as yours. He could open it easily, but for fifty years he drove a stage, and his fingers got so in the habit of

shutting down on the lines and whip that they finally stayed shut.

Boys, if you do not wish to fall into the habit of swearing, refuse to swear at all. If you do not wish to become the slaves of tobacco, let cigarettes alone. If you do not wish to die drunkards, never begin to tittle. If you do these things even a few times they may become habits and hold you fast. You would then smoke, and swear, and drink almost without knowing it, or knowing why. "Learn to do well," but "abhor that which is evil."—*Christian Leader*.

2245. Habit. The old palimpsests were manuscripts from which the first writings had been erased in order to use them again for fresh writing. But no palimpsest was ever so thoroughly erased that some of the old characters did not show up in the lapse of time, or under certain treatments or conditions. So it is with human souls. What is first written on them by habit and will may be wiped out and replaced by better things. But the boys or girls who allow their earliest years to contain evil and forbidden words and records must expect a hard fight to erase them, and an appearance of the old evil now and then when least expected. How much better to keep a clean page that needs no rewriting.—*Forward*.

2246. Habit, a Chain. Ned was watching grandpa put on his shoes.

"Why do you turn 'em over to shake 'em before you put 'em on?" he asked.

"Did I?" said grandpa.

"Why, yes, you did; but I didn't see anything come out. I have to shake the sand out of my shoes 'most every morning."

Grandpa laughed. "I didn't notice that I shook my shoes, Ned; but I got in the habit of shaking my shoes every time before putting them on when I was in India."

"Why did you do it there?"

"To shake out scorpions or centipedes or other vermin that might be hidden in them."

"But you don't need to do it here, for we don't have such things."

"I know; but I formed the habit and now I do it without thinking."

"Habit is a queer thing, isn't it?" said Ned.

"It's a very strong thing," said grandpa. "Remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if a bad habit grows strong faster than a good one. If

you want to have good habits when you are old, form them while you are young."

2247. Habit, Chained by. In *Popular Mechanics*, a newly patented fire-alarm box that handcuffs trickers is described. The box has a small door in front, and as soon as this is opened a large gong begins sounding, attracting attention to that place. On the inside are two small doors with a slot through which the hand must be thrust to send in the alarm. When the party sounds the alarm through this slot, a rubber lined hand-cuff slips over the hand, the doors fly open releasing a chain about three feet long, and he is a prisoner until the fire company arrives to see where the fire is. Ah, so it is many a man wishing to play a trick, or take part in a wrong, or to do that which is called smart, finds himself chained by a habit that he cannot break—by a sin that he cannot overcome.

2248. Habit, Control of. An old stage-driver used to boast that in over twenty-five years on the road he had never hurt a passenger, nor a horse. In explanation, he used to affirm that he always held on to the reins, and that any horse could run away if he were only permitted to get the start. "But," said he, "I never let them get the start! that's the whole secret."

Had the old stage-driver been in commercial life, he would have been known for the same qualities. It is safe to say that he would have held the reins, and not permitted himself to embark in risky ventures.

Holding the reins is a safe thing to do. Any horse can run away once he gets the start. And the most trivial thing may start the runaway.

A man may feel that he can control a habit. But it is a good deal safer not to risk a habit getting a possible start. Certain habits have run away with a good many, and have produced very much wreckage hitherto. It is better to hold the reins and, like the old stage-driver, "never let the horses get out of your hand."—*East and West*.

2249. Habit, Crooked. While shaking hands with an old man, the other day, we noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said: "In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children. For fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the

effects of holding the reins for so many years."

This is the text. Is it not a suggestive one? Does it not teach us how oft-repeated acts become a habit, and, once acquired, remain generally through life?

The old man's crooked fingers are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words and actions of men and women.

2250. Habit, Cultivated. A visitor, watching a woman counting apparently endless heaps of bank-notes, said, when the worker stopped to breathe: "I should think that this monotonous work of counting, continued for years, would bring on a disease of the brain."

"It would," promptly replied the official, "if we thought of it. But while I counted those notes I was planning a holiday for my little boy. I repeat the numbers unconsciously, as a musician touches the keys of the piano. It is a habit. It was not always so," she said, laughing. "When I began the work I was terrified by its importance. The officers, pacing up and down, robbed me of self-control. I touched the sheets with shaking fingers. I was working for the government! I went over the pile again and again, and even then made mistakes. I never make a mistake now, I have the habit of counting and I do it automatically."

2251. Habit, Force of. The force of habit was very forcibly illustrated by an incident at the pumping station of the water-works at Enid, Oklahoma. A tank standing just outside the building is kept full of water for the accommodation of passers-by and the neighborhood stock. A cow, accustomed to drink at this tank, came for her morning drink. The valley was covered with water, and stood within two or three inches of the top of the tank; but the cow went over the waste of waters to the tank. Twice she stuck in the mud, and appeared to be in danger of drowning; but by perseverance she finally reached the objective point. After drinking long and copiously, she turned about and slowly made her way to land, apparently satisfied that she had done the only available thing to find water.

2252. Habit of Good. Just as you now play a piece without the music, and do not think what notes you strike, though once you picked them out by slow and patient toil, so if you begin of set purpose, you will learn the law of kindness in utterance so perfectly that it will be second nature to you, and make more music in your life than all the songs the

sweetest voice has ever sung.—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

2253. Habit, Hard to Let Go. When I was a boy I saw a man take hold of a wire and then fall down on the ground. He could not let go. It was a live wire, full of electricity. He knew it, because we had told him, but he thought he could be careful and use his coat to keep it from touching his hands. But in a moment the current caught him and held him in its grip. He was very fortunate to escape alive.

Since then I have seen others who were caught and could not let go. A man came to me one day and asked me to help him stop drinking. He began as a boy drinking hard cider. Now he could not let go. I have seen men fly into a passion of rage over little things. Years ago they had not tried to control their tempers. Now their tempers controlled them. They could not let go. Boys learn to smoke cigarettes. It seems manly. After a while those boys find they can't stop smoking. It hurts them, but they must go on. Instead of being men they are slaves. They can't let go.

A bad habit is very hard to get rid of. We make it. It would never exist if we had not permitted it. But when it is made, it masters us. We can't let go.

Write the word habit. Now strike off the first letter and you will have a bit left. Strike off the next letter and still a bit is there. Strike off the next letter and still it is there. Strike off the next and yet it is not teetotally gone. All of which goes to show that habit is a hard thing to get rid of.

If habits are so strong, we want them our friends and not our enemies. And if some one who is older and who knows says to you: "Be careful; if you touch that you won't be able to let go," you listen and do what he says.—*Christian Standard*.

2254. Habit, Help or Hindrance. Habit is a double-edged ax; if it cuts one way to destroy, it also cuts the other way to build. The power of a good habit is as great as that of a bad one.

2255. Habit, a Master. "A bad habit is at first a caller, then a guest and at last a master." The easiest way to conquer then is not to concur. To show a man the door requires great courage and often both strength and persistence. To keep a caller from coming over the threshold is both cheap and easy. Give him no invitation and surely do not say, "I'm glad

to see you"—such genial lying is often the open door to every other vice. Believe an old saying, "Sin is the most expensive thing in the world. You just can't afford it."

2256. Habit, Power of. Passing through an opium-joint in one of our American cities a gentleman said to a Chinaman who lay on a bench smoking the deadly drug: "John, do you like it?" To which John replied, "I got to like it. I been smoke 40 years." So it is with all sinful practices. The time must surely come when the victim has "got" to practice whether he will or no.

2257. Habit, a Worn Channel. They were standing together on the banks of a stream which wound this way and that way across the broad meadows. It had worn for itself a deep channel, and so long had it followed it, and so fixed was its course, that it would have taken quite a bit of engineering to turn it into any other way.

One of the young fellows was so intent upon watching the swift flow of the waters at their feet, that he held unheeded in his fingers a lighted cigarette until the tiny glow reached his fingers, and he hurled it away with a flippant, half-slangy, half-profane word.

Some one laughed lightly at the spoken word and its cause. Another took hold of the speaker's arm and turned him round so that they stood face to face. With that muscular grip on his arm there was no turning away from the cool, half-mocking, half-serious eyes and voice.

"That reminds me of a little verse I learned out of a Sunday-school hymn book when I was a little chap," began the voice. "It went this way:

"As the stream its channel grooves,
And within that channel moves,
So doth habit's deepest tide
Groove its bed, and there abide."

That is the fifth cigarette you have smoked since we started out this afternoon; and—well, I have not kept strict account of all your bad words. Better climb out of the channel before it gets too deep—seems to me I would not like to abide there all my life." No one laughed as he let his hearer go; more than one of the others nodded quietly in assent.

2258. Habits, Allurement to Bad. Miss Tarbell in her "Teacher's Guide," adapts the following story from Dr. S. D. Gordon's "Quiet Talks About the Tempter":

In a certain large steel works a big muscular Scotchman called "Striker Jones" held the position of boss-striker. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was not an exception to the rule. But a change took place. He became a Christian; and when pressed by his fellows to take a drink he refused.

"I shall never take a drink ony mair, lads," he quietly said; "na drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God."

And they said, "Wait a bit, till the hot weather comes—till July. When he gets as dry as a gravel-pit he will give in. He can't help it." But right through the hottest months he toiled on, the sweat pouring in streams, yet he never seemed to be tempted to drink.

At last the time-keeper of the mill spoke to him as he was giving in his time. He said, "You used to drink a good bit. Don't you miss it?"

"Yes," he said, very emphatically.

"How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Well, just this way. It is now ten o'clock, isn't it? Well, to-day is the twentieth of the month. From seven till eight I asked that the Lord would help. He did. And I put a dot down on the calendar right near the twenty. From eight till nine, he kept me, and I put down another dot. From nine to ten he has kept me, and now I gie him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as I mark these dots I pray—'O Lord, help me; help me to fight it off for another hour.'"
...

Jesus will put new life and strength into one that very moment the determination is decided upon. And so, bit by bit, sometimes in a way that seems slow, but very, very surely, the new strength comes into the will. And so through the choice to resist the wrong and do the right, our victorious fellow-man breathes new strength in, and gives us the enormous advantage of his victory and of his presence.

The devil omits no opportunity to ensnare our soul and to lead us into sinful paths. Only Jesus' power, and earnest watchfulness, prayer and the faithful study of God's Word on our part, will make us proof against his alluring designs to form within us wicked habits.—*Christian Observer*.

2259. Habits, Crutches for By-and-by. "My young friend, you are fashioning a crutch for by-and-by," said a college professor to one of his students, who was

forming the bad habit of using dishonest helps in doing his work. "The time will come when you will find that you cannot walk without it. The result of such methods is to make one incapable, in the end, of doing an honest and thorough piece of work for himself or any one else."

This was a stern arraignment of the young man; but what the professor said was true and just. Every bad habit we form is a crutch for the future. It enfeebles us by depriving us of the power to do right. The dishonest job is a crutch—a poor makeshift for right and fair dealing with others. As the habit of dishonest work grows upon us we lose the power to walk with vigorous uprightness in the pathway of human service.

So it is with every bad habit; it takes away our capability for living rightly. The evil personal habit in time makes us incapable of living normally. With what a wretched crutch the drunkard, for example, has to hobble through life! How he literally chains himself to it, and what a pitiful spectacle he makes in his abject slavery to it!

Crutches for by-and-by—yes, that is just what our bad habits are. Do we realize how surely and tyrannously they make moral as well as physical cripples of us?—*Zion's Herald*.

2260. Habits, Paths Cross-lots. We drift into habits easily, just because it is easy. We know how paths "cross-lots" are made; perhaps we have helped to make them ourselves. Somebody begins by going in just one way, around certain bushes and between certain trees.

At first it doesn't seem to make any difference, but before very long the grass gets worn off in certain places, and other people, finding the way a little smoother there, begin to follow in the worn places; and then, before we realize it, the path is made—a hard, brown strip through the green.

That is just what happens in our brains. Every time we repeat an action or a thought, we wear little paths in our brains, making it easier for the thoughts to go that way the next time, until finally it seems to go of its own accord, and we do things "before we think," as we say.—*Youth's Companion*.

2261. Habits, Snared Into Sinful. A writer recently told of meeting an Indian once among the pines, kneeling on the snow and arranging a miniature lane of pine branches and twigs. After com-

pleting two little hedges the Indian constructed a small arch in the middle and set up twigs on either side, leaving but a small opening in the center. The man who had been eagerly watching the work of the Indian was rather puzzled at this, and asked, "What is it you are making?"

"I am making a snare for rabbits," he replied.

"But where is the snare?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't put the snare in for a couple of weeks yet," he said.

"Then what is the use of your present arrangement?" the man demanded.

"Ha-ha! I first make the rabbits familiar with the environment," he said, laughing. "They will come to-night and be very suspicious and wary of this. Next night they will come a little closer, and so on, until they find there is no danger. Then they will begin to nibble at these twigs," touching the arch in the center, "and then, when they start eating the twigs, I shall put in my snare, arranging it cleverly in the middle of this little arch, and then I shall catch a rabbit every night."

"What a lesson," said the man. "I seemed to see the great enemy of souls laying his snares and sins for the unwary. Familiarity with the environment of sin, the presentation of the idea, the parleying with the tempter, little beginnings—nibblings at the temptation, finally the snare put in cunningly, and then the soul caught."

This is a graphic picture of the way in which the devil snares men's souls and leads them away into the bondage of sinful habits.—*Christian Observer*.

2262. Half-truth. There is a disease which physicians call hemiopia, in which the patient can see only half of an object. He may see a man without a head; or with head and body and no lower limbs; or with half head, one eye, half nose, half mouth and chin, one arm, half body, and one leg. This bodily affection few people have, but mental hemiopia is very common. The many who have it never see both sides of any question at one time. The victim of mental hemiopia was an infidel last year, is an orthodox Christian this year, and will be an enthusiastic Christian Scientist next year. He sees only half of the truth and magnifies it into the whole truth.

The Scientist and Philosopher, viewing nature from one standpoint, is a materialist; viewing from another, he is an idealist; viewing from every standpoint, he is realistic. The man whose opinions

are entitled to weight is the one who sees all sides, and in making a decision considers the matter in hand from every standpoint.

2263. Hand, A Deciding. A stream came down the mountainside from the snow on the top. Gayly it leaped and ran upon its course, until it neared the valley below at a place where the choice of two ways lay before it; one by a larger stream into the river that was flowing to the sea; and the other over a chasm that led nowhere except down to boulders of rock and rubble. A large stone lay across the path of this little stream, which checked its course for a moment. Then over the chasm it went, and was lost in the abyss below. If only some hand had removed the stone, the stream would have joined the river and gained the ocean. Many a young life is like that stream. If only some strong, wise hand would remove the temptation that hinders at the critical time, the river of usefulness and happiness would be reached, and the ocean of God's purpose gained.—REV. J. W. W. MOERAN.

2264. Handicap and Achievement. A new bird sanctuary is to be established in Hyde Park, London, in memory of W. H. Hudson, who in his boyhood knew all the freedom of the pampas, but who in his later years, almost a prisoner in London, carried on some of his most interesting studies in the city itself and in the country near it. In spite of this handicap, Hudson contrived to find a surprising amount of wild life still holding its own within the largest city in the world. There are those who complain of their surroundings and blame their environment because it limits them and keeps them from great achievements. It is not so much the conditions without, as the measure of determination within, that counts.—*Forward*.

2265. Hand-shake, Influence of. A young man came into one of our Sunday evening services in Detroit. He listened attentively to the gospel message. The meeting was dismissed, and most of the people had gone out. Still the young man lingered near the door. A warm-hearted Christian worker saw him, and approaching him, said: "Are you a stranger here?" He replied: "I feel as though I was a stranger, though I know by sight many of the people who have just gone out. They seem not to care for me." The young worker said: "Well, I care for you, and Jesus cares for you," and he gave him his hand. With a

hearty clasp he was urgently invited to come to the next service. He came, and came again. He was soon converted, baptized, received into the fellowship of the church, and at once began to work earnestly for the Lord. Soon he felt called to preach the gospel; was licensed by the church; fitted himself for the ministry; and is now a most successful pastor. He has always said that it was the hearty hand-clasp extended to him that Sunday evening that lifted him up and saved him for Christ, the church, and the gospel ministry.—NELLIE G. CALDWELL.

2266. Hands. See *Work*. See *Labor Day*.

2267. Hands, Clean. A jewelry salesman, noticing his hands to be somewhat soiled, said, "This is very trying to me. Of all persons I should have soft and clean hands. It is awful to offer a diamond, or pearls, or jewels of any sort, to a possible customer when my hands are not perfectly white and tidy. It makes a repulsive background for the piece of jewelry."

The Christian should have clean hands and a clean life. Whoever he may be, minister or not, he recommends Jesus Christ and his salvation to the world. His life should not be a sorry and repelling background. They who bear the vessels of the Lord should have pure hands. The salesman was very sensitive, and rightly so. He had a cultivated taste. Each professing Christian should be scrupulously careful to maintain a consistent life.—*The Presbyterian*.

2268. Hands, Lifted and Serving. The story is told of Albrecht Dürer that there once came to him a friend whose consuming passion and ambition in life had been like Dürer's own, to be a painter. He had toiled and studied, and now, after years of endeavor, he came to Dürer, submitted his work, and asked him his opinion as to whether he could ever be what he desired, a painter of mark. With all the kindness in the world Dürer had to tell him that the signs of genius were not there. When he heard this the friend simply bowed his head and clasped his hands together, his heart wrung with disappointment. As Dürer turned his head and looked at him he said suddenly, "Stand just as you are, don't move," and all in a moment he caught and transferred to canvas those hands. The very soul of the painter who had failed on canvas had passed into the attitude which his hands

had taken, and in the moment of his failure he gave to the world just the lasting gift that he had always hoped to give some other way. Feeble hands have been mightier things in this world than any one supposes, and the Psalmist who knew that feeble hands were all he had and would not despise what he had but longed to join them with God's might was doing the only thing that ever makes any one a sufficient power in the world. It is never of God's leading that we despise our own efforts, and there was the very soul of victory in the prayer that our weak hands might somehow be linked with God's mighty power.—*Sunday School Times*.

2269. Happiness. See *Cheerfulness*. See *Joy*. See *New Year*.

2270. Happiness. Happiness is unrepented pleasure.—SOCRATES.

2271. Happiness Cannot be Forced. A paper relates that Seal, the famous clown who had made thousands laugh, became a victim of settled melancholia. He consulted a physician, who, not knowing Seal, said: "Go and see Seal. He'll cheer you up and give you a good laugh." The patient looked at him in utter astonishment and sadly said: "But, Doctor, I am Seal. Can nothing be done for me?" This instance (and others might be given) goes to prove that enforced gayety without the peace of Christ has its fixed limits.

2272. Happiness a Duty. If a merchant has diamonds to sell, he does not shut them up in a drawer nor display them in a rough box. What he does is to put his jewels upon beds of satin, in cases of velvet, using every art to display their beauty. Your Christian principles ought to be rendered so attractive by your personality that those who know you will associate goodness with graciousness.—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

2273. Happiness and Duty. Happiness is the natural flower of duty.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

2274. Happiness and Duty. I found this little verse the other day, clipped from a copy of the *British Workman*:

While I sought Happiness she fled
Before me constantly.
Weary I turned to Duty's path,
And Happiness sought me,
Saying, "I walk the road to-day:
I'll bear thee company."

Happiness is a duty. Happiness is always closely related to duty.—H.

2275. Happiness, Easily Bestowed. It takes very little to bestow happiness as we go through life. A washerwoman came to her work one morning with a grin of satisfaction as she told of a man who had passed her lowly door, and not only lifted his hat, but "bowed away as fine as ye plaze."

2276. Happiness, Given and Received.

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
And after passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye
An' yer spine is feelin' proud,
Don't fergit to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it
It's a boomerang to you.

—CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

2277. Happiness, Heart. An English newspaper tells this story: "A Hindu trader in Kherwara market one day asked a native Christian, 'What medicine do you put on your face to make it shine so?' 'I don't put anything on,' answered Pema. 'Yes, you do,' the trader persisted; 'all you Christians do. I've seen it in Agra and I've seen it in Ahmedabad and Sinat, and I have seen it in Bombay.' Pema laughed and his happy face shone the more as he said, 'Yes, I will tell you the medicine; it is happiness of heart.'"

I see so many anxious, troubled faces in the streets of our own town! I wonder whether it would be possible to take a census of the shining faces and find it correspond with that other list of Christians who are here at home. We must, of course, put forth the best as samples. It would be most uncharitable and also most untrue to draw conclusions from troubled faces to unchristian lives. And yet, how little of joy has been attained by most of us! And certainly no one who has seen the Gospel Book may doubt that it is written in the commandments of the leader of all Christian folk: "Take therefore no anxious thought for the things of to-morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." And the "therefore" of this commandment rests upon the fact that God takes care for us.

2278. Happiness, How Obtained. Doctor Torrey once said: "I am constantly meeting people who are looking for a personal blessing—an ecstasy, a rapture, a shout; they want to be so happy that they will not know what to do. They are looking for a happiness that terminates with themselves—but they will never get it." If thou seekest happiness

for thyself alone thou dost seek in vain, but if thou seekest it to impart to others it will hasten towards thee with outstretched arms.—I. Q. MOULTON.

2279. Happiness, How Obtained.

Some time ago an editor wrote to an aged man, asking him this question: "What things have you done in your life that have brought you the greatest pleasure and happiness?" This was the answer: "What I have done for the good of other people." How well this agrees with Christ, who counted it a joy to give himself as ransom on the cross, for the redemption of mankind. Such a spirit adorns and strengthens any life. Dr. Washington Gladden gives expression to a similar thought in these words: "It is not by what you try to get out of the world that your life will be enriched; it is by what you give to the world."—*The Friend*.

2280. Happiness, Increased. Quentin Hogg, of London, used this effective method of increasing the world's happiness. He took up promising boys and gave them an education on the condition that they would do the same for some other poor boy. He established an endless chain of benefits, one boy passing on to another the chance he got. Some of these boys were not content to help one other lad, but took up several.

2281. Happiness, Inside.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

—NATHANIEL COTTON.

2282. Happiness, Not by Money. Dr. Len G. Broughton tells of a friend who said to him: "Oh, Dr. Broughton, I sometimes wish I did not have a cent. My money is the cause of my unrest—what to do with it; how to spend it; how to keep from spending it. I am not half as happy as the average working girl at thirty dollars a month." A great many witnesses like this could be produced to prove that money does not make happiness, though the world thinks that it does.

2283. Happiness of Old Year. Our past is sufficient assurance of a happy New Year. Writing a New Year's greeting to a friend, a Christian man well on in life said: "When I think about it, it seems to me that all our years are happy. Surely the dark days are few and the

whole of each year is full of showers of grace, so full that we ought not to notice what only seems, but is not, dark." Sometimes it takes steadfast trust and confidence in our Lord to say that; and in many lives never more so than at the close of this war-darkened year. But it is true even of this year. God is reigning; his steady grace is greater than all that opposes it. May we gratefully remember the happiness that is past, and confidently count upon our Lord for infinitely more to come.

2284. Happiness, Only by Sharing.

Happiness is a cloak that is always big enough to stretch and cover two. Be sure you find some one to "go halves with," no matter what the nice thing is that happens to you. A little boy came into the house one day with a very sober face. He wanted a playmate. "All the nice games are made for two—or a lot," he said. "Even candy doesn't taste good without some one to divide it with and help you eat it!"

2285. Happiness, Present. Some people wait too long before they enjoy the fruits of their success. "You must be very happy," remarked a lady to her friend who had just moved into her beautiful new home. "I could have been twenty-five years ago, but somehow the children are grown now," was the sad reply. Build your house now. Don't wait to do good and be good. Do it and be it to-day!

2286. Happiness, Quest of. A minister has written a book entitled, "The Quest of Happiness." This is a significant title. Solomon wrote on the same subject long ago. He tells about seeking after happiness in pleasure, in wealth, in social functions, and in intellectual pursuits, and gives it as his verdict that it is not found in any of these things. The Psalmist also found men seeking after it in his day, and after trying everything they could think of, they cried out, "Who will show us any good?" Let those who have tried in vain to find real good in the world give ear to One who says, "I will give you rest."—*Christian Advocate*.

2287. Happiness, Receipt for.

- I cup filled to overflowing of
 - Industry,
 - Concentration,
 - Enthusiasm.
- I pinch of spice.
- I pinch of sand,
- Served with sauce of smiles.

2288. Happiness, Receipt for. Can we

be happy by our efforts? Most people think so. A newspaper article says: "There is only one recipe for happiness—make some one else happy, and the little elf of happiness will occupy the guest chamber of your memory for many a day." This sounds plausible, and many have tried it,—and then have wondered why it did not work. The reason is that there is only one recipe for true happiness, and it lies, not in what we do for others, but in what God does for us. Good works, no matter how abundant and sincere, can never bring happiness into the heart of a sinful human being. Nor are good works the secret of happiness even for born-again children of God. Joy—which is happiness at its best—is the "fruit of the Spirit," not of man. Only those can have this supernatural, all-satisfying joy of the Lord who trust the Lord fully to produce in them all the "fruit of the Spirit." Then indeed their lives will be full of good works; then indeed they will make others happy; but not in order to be happy themselves, but because God has caused them to rejoice "with joy unspeakable and full of glory" by the gift of the unsearchable riches of his grace to them in Jesus Christ. Then it will not be a "little elf of happiness" occupying only "the guest chamber of their memory," but rather Jesus Christ Himself, their Saviour and Lord, filling their whole life "unto all the fulness of God."—*S. S. Times*.

2289. Happiness of the Righteous. A business man overtook a Negro trudging through the snow, humming to himself. He talked with him, and found that he was very poor. Finally he asked him if he didn't think he would be happier if he were rich. "No, boss; all the rich men I work for nebber laugh."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

2290. Happiness, The Secret of. "What shall we talk about, girls?" asked Alice Freeman Palmer the first day she attended the summer vacation school for girls in Boston. These girls, children of the poor, were allowed to bring babies with them, and they came, struggling with little chits of humanity in their arms—and sometimes with two—rather than miss the joy of this delightful school.

"Tell us how to be happy," replied a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed girl. Who could keep back the lump in the throat at such a suggestion, amid such sordid surroundings? Mrs. Palmer tells how the tears rushed to her eyes at the

thought of happiness under such conditions.

Still, she formed three simple rules, telling the children that they must not miss a single day in keeping them, or happiness would not come. Her rules were:

1. Commit to memory something nice every day, a pretty poem, or a Bible verse. Did they understand? One girl answered: "I know; you want us to learn something that we'd be glad to remember if we went blind." That was it, exactly.

2. Look for something pretty every day, a leaf, a cloud, a flower. Was there no park in the neighborhood? Yes? Then go there and try to see the loveliness of it through and through, and drink in the beauty of everything. They promised that they would do that.

3. Do some service for somebody every day. "That's easy," they cried. Had they not mother to help, and baby to tend, and countless errands to run?

A week later Mrs. Palmer was walking along a narrow street, when some one grasped her arm, and a little voice said, "I done it." "Did what?" "What you told us to, and I never skipped a day, neither."

The inevitable baby was placed on the ground and the child related her experience. "It was all right when I could go to the park, but one day it rained and rained, and the baby had a cold, and I just couldn't go out, and I thought sure I was going to skip, and I was standing at the window, most crying, and I saw"—here her little face brightened up with a radiant smile—"I saw a sparrow taking a bath in the gutter that goes round the top of the house, and he had on a black necktie, and he was handsome."

Prof. George Herbert Palmer tells this story in his life of Alice Freeman Palmer. What a profound lesson it contains! How simple the method of gaining happiness, and how joy glorifies even the slums!—*Christian Endeavor World*.
2291. Happiness by Service. There was a girl who was awkward and bashful. She was always a wall flower on social occasions. A transformation came over her life. She became popular. She was asked the secret of her transformation. She replied: "I found out that everybody is lonesome. I have been trying to make everybody at home."—PAUL RADER, D.D.

2292. Happiness from Within. You cannot pour genuine happiness into a heart any more than you can pour living

water into a spring. True happiness must come welling and bubbling up from within. This is a lesson we all need to learn.

2293. Haste, Why? One-quarter of the earth's population dies before the age of six, one-half before the age of sixteen, and only about one person of each hundred lives to the age of sixty-five.

2294. Hate. See War.

2295. Hate, Unreasoning. How easy it is to "hate" people. How easily unreasoning antipathy, prejudice, repugnance, dislike—they are all more or less synonymous with hate—gain a foothold in our hearts. How many good people cherish these unbrotherly states of mind, not toward everybody, but toward certain social groups, or particular individuals. The old jingle sets forth the senselessness of it:

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this one thing I know full well;
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

Charles Lamb once said, in his own whimsical way: "Don't introduce me to that man. I want to go on hating him, and I can't hate a man whom I know."

2296. Hatred. Hatred is self-punishment.—HOSEA BALLOU.

2297. Hatred, Brotherly. Those who are skeptical regarding the growth of the Christian spirit of love and unity in the world will find something mighty interesting in the following plan of the Rev. Cotton Mather to deal with his fellow Christian, Wm. Penn, who was guilty of the crime of being a Quaker. The letter was read at a banquet in honor of Herbert Hoover, who is a Quaker, by Judge E. C. Lindley:

"September Ye 15, 1682.

"To Ye aged and beloved Mr. John Higginson: There is now at sea a ship called the 'Welcome,' which has on board an hundred or more of the heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is the chief scamp, at the head of them.

"The general court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huscott of the brig 'Porpoise' to waylay the said 'Welcome' slyly, as near the Cape of Cod as may be, and make captive the said Penn and his ungodly crew, so that the Lord may be glorified and not mocked on the soil of this new country with the heathen worship of these

people. Much spoil can be made by selling the whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rum and sugar, and we shall not only do the Lord great service by punishing the wicked, but we shall make great good for his minister and people.

"Master Huscott feels hopeful, and I will set down the news when the ship comes back.

"Yours in ye bowels of Christ.

"COTTON MATHER."

We have a long way to travel yet before we get to our destination, religiously, but we have come a long way.—REV. P. J. GILBERT.

2298. Health by Less Tension. You know how your sewing machine acts when there is too much tension. The thread breaks and gives you much trouble.

Therefore learn to live with less tension of thought.

Learn to relax and let go. Learn to speak in a low and kind tone of voice.

Let the truth come to you.

A great many people who are seeking health seek it as if it were something that could be bought. The kingdom of health is within you.

A great many people fail to get health because, although they seek health, they are ignorant of all the ways that lead to health.

2299. Health a Trust from God. Health is a trust from God. A man who abuses a trust is greatly to be blamed. Can it ever be right for a man or woman, even in God's service, constantly to violate the laws of nature, as in over-eating, or by not taking enough time for sleep and in other ways? "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God," said Paul. But a sacrifice in Old Testament times had always to be "without spot or blemish." Of course when God cripples a man for purposes of discipline, as he did Jacob by the ford Jabbok, in order to change his name to Israel and to transform him from being "a supplanter" to "a prince with God," that disciplined man should present his body, as God leaves it to him, whole-heartedly and with all the energy that remains. But nature's laws are as much God's laws as spiritual laws, and by neglect of them the Christian may shorten the period of service in which God could use him. God does not want us "to burn the candle at both ends."

2300. Hearers and Doers. A woman once stood up in prayer-meeting, and testified in words something like this: "Last Sunday I had a most blessed time, for I was shut up all day in my room in communion with my Lord." She went on to say that she had been "cut away from everything" on that day, and lost to the world about her. When she had finished the pastor said, "Did you know that your pew in the church last Sunday was empty, and that there was a call for your service in the work of the day? Did you know that a Sunday School class needed a teacher and that several missed the helpfulness which your presence brings? Do you not think that the Master would have been better worshiped if that day you had given yourself in some helpful service for Him?" God does not want us on the mountain top building tabernacles, but down here where we can bring his truth into contact with human life.

2301. Hearers, Helpful. A great preacher who has just passed away told how one man in his congregation, who never missed a service, was a great stimulus to keep him from shirking or slurring his work. Every preacher knows the help or hindrance he gets by the presence or absence of some particular person in his place, yet, as likely as not, the person himself may never imagine he is in the minister's thoughts. He is a poor shepherd, however, who does not know his own sheep, and a still poorer one who has not each in his mind's eye while thinking out his discourse. It is another witness to the old truth—that we are all more than flesh and blood: we are influences.—*London Presbyterian.*

2302. Hearing God's Voice. If you stood in a street where the traffic is abundant, where the constant thunder of rumbling wheels creates a din, it would be difficult to preach so as to command an audience, for the abundant sound would prevent all hearing; and, to a great extent, the mass of mankind are just in that position as to the joyful sound of the Gospel. The rumbling of the wheels of commerce, the noise of trade and the cries of competition, the whirl of cares and the riot of pleasures—all these drown the persuasive voice of heavenly love, so that men hear no more of it than they would hear a pin fall in the midst of a hurricane at sea. Only when God unstops the ear is the still small voice of truth heard in the chambers of the heart.

2303. Hearing, Listless. Years ago Dr. A. E. Dunning was asked the singular question if he was in the habit of preaching the same sermon both morning and afternoon on Sunday. Strange to say, the inquirer was a young lady who was a constant attendant at his services. She admitted that she had never noticed such repetition, but her brother had told her it was so, and she was going to settle it by referring the matter to the preacher himself. In his sermon a Sunday or two later he was speaking of the listlessness of some people, and as a concrete illustration dared to cite the above incident, the young lady herself being in the audience. He thought she might be mortally offended, but she never even noticed the allusion.

2304. Hearing, Not Doing. An Indian fable tells how Buddha visited the heavens and being led about, came to a place in which there was a huge mound. "For what purpose are these countless snail-shells here?" he asked. "These are not snail-shells but the ears of people who heard what was right, but did not do it. The ears, therefore, were saved, but the bodies are in hell." In another place he asked: "Are these eels or fish?" "They are neither," was the answer. "These are the tongues of those who told others the way to heaven, but did not go the way themselves. Therefore the tongues are saved, but the bodies are in torment."

2305. Hearing, Saved by. The venerable Dr. Gordon of Temple University, Philadelphia, in a recent sermon told the story of an infidel in New England who went to hear Whitefield preach in the open air. He was curious to see that preacher, to note his wonderful power, and see the crowds he drew, but he made up his mind not to listen to a word he said. Climbing a tree, this infidel put both hands over his ears; but a fly alighted upon his face, and shaking the head would not budge it. As the man withdrew his hand for an instant to brush the fly away, he heard Whitefield quoting Christ, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The Spirit of God so convicted the man that he dared no longer refuse to listen, and he was saved.

2306. Heart. See **Conversion.** See **Regeneration.**

2307. Heart. The precious porcelain of human clay.—BYRON.

2308. Heart, Bad. While walking down the street one day I passed where a man

was washing a large plate-glass show-window. There was one soiled spot which defied efforts to remove it. After rubbing hard at it, using much soap and water, and failing to remove it, he found out the trouble. "It's on the inside," he called out to some one in the store.

Many are striving to cleanse the soul from its stains. They wash it with the tears of sorrow; they scrub it with the soap of good resolves; they rub it with the chamois of morality, but still the consciousness of it is not removed. The trouble is, "It's on the inside." It is the heart that is bad. If the fountain is bitter, the stream will not be sweet. Nothing but the blood of Jesus applied by the Mighty Hand of the Holy Spirit can cleanse the inside, for God's Spirit alone can reach the inside.—*Ram's Horn.*

2309. Heart, Broken and Beautiful. A friend of mine one day brought me a beautiful mineral specimen. It was what the geologists call a geode. From the outside it looked like simply a coarse, round stone. No one ever discovered anything of beauty or attractiveness in it. It had lain for years in a roadway and the wheels of the passing vehicles had scarred and scratched it. One day an unusually heavy wheel had struck it a severe blow and broken it in half. Then the beauty was revealed. Lining the entire inside, for it was hollow, was a layer of limpid quartz crystals, as sparkling as diamonds, that caught the rays of sunlight and broke them into ten thousand rainbows that dazzled the eyes. So with man. Only through the crevices of the broken heart does the Christ light shine.—HENRY STILES BRADLEY, D.D.

2310. Heart, Change of. The story is told of a Greek woman employed in the American hospital in Turkey who was stirred by a revival. She straightway asked leave to visit a woman whom she had injured and to whom she had not spoken for ten years. When she trudged through the snow three or four miles to ask her "enemy's" forgiveness, her relatives were sure she had gone daft. But the next day, when she came back to the hospital, she said: "We made peace, and the stone in my heart is gone."

2311. Heart, Change of, Needed. A brilliant lawyer in New York City some time ago spoke to a prominent minister of that city asking him if he really believed that Christ rose from the dead. The minister replied that he did, and asked the privilege of presenting the proof to the lawyer. The lawyer took

the material offered in proof away and studied it. He returned to the minister and said: "I am convinced that Jesus really did rise from the dead. But," he then added, "I'm no nearer being a Christian than I was before. I thought the difficulty was with my head. I find that it is really with my heart."

2312. Heart, Changed. One day an African chief said to Dr. Livingstone: "I wish you would change my heart. Give me medicine to change it, for it is proud, proud and angry, angry always." Dr. Livingstone lifted up a New Testament, and was about to tell the man of the only way in which the heart can be changed, but the chief interrupted him: "Nay, I will have it changed by medicine to drink, and changed at once, for it is always very proud and very uneasy, and continually angry with some one." There is no medicine that will change the heart. Only when the Spirit comes and enters the heart is it changed, and one of the evidences of the change is a new feeling toward God. For the first time we feel toward him as a Father, and call him out of our hearts with loving joy, "Our Father."—DR. J. R. MILLER.

2313. Heart Consecration. If two men are at the wheel, with opposing notions of direction and destiny, how will it fare with the boat? If an orchestra have two conductors, both wielding their batons at the same time, and with conflicting conceptions of the score, what will become of the band? And a man, whose mind is like that of two men, flirting with contrary ideals at the same time, will live a life "all sixes and sevens," and nothing will move to purposeful and definite issues. If the mind flirt with Satan and Christ, life will be filled with disastrous instability and confusion. The first thing that one needs, therefore, is to bring "all that is within me" into concord, to make every instrument of the soul bow to one conductor; to lead all the powers into homage to the Lord. "Unite my heart to fear thy name."—*Christian Herald*.

2314. Heart, Depths of the. Professor Gates claims to have discovered more than forty injurious products which are produced in the blood by "bad emotions," such as envy, hatred, etc. These elements, he asserts are "life depressing and poisonous," but, on the other hand, the opposite feelings, which are evidenced in goodness and kindness, are equally prolific in physical elements

favorable to health. The professor has not hesitated to affirm that the physical consequences and penalties of sin are thus demonstrated by chemical science.

It remains and ever will remain true that the man who "desireth life, and loveth many days that he may see good," must "depart from evil and do good."

2315. Heart, Enrichment of. The soil of the vineyards on the slopes of Vesuvius is disintegrated lava. The richest grapes, from which a precious wine is made, grow on the product of eruptions which tore the mountain side and darkened the sky. So our costliest graces of character are grown in a heart enriched by losses and made fertile by convulsions which rent it and covered smiling verdure with what seemed at first a fiery flood of ruin. The kingdom is reached by the road of tribulation. Blessed are they for whom the universal sorrows which flesh is heir to become helps heavenward, because they are borne in union with Jesus, and so hallowed into tribulation that is in him.—ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

2316. Heart, Eaten by Sin. In Baltimore, one Sunday morning as the people were going to church, a telegraph pole, large and strong and round, suddenly, without any warning, like a great strong man struck down by an unseen bullet, groaned, and then, with a snapping, tearing, grinding sound, the upper portion fell to the street, leaving about twenty-five feet standing. A crowd soon gathered, marveling what should have caused such a catastrophe. Just then a small boy began to climb the stump that was left, to investigate. When he reached the top he found that right where the pole had broken was a scooped-out place where a pair of woodpeckers had cut out their nest, and there in the nest was a poor little woodpecker frightened half to death.

Unnoticed, but steadily, stroke after stroke, the birds had dug their way back into the heart of that great, strong telegraph pole until they had sapped its strength. Sometimes a man comes crashing down. His outer life has seemed strong and round and respectable. The whole world marvels at it; but after a little bit it is discovered that some secret sin had eaten into his heart.

2317. Heart, Hardening of the. Dr. W. L. Watkinson says: "The Spaniards have a popular legend concerning the Petrified Man. The story relates that once he was in the flesh, but that he

appealed to the blessed saints to turn him into a stone image if he had committed a certain fraud, of which really he was guilty. In a moment a curious change came over him. Gradually his legs turned to white stone. The stone continued to creep farther along his body until he was altogether stone, his eyes staring into vacancy." Does not the false and unbelieving heart suffer a similar change? The moral nature is materialized. The heart becomes fat, the ears heavy, the eyes shut. The higher nature suffers petrification—becomes insensible, blind, deaf to eternal things.

2318. Heart Healing. A woman was taken to Bellevue Hospital, New York, suffering from a stab-wound inflicted by her husband. The attending physician saw that the knife had probably punctured her heart, enlarged the wound and determined to try to close the cut. It was a delicate operation, but it was done and the flesh-wound closed. The patient seemed on the way to recovery for two days, but on the third had a relapse and succumbed. The operation had been performed skillfully, but could not cure the wounded heart. Jesus came "to heal the broken hearted" and his healing power is great enough to accomplish this wonderful spiritual operation. He is in truth "the Great Physician."

2319. Heart, Issues from. On one occasion a nurse in one of the London hospitals complained to the Chaplain-General that she had been rudely treated by some of the patients. "Thank God for that!" was the reply. "What do you mean?" asked the astonished nurse. "Why," said the Chaplain, "if you are carrying a vessel and somebody knocks up against you, you can only spill out of the vessel what is inside. And when people misjudge and persecute us, we can only spill what is inside. In the case of a godless man, he will probably swear. But if you are Christ-filled, filled with the Holy Spirit, you will manifest the gentleness of Christ and make men astonished."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

2320. Heart-keeping. Heart-keeping is very much like house-keeping. There must be a continual sweeping out of dirt and cleaning out of rubbish, a daily washing of dishes, and a perpetual battle with all sorts of vermin.

If heart-cleaning could be done up once for all, then the Christian might discharge all his graces, and have an easy time of it. And just because the

assaults of subtle temptations are so frequent, and the task of keeping the inward man what it ought to be is so difficult, many a one who begins a religious life gets discouraged, and makes a wretched failure.

The question with every Christian is, Shall temptation destroy my spiritual possessions, and overrun my soul? Shall outward assaults or inward weakness drive me to discouragement, and disgrace me before my Master and before the world? Or shall they drive me to Jesus Christ, who will give me victory?—REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

2321. Heart of Lincoln. If I were to paint a picture of Lincoln I would call my picture "Lincoln Scattering an April Shower." It would be of that morning in Springfield when he saw the girl standing in the open door and crying. He learned that the baggage man had forgotten to come for her trunk, and she was likely to miss her train. He quickly shouldered the trunk and strode off with giant steps to the depot. There might not be much dignity in the picture, but there would be lots of heart.—R. B. HASSELL.

2322. Heart, Needed. A generation ago there appeared in Paris one whose voice was counted the most perfect voice in Europe. Musical critics gave unstinted praise to the purity of tone and accuracy of execution. Yet in a few weeks the audiences had dwindled to a handful, and in a few years the singer's name was forgotten. Obscurity overtook the singer because there was no heart behind the voice, and so the tones became metallic. Contrariwise, the history of Jenny Lind contains a letter to a friend in Sweden, in which the singer writes: "Oh, that I may live two years longer and be permitted to save enough money to complete my orphans' home!"—DR. HILLIS.

2323. Heart, Need of Purity of. When Frenchmen went down to dig the Panama Canal, they took doctors to cure patients of fever; but the fever took patients, doctors and all, and was triumphant. When the United States went to Panama, she took great ditchers and immense quantities of sewer pipe. The region was drained, laborers were well; and doctors merely drew their pay. While the swamps were there, the foul air would rise and water would be infected, and the men who dwelt above must suffer. When the swamps were gone the fever ended.

Create in me a clean heart, O God;

And renew a right spirit within me.

2324. Heart not Right. Riding through the woods of northern Wisconsin some time ago, a friend of mine asked me to estimate the height of a great tree. I failed in my estimation miserably, and he informed me that it was one hundred and twenty-five feet high. At the same time he said that the woods had been culled; that is, the salable and marketable trees had been taken away, and so I asked: "What is the matter with this one?" He said to me: "Let your eyes run up to the top and you will see a dead limb. Wherever that is to be seen, it is a clear indication that the tree is decayed at the heart."

So if you are constantly doing unkind things, giving way at the same point to petty sins or to greater transgressions, it is one of the clearest indications that your heart is not right in the sight of God.—J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

2325. Heart Shows in Life. A young man bought from a jeweler a gold watch, on a twenty-year guarantee, and soon brought it back, demanding a new case. The case looked as if it were brass, having changed its appearance entirely.

The jeweler looked at the case, rubbed it a little, and then asked the young man if he had been taking any medicine containing iron. The young man said that he had. "Well," said the jeweler, "the iron has come out with the perspiration and has tarnished the case." Thereupon he took the cloth and speedily polished the case till it shone with all the original golden luster, and the young man went away satisfied.

This incident is a parable of the spiritual life. What is within comes to the surface. "Murder will out." Love also will out. Whatever you are affects whatever you have. Your character tarnishes your house or glorifies it. Do not expect to carry gold-appearing watches if you have a brass heart. Do not expect that your diamonds will sparkle if your spirit is gloomy. Do not expect that silk and broadcloth will become you if you have not a lovely soul. For the reality—and the only final reality—is the spirit, and everything material in your life is but its shadow.—AMOS R. WELLS.

2326. Heart Softened. Dan Crawford says: "Ten years ago I passed along the edge of a field, and there was the owner toiling at the hard soil, a drought having baked the red earth like a brick. 'From the passing a passing word' is a local

proverb, so I comply with tribal courtesy, bawling across the cornfield a regret that the soil is so onerous and intractable. But the churlish clay has made a churlish cultivator. Back from my gruff friend comes the gruffer blasphemy: 'Yes, a hard God has hardened the soil by denying rain.' " Mr. Crawford passed the same man in the same field ten years later, "after two successive days of rain had soaked the soil soft. The old growler's face is wreathed in smiles. . . . I smile across a remark about the child's play hoeing under such simple conditions. Saved and knows it, what does he now answer—this same man in this same field to this same passer-by? 'Truly soft,' says he, 'is the soil, for the God who softened my heart also softened the hard soil: he has rained on my hard soul as well as on the soil.' "—From *Thinking Black*.

2327. Heart Unexplored. There is an unexplored portion of Africa, with its wide plains, its matchless scenery, into which no white man has ever gone. It is unexplored land. In every one of your hearts there is unexplored land. Some day some new experience will lead you far inland, and then you will have new feelings, new sentiments and new aspirations. You will be wonder struck at the sublime stretches of the soul's landscape. But you are near to it now; you live on the borderland; and this great scribe has set his soul's dwelling place almost within the Kingdom of God.

2328. Hearts, God Knows. It may be possible to photograph thought. Doctor Max Baff, of Clark University, Mass., discussing the discovery credited to Japanese scientists, said: "As a method of taking thought photographs, a capital way would be to expose the film in a vacuum tank, and have the subjects whose thoughts are to be photographed, placed near the tank, even with their heads against it. Developing this film roll, after it had been unwound in total darkness, with a pair of subjects thinking on a given subject, might show some interesting results."

2329. Heathen Calling. The first Christian missionary to visit the barbarians of Melita was welcomed; then the pendulum swung the other way, and for centuries the isles of the sea rejected messengers from beyond their horizon. But at last the Gospel has triumphed, and the welcome awaits the missionary. Not long ago a "Fiji Islander" was the type of the lowest paganism. Now,

83,000 out of a population of 90,000 Fijians are church-members, and in 1913 gave over \$50,000 to missions. "All our converts," writes a missionary, "are drawn from the ranks of the naked, dirty and savage cannibals; but they are transformed, clean and clothed. Every evening from individual houses the sound of praise and prayer is heard, as they gather for family worship."

From many of these lovely but lonely islands deputations of natives came to the mission stations, beseeching a white teacher to visit them ere their old people die; but there is no one to send. Who will go to these "barbarians" and tell them of the power of God?—H. H. DIXON.

2330. Heathen Home. A gentleman tells a story of a recent visit to Missouri, and how, in a country village, late at night, as he walked to the railroad station to take an incoming train, a youth of twenty went along as pilot from the hotel. This is part of the conversation which took place: "Where do you attend church?" "I never go to any church." "Do you pray?" "I do not know how to pray." "Do you read the Bible?" "I have never read a chapter in it in my life." The young fellow had been making his own way as general helper about the hotel for some months, his home being in another part of the state. He had no more idea of religion, of his relationship and duty to the Saviour, of the danger and guilt into which sin brings the soul, than a blanket Indian on the frontier. The gentleman went away, asking himself the question, "How many more such instances of heathen, living in ignorance and sin in the midst of Christian communities, are there in our land?" Some recent inquiries cause me to fear that there are many young men and young women in the Sunday-school whose Bible reading is entirely confined to the Sunday-school lesson. Real Bible reading is not a custom with them at all.

2331. Heathen Yielding to Christ. At the session of our North India Conference, in the report of a Hindustani preacher, was the expression, "During the past year in my district twenty heathen altars have been torn down." Every one of those altars represented a circle of heathen worshipers, and for those altars to be torn down means that those worshipers are now sitting at the feet of Christ.

I turned to a brother at my side, and said, "How is it in your district?" He

replied, "Fifty-seven altars have been torn down in my district within twelve months." I turned to another, who told me that heathen altars were being torn down all over this district. What is going on in these three places is going on all over India. The altars and idols of India are falling—torn down by the hands of their votaries, and in their places are being erected the altars of our Christ.—J. N. WEST.

2332. Heathenism. See Missions, Missionaries and Missionary Day.

2333. Heathenism. A girl in Calcutta was fourteen and still unmarried, for her father had not the 800 rupees in cash for her dowry—which a husband required. She dressed herself in her best, soaked her clothes in kerosene, climbed on the roof and set fire to herself. She left a note in which she says she is haunted by her father's face of weariness and despair, and refers to the social obloquy they have endured because she is unmarried. She ends by saying: "I am to be the sacrifice, and may the conflagration I shall kindle set the whole country on fire."—*The World Outlook*.

2334. Heathenism. A missionary in China once heard a group of Chinamen discussing the various religions with which China is afflicted. At last one of the group said: "It is just as if a Chinaman were down in a deep pit, and wanted help to get out. Confucius came along and said: 'If you had only kept my precepts you would not have fallen into this pit.' Buddha also came to the mouth of the pit, saying: 'Ah! poor Chinaman; if you were only up where I am, I would make you all right.' The Chinaman replied: 'If I were where you are, I would not want your help.' But then there came along Jesus Christ, with tears in his eyes, and he jumped right into the pit and lifted the poor man right out of it." This is the love which wins our hearts.—*Christian Commonwealth*.

2335. Heathenism a Void. Dr. G. F. Pentecost's retort to an educated Buddhist who was swinging his prayer-wheel and repeating meaningless words: "What are you praying for?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Whom are you praying to?"

"Oh, nobody."

"And that is Buddhism. Praying for nothing—to nobody."

2336. Heaven. See Death. See Easter. See Resurrection.

2337. Heaven Attractive. Bishop Tay-

lor Smith told of a little boy who once crept on his knee and put his hands around his neck, and said, "Canon, you know I love you so much; and do you know how I know I love you?" "How?" said the bishop. "Because I like to be near you." Heaven is where Christ is.

2338. Heaven, Its Beauty. I was once staying at Marazion, in Cornwall, and from my bedroom window I had a lovely view of St. Michael's Mount. I looked out the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. I felt that I should never tire of it, for it was beautiful and picturesque in any light. It happened to speak of the pleasure I derived from the view to a native, who immediately replied, "Wait till you see the other side. I'm afraid you won't think this so beautiful then. It is one mass of flowers over there. You must go across and see the other side." We are satisfied here only because we cannot see the other side.—J. A. CLARK.

2339. Heaven a Better Home. The Rev. G. C. Macgregor once related how an old Aberdeen preacher was comforted a century ago by a little personal incident. He had always feared death, and was powerless to comfort others facing it. Towards the end of his life he moved house. Yet when the furniture had all gone, the old preacher lingered in the home where his children had been born and where his sermons had been prepared. At last his servant came to him and said, "Sir, everything's gone; and the new house is better than this one. Come away." It preached to him a lesson which he never forgot. God has prepared for his children a home "much better than this"—"a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—*Christian Age*.

2340. Heaven Begun Here. It was said of an old Puritan that "Heaven was in him before he was in Heaven." That is necessary for all of us; we must have Heaven in us before we get into Heaven. If we do not get to Heaven before we die, we shall never get there afterward. An old Scotchman was asked if he ever expected to go to Heaven. "Why, mon, I live there," was the quaint reply. Let us all live in those spiritual things which are the essential features of Heaven. Often go there before you go to stay there. If you come down to-morrow morning, knowing and realizing that Heaven is yours, and that you will soon be there, those children will not worry you half so much. When you go out to

your business or to your work, you will not be half so discontented, when you know that this is not your rest, but that you have a rest on the hills eternal, whither your heart has already gone, and that your portion is in the everlasting dwellings. "Lay hold on eternal life." Get hold of it now. It is a thing of the future, and it is a thing of the present; and even your part of it which is future can be, by faith, so realized and grasped as to be actually enjoyed while you are yet here.—SPURGEON.

2341. Heaven, Building Our Own. There is a legend of a wealthy woman who, when she reached heaven, was shown to a very plain cottage. She objected. "Well," she was told, "that is the house prepared for you." "Whose is that fine mansion across the way?" she asked. "It belongs to your gardener." "How is it that he has one so much better than mine?" "The houses here are prepared from the materials that are sent up. We do not choose them, you do that by your earthly deeds."

2342. Heaven Engaged Ahead. "We have an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." 2 Cor. 5:1. Some friends lately in traveling arrived at an English hotel, but found that it had been full for days. They were turning away to seek accommodation elsewhere, when a lady of the party bade the others adieu, and expressed her intention of remaining. "How can that be," they asked, "when you hear the hotel is full?" "Oh!" she replied, "I telegraphed on ahead a number of days ago, and my room is secured." My friend, send on your name ahead, and the door of Heaven can never be shut against you. Be sure it is a wise precaution. Then everything will be ready for you. And when the journey of life is over, you will mount up as with angel wings, and inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.—*Moody's Addresses*.

2343. Heaven Found in Service. We must not make the mistake of thinking that Christian work consists merely in devotions and acts of worship. A minister preached one day about heaven, and his sermon was greatly enjoyed by his people. Next morning a wealthy member of the church met the pastor and spoke warmly of the discourse. "That was a good sermon about heaven," he said. "But you didn't tell us where heaven is."

"Oh," said the minister, "I can tell

you now. Do you see yonder hilltop? In a cottage there is a member of our church. She is sick in one bed and her two children are sick in another bed. I have just come from her house. There is not a lump of coal, nor a stick of wood, nor a loaf of bread, nor any flour in that house. If you will go down town and buy some provisions and some coal, and send them to that home, and then go yourself to the house and read the Twenty-third Psalm beside the woman's sick-bed, and kneel and pray with her, you will know where heaven is."

Next morning the man met his pastor again and said, "You were right—I found heaven." In the place of worship we learn of heaven's joy and happiness; out in the fields of need we find heaven in the service of love.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

2344. Heaven, Fruition of. A western farmer pointed out to a friend from the East a grove of trees. He asked him what they were. "Chestnuts," was the confident reply. "Come and see," the farmer said. The ground was strewn with acorns. Greatly surprised, the traveler looked up. The leaves, surely, were chestnut leaves, but the boughs hung full of acorns. It was the chestnut-oak of the west. Not the leaf, but the fruit decides its species. We often detect the chestnut-oaks. What only begins to appear here is made clear to all beings at the harvest, or the judgment.—*Monday Club Sermons.*

2345. Heaven, Gaining Admission to. Once when I was traveling to a city there was a lady in the car with me. After I had reached the hotel where I was to stay, and had got comfortable quarters, she came and said, "I cannot get a room in this hotel; they are quite full. How did you ever manage to get one?" "Easily enough," I replied; "I just telegraphed on before that I was coming, and to have a room ready for me."

And it is somewhat similar in regard to gaining admission to heaven. Your names must be sent on beforehand and entered in its book, else you won't get in; but get your names inscribed on its pages, and then you won't be disappointed. God will have a mansion ready for you when you ascend to your heavenly home. When you come to its gates, the guardian angels will refer to the Book of Life to see if your name is there. If so, pass in; but if not, admittance will be inexorably refused.—D. L. MOODY.

2346. Heaven, Greek Conception of. The gods were supposed to dwell on the summit of Mount Olympus. It was a sublime abode, reposing in eternal sunshine, and free from the storms that vexed the lower world. Each god had his own dwelling, but all were obliged to go to the palace of Jupiter when summoned. Here they feasted on ambrosia and nectar, discoursed upon the affairs of heaven and earth, and were entertained with music.

2347. Heaven, Happy Eternity. "Gentlemen," exclaims old Rabbi Duncan to his students as he dismisses them at the end of the year's work, "many will be wishing you a Happy New Year. Your old tutor wishes you a happy Eternity!"—F. W. BOREHAM.

2348. Heaven, Here and Hereafter. Not long ago a speaker in a rescue mission asked the children if they could tell him where heaven was. Immediately a boy from the poorest section of the city sprang up, raised his hands, and cried shrilly: "I know! I know!" "Well, my boy, where is heaven?" the astonished leader asked. "Back in our street since father got acquainted with Jesus," was the answer.

That boy was on the right track. Whenever Christ comes into the heart there comes with him love and thoughtfulness of others. And when we do kind things for others, we find happiness for ourselves, and that is heaven. Christ says, "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." That means, when we do things that we believe Christ would like to have us do, he comes in to be our Companion. When we go to the beautiful place called heaven when we die, it will be Christ who will make the place full of joy and gladness. And if we are to see him in that land and enjoy that heaven, we must first make a heaven here on earth for ourselves and others by trying to please him and to be like him every day.—HOWARD J. CHIDLEY.

2349. Heaven and Holiness. Heaven does not make holiness, but holiness makes heaven.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

2350. Heaven, As Home. Christ never hid necessary truth. Nor did he claim for erroneous tradition the authority of truth. If heaven had been a delusion, however entrenched in human hearts and historic faiths, he would have said so. If atheism and agnosticism and materialism were true he would have told us.

But he sided with the traditions and hopes of humanity, with the teachings of the Scriptures, because they were true in their teachings and instincts to the reality of heaven.

When John Evans, the Scotch minister, was seated in his study, his wife came in and said to him, "My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said, "My dear, do you think we shall be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

A little girl was running along, and she was asked if she was not afraid to go through the cemetery at night. "Oh, no," she said, "I am not afraid, for my home is just beyond." This little story Bishop Quayle told at the funeral of his colleague, Bishop Smith. Through the cemetery home!—H.

2351. Heaven, Homesick for. When Xenophon and his companions after a long wandering in the mountains of Armenia, lost, starved, homesick, and harassed by barbarians, at last beheld the sea, they wept for joy and shouted, "The sea! the sea!" for it was to carry them home; so you and I, coming out of the wilderness where we were lost and starved and sore pressed by barbarians, may well look out toward the wide expanse of liberty and cry out, "The sea! the sea!"—DR. SWING.

2352. Heaven Must be Prepared for. "Has your master gone to heaven?" asked a man of an old negro one time.

"No, sir," said the negro.

"Why not?"

"I have been with my massa thirty-two years, and he always tol' me befo' he started what he want'd me to get ready and what he want'd to take. I have been with him thirty-two years and I never heard him talk about heaven, never heard him mention the name of heaven, so he never went to heaven 'cause he never got ready."

2353. Heaven, Interest and Principal. A confidential clerk in Wall Street, New York, had an agreeable surprise recently. One of the large stock operators called him into his private room, and said to him: "I have put your name in my will, and you will get ten thousand dollars when I die. Now I am in good health, and don't intend to die soon, and so I will help in the meantime by paying you legal interest on the amount. Here is a check for six hundred dollars, to pay the first year's interest." The clerk was doubly gratified. The prospect of the legacy was good news, and the interest in

hand rendered the prospect a reality. This is, in a far higher sense, the believer's position. He does not have to wait for death to receive his inheritance, though the principal does come then, but daily grace is the interest and promise of an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—*Sunday School Banner.*

2354. Heaven on Earth. A poor man, who had become blind, but who still found ways of working for God, was one day visited by a Christian brother, who, bewailing the blind man's sad fate, added, "But you have the great consolation—you will soon be in Heaven." The poor man raising his sightless eyes, replied with a smile, "Soon in Heaven, did you say? Why, I have been there for these ten years."

2355. Heaven Near. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, with a fleet of five ships sailed in search of the north-west passage, and also in quest of gold. In a storm off the dangerous coast of Nova Scotia, the largest vessel was lost and the others were obliged to return to England. While sailing home in a barque of ten tons burden Gilbert was lost. He was last seen sitting in the stern of his vessel, and in answer to a hail from the other vessel he said: "We are as near heaven by sea as by land." They were his last words, and they have become proverbial.

2356. Heaven, Owning a Bit of. "I own a bit of France," said Sir Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian; "I have a boy buried there."

A friend of mine in Europe had a daughter who came to the United States and died here. From that hour her father's heart was in America. That unkept grave drew him, and he also crossed the ocean to be near the child of his love.

It is the same with heaven. Those that have dear ones there should feel, like Sir Harry, that they have a proprietary interest in heaven. That interest should draw us with love's cords. It is no strange land to which we journey. We are going home, to friends.

Rev. Dr. David G. Wylie, in a recent number of the *Herald and Presbyterian* tells of a visit he had just made to Ellis Island, New York, "the Gateway of the Nation." He was a member of a visiting delegation. He said: "'The Kissing Post' is one of the most exciting and pathetic places, where immigrants meet their friends. There is a large 'cage' filled with men, women and children. In

front is an open space for representatives of various religious organizations and clerks, and in front of the open space a long desk stands, where many men are at work. When the papers have been made out, the door of the 'cage' is opened and the newcomers are permitted to meet their friends. What scenes—pathetic, joyous, sad! Husbands meet wives and children; sisters and brothers meet; sweethearts embrace each other. If any one for one moment imagines that kissing is going out of fashion, let him visit Ellis Island."

We think at once of the hymn, "O then what raptured greetings!" Heaven is homeland for God's children. "In my Father's house are many mansions" is Jesus' word for us all. "If it were not so, I would have told you." Heaven is no shrewd guess, no fond longing, no iridescent dream. Christ came from that home. He knew all about it. And he is truth. He could not deceive. It was he that said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Practically, he says, "It is reality. Had I come here finding you cherishing a hope of immortality that never could be fulfilled, I would have told you. I would have undeceived you. But your hope is well founded. Heaven is real and blessed indeed."—H.

2357. Heaven, Perfect Sight. A story is told of a poor boy in London. His parents were dead and he was in charge of a terrible drunken woman, who forced him to beg, and met him with kicks and cuffs if he brought her too little. His greatest pleasure in life was to see the beautiful things exhibited in shop windows. He knew though that these things were not meant for him, for there was always the glass between, and he became reconciled to the thought that he could never have them. The lead soldiers had focussed his longing for them—but there was the glass. Alas, he was run over, carried to the hospital, and cared for by Christian charity. He awoke to find himself in a snow-white cot, and he looked into the pleasant face of a nurse. A few days passed and then to his astonishment he saw other children playing with toys. Soon he sat up in bed, propped up by pillows, and, wonder of wonders, at his hand was a box of lead soldiers. Slowly he stretched his hand out, touched them, and cried out: "There is no glass between." How will it seem when in the glory we no longer see "through a glass darkly"?—*The Expositor*.

2358. Heaven, Preparing for. There is a legend of a man wrecked at sea and borne by the waves to an unknown shore. He was conducted by the inhabitants to a palace and saluted with reverence. Asking an explanation, he was told that "once a year the people took some one who reached their shores in this way and made him king. They obeyed his commands, and he reigned in splendor for a year." "But what will become of me at the expiration of the year?" "You will be placed in an open boat and conveyed to an island beyond the horizon, uninhabited and desolate." "What will be my fate then?" "It is expected that you will starve." Like his predecessors, the new king at first gave himself up to feasting and drinking. But toward the close of the year he called his chief adviser to him and said: "Am I still king?" "You are." "And will the people obey all my commands?" "Every one, until the last moment." "Then," said he, "I will devote the rest of the year to sending forward provisions and all necessities for my comfort on that island beyond the horizon." "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

2359. Heaven, A Present. On the steamer *Etruria*, coming from Liverpool, as we neared New York, a group of us were adjusting our watches for the last time to the changes in the ship's time. It was home time! A New York physician, who was one of the group, who had been taking a three-months' post-graduate course in London, pulled out his watch, and said, "My watch has not been changed this voyage, and you see I have New York time." When asked how that was, he replied, "All the time I was gone I never changed my watch to English time, but kept New York time, so I could follow my wife and children all through the day. I could tell when they arose, about the time they breakfasted, and when the children went to school, and when they returned." He was five hours behind the time. He was living in New York while he was in London. So may the Christian live in heaven while diligent and faithful in duties of this life.—CHARLES J. BOPPELL.

2360. Heaven in Prospect. A clergyman was once summoned to a death-bed in one of the slums of South London. Flight after flight of stairs he mounted, till he came to the topmost flat, and found his way into a miserable room with hardly any furniture, where a poor

half-starved old man lay dying in great pain. As he entered he could not help saying, "Oh, I am sorry for you!" "Sorry for me?" the old man replied. "Why, think of my prospects!"—REV. G. R. BALLEINE.

2361. Heaven, Recognition in, Is Implied. Recognition is implied in the Scriptural representations of heaven. Take the figure of a mansion. Jesus says, "In my Father's house are many mansions"; what is the idea here, but that of a family at home, and this means that the good who are separated here, shall be united there, and this implies recognition, for leave out recognition and the most essential feature of a home is gone. To poor sorrowing mortals mourning for lost ones, Jesus says, in substance, Let not your heart be troubled, there are mansions in heaven, where you shall find your lost ones. And that finding of friends which is to heal the sorrow caused by the loss of them must include recognition.—REV. JOHN W. LANGLEY.

2362. Heaven, Recognition In. At the close of a lecture engagement in a neighboring town, Wendell Phillips' friends entreated him not to return to Boston.

"The last train has left," they said, "and you will be obliged to take a carriage into the city. It is a sleety November night, cold and raw; and you will have twelve miles of rough riding before you get home."

To which he replied: "But at the other end of them I shall find Anne Phillips."

Some may be having a hard time. They may find their life journey like that cold midnight ride of the famous orator. But let them think as he did, of the one they are to meet at the other end. Jesus said: "I will receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may also be." Should not that promise comfort us in the darkest hour?—*Cincinnati Leader*.

2363. Heaven, Restfulness of. A mother, in bitter grief, bending over her dying child, was trying to soothe her by talking about heaven. She spoke of the glory there, of the brightness glowing all around, of the shining countenances of the holy angels. But presently a little voice stopped her, saying: "I should not like to be there, mother, for the light hurts my eyes." Then she changed the subject of her description, and spoke of the songs above, of the harpers harping on their golden harps, of the voices as the sound of many waters, of the new

song which they sing before the throne; but the child said, "Mother, I cannot bear any noise." Grieved and disappointed at her failure to speak words of comfort, she took the little one from her restless bed, and enfolded it in her arms with all the tenderness of a mother's love. Then as the little sufferer lay there, near to all he loved best in the world, conscious only as her life ebbed away of the nearness of love and care, the whisper came, "Mother, if heaven is like this, may Jesus take me there!" That is what death is to God's saints. It is the great Fatherly, Motherly God lifting his little ones out of their restlessness into the peace and comfort of his Almighty arms.—ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR.

2364. Heaven, Seeing. Samuel Ruth-erford told Lady Cardoness to do as follows: "Go up beforehand and see your lodging. Look through all your Father's rooms in heaven. Men take a sight of the lands ere they buy them. I know that Christ hath made the bargain already; but be kind to the house ye are going to, and see it often." Good advice, is it not?—DR. J. H. JOWETT.

2365. Heaven, Title to. Guthrie relates that a great fortune was to be divided among a number of people who, of course, had to prove their heirship. One man brought a Bible, its covers worm-eaten, but with the family chronology intact. Another brought a piece of parchment, a third the copy of an inscription of a gravestone.

By what means can we prove our heirship, our claim to the "inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, that fadeth not away?" Paul answers: "If we are children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together." And Peter says (1 Pet. 1:5), that it is for those "who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

2366. Heaven, Way to. The story is told that on a certain occasion, when a company of persons were discussing in a crowded room sacred subjects and certain prominent men, one suddenly exclaimed: "I should like to meet that Bishop of Lichfield: I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him."

"Very well," said a voice out of another corner; "now is your time, for I am the bishop."

The man was somewhat startled and taken aback, but presently recovered himself and said:

"Well, my lord, can you tell me the way to heaven?"

"Nothing easier," answered the bishop, "you have only to turn to the right and go straight ahead."

2367. Heaven, Where Christ Is. A boy who had been serving the Lord for a few months visited a dying man and offered to read the sweetest verse in the Bible. He read the first two verses of John 14. "My boy," said the aged Christian, "that is a very sweet verse, but look on me, my son; do you think it is a mansion that this old head is longing for, a pearly gate that these old eyes are longing to see, a golden street that these old feet are longing to walk? No, no, boy; have the kindness to read the next verse!"

Then the boy read, "Where I am, there ye may be also." The old man said, "Now you have got it, my boy; it is the Master that I want."

2368. Heavenly Currents. Dr. Peabody, in one of his inspiring addresses to the students of Harvard University, describes a ship that was becalmed upon a barren sea. Not a breeze stirred below nor above to fill the sails of the ship. But while the men were hanging idly about one of them saw the little pennant on the top of the highest mast begin to sink and rise in the breeze, and immediately the order was given, a number of sails were spread, and in a little while the vessel was moving slowly yet surely forward. No ripple was upon the water, not a breeze swept the deck, but under the influence of the higher currents the vessel was going forward on its course.—JOSEPH T. KELLY, D.D.

2369. Hell. See **Punishment.**

2370. Hell. Hell is truth seen too late.—H. G. ADAMS.

2371. Hell. Hell is the wrath of God.—his hate of sin.—BAILEY.

2372. Hell, Greek Conception of. Pluto is represented as seated on a throne in the midst of clouds and darkness. He wears a crown of ebony and holds a key in his hand instead of a scepter. It seems to signify that once the dead are received into Pluto's kingdom, the gates are locked upon them, and there is no escape.

2373. Help Even Where Unwelcome. We should remember that the loudest calls for aid are often from those who are unconscious of their needs. If Christian people had always waited until formally invited by heathen countries to come and preach the Gospel, they never

would have done any foreign missionary work. The Chinese did not cry for help. They did not know they needed the Gospel; they did not want it. But this very thing was the loudest possible call, the most touching possible plea to the loving followers of Jesus Christ. Even if people are not asking for spiritual help to-day, there is "an inarticulate, tragic wail of an unknown hunger, an incomprehensible yearning in the souls of those who are going down to the grave without God and without hope in the world. And it touches all true Christians to pain and pity and effort."

2374. Help from Looking Up. A lumberman in Louisiana had traveled for hours under a scorching sun. His thirst was terrible. In vain he searched for water. Strength was failing. Despairing, he looked up and saw a ridge, crowned with pine trees, their tops bending toward a hollow beyond. He knew that this indicated water in the hollow. Soon he was cooling his parched lips. In time of need we look for help from man, but cannot find it. We despair, and are ready to yield the battle, unmindful of the help to be gained by looking up.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

2375. Help, How God Gives. At one of the Bible classes held for women at a mission station in Korea, a bright, clean, earnest woman with a baby on her back, walked from her home to the meeting, a distance of one hundred miles. When she told of her journey and saw the astonishment in the face of the missionary, the devoted woman said, "It was not difficult; God helped me along."

This simple and sincere expression of one recently brought from heathen darkness to gospel light has in it a great lesson for the Christian worker. Any hard service becomes exceedingly difficult when we attempt it in our own strength. How bright are the days and how cheering the reward when we can say of the most difficult undertakings that God helps us.

Happy is the Christian worker, especially the missionary in the foreign field, whose burdens of service are always heavy, who has complied with the command of the Psalmist to cast his burdens on the Lord. The promise which follows this command, assuring us that he will sustain us, enables us to overcome the difficulties with a courageous spirit and to bear our burdens with a light heart.

Happy is the Christian at home or

abroad who can say, "It was not difficult, God helped me along."—*The Missionary*.

2376. Helpfulness, Beauty of. He was a poor, skinny old horse, but he was so happy; he was drawing a heavy load, too, but even that was forgotten, for right in front of him, as he pulled his weary load along, there was a hay-wagon. From this he was getting a bit of unexpected refreshment along the way. And I must confess to a great desire to be a human "hay-wagon," and, unknown to myself, feed those whose lives touch mine.—*New York Observer*.

2377. Heredity, A Bad. On the very day of Mercury's birth he stole some cattle from King Admetus, although Apollo was keeping them. While Apollo was bending his bow against him, he stole his quiver. While an infant he stole the tools of Vulcan, the girdle of Venus, and the scepter of Jupiter. He intended also to steal Jove's thunderbolts, but was afraid they would burn him.

2378. Heretic. See Creed. See Doctrine.

2379. Heretic, How Dispose of. The following amusing and instructive incident is recorded in the autobiography of the late Bishop Merrill.

A brother was accused of heresy. The point in his teaching involved the question of the supernatural birth of our Lord, and seemed to place the brother in an ambiguous attitude toward the deity of Christ. The specification was sustained, and the charge. A solemn silence rested on the assembly. The finding as yet carried no penalty. The Bishop inquired: "Well, brethren, you now have a heretic on your hands. What will you do with him?"

A little waiting ensued. Then a brother in the rear of the Conference, not accustomed to speaking in business proceedings, addressed the Chair in a shrill voice, startling to every one, and said: "Mr. President, I move that we now proceed to burn him!"

The effect was electrical. From the profoundest solemnity the Conference was convulsed with laughter. The brother was called forward, explained his position, promised to avoid questionable speculations in the future, his character was passed, and his work was continued.

2380. Heretic, Was He? Professor Henry Drummond was often charged with being a heretic and some orthodox American urged Mr. Moody to refuse him the platform at Northfield. But Mr.

Moody answered that "Drummond was the best Christian he had ever known." Dr. John Watson said of him, as to his heresy, "You might as well have beaten a spirit with a stick, as to prosecute Drummond for heresy." The test of the man came all right. It came in the wonderful genuineness and thoroughness of his work. It came at the hour of death.

He was a great sufferer for two years before he died. But the Christ was manifest in all his patience and good cheer. He would ask his callers to read the New Testament and to pray with him, and often he got them to sing the old hymns of his boyhood. He would beat time with his hand, and join in with all his remaining strength while they sang:

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
And honor all his laws."

And when the verse was finished he said to his friend, Hugh Barbour, "There is nothing to beat that, Hugh." I wonder if he was a heretic?—REV. J. R. BROWN.

2381. Heritage, A Valuable. "Oh, yes, my folks are all religious, all the family way back," said a young man in a hospital ward, "but I do not take much stock in that sort of thing." "You have inherited stock in it, and very valuable stock," gravely answered the surgeon attending him. "Do you know why you are recovering so rapidly from your accident—why the bones knit and the wounds heal so rapidly? It is because those ancestors of yours have bequeathed to you good, clean blood and a sound constitution—the physical make-up of those who have kept God's laws. If I were you I would cultivate an appreciation of that heritage."—Deut. 7:9.

2382. Hero, A Child. "Never mind, mudder. Don't cry. Lots of kids gets jobs setting down."

This actual utterance of a little child worker when taken to a hospital to have his legs amputated after a bad street accident illustrates better than any words of mine the prevailing spirit of the poor. The boy was writhing in agony. He saw his mother crying bitterly at his bedside. He mistook entirely the reason for her tears. With boylike unselfishness, he looked upon himself only as the wage-earner of the family. It actually never

occurred to him that his mother could be concerned about his personal pain. He saw only the loss of income, supposed his mother was crying for that, and did his best, in his crude, brave boy way, to comfort her.

2383. Heroism. Ten thousand men and women lined the shore at Atlantic City, and rent the air with tumultuous cheers as Captain Mark Casto, lashed to the wheel of his fishing schooner, and his brave companions rode out on a wild sea to rescue sixty-nine people from the doomed Clyde Liner, *Cherokee*, stranded on the Brigantine shoals. It was magnificent heroism because that little company rode out before the storm-wind to what seemed certain death. Had the sea been quiet, there would have been no cheers. The roar of the storm-wind is the tumult of conflict and struggle. It is the shout of God as he makes pigmies into giants; weak, tempted, struggling men and women into heroes.—DR. JAMES I. VANCE.

2384. Heroism, Basis of. Blücher with his Prussian troops was on his way to join Wellington and the English forces at Waterloo in order to fight and, if possible, conquer Napoleon. For hours Blücher's soldiers had been toiling across a region deep in mud, and they were thoroughly exhausted. "We cannot go on," the soldiers cried over and over. "We must," answered Blücher. "I gave Wellington my word, and you won't make me break it." History tells for all time how Blücher's army did arrive, and just in time to win the battle of Waterloo. That feeling, "We must do it because we have promised to do it," is at the basis of all heroic performance.

2385. Heroism, A Woman's. All have read of Joan of Arc, who was the daughter of a French laborer, spending her girlhood spinning and sewing for her mother, or playing in the pleasant woods. But in 1428, the outcasts and wounded from the war, as they passed through Domremy, roused her pity for the fair realm of France. She felt called by God to help her country. In spite of great opposition, she offered to lead the soldiers, and, receiving permission from the king, she led the attack on the English at Orleans, clad in white armor, and defeated them. Though captured shortly afterward and burnt by the English, her heroism saved France, for the invaders were expelled and the Hundred Years' War ended.—*Expositor*.

2386. Heroism, Missionary. Moffat,

looking into the eyes of a savage, who threatened his life, calmly said, "We are resolved to abide by our post. . . . You may shed our blood or burn us out. . . . Then shall they who sent us know that we are persecuted indeed." Mrs. Moffat stood by with her babe in her arms. Moffat threw open his waistcoat, and said, "Now, then, if you will, drive your spears to my heart." The Lord again heard prayer. The chief was confounded. He shook his head significantly, and said to his followers, "These men must have ten lives when they are so fearless of death. There must be something in immortality."

2387. Heroism of Unselfishness. That is what a newspaper calls the American soldiers who have been decorated for heroism—"Safety-Last Men."

We have made the most of the motto "Safety First." It has made millions more prudent regarding themselves, more heedful regarding others. It is a sagacious motto. No one would pull it down.

But times come when "safety first" must be changed to "safety last," times when prudence is pusillanimous and care is cowardly. Times when we are not to think of ourselves at all and cannot even think long or anxiously about others, but must bend all our energies and thought upon some tremendous crisis.

When the safety of the world calls for prompt devotion, personal safety must be last.—*C. E. World*.

2388. Hindrance of Self. Two Christians were visiting mission stations in China; and from time to time one of these men asked the Chinese converts what, in their opinion, was the greatest barrier to the spread of Christianity in China. Almost invariably the answer that came back was, "Ourselves." These Chinese Christians saw true. Are we as severe with ourselves as they were with themselves? Are we ready to let Christ do away with the last vestige of barrier that we are offering to that proclamation through us to others?—*Christian Age*.

2389. Hindrances, Overcoming. Homer composed the greater part of his poems after he became totally blind. He also led a wandering life, and gained wealth and fame by the recitation of his verses.

2390. History. See Providence of God.

2391. History, God Directing. Dr. A. T. Pierson has this paragraph about Napoleon: "Before Napoleon Bonaparte

invaded Russia he told the Russian ambassador that he would destroy that empire. The ambassador's reply was, 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' 'Tell your master,' thundered the arrogant and self-confident Corsican, 'that I am he that proposes, and I am he that disposes.' It was a challenge to the living God to show who was the ruler of this world; and God accepted the challenge. He moved not from his august throne. But he sent one of his most humble messengers, the crystal snow-flake, from heaven to punish the audacious boaster. Napoleon flung his army into Moscow, but in his retreat he left on the frozen plains the bulk of his vast army, and the official returns of the Russian authorities reported two hundred and thirteen thousand five hundred and sixteen French corpses and ninety-five thousand eight hundred and sixteen dead horses."

2392. History, God in. The railroad from Cripple Creek to Colorado Springs drops more than four thousand feet in forty miles. All along the line are signs marked "Derailing Switch." I asked the conductor the meaning. "Why," said he, "if an engine should lose control of itself and come plunging down this fearful grade it might destroy a whole trainload of people below; so we are always ready to wire to the first derailing switch where the switchman will throw the engine into a ditch or against the rocks. It is better to destroy one train than two."

All along the track of history God has had "derailing switches" into which individuals, cities, and nations, that have lost control of themselves and become a menace to the world have had to be thrown. Neither individual nor nation can hope to live in "pride, fulness of bread, and prosperous ease."—the cause of Sodom's fall (Ezek. 16:49), and expect finally to escape God's great "derailing switch."—REV. EDMUND GRINDAL RAWSON.

2393. Holiness, Defined. Holiness is religious principle put into motion. It is the love of God sent forth into circulation, on the feet, and with the hands of love to men. It is faith gone to work. It is charity coined into actions, and devotion breathing benedictions on human suffering, while it goes up in intercession to the Father of all piety.—F. D. HUNTINGTON.

2394. Holy Ground. "In Monticello, Ill., the citizens point with pride and veneration to a house where the great Lincoln once passed the night during one

of his political campaigns in that vicinity. In the same town there stands an humble home where, some weeks ago, a man at the highest of his powers, met Jesus Christ by faith, and there occurred that marvel of regeneration which prepared him for a death which overtook him with swift stroke. One house is venerated because of the former presence of a great man; the other because of the presence of the Saviour of the world in saving peace-imparting power."

—MERLIN FAIRFAX.

2395. Holy Spirit. See God, Christ, Trinity.

2396. Holy Spirit, The. The Holy Ghost is so called, not because he is holier than the other Persons of the Godhead, but because one of his special functions is to sanctify, that is, to cultivate holiness in man.

We cannot have the Father and the Son without the Spirit. Neither can we have the grace of Christ and the love of God without the communion of the Spirit. The Spirit is the abiding representative of the Godhead in the heart of the believer. He is the omnipresent teacher, comforter and sanctifier. Hence this is the dispensation of the Spirit; and all the life and power of the gospel are from him. When he reveals himself the truth is all aglow, the hearts of Christians are warm and the consciences of sinners are awakened. When he is grieved away, or his light is quenched, formalism and fear, unbelief and worldliness prevail. If we would have the grace that is in Christ and the love of God shed abroad in our hearts we must secure the communion or fellowship of the Holy Spirit.

2397. Holy Spirit, an Antiseptic. I had the privilege of being shown through an up-to-date hospital recently, and while in the operating-room my attention was drawn to the system by which the instruments are kept in a solution which renders them absolutely free from germs, so that they are ready for use at any moment without fear of giving infection. Germs may well be used as a type of sin, and the only way to be kept free from the germs of sin is to dwell in the presence of the Holy Spirit, for the Holy Spirit is a perfect antiseptic against sin. If we are "filled with the Holy Spirit" sin cannot have any power to harm us. It is only when we grieve the Holy Spirit and wander away that sin has a chance to work its deadly work in us.

Surely when once we learn this we

ought to dwell where there is safety.—*Young People.*

2398. Holy Spirit, Coming of. I am sitting on a summer's day in the shadow of a great New England elm. Its long branches hang motionless; there is not breeze enough to move them. All at once there comes a faint murmur; around my head the leaves are moved by a gentle current of air; then the branches begin to sway to and fro, the leaves are all in motion, and a soft, rushing sound fills my ear. So with every one that is born of the Spirit. I am in a state of spiritual lethargy, and scarcely know how to think any good thought. I am heart-empty, and there comes, I know not where or whence, a sound of the Divine presence. I am inwardly moved with new comfort and hope, the day seems to dawn in my heart, sunshine comes around my path, and I am able to go to my duties with patience. I am walking in the Spirit, I am helped by the help of God, and comforted with the comfort of God. And yet this is all in accordance with law. There is no violation of law when the breezes come, stirring the tops of the trees; and there is no violation of law when God moves in the depths of our souls, and rouses us to love and desire of holiness.—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

2399. Holy Spirit, a Dove. Of all the birds the dove is most easily alarmed and put to flight at hearing a shot fired. Remember that the Holy Ghost is compared to a dove; and if you begin to shoot at each other, the heavenly dove will take wing and instantly leave you. The Holy Spirit is one of love and peace, not of tumult and confusion. He cannot live among the smoke and noise of fired shots; if you would grieve the Holy Spirit and compel Him to retire, you have only to commence firing at one another, and he will instantly depart.

2400. Holy Spirit as Fire. The Bellows one day gave a long drawn sigh. "What is the matter, friend Bellows, that you seem so sad?" said the Hearth. "I have toiled to no purpose," it answered, in a dejected tone. "Haven't succeeded in kindling the fire, is it?" asked the Hearth. "That is the cause," replied the Bellows; "after all my blowing there is no flame. In fact, the more I blow the darker it appears." "Perhaps," said the Hearth, "it requires something besides your blowing to quicken it. Let some one kindle a fire, and then your blowing will make it burn brighter." Such are the words of the Teacher with-

out the kindling, regenerating fire of the Holy Spirit.—BOWDEN.

2401. Holy Spirit as Means. God works through means in spiritual things as well as in material. The church is his instrument. God will not and cannot violate his laws. Electricity is the best physical agent known by which to illustrate the workings of the Holy Ghost. Electricity can do almost anything, but only in conformity to law, only by means of conductors, only as its way is prepared. Let the machinery be in order, and see how the electricity flies along the wires carrying your messages, pushing your cars, furnishing your light; but let the machinery be out of order, let the wire be cut, and where is your electricity? Even so the Holy Ghost. Let the conditions be complied with, and how he flashes forth light, power, salvation! Let the wire be cut, and even the Holy Ghost cannot overleap the break. The fire from heaven cannot come.—F. R. BERRY.

2402. Holy Spirit the Comforter. S. D. Gordon thus illustrates the meaning of Comforter and his method: "Here is a boy in school, head down, puzzling over a 'sum.' It won't 'come out.' He figures away, and his brow is all knotted up, and a worried look is coming into his face, for he is a conscientious little fellow. But he cannot seem to get it right, and the clouds gather thicker. By and by the teacher comes and sits down by his side. It awes him a little to have her quite so close. But her kindness of manner mellows the awe. 'How are you getting along?' 'Won't come out right,' in a very despondent tone. 'Let me see—did you subtract that—?' 'Oh-h! I forgot that,' and a little light seems to break, as he scratches away for a few moments; then pauses, 'And this figure here, should it be—?' 'Oh-h-h, I see.' More scratching, and a soft sigh of relief, and the knitting brows unravel, and the face brightens. The teacher did not do the problem for him. She did better. She let him feel her kindly interest, first of all, and gave just the light, experienced touch that showed him the way out, and yet allowed him the peculiar pleasure of getting through himself.—That is what 'Comforter' means."

2403. Holy Spirit the Comforter. The deeper meaning of this word Comforter is well illustrated by a writer in a recent number of the *Sunday School Times*. He says: "While traveling a few months ago I saw a little blind girl come in the

car. She was not more than seven or eight years old, and had a very bright face. She had been attending a school for the blind, and was on her way home, yet no friend or relative was with her. You ask how she could travel alone? Very well, indeed, for she was put in charge of the conductor, a kind-hearted man, who lived in the same town she did. When he was not engaged in collecting tickets he sat by her side and talked with her. She thus reached the end of her journey safely and I saw her placed in the arms of her loved ones when she reached her station. That conductor was a comforter in the Biblical sense of that word. Do we realize that we are like this little blind girl? Yet in this world where we may not know the way the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, has promised to be our ever-present guide, leading and guiding us to our heavenly home."

2404. Holy Spirit the Comforter.

Hear the pledge of Jesus Christ: "I will not leave you comfortless. I will come unto you. Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." As long as God lives, and our souls live, so long does this pledge stand. It is true, we cannot always feel this presence. But we can always know that it is there, always think of it, so long as thought endures, always rest upon it forever and forever; and the reason why this promise is given is that we may hold fast to this truth. There may be a moment in the very depths of sorrow and anguish when the presence is hidden from us. But is it not because we are stunned, unconscious? It is like passing through a surgical operation. The time comes for the ordeal. The anæsthetic is ready. You stretch out your hand to your friend: "Don't leave me, don't forsake me. The last thing you feel is the clasp of that hand, the last thing you see is the face of that friend. Then a moment of darkness, a blank—and the first thing you see is the face of love again. So the angel of God's face stands by us, bends above us, and we may know that he will be there even when all else fails. . . . Amid the mists that shroud the great ocean beyond the verge of mortal life, there is one sweet, mighty voice that says: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. In all thy afflictions I will be with thee, and the angel of my face shall save thee."—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

2405. Holy Spirit, Comforter and

Guide. The Holy Spirit, though we are so deaf and dumb and blind, keeps trying to reach us. He would make the deaf to hear, the blind to see. He would awaken our soul consciousness.

A pathetic sight was witnessed some time ago, when a blind man, accompanied by a close friend, walked through one of our well-known picture galleries. Before each painting the two stood, arm in arm, and the one with good vision explained every detail, and his friend, with a beaming face, heard of the beauties depicted upon the various canvases. The blind man was at times filled with enthusiasm, and afterwards expressed his admiration of the pictures he had been privileged to see through the eyes of his bosom friend. While in ourselves we are blind and helpless, we may all, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, our Guide and Comforter, have our spiritual eyes opened, and with His aid and teaching we shall live amid beauty and strength in a veritable Dothan for security and safety.

2406. Holy Spirit, Fruits of. When a shipload of sacred earth was sent from Jerusalem to mingle with the common soil in the Campo Santo at Pisa, a new flower sprang up, the delicate and graceful anemone, which may still be found in the long grass of the place. So, when the good Spirit of God comes into our hearts and abides there, something brighter and better than the wind-flower will appear. All the beautiful blossoms of his grace will begin to bloom in our life. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, temperance.

2407. Holy Spirit Gives Power. At the great engine factory of Bolton & Watt, the first factory worked by steam, Mr. Bolton said to Dr. Johnson, "Sir, we sell here the thing all men are in search of—power."

2408. Holy Spirit Helps. I have seen in the autumn, when the trees had shed their leaves, that two or three leaves have stuck fast on the branches, and have clung to them all the winter through. Storms have beaten them, frosts have bitten them, snow and rain have blackened them, yet they have held fast to the tree. But when the spring has come, and the sap has begun to ascend and push its way through every branch and every twig, the leaves have disappeared—pushed off by the rising tide of new life, for death can never stand before life. So it is with us. Those old in-

veterate habits that belong to our fallen nature are very hard to get rid of. We battle with them, and try to beat them off, but again and again we are defeated. . . . But when the Spirit of the Lord fills and possesses us, then these habits disappear almost unconsciously, because death cannot stand before life.—A. J. GORDON.

2409. Holy Spirit, His Strivings. Bishop Ridley of Caledonia told, at the missionary conference of 1900, of a small Christian meeting which was disturbed by a wild band of Indians, who tore up the Bibles, pulled down the church, and set fire to the tower. That was the beginning of their conversion. The chief, after his baptism, said: "From that night onward I dreaded the Spirit of God. Out on the ocean, or where the snow peaks looked over seas, there the Spirit of God followed me, and I was afraid. When I hunted among those peaks the Spirit of God hunted me."—F. M. T. CRITCHLOW.

2410. Holy Spirit, in Us. A skeptic, who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by the contradictory passages in the Bible, asked how it could be that we were in the Spirit and the Spirit in us, received the reply: "Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like dat poker. I puts it in de fire, an' de fire's in de poker." A profound theologian could not have made a better answer.—J. G. VAUGHAN.

2411. Holy Spirit, Invisible, Powerful. I went into a granite quarry in North Carolina. The manager of the quarry said to me, "We supplied the granite for the Municipal Building in New York City. We can lift an acre of solid granite, ten feet thick, to almost any height we may desire for the purpose of moving it. We do it by compressed air. It can be done as easily as I can lift that piece of paper and move it through the air." Air—this thing that I can move my hand through, and which does not seem to have any power at all, and yet under compression can lift an acre of granite. O thou Holy Spirit invisible, of whose presence we are sometimes not conscious, still thou hast the power to lift a heart toward God, though it is hard and heavy as granite!

I went into the great building where artists from Italy were chiseling this granite into shape. Their instruments cut it round and round, carving that flower and that great pillar as easily as if it were cheese. I said, "How do you do

it?" Again the answer was, "By compressed air." It is the compressed air that moves the instrument and, guided by the intelligence of the artist, can chisel this hard granite into any desired shape. Oh, that God, in the quiet power of his Holy Spirit, would not only lift us up, but chisel us into shape, into the very form and image of Jesus Christ our Lord, after we have been born from above!—A. C. DIXON, D.D.

2412. Holy Spirit Makes Melody. The "Æolian harp" named for Æolus, fabled among the Greeks as god of the winds, was supposed to be made by stretching cords of various lengths and qualities across a natural cavern, so that when the winds blew the great harp would give out its melody. So with our human lives, very different one from the other in native power and quality, yet each may sound forth the gospel message; and unison, not discord, is the result if it be God's Spirit blowing upon the strings. Parthians, Medes, Elamites, all speak one music when vibrating with the impulse of heaven.

We are but organs mute, till the Master touches the keys.
Very vessels of earth, into which God poureth the wine,
Harps are we, silent harps, that have hung on the willow trees,
Dumb till our heartstrings swell and break with a pulse divine.

2413. Holy Spirit Needed. A speaker at the last Keswick Conference, I think it was the Bishop of Cheimsford, related this personal experience:

"I was once speaking in Victoria Park, in the East End of London, and a man said to me, 'Look here, guv'nor, it's all very well your coming talking here, but, you know, we read in the New Testament that when Peter preached there were three thousand men converted. Why are there not three thousand men converted when you preach?' A very awkward question. But what is the answer? Have you ever thought out what the answer is? I think I've got the answer. Peter, when he stood up, stood up as a preacher filled with the Holy Ghost. Is that all? No. Whom was he surrounded with? With 119, and 120 formed the whole church. Every member of that church was filled with the Holy Spirit, and Peter was the mouthpiece of the whole church, filled with the Holy Spirit. When he spoke the gates of hell could

not prevail against it. Three thousand converted! If you get a minister filled with the Holy Spirit, and if you get a church filled with the Holy Spirit, then when the minister preaches souls will be converted.

2414. Holy Spirit, Power of. Rev. William Haslam, the well-known evangelist, in referring to that remarkable crisis in his ministry when he gained the power of the Holy Ghost as he had never known it before, says: "A book came into my hands which interested me greatly. This I read and re-read, and made an abstract of it. It was the 'Life of Adelaide Newton.' What struck me in it so much was to find that this lady was able to hold spiritual communion with God by means of a Bible only. Is it possible, I thought, to hold such close communion with the Lord apart from the church and her ministrations? I do not hesitate to say that this was the means under God of stripping off some remains of my grave-clothes and enabling me to walk in spiritual liberty.—REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

2415. Holy Spirit, Power of. There is a curious little invention of Japan, by which small dry wisps of wood or straw, by some magic, when dropped into a bowl of water, spread into flowers, and stars, and graceful shapes. One moment they seem dry and dead; the next, as by a miracle, they expand, blossom, change into strange beauty. Thus, by the power of the Holy Spirit, a human soul, chill, dry, barren, is bathed in a flood of heavenly enthusiasm, and from that baptism, arises, mighty to help the Lord in the salvation of the world.—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

2416. Holy Spirit Trying to Speak. Some years ago, in New England, there was, as is well known, a young girl named Laura Bridgman. She had been blind and deaf and dumb from her second year. Her only contact with this world was through her sense of touch, and even that sense had not been cultivated. When she was eight years old, Dr. S. G. Howe, one of the greatest of American philanthropists, became interested in her pitiful condition, and sought to help her.

He began by taking her hand in his and reading aloud to her for a quarter of an hour. This he did at the same time every day. Then about the tenth day he omitted the reading, and watched to see if she noticed the omission. Week after week passed, but she gave no sign.

Finally, one day when the usual hour

had come for the reading and he did not begin, she gave unmistakable signs of annoyance. That marked the first great step. Soon, he tells us, her advance was rapid. In time, Laura Bridgman, through Doctor Howe's efforts, became an educated and intelligent woman, alive to all the throbbing life of the great world.

When we read this remarkable story the tremendous significance of one particular moment in Laura Bridgman's development must impress us. It was a mighty moment when the conviction seized her: "Some one is trying to tell me something." Ever afterwards her great purpose in life must have been to learn what that some one had to tell her.

Many, with far more advantages than Laura Bridgman had, have gone through a similar experience. They have looked out on the world, on its joys and its sorrows, its blessings and its tragedies, and found it all meaningless. Then one day it has flashed across them: "There's a meaning in these things. Some One is trying to tell me and make me understand!"

Then there remains for such a one, as was the case with Laura Bridgman, just one thing—to try to learn what that Some One would say. For it is God, through the loving, wooing, in-seeking Holy Spirit, who is standing at the outer door of our consciousness trying to reveal Christ and his saving work to each personal soul. It is indeed a mighty moment when the consciousness comes to any boy or girl, man or woman, "Some one is trying to tell me something," and he or she is trying to realize that it is the voice of the Holy Spirit in the heart. That is the supreme moment when some friend well might voice the plea:

"Speak to Him, thou, for he hears, and spirit with spirit can meet—
Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

That is the beginning of the renewed life. But after that there remains, just what remained for Laura Bridgman in her education, the steady attention to learn all that the Teacher will say.—H.

2417. Holy Spirit, Work of. "Father, what is the difference between a man who has received the Holy Spirit and one who has not?" asked a boy who had just attended a service on Whitsunday. "The same," said his father, "as the differ-

ence between two needles, one of which has received an electric shock while the other has not. The one has hidden virtues, which occasion will show; the other has none. The electric shock has rendered the one needle a magnet, which, daily balanced, will enable man to find his way across the trackless ocean. As this needle, so may the soul be which has received the electric shock of the Holy Spirit—on the ocean of a sinful world it will point wanderers to the heaven of everlasting rest."

2418. Holy Spirit's Infilling. Standing on the deck of a ship in mid-ocean, you see the sun reflected from its depths. From a little boat on a mountain lake you see the sun reflected from its shallow waters. Looking into the mountain spring not more than six inches in diameter, you see the same great sun. Look into the dewdrop of the morning, and there it is again. The sun has a way of adapting itself to its reflections. The ocean is not too large to hold it, nor the dewdrop too small. So God can fill any man, whether his capacity be like the ocean, like the mountain lake, like the spring, or like the dewdrop. Whatever, therefore, be the capacity, there is opened up the possibility of being "filled with the fullness of God."

Stephen was full of the Holy Ghost before he did his miracles as the wire is full of electricity before you turn on the light. As occasion required, the Holy Spirit worked through him to perform these wonders.—MAJOR D. W. WHITTLE.

2419. Holy Spirit's Infilling. It is possible to take a large box and fill it with cannon balls. They will be six or eight inches in diameter. The box may be packed until not another ball can be put into it. No reshaping of the cannon balls can give space for even one more ball. The box is full, absolutely full of cannon balls. Then when this has been done, we can go to the box and pour pail after pail, pail after pail of water into this box. The box was full, and still there was room for the water. There the water is, flowing in and around and covering all. It has displaced nothing. There was room for it. So in our human life, crowded full as it may be with work and care and study, there is always room, always time for this inflowing and indwelling of a spiritual fullness which may supplant nothing but may give environment and tone to everything.—McCLURE.

2420. Home-coming, Joy of. In

"Lorna Doone," Blackmore has an effective chapter on "the mighty return of the young John Ridd" to his home in the Exmoor hills after an enforced absence in London.

"How shall I tell you the things I felt," John is saying, "and the swelling of my heart within me, as I drew nearer to the place of all I loved, to the haunt of every warm remembrance, the nest of all the fledgling hopes—in a word to home? The first sheep I beheld on the moor with a great red J. R. on his side, —I do assure you my spirit leaped, and all my sight came to my eyes. I shouted out, 'Jem, boy!'—for that was his name, and a rare hand he was at fighting; and I leaned over and stroked his head, and swore he should never be mutton. . . .

"Mother . . . only managed to hold me tight, and cry, and thank God now and then; but with some fear of his taking me, if she would be too grateful."—HOWARD A. BANKS.

2421. Home Environment. The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes were not padded, and made some noise. He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard some one moving in the bed, as if about to get up, and he paused.

The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears. "If you don't take off your boots when you come into this house," she said, "there's going to be trouble, and a lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over carpets with your muddy boots on. Go down stairs and take them off this minute!"

He went downstairs without a word, but he didn't take off his boots. Instead he went straight out into the night again, and the pal who was waiting for him saw a tear glisten in his eye.

"I just can't bear to rob that house," he said, "it reminds me so of home."—*London Opinion*.

2422. Home, Life at. A pastor who was commending religion to a boy expressed the hope that he would give his heart to Christ in his youth. "Religion is a continual joy," said he. "Look at your sister Sarah. How much that dear girl enjoys her religion!" "Yes," replied the boy, "Sadie may enjoy her religion, but nobody else in the house does." The ideal religious life in the home will make religion enjoyable to all its inmates.—*Record of Christian Work*.

2423. Home Missions. "A man in Kansas told a missionary that he was so

glad that he had called, for he thought the Christian people had forgotten them, and sometimes when he grew discouraged, he had thought that even God had forgotten them, too. Let us show the people in all the lonely places that they are not forgotten by the church of Christ."

2424. Home Missions, Motive for. A family was found by one of our North Dakota missionaries living about thirty-five miles from any place where religious services were held. The mother told him this story. "When my husband returned to our Iowa home after he had filed his claim our little daughter asked him, 'Is there any Sabbath School up in North Dakota where our new home is?' Papa said 'no.' 'Is God up there?' Papa did not know what to say. The days passed, and finally we began loading our goods on the car preparatory to leaving for North Dakota. The last load was on the wagon and we were ready to leave the house, when we missed our little girl. I finally found her in her little bedroom where she had always slept; she was in one corner, on her knees with her face to the wall praying. She was saying, 'Oh, God, we are going to North Dakota. There is no church there and there is no God there; good-by, God.' This so touched my heart that I knelt by her side and poured out my heart to God, asking Him in some way to bring the Sabbath school to us in our new home." Inside of a couple of months the Sabbath school missionary found that home, and in answer to that little child's prayer a Sabbath school was organized. In about five months more a church was organized there.—*Presbyterian*.

2425. Honesty. David Livingstone said of his ancestors: "My great-grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings, but the only family tradition of which I feel proud is this: one of my forefathers on his deathbed said to his children round him, 'I have searched diligently all the traditions of our family, and I never found that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood. I leave this precept with you, Be honest!'"

2426. Honesty. At a slave market in one of the southern states, a smart, active colored boy was put up for sale. A kind master who pitied his condition, wishing him not to have a cruel owner,

went up to him, and said, "If I buy you, will you be honest?" The boy, with a look that baffled description, replied, "I will be honest whether you buy me or not."—*Service*.

2427. Honesty, Best Policy. Sometimes it is intimated that the world knows but little of honesty in the present day. Such a view of life is far too somber, and it does not do justice to the facts of life. Marie Corelli has said, "To me there is nothing more appalling in the whole amazing spectacle of modern civilization than to see thousands of men and women publicly professing a faith that their private lives deny." But are there not multitudes who live conscientiously and who are honest both in word and action? Such people recognize that honesty "is like traveling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than byways in which men lose themselves."—*REV. W. J. HART*.

2428. Honesty in Business. A merchant had a rival who sold sweatshop goods at cut prices. The young man's friends told him, "You will have to do the same or fail." He replied: "I have taken God as my partner; if I work as hard to sell honest goods as the other man does to sell dishonest goods, God won't let the firm fail."

2429. Honesty, Commercial. The story is told of a woman who went into a store to purchase the well-known motto, "God Bless Our Home." Then she thought of her husband, and the temptation to which he was subjected in the midst of his daily tasks. The woman then asked the clerk if he had the motto, "God Bless Our Office." The young man looked at her for a moment to see if she was sincere. Then, with a ring of sarcasm in his voice, he said, "Madam, isn't that rather a large order?" But there is much honesty in the commercial world. The business man early learns that "there is no shorter-sighted policy in the world than lying. Instead of getting the advantage we expect, we get the fatal disadvantage of losing the most precious thing in the world, the confidence of others. There is nothing else so valuable to a human being, no matter what his calling, as the confidence of his fellow-men."

Even if a man thinks that he can gain by deceiving, he speedily learns that he has been sadly mistaken. "The jails are full of people who thought they could eat crackers without leaving any

crumbs," some one has recently said. Emerson writes: "Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to take care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun." If you tell the truth, you have infinite power supporting you; but if not, you have infinite power against you," said a man who knew much of life.—W. J. HART, D.D.

2430. Honesty, Inculcated by Religion. The religion of Christ is the religion of absolute honesty. An Anglo-Indian once gave Alfred Smith, a field secretary for the Young Men's Christian Association, a check for one thousand dollars for his work. When doing so, he said: "Your work means money to me. Before you came to India with your missions and clubhouses, life for a business man was not worth living. Now all is changed. I can go away for weeks knowing that my employees will behave themselves and protect my interests; whereas before my clerks stole from me, my foremen lied to me, my workmen fought and quarreled. Every employer of labor in India will tell you the same story."—REV. W. J. HART, D.D.

2431. Honesty in Work. Honest work stands the test of time, and is the most satisfactory to all concerned. An experienced traveler tells us that he was out in the country the other day and on a hill he found an old white meeting house. He thus writes: "I marked how honestly it was built. Every board had been carefully selected as for a holy purpose. The workmanship was painstaking and skillfully honest. It would have delighted Ruskin, for it represented the best the people could give and do. After seventy-five years it stood still without a flaw, speaking its lesson to every passer-by, while its builders slept under the mossy stones."

An old Quaker from the New Hampshire hills, it is said, came to Whittier for an interview. The man owned a lot of fine oak trees which the United States government wanted to buy. The Quaker knew that the object was to secure timber for the new warships which were being built, and hardly knew whether it would be consistent with his creed to sell timber for such a purpose. Whittier's only advice, however, was, "Well, friend, if thee dost sell any timber to the United States, be sure that it is all sound." "The oak from the Quaker's farm was

in the *Kearsarge* when she fought the *Alabama* to the finish," we are told.—REV. W. J. HART, D.D.

2432. Honesty, Lincoln's. When Abraham Lincoln was in the grocery business in his young manhood, he once discovered that he had taken six and a quarter cents too much from a customer. That evening, after his store was closed, he walked three miles to return the money. Again, he weighed out a half-pound of tea, as he supposed. It was night, and this was the last thing he did before closing up. On entering in the morning he found a four-ounce weight in the scales. He saw his mistake, and, closing up shop, hurried off to deliver the remainder of the tea. This unusual regard for the rights of others soon won for him the title of "Honest Abe."—IDA TARBELL.

2433. Honesty, Right and Wise. A lady was recently surprised when she answered the doorbell to find the collector of waste papers. This man, an Italian, had taken a lot of paper out of the ash barrel according to his weekly practice. But among the waste papers the man happened to find a silver tablespoon. Immediately he stopped work, went to the door and returned the spoon to the lady, who was pleased to learn of the fact that the spoon had been discovered. The lady had missed the spoon for several days, and had given up all hope of finding it again. It was evident, however, that when taking some papers out of the kitchen, or in removing some paper from the pantry shelf, the spoon had been rolled up in them.

The spoon was of solid silver and was one that had been in the family for two generations. Naturally it was highly prized. The Italian was warmly thanked for his honesty and informed that henceforth all waste papers from that particular household would be saved for him. The local paper, which recorded the incident, made this comment: "No doubt, through the interest that will be taken in saving waste paper for him in the future, the Italian will benefit a great deal more than would have been the case had he kept the silver and sold it. Hence it turns out that this is another incident which shows that good old-fashioned honesty is the best policy."—W. J. HART, D.D.

2434. Honesty Tells the Whole Truth. A man once said to Mr. Moody, "If I become a Christian it will bankrupt my

business. I am a soap manufacturer, and every good thing I say about my soap is true; but there is one thing I do not say: it rots the clothes. If I should tell all the truth about it, nobody would buy it." Let us hope that he did not persist in bartering his soul for soap; but he had the true conception of honesty, which demands that we shall not act a lie by refusing to tell the whole truth.

A story with a moral is told of A. T. Stewart's first day in business. A clerk told a lady that the colors in the calico he had sold her would not fade. When she left, Mr. Stewart said to the clerk, "That woman will return and want her money back, and she will be right. I do not want my customers deceived as to the quality of goods." "Well, Mr. Stewart," replied the clerk, "if that is to be your way of doing business, I will seek employment elsewhere; you will not last long." But A. T. Stewart did last. However, I have not since heard from that clerk.—A. C. DIXON, D.D.

2435. Honor, Appropriate. When Cecrops built a new city, Neptune and Minerva quarreled about its name. It was resolved that whichever of the two deities should confer the most useful gift on man might give a name to the city.

2436. Honor, Do Not Lose. Fire, Water, and Honor, we are told, once made a league. Now as Fire never stays in one place, and Water, also, is always on the move, they persuaded Honor to travel with them.

Before starting, they agreed that it was necessary to fix upon some sign by which they might be able to find each other, supposing they got separated.

Said Fire: "If you chance to lose me, remember wherever you see smoke there I shall be. That is my sign."

"As for me," said Water, "should I disappear, do not look for me where the ground is parched and dry. Search for me where you behold tall willows and alders, green reeds and fresh grass. There I shall always be."

"As to me," cried Honor, "mind that you keep me always in sight, and never take your eyes off me. For know, if you once lose me, you will never, as long as the world stands, find me again."

2437. Honor God. English religious writers are calling attention to the fact that before the end of the war, when the situation was dark with possibilities too awful to contemplate, people were

quite ready to declare their dependence upon God, and after the armistice was signed an article in *The Times* declared that "all glory and praise" was due the Almighty; but as time proceeds God's part begins to be relegated to the background. For example, Lloyd George, speaking in Parliament regarding the vote of thanks to Marshal Foch, declared, "We were saved by the genius of Marshal Foch . . . and the gratitude of the world ought to go out to him."—*The Expositor*.

2438. Honor to the Good. When John Ruskin died the village blacksmith sent a wreath with the simple legend, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

The tributes which are most worth while after all are those that come from a man's neighbors, and there is no uncertainty as to the sincerity of Oyster Bay's grief.

To the old friends of Col. Roosevelt, who knew him well enough to call him by his first name, Theodore, he was indeed what his name etymologically means, "a gift of God."—*Decatur Herald*.

2439. Honor, A Jockey's. A minister in need of a horse applied to a jockey, who soon brought on an animal which he averred would "suit to a T." The minister asked the price, and a goodly sum being named, took out his wallet to pay. The jockey, astounded, asked, "Aren't you coming out to look him over?" "No," said the other, "you know more about horses than I, and I prefer to leave the matter to your judgment."

"Wait," said the jockey, "I think I can bring you a better horse." He soon returned with an animal that was without question all right.—REV. D. H. STRONG.

2440. Honor, The Road to. The Romans dedicated two temples, one to Virtue and one to Honor. The temple of Honor could only be reached by passing through that dedicated to Virtue. The people were thus reminded that by walking in the paths of virtue true honor would be attained.

2441. Hope.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,

Through showers the sunbeams fall;

For God, who loveth all His works,

Has left His Hope with all.

—WHITTIER.

2442. Hope, The Calm of. In the Pitti Palace, at Florence, are two pictures hanging side by side. One represents a stormy sea, with its wild waves and black

clouds, and fierce lightning flashing across the sky. In the waters a human face is seen, wearing an expression of the utmost agony and despair. The other picture also represents a sea tossed by as fierce a storm, with as dark clouds; but out of the midst of the waves a rock rises, against which the water dashes in vain. In a cleft of the rock are some tufts of grass and green herbage, with sweet flowers, and in a sheltered place in the midst of these a dove is seen sitting calmly on her nest, quiet and undisturbed by the wild fury of the storm. The first picture represents "Distress," and fitly sets forth the sorrow of the world, where all is helplessness and despairing. The other is a beautiful representation of "Peace," fitly showing forth the sorrows of the Christian, no less severe, but in which he is kept in perfect repose, because he nestles in the bosom of God's unchanging love.

2443. Hope Makes Buoyant. Did you ever see them fishing for mackerel on the New England coast? They have nets with corks and leads. If there were only corks, the net would float on the surface and drift away; if there were only leads, it would drop to the bottom and be useless. But with corks and leads properly balanced, the net stands in its place and encloses the school of fish. We have duties, disciplines, weights,—these are the heavy things to hold us down and make us useful; and He sends hope into our lives to make us men and keep us buoyant.—**MALTBIE D. BABCOCK, D.D.**

2444. Hope, Music of. You know Watt's picture of Hope, where you have the figure of a woman sitting above the world, playing forever upon the string of a harp, a single string, for all the other strings are broken. At first it seems almost a bitter view. But as we come to realize that it is a picture of every man and woman in every age who has tackled the mystery of life at all, we see that instead of being depressing, it is a most bold and inspiring picture. We are all playing upon some last string or other, and we realize that the finest, bravest music in all the world is made that way.—**JOHN KELMAN, D.D.**

2445. Hope, Power of. No man or woman is ever used by God to build up His Kingdom who has lost hope. Wherever I have found a worker in God's vineyard who has lost hope, I have found a man or woman not very useful. It is very important to have hope in the Church; and it is the work of the Holy

Ghost to impart hope. Let him come into some of the churches where there have not been any conversions for a few years, and let him convert a score of people, and see how hopeful the Church becomes at once. He imparts hope. A man filled with the Spirit of God will be very hopeful. He will be looking out into the future, and he knows that it is all bright because the God of all grace is able to do great things.—**DWIGHT L. MOODY.**

2446. Hope, A Spark of. On the bas-relief which adorns a home for the fallen, in the city of London, is sculptured the figure of a child blowing a dying ember, and this motto appears: "Perhaps there remains a spark." A suggestive and appropriate design for such an institution, surely, but it also fittingly represents the office of hope. Hope does not soon abandon that which does not promise well; it makes the most of little things; it fans the spark into a flame; it reflects a rainbow against the darkest cloud; it pictures to-morrow brighter than to-day. By its magic wand fountains spring up in the parched desert, honey comes out of the barren rock, the eater is made to produce meat, manna rains from heaven, and the stream of difficulty parts at the feet of the advancing pilgrim. Hope has something to offset every discouragement. It gathers the sunbeams from near and far and causes them to shine upon the pathway. It rings a bell of gladness in the dull ears of those who are struggling in the valley, weighed down by their crosses, so that like Christ, for the joy that is set before them, they endure the cross and despise the shame.—**A. V.**

2447. Hope Transforms. Henry Howard, of the Inland South American Mission, after telling of the death of an Indian's babe, says, "The next morning I went to perform the last rites over the little body, and as I took my place among the saddened and silent group on the hallowed knoll, where hoes, axes, knives and crosses mark the last resting places of those who have passed into the unknown, I saw the blessedness of the gospel, and realized the need of it more than ever before. The people of our party, the Lord's people, were calm and silent, but close by there were mothers who had laid their loved ones to rest and who as yet knew not Christ, "The Resurrection and the Life." I shall never forget the scene. They leaped into the air like animals that had

received a mortal wound, and with cries of anguish and baffled despair fell again with all their weight on the graves of their dead. That they repeated until they fell exhausted, and they lay with their faces to the ground, beating it with their hands, as though seeking in vain to hear voices now silent forever. I cannot describe the emotion that shook me, but God gave me power as I spoke of the hope so sure and certain in Christ, our blessed Redeemer.—*The Expositor*.

2448. Hope in Trouble. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan tells of a man whose shop had been burned in the Chicago fire. He arrived at the ruins next morning carrying a table. He set this up amid the charred debris, and above it placed this optimistic sign, "Everything lost except wife, children and hope. Business will be resumed as usual to-morrow morning."

The Christian's joy is like this; it rises.

2449. Hope, Value of. The old legend of Pandora's box illustrates human experience. Pandora, made by Jupiter to be the wife of Epimetheus, was given a box, which she was charged never to open. Moved by curiosity which she could not restrain, she opened it. The sorrows and ills of mortal men contained in it escaped, to fill the earth. Pandora hastily closed the box, holding Hope alone within it, and so Hope remains the last and choicest possession of men. Our Christian gospel tells a happier story, of faith, hope, love. But the ancient myth touches the truth, in pointing out the value of this choice gift of hope to men.

We are assured that all our hope rests upon our faith. There is no possible hope for us, except in the faith which takes the Lord Jesus as our Lord and Saviour.

Hopefulness, made strong by faith, is the spring of all our best endeavors. No energy is ever developed out of hopelessness. As Paul says, even the plowman plows in hope. He has faith in the processes of nature, that his seed sown will come to maturity. And so he works cheerfully, in hope of harvest. And Paul says again that the Christian hope which stimulates our Christian work and life, "maketh not ashamed," that is, that it will not be disappointed.—*The Presbyterian*.

2450. Hope, Well Founded. Our hope is not hung upon such an untwisted thread as, "I imagine so," or "It

is likely"; but the cable, the strong rope of our fastened anchor, is the oath and promise of him who is eternal verity; our salvation is fastened with God's own hand, and Christ's own strength, to the strong stake of God's unchangeable nature.—RUTHERFORD.

2451. Hopefulness. On the pier at Brighton, England, stands a sun-dial on which is inscribed this most hopeful line: "'Tis always morning somewhere in the world." The suggestion is well worth remembrance. Days of darkness come to all of us. Especially after severe effort, mental or physical, there are times of depression. The wise man cultivates the habit of turning hopefully toward the sunshine that is somewhere in the world and will soon reach him.

2452. Humanity, Love of. Behind the great shaft of Nelson in Trafalgar Square, much more modest but much more important to-day, there is the statue of Edith Cavell. She died with a sentence on her lips which will probably live as long as Lord Nelson's immortal utterance. Nelson said, "England expects every man to do his duty," and it was a noble saying. But Miss Cavell said, "I perceive that patriotism is not enough . . . there is something better than patriotism: it is the love of humanity, it is the love of man." We all know Mark Pattison, that rare and brilliant genius. But how few are familiar with the story of his sister—Sister Dora, as she was called. Many consider that she did a greater work than her brilliant brother. She was a nurse in one of the English hospitals. And when at night she would lie down to snatch a few hours' rest and some patient would ring the bell, she would jump up whispering to herself, "The Master is come and callest for me." It is thus that the great souls of the world hear the cry of need.

2453. Humbled. A young clergyman who was sent to a modest country church, as he looked over his poorly clad, illiterate audience, could not help saying to himself, "Dear me, what a dreadful thing to have to bury my talents here for any great length of time!" At the close of the sermon, an old deacon made a prayer. He asked the Lord that this inexperienced and unprofitable young minister might improve and become so proficient that in time he would be worthy of remaining as the permanent pastor of the church.

2454. Humility. Michael Angelo, when a young man, wrote in a letter to his father as follows: "It is enough to have

bread and to live in the faith of Christ, even as I do here, for I live humbly, neither do I care for the life or honors of this world."

2455. Humility. The doctrines of grace humble man without degrading him and exalt him without inflating him.—CHARLES HODGE.

2456. Humility. A story is told of an Oriental vizier who carried with him a mysterious chest, of which no one knew the contents. This excited curiosity. Finally, one made bold to ask what his highness kept there. The questioner was permitted to look, but he saw only the common garb of a workingman. To his astonished look the vizier explained: "Such was I when our sovereign deigned to lift me from the dust. If ever my heart is tempted with pride, I correct it by looking at these things and saying to myself, 'Remember what thou wast.'"

—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

2457. Humility. To a saintly man of England, some one said, when he was on his deathbed, "How happy you must be, the gates of heaven will be crowded with your converts waiting to greet you." But he replied, "Take the man away. If I can but crawl into heaven on my hands and knees before the gate shuts I'll be the blesseddest man in heaven."

An aged father, when he was complimented on his work for Christ, said, "Call me not a saint, I am a devil." It is only after Jordan that the real tears and tenderness come.—REV. ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D.

2458. Humility. When a Jewish rabbi walked abroad his students would gladly carry his cloak, or his books, or his ink-horn, but not one of them would unfasten his sandals. The unstrapping of the sandals was always done by a bondservant, never by a disciple. But John is so humble that he feels he is not worthy to be allowed to "stoop down" and do this to Jesus which the slave does to other men. Although John was genuinely and profoundly humble, he was altogether right in what he said about his Maker's shoe-latchet. There was a vaster difference of rank between the Baptist and Jesus than the gulf which separates the meanest slave from his master.

2459. Humility, Absence of. When Napoleon marched after the retreating Russians as they led him as far as Moscow, he brought with him a marble statue of himself crowned with laurel, which he intended to erect in the most

conspicuous place within the city to proclaim himself the world's conqueror. Providence, however, decreed that that piece of marble folly should become the property of Russia by military conquest, for Napoleon retreated through the deep snows, leaving one hundred and seventy-five thousand brave French soldiers scattered along the route. To-day, in the Kremlin Museum, the traveler is shown the marble statue to illustrate the vanity of selfish pursuits and mad ambitions. History brought upon Napoleon swift vengeance.—*Homiletic Review.*

2460. Humility Accepts God's Will. There is a beautiful legend that long ago when Nature's great loom had ceased its spinning and the flowers blossomed, each one was assigned by the Creator its place to live and grow. Bands of buttercups trooped in yellow waves to the meadows, the silent lily's pallid cheek was pressed close to the heaving breast of the water. Everywhere bright-winged flowers took up their stations on the waiting earth—everywhere except on the lonely hills. Then He who named their places asked softly, "Who will be content to dwell in these barren spots?" A shy, unheeded blossom answered, "Where'er Thou sendest me I will abide." Then said the Creator: "Thy race shall be forever blessed, because thou art content with a lowly place." And still on the tiny, coral-tinted flower that blessing abides. Every spring many people eagerly search the hillsides for the fragrant blossoms of the humble little trailing arbutus.

We often see brave, unselfish lives lived amid the most discouraging environment. Such lives remind us of this legend of the mayflower. There is a fragrance and a beauty to these lives which sweeten and brighten the spot as the flower brightens the barren hillside. They are always useful, efficient lives too. As Saint Paul wrote to Timothy, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." Much of the inefficiency and consequent wastefulness of life comes from dissatisfaction with one's environment. A man thinks he could do better elsewhere, and spends his time in fretting and repining. He has yet to learn that it is the individual in the place, and not the place itself, that counts.

If we firmly believe that the place to which duty has assigned us is the right place for us, and if we earnestly strive to live brave, useful lives in that place, a far greater blessing will surely rest

upon us than that which the beautiful legend says rests upon the mayflower.

2461. Humility, a Beautiful Grace. Humility, in these strenuous times, seems to be a grace quite out of style. Yet it is a quality of character that opens wide the door to both happiness and service.

Humility is the gateway to the Christian life. The first Beatitude tells us that the kingdom of heaven belongs to the "poor in spirit," those who realize their poverty. They are not too proud to beg for mercy and grace, God does not force his gifts on any one, so the self-righteous person remains outside the kingdom, while the "publicans and harlots" go in.

Humility is a very beautiful grace. "I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think." "Even Christ pleased not himself." "Whosoever would be great among you let him be your servant."

Humility is characteristic of a great soul. General Grant said toward the close of his life, "Only once in my life did I seek a place with the object of advancing myself in it, and in that place I was a comparative failure. I have tried always to realize that, quite apart from any plan or thought of my own, I am but an instrument in God's hands to accomplish God's purposes." And this was the secret of Grant's greatness. Seeking the highest places, even if we are qualified to fill them, is not a sign of greatness, but of folly.—H.

2462. Humility, Beauty of. There is nothing which more obstructs the will of God in the lives of some of us than our foolish and wicked pride, our self-centeredness, our insistence upon our own views, wishes, preferences, dignities, rights. Not only America, but all the world, reveres the memory of Abraham Lincoln. There was a man who reached the summit of earthly fame, but who never allowed personal ambition to stand in the way of his largest usefulness to the world. That he was ambitious there can be no doubt. He valued the good opinion of others, but never for praise did he forsake the path of duty. Never did he allow the mere possession of power to make him a tyrant. He had the saving grace of humility. Humble he was, yet never so strong, so high, so worthy of fellowship with immortals, as when he made least of his rights and dignities. Herein most statesmen fail. Napoleon sought crowns for himself, his

brothers and his favorites. Such ambition defeats its own end.

The most powerful figures of history have been men who gave up thrones, rather than men who grasped them. The King of all history is One who left his throne, who put on the garments of human flesh in order that all of us might be kings and priests unto God, his Father and ours.—CHARLES C. ALBERTSON, D.D.

2463. Humility Is Blessed. God's sweet dews and showers of grace slide off the mountains of pride, and fall on the low valleys of humble hearts, and make them pleasant and fertile.—LEIGHTON.

2464. Humility, Christ Exalted. Every child knows the old story of Cinderella, how her proud sisters despised her and made a drudge of her, leaving her home among the kettles and pans while they were off enjoying themselves, but how at last the Prince discovered her, found her the most attractive of all and made her his bride. The grace of humility is the Cinderella of the graces and Christ is the Prince who discovered and exalted her.

Before the coming of Christ humility was little thought of, especially among pagan peoples. "Humility was a vice with heathen moralists," says Bishop Lightfoot, "but a virtue with the Christian apostles." Aristotle's great man was one of lofty air and much self-importance, Christ's ideal of greatness was "a little child." The word "humility," from the Latin "humus" meaning earth or soil, was in classic speech used nearly always contemptuously. For the Greek or Roman to say that a man was humble meant that he was cowardly and low, mean and cringing. But Christ discovered and exalted humility. He came to tell us that true greatness was always lowly and to exhibit that lowliness in His own great life. As Gladstone has said, "Humility as a sovereign grace is the creation of Christianity."—REV. W. E. BRYCE.

2465. Humility, Clothed in. When Mary chose "the better part,"

She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;

And Lydia's gently opened heart

Was made for God's own temple meet;
Fairest and best-adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown

In deepest adoration bends:

The weight of glory bows him down

The most when most his soul ascends.

Nearest the Throne itself must be

The footstool of humility.

—*Unidentified.*

2466. Humility, Condition of Success.

In Southern India when the government irrigators were at work, the owner of one small tract of land protested against any attempt being made to water his ground. It was hard, dry, hopelessly incapable of verdure. The official sought to reason him out of his despondency. "I can make your field richly fruitful," he said, "if only it lies low enough." Humility is the first condition of progress.—*British Weekly.*

2467. Humility, Cultivate. The way to cultivate humility is not by self-contemplation, but by the contemplation of Christ. The more we try to be humble the less humble we will be. As Dr. Bushnell reminds us, the true way to keep humble is to keep "face to face with the humbling facts and the great realities, to stand against some great nature." That means, keep close to Christ, for there is no nature greater than his. Get his vision of God, of man, and of duty and you must be humble.

2468. Humility and Duty. One of Murillo's pictures shows the interior of a convent kitchen. Angels are busily engaged doing the work of cooking and dish-washing. All is done with such heavenly grace that you forget that pots are pots and pans are pans, and you only think how beautiful kitchen work is, just what angels would do if required. The humblest duty is a bit of God's will and shines with heavenly radiance.—J. R. MILLER.

2469. Humility, Example of. At a Methodist meeting in Prince Edward Island the speakers had been dwelling on various important tasks they had accomplished for the Lord. At the close of the meeting a godly old man arose, stooping and trembling, and faltered out, "Brethren, I am a mighty shabby fellow." Then he fell back into his seat. That humble and sincere testimony made more impression than all the others.

2470. Humility, The Grace of. If you could imagine the letters of the alphabet endowed with free will, and then imagine an author trying to express himself therewith, you might conceive of one letter saying, "I want to be on the title page"; another, "I want to be an ornamental letter at the beginning of the chapter"; another, "I would like to be

in the preface." Some letters are more important than others; some occupy a more prominent place; but it is the function of each letter to be just where the author wishes it to be. In the book of life which God is writing, you are one letter. Go where he puts you, and so bear your part in the message of life which he is spelling out.—LYMAN ABBOTT.

2471. Humility of Great Souls. Humility is characteristic of a great soul. There is a legend of the Angel Gabriel sweeping a low filthy street and singing as he sweeps. He said he was simply doing his Father's will, and was equally happy, whether his work was to be performed in the streets of heaven or in those upon earth. Dr. Carey's last words were, "When I am gone, don't say anything of Dr. Carey—speak only of Dr. Carey's Saviour." Says Thomas à Kempis, "A humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after learning"; also "Humility is a virtue of so exceeding good influence that we can scarce purchase it too dear." Says Rev. Dr. Dosker, "The man who has not come to himself is self-centered, but no sooner does he begin to know himself, than his spiritual poverty is awakened, and he becomes conscious of moral and spiritual want, willing to be helped." Spurgeon says, "The higher a man is in grace, the lower he will be in his own esteem."

2472. Humility of the Great. In a college in the South, I was entertained by the president of the college. It was a poor little college, and there were not very many rooms in it, so the president gave me his room. And I was waked up very early in the morning by hearing some one come into the room. I didn't want to appear intrusive at all, so I lay there quietly to see who was coming in; and I saw the president of the college coming in, and he took my boots, and I saw him take them to an adjoining room, and go down there on that floor and black those boots. I could have cried at the sight. God has lifted that man's head very high since then. There was too much humility in his spirit for God to keep him in a low position.—ROBERT E. SPEER.

2473. Humility and Faith Give Rest. "Alas," cries one, "I wish I had the rest you speak of, but I cannot find it, though I study hard and work much." Harken to a parable: A little bird of the air found itself in a church. It was anxious

to find its way into the open air, and so it flew aloft among the great timbers of the roof, where it was half buried and almost blinded by the dust which lay thick on the beams. There were no seeds, nor fruits, nor water in that dry and thirsty height. It then made a dash at the window, glorious with many colors; but it found no way of escape. It tried again and again, and at last dropped stunned upon the pavement of the aisle. When it recovered itself a little, it did not again fly aloft, but, seeing the door open upon the level of the floor, it joyfully flew through it to the open country. You are that bird. Your pride makes you deal with high things up there in the roof. Among the lofty mysteries you are blinding yourself. There is no escape for you there, nor rest, nor even life. You seek a way through the glory of your own painted righteousness; this will be death to you if you persevere. Drop down upon the floor of honest confession and lowly penitence. When you get lower ideas of yourself you will see just before you the open door, Christ Jesus. As soon as you see him, use the wings of simple faith, and you are at liberty, and no more a captive doomed to die.—C. H. SPURGEON.

2474. Humility Gets Best Gifts. I used to think that God's gifts were on shelves one above the other; and that the taller we grew in Christian character, the easier we should reach them. I find now that God's gifts are on shelves one beneath the other, and that it is not a question of growing taller, but of stooping lower, and that we have to go down, always down, to get His best gifts.—F. B. MEYER.

2475. Humility, Girdle of. Peter exhorts us "to be clothed with humility." His injunction suggests three inquiries—what is humility, for what purpose should we wear it, why do we need to wear it?

2476. Humility Hid Behind Christ. One day a friend of mine, in passing down a Glasgow street, saw a crowd at a shop door, and had the curiosity to look in. There he saw an auctioneer holding up a grand picture so that all could see it. When he got it in position, he remained behind it and said to the crowd, "Now look at this part of the picture, . . . and now at this other part," and so on, describing each detail of it. "Now," said my friend, "the whole time I was there I never saw the speaker, but only the picture he was showing." That is the way to work for Christ. He

must increase, but we must be out of sight.—ANDREW A. BONAR.

2477. Humility, Honor of.

"The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things
rest.

In lark and nightingale we see

What honor hath humility."

2478. Humility, How Obtained. The true way to be humble is not to stoop till you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature that shall show you what the real smallness of your greatest greatness is.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

2479. Humility, Importance of. A beautiful young woman made the ascent of Mont Blanc in the company of a party of English and Americans, mostly artists. The others had given expression in awestruck whispers to the impression which the sublime scene made on them, while the young lady stood apart in silence, gazing out over the vast prospect with eyes bright and lips parted. Finally they turned to her for some expression of her emotions, and she suddenly exclaimed, "My! Ain't I high?" We laugh. But some professing Christians are like that. When those around them are awestruck by the glory of God and the wonders of his grace, they are thinking of little but their own exalted position. The higher we get the humbler we ought to be.—*Christian Herald*.

2480. Humility, Inculcated. Æsop has a story of a rushlight that had grown fat and saucy with too much grease, and boasted one evening, before a large company, that it shone brighter than the sun, the moon, and all the stars. At that moment a puff of wind came and blew it out. One who re-lighted it said, "Shine on, friend Rushlight, and hold your tongue; the lights of heaven are never blown out."

2481. Humility, Lacking. When Charles Brontë was dying he was too proud to call in a physician and too proud to even lie down, thus he died standing. That's the way men are dying to-day. Spiritual pride is robbing them of the sure comfort and hope of the great Physician and Lover of Souls.

2482. Humility, Lesson in. "As long ez I wuz po'," said Brother Williams, at a revival, "I wuz humble enough ter be thankful for what I wuz 'bout ter receive. But one day I found \$10 in de big road. After dat I went about holdin'

my head so high dat I couldn't see what wuz befo' me, an' I fell in a dry well, an' staid dar three days, hollerin' fer folks ter pull me out. Satan hisself wuz once an angel in heaven, but he couldn't stand prosperity, an' look whar he is now!"

2483. Humility, Lesson in. Mr. Jacob A. Riis tells how impressed he was in his youth with the politeness of the people of Copenhagen when he walked about with a strange man whom he had met at the museum door. They took off their hats and bowed profoundly to him. The boy Jacob returned the salutations, delighted with such courtesy. Afterwards he found that the strange man was the King of Denmark and that the salutations were not meant for the lad who had accepted them so easily. Those who know well one of our wealthy men say that he is a most kindly man, with no pride of what he can do with his money, giving as though it were a privilege and a pleasure. But ah! his secretary! He feels his position, they declare, and sees that others feel it.—C. A. McAfee, D.D.

2484. Humility and Loyalty. General Grant, in his "Personal Memoirs," tells how General Meade, when placed under him, so far from resenting it, begged his new superior officer to feel no hesitation in commanding him for any service or duty, urging that the work to be done was of such importance to the whole nation that all personal feelings and ambitions must be disregarded, and that he would serve to the best of his ability, wherever placed.

2485. Humility Makes Fitness. When Dr. Morrison, the great missionary to China, wanted an assistant to help him in his arduous work, he requested the secretary to look out for the right kind of man. A young man came for examination. The secretary said to him, "You are not fit to be assistant to Dr. Morrison, but they want a servant in the family. Do you care to go as a servant?" He smiled and said, "Any place in the work of the Lord will suit me." That young man became the great Dr. Mills, equal in scholarship and fame to Dr. Morrison himself.—A. C. Dixon, D.D.

2486. Humility, Modesty of. Reginald de Koven told at a musicale in Chicago a pretty story in praise of modesty.

A group of tourists were visiting Beethoven's house in Bonn. One of the tourists, a girl of twenty or so, sat down at Beethoven's piano and played the "Moonlight Sonata" none too well,—

Beethoven's own work, in his own room, on his own piano!

When the girl had finished, she arose and said to the old caretaker:

"I suppose lots of famous musicians have been here and played on this instrument?"

"Well, miss," the caretaker answered gravely, "Paderewski was here last year, and his friends urged him to play, but he shook his head and said: 'No; I am not worthy.'"

2487. Humility Necessary for Greatness. H. W. Webb-Peploe has said: "What God wants is men great enough to be small enough to be used." Moses was such a man.

2488. Humility, Necessity of. Mr. M. R. Hutchison, the chief engineer of Mr. Edison, relates this incident of a ship-board experience on the way to England:

"When that master scientist, the late Lord Kelvin, returned to England from America on his last visit, I had the good fortune of being on the same steamer. Owing to advanced years, his hearing had become impaired and he evinced great interest in an instrument I had produced to ameliorate such condition. For fear of insulting his intelligence I touched but lightly on the theory and construction of the instrument. He interrupted me. 'Stop. Start at the beginning. Assume I know nothing. Then I will not miss anything. Tell me what to look for, and then demonstrate.'"

To find the highest wisdom, it is necessary to have the open and humble mind.

2489. Humility Needed. At the dinner table of one of the well-known millionaires who had done much for the public good, discussion turned upon the value of prayer. The millionaire said he did not believe in it. He had got everything he wished for, so there was no need for him to pray for favors. The principal of a Scottish university, who was present, said, "There is one thing that you might pray for." "What is that?" "You might pray for humility." Whatever our possessions, we shall be all the happier if we pray for the humble spirit which can thank God for his mercies.

2490. Humility not Shown. A noted French actress was once asked by an admirer to write something in his album. Taking the album in her hand and finding a number of entries, she immediately turned it round and wrote as if the last page was the first, the significant sentence: "I like to be first." These are the words that many are writing in in-

delible letters on the page of life.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

2491. Humility not Underestimation.

Against underestimate there stands the fact that in it we cast a slight upon all that has made us what we are. Is God to have no honor for his work? Are we to act as though he had done nothing? Leonardo said: "I will undertake any work in sculpture, in marble, in bronze, or in terra cotta—likewise in painting I can do as well as any man, be he who he may!" That sounds like boasting, but there are some who think it was true. Leonardo da Vinci was a genius of the first order, a gift of God to the world. Should he minimize God's work? The language of some men in an attempted humility is really a belittling of the work of God. I remember the comical look on my father's face when a most inadequate student told him effusively that all he was he owed to my father. I know he ached to tell him he need not bother about so small a debt! But what if we say I owe all I am to God, and what I am does not amount to anything? Underestimate casts discredit on God and all who under him have made us what we are.

So it keeps us from attempting our full share of the task of life. How many requests for help have you declined because you felt that you were not fitted for the work? You were often wise, no doubt, but the more you are impressed with your unfitness the less you will be ready to do. After a while it becomes almost a matter of pride to depreciate ourselves and a matter of great convenience as well. If we should say we would not do things, that sounds selfish, but if we say we are not fitted to do them, that sounds modest, lays the blame on God—and lets us out of doing them just the same! Men lose powers because they will not trust them in use. If they had believed in themselves more, if they had been more daring in their attempts, they would have found their powers adequate. Underestimating ourselves helps to make us shirk our full share of the work.

Of course we shall never see ourselves as we are except in the light of Christ. Coming up alongside of him brings out our real dimensions. He keeps us from pride, but he keeps us from depressing humility as well. He makes us humbly proud and proudly humble.—C. B. McAfee, D.D.

2492. Humility, Power of. If you are

to have power then get down low before God. They are using the power of Niagara to-day by getting well beneath it. Several years ago on the American side they dug a great hole down in the rock, a hundred feet or more. Then they led by a great sluice the water from above the falls and it came down into that excavation and smote the turbinized wheels with terrific force, and so made light or propelled the cars upon the surface. "If you want the power of Niagara," said the engineer, "then you must get down low enough to use it." And because they got down low they succeeded on the surface.

The same law holds true in religion. The law of life is, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

2493. Humility and Prayer. Spurgeon tells of a good brother who was praying one night at the prayer meeting, and could not get on in his prayer. Suddenly he finished by saying: "Lord, I cannot pray to-night as I should wish. I cannot put the words together. Lord, take the meaning, take the meaning." Then he sat down. Now this is exactly what God does. He takes the meaning. He took the meaning of the publican's cry and the Pharisee's prayer. There are prayers couched in humble language which are nevertheless ready to burst with pride; and there are prayers that seem stiff and formal that vibrate with humility. God will take the meaning, not the mere words.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

2494. Humility, Pretended. In the list of seven homely virtues named by Peter in his first epistle (3:8-12), he gives fifth place to humble-mindedness. In this particular form the word occurs nowhere else in the New Testament, but other forms of it occur frequently. It always stands over against false pride, against overestimate of one's self. But it does not suggest any servile self-depreciation instead. Indeed in the Colossian letter Paul distinctly warns against pretending humility when one is not humble. It must be honest, it must be true to the facts, or it is only pretense.

Sometimes it is difficult to steer our course between the evident extremes. Counting ourselves nothing and counting ourselves everything are almost equally bad. Magnifying our powers and minimizing them work out into about the same inefficiency. We have to learn to think of ourselves fairly, as we ought to think.

Against over-estimate of ourselves

must always stand the fact that without our circumstances and the aid which others give us we would be helpless. A shrewd man said once that his only criticism of self-made men is that they always seem built with the gable end toward the street! Dickens describes Josiah Bounderby as always boasting of the hard times he had as a boy, being kicked about, sleeping in the gutter, deserted by his mother. It sounded very big and heroic. But when the facts came out, it was found that he had been made by other people as we all have been made. His mother and employer had cared for him. There had been many helpers. If we could only get back into the life of any man, we would find the same thing in varying forms. What we are is the product of others. Why, then, should we boast?—C. B. McAFEE, D.D.

2495. Humility Promotes Success. Take yourself out of your surroundings, brother, stand by yourself, away from your money, away from your position, away from your accidental power, and see how much people regard you! There will be enough to humble any of us.

Against over-estimate stands also the certainty that it will unfit us for our best service. Many a minister has failed by a note of egotism which sounded jarringly in the ears of his people. Many a layman has failed by acting as though there were no other opinion but his own. Young people have been willing to attempt what all earlier experience had declared impossible and have wrecked their lives. In one sense we owe the American nation to the unwise training of a prospective king who learned folly from it. The mother of the lad who became George III used to say to him over and over, "Be a king, George; be a king!" And George came to the throne with silly notions of his own importance. It was a costly folly, whatever blessing came from it.

We are not swiftly ready to accept the strengthening which we need when we encourage ourselves to believe we need nothing more. When we are sufficient of ourselves why should we accept the power really needed for large and heavy service?—REV. C. B. McAFEE, D.D.

2496. Humility, Promoting. General "Chinese" Gordon, while in Palestine, received a telegram from England asking him to take up an important task which he had longed to undertake. Soon afterward he was found by a friend outside the city wall, kneeling in prayer. The

friend remonstrated with Gordon for thus exposing himself to the hostile Arabs, but the great man replied, "The telegrams from England this morning filled me with such elation that I felt I might get into trouble by being proud, and I thought I would just get on my horse and go away by myself and humble myself before God."

2497. Humility, Real. A little Western college needed money. The buildings were shabby, the salaries underpaid. A stranger appeared on the campus and asked a man in overalls engaged in whitewashing a wall where he could find the president. "I think you can see him at his house at twelve," was the reply. The visitor went as directed, and met the president, whom he recognized, in different dress, as the very same man he had found whitewashing. Next day came a letter with a gift of \$50,000. The brave spirit of service on the part of the president had appealed effectively to this man of business.—DR. J. F. COWAN.

2498. Humility Rewarded.

"Two went to pray; or rather say,

One went to brag, the other to pray;

One stands up close and treads on high,
Where the other dare not send his eye;

One nearer to the altar trod;

The other, to the altar's God."

2499. Humility Taught. I remember climbing the Weissshorn, above Zermatt Valley, with two guides. My leading guide stood aside to let me be the first on the top. And I, with the long labor of the climb over, and exhilarated by the thought of the great view awaiting me, but forgetful of the high gale that was blowing on the other side of the rocks, sprang eagerly up and stood erect to see the view. The guide pulled me down. "On your knees, sir; you are not safe there except on your knees." "Every one that exalteth himself shall be abased."—GEORGE ADAM SMITH.

2500. Humility Taught. It might be a wholesome thing for many of us and conducive to humanity if we were to take the advice of a somewhat poetical but very practical writer whose verse appears in an English periodical.

"Just stand aside, and watch yourself go by;

Think of yourself, as 'he' instead of 'I'.

Pick flaws, find fault, forget the man is you,

And strive to make your estimate ring true.

The faults of others then will dwarf
and shrink,
Love's chain grows stronger by one
mighty link,
When you with 'he' as substitute for
'I,'
Have stood aside, and watched yourself
go by."

2501. Humility, Unselfishness of. There is nothing which more obstructs the will of God in the lives of some of us than our foolish and wicked pride, our self-centeredness, our insistence upon our own views, wishes, preferences, dignities, rights. But there is beauty in humility, and power, too.

James Gilmour went from an English college to be a missionary in Mongolia. The people he lived among were some of the strangest in the world. They were very hard to teach. So James Gilmour went and lived in tents like theirs, amid the smoke and dirt and filth. He wore clothes like theirs, and ate their kind of food. He did not gain over many of them, but he taught some of them to love him so much that for many years they remembered him and called him "Our Gilmour." How did he do it? "He humbled himself." He did it because he loved them and wanted to teach them the love of God.

These words were first written about Jesus Christ: "He humbled himself." Though he lived at the Father's right hand of glory, he laid aside his glory, he left his heavenly home, and came to live among men, and live like men, bearing their pains and sorrows, that he might teach them of the Heavenly Father.

2502. Humility of Washington. It is said that once, when President Washington was riding near Washington City, with a party of gentlemen, their horses leaped a rock fence; the last steed over kicked off several stones. "Better replace those," suggested the general. "Oh, some one will do that!" was the careless reply. When the riding party disbanded, Washington turned his horse, and rode back the way they had come; dismounting, he carefully replaced the stones. "Oh, general!" chattered a friend who came along, "you are too big to be doing that!" "Oh, no," replied Washington, as he stood gravely inspecting his work, "I am just the right size."

2503. Humility, Way to. The spirit of our times is against humility. We are too much in a hurry; too self-assertive. Our materialism is directly opposed to

the cultivation of humility. Yet the Bible makes much of this grace. The cultivation of it is something which Christians generally ought to recover.

But let us bear this in mind, that the way to cultivate humility is not by self-contemplation, but by the contemplation of Christ. The more we try to be humble the less humble we will be. As Dr. Bushnell reminds us, the true way to keep humble is to keep "face to face with the humbling facts and the great realities, to stand against some great nature." That means, keep close to Christ, for there is no nature greater than his. If we get his vision of God, of man, and of duty we must be humble.

2504. Humility, Way to Promote. President Faure, once president of the French republic, used to be a tanner. He was not ashamed of his humble origin, but he was afraid of growing proud; so he always kept his tanner's clothes where he could see them.

2505. Humility, Way to Truth. "If you ask what is the first step in the way of truth, I answer humility," saith St. Austin. "If you ask, what is the second, I say humility. If you ask, what is the third, I answer the same—humility." Is it not as the steps of degree in the temple, whereby we descend to the knowledge of ourselves, and ascend to the knowledge of God? Would we attain mercy, humility will help us.—C. SUTTON.

2506. Hunger of the Soul. In Central America there grows a plant called the nardoo, which, although it satisfies hunger, is said to be destitute of all nutritious elements, and a party of Englishmen once perished of starvation while feeding daily upon it. This is the experience of those who find their portion in earthly things. Their desires are crowned, but they are actually perishing of want. God gives them their request, but sends leanness to their souls.—ALICE M. UPTON.

2507. Hur, Be a. It is but little we know of the man called Hur, but the principal notice we have of him shows him to have been a man of blessed influence. He was one of the men who held up the hands of Moses while he prayed for the Hebrew host during their engagement with the Amalekites. By sustaining his hands, Aaron and Hur helped to turn the tide of battle and made Israel's first conflict to end in victory. Many a pastor cherishes the blessed memory of an Aaron or a Hur (often it is a memory of a "her") who

has held up his hands when things seemed to be going against him. You may not be able to do great things, but if you help to hold up your pastor's hands, you will prove a great blessing to many souls.—*The Christian Instructor*.

2508. Hymn, Effect of. A rich Japanese silk merchant sent for the missionaries in his town and entertained them most hospitably. He told how, as a child, he had attended a Sabbath School. "Very often," he said, "right in the midst of my business the words of the hymn, 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' come to me, and, try as I may, I can't get them out of my mind." He then repeated the hymn from beginning to end, and added: "Though I've lived my life without religion, I feel that it is the most important thing there is, and I want my little girl to be a Christian; and it is for that purpose," he added emphatically, "that I have placed her in the mission-school, that she may become a Christian."

2509. Hypocrisy. See *Witness Bearing*.

2510. Hypocrisy. Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.—LA ROCHE-FOUCAULD.

2511 Hypocrisy. In a certain town where two brothers are engaged in a flourishing retail coal business a series of revival meetings were held, and the elder brother of the firm was converted.

For weeks after his conversion the brother who had lately "got religion" endeavored to persuade the other to join the church. One day, when the elder brother was making another effort, he asked: "Why can't you, Richard, join the church as I did?"

"It's all right for you to be a member of the church," replied Richard, "but if I join who's going to weigh the coal?"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

2512. Hypocrisy, Allurement of. What a pity it rains to-day! Of course I cannot go to the missionary meeting in this storm. But I'm not responsible for the weather, that's certain. There's the 'phone. Hello! Why, yes, Molly, I'll run down. No, it won't put me out one bit. You know I have a new silk rubber-lined storm coat and high overshoes. It's a good day to teach you that new stitch, for no one will be apt to disturb us. I'll be there in half an hour. Good-by! Oh, dear! There's that Voice again! Yes, Molly does live two blocks beyond the church, but I'll go next month to the meeting.—*The Missionary*.

2513. Hypocrisy and Formality. In the "Pilgrim's Progress" Formality and Hypocrisy, from the land of Vain-glory, came tumbling over the wall into the road on which Christian was traveling. They were going for praise to Mount Zion, and were endeavoring to make a short cut. When they came to the foot of the hill Difficulty, they saw that the hill was steep and high, and that there were two other ways to go. They resolved to go in those ways. Now the name of one was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction. So the one took the way which was called Danger, which led him into a great wood; and the other took the way to Destruction, which led him into a wide field full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell and rose no more.

2514. Hypocrisy Caused by Love of Sin. We are not much given to quotations from dead languages, for, we are of the same mind as Paul, that all preachers and editors should preach and write in the tongue of the people. But the quotation "sine cera" are the two words from which the English word sincere or sincerity is derived. The words literally mean, "without wax," as when a piece of furniture is cut out of the solid wood; neither worm-eaten nor defective so that the holes must first be filled with wax and then varnished over to give a false appearance of soundness, but sound from surface to core. This it is to be sincere. As in the wood, so in the man—his sincerity is the source of his strength. How many beautifully varnished Christian lives break under the trial-strain of temptation, just because they are not sincere.

We should mention hypocrisy as the very opposite of sincerity. And how does a professed lover of Christ become a hypocrite? In most instances hypocrisy commences in self-stultification. The man loves his sin, and is fully resolved not to part with it; therefore he judges it to be no sin. The inconsistency which is so shocking to others never appears to him, because he will not see it. Thus he can sincerely and fervently appeal to Heaven for the justification of his conduct, when he does not dare to make a similar appeal to himself.

2515. Hypocrisy, Character. There is a serious thought in the wit of Lowell when he says: "Men are generally more desirous of being improved in their portraits than in their characters." Portraits can be touched up, but characters

have to be plowed under by the Spirit of God.—*Christian Advocate*.

2516. Hypocrisy, Folly of False Pretense. Some wit once remarked of a fine house that it was Queen Anne in front but Mary Ann at the back.

So with many a one's character. In front, on its public side, it is classic and beautiful; but on its rear, or private side, it is coarse and unclean.

Let's not be Corinthian pillars in front and dirty wall at the back. Let's see to it that the back yard of the character is as clean as the front yard. Let's make the life as pure and beautiful throughout as it shows on the front, so that we may fearlessly conduct any visitor not only into the parlor and dining-room, but through the kitchen and cellar. We must be ready to entertain angels as well as mortals, and fear not the all-penetrating vision of either.

There is a vision which penetrates walls of brick and plaster, which reveals things hid, which is as keen in darkness as in light, which sees the garbage barrel from the front veranda, though we had supposed it safely hidden behind the house.

We are as transparent as crystal. The least spot or taint or blemish or false pretense in us will become visible to all keen eyes. When we most try to conceal we are most loudly proclaiming our secret. What a man thinks sitting in his easy chair in his front room will inevitably find expression in his kitchen, his cellar and his back yard; and just as surely will the garbage in his back yard poison the thoughts that he thinks sitting in his front room. What, then, avail walls, words, clothes, manners, or any other form of professions that are lies?

Life with many is a masquerade, in which they seek to disguise themselves with masks—that are as transparent as glass. What a farce!

Let's put away pretense and resolve to serve reality. Let's be just what we would appear to be. It would simplify our lives amazingly. Anyway, we are fooling nobody but ourselves.—*Christian Herald*.

2517. Hypocrisy Has a Church Side. A milliner who works in a large city says that one day a woman came into the store very much excited, and wanted the trimming on her new hat changed. She said it had been trimmed on the wrong side. "But," said the saleswoman, "the trimming is on the left side. That is

where it should be." "It doesn't make any difference whether it ought to be in front or back, or right or left, it must be on the church side." "Church side," gasped the astonished girl. "Yes, church side. I sit right next the wall in church, and I'm not going to have all that trimming next the wall. I want it on the other side, so the whole congregation can see it." Some so-called Christians arrange their spiritual decorations in the same way.—*Youth's Companion*.

2518. Hypocrisy Hides Its Own Sin. In a certain village in Scotland there lived a half-witted man whose coat presented a most curious appearance. All down the front it was covered with patches of various sizes, mostly large. When asked why the coat was patched in such a remarkable way, he answered that the patches represented the sins of his neighbors. He pointed to each patch, and gave the story of the sin of some one in the village. On the back of his coat there was a small patch, no bigger than a three-penny piece. On being asked what it represented, he said, "That's my ain sin, and I canna see it!" Is not this a fair picture of the attitude of the Pharisees in Christ's time? And how about our own attitude to-day?—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

2519. Hypocrisy in Uniforms. During the war a number of men were known to be parading the streets of Boston in officers' uniforms, but with no right to wear them. Quietly the order was given to the troops in and near the city that officers were to wear only civilian clothes on Boston's streets. The next day, with one swoop, the authorities gathered in 138 men wearing officers' uniforms, and therefore presumably not genuine officers. Among them, it was believed, were several German agents and spies. Some of them, of course, were visiting officers on business from more distant camps, to whom the order had not been given. These were dismissed with an explanation, and took their arrest good-naturedly.

It was a shrewd move on the part of the military leaders. Would that we might catch as easily those that are parading in the uniform of Christians! How to weed them out?—ÆSOP JONES.

2520. Hypocrisy, Making Imitation. The fact that there are hypocrites in the church is proof that the church is worth something. You never heard of a counterfeit being made on brown paper. But men sometimes spend years in jail

for 'making out of fine paper a good imitation of the real thing. No one imitates anything that is worthless.—*Utica Press*.

2521. Hypocrisy, Not Successful. The fable tells of a jackdaw who put peacock feathers in his tail, and, alighting among a flock of his kind, thought to lord it among them as a bird of superior gifts. But none were deceived, for, despite his borrowed plumes, they knew he was nothing more nor less than a poor simple daw.

2522. Hypocrisy of Seeming. A hypocrite is an actor. Judas played the rôle of philanthropist very cleverly when he objected to the lavish output of expensive unguent on the score of his sympathy for the poor. It was not so good, considered as a bit of acting, when he kissed the One, whom of all others it was impossible to deceive, and that, too, before the rabble who were in the secret, and knew for what intent that osculatory sign was given; yet Judas meant it for acting, all the same.

Rehoboam, when he couldn't display glittering shields of gold upon state occasions, wanted to seem royal anyway, and so cut a very sorry figure behind his armor-bearer, who went before him with brazen ones. Thus the king kept up the appearance of state; but "keeping up appearances" is a species of hypocrisy.

All hypocrites are not religious, by any means. There are social hypocrites, people who greet one at the door with expressions of welcome, and wish, in their hearts, that the visitor were in "Guinea." Bacon, in his essay on "Seeming Wise," has delineated another species of the genus hypocrite; viz., the man who wants to seem wiser than he is. Scholars in day or Sunday schools are often afraid to answer a teacher with a confession of ignorance. And "children of a larger growth," to avoid the mortification of saying, "I don't know," look wise. This is a sort of playing the part of a scholar, lest the admission of ignorance would make us seem to be duffers.—REV. R. D. MALLARY.

2523. Hypocrisy, Or Seeming. "Be natural," said Mr. R. A. Waite, Secretary of Religious Work for Boys in the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. in speaking on working with boys. And he told of having urged upon a colored audience one time the same advice, and that after he had spoken a colored brother followed him, and, commenting on the address, urged his hearers to re-

member what Mr. Waite had said. "If you don't remember anything else," he said, "remember that he said, 'Be natural.' 'Cause colored folks, when they get religion, ain't always natural. Be what you is, and not what you ain't; because if you ain't what you is, you is what you ain't."

2524. Hypocrisy, Or Veneer Religion. About all the use a man has for veneer religion is to make himself show up better than he is. In fact, that is about all the need for veneer furniture. The eye cannot see through the surface when in the dining-room, and it takes something like the Dayton flood to cause the veneer to peel off and expose the ugly part underneath. When a man gets into a close place, corresponding to the effect of the flood upon veneered furniture, he begins to warp and crack and peel off. The things which were external, and intended only for the gaze of others, separate themselves from the man himself, and he stands forth just as he is—pretty ugly in a good many cases. The veneer, while it was beautiful, while it was valuable, while it might have seemed more durable, could not stand the test of certain circumstances. The furnishings of solid material went through the flood in Dayton with little damage. The paint was injured, but paint is veneer. But the furnishings that had a thin slice of beautiful wood glued on a coarser base fell to pieces and then went to the scrap heap.

A good many men have this thin covering of respectability or even Christianity. Even that may be painted so as to look better than it really is, corresponding to the American quarter-sawed oak, which consists only in deceptive paint. This veneer religion works all right as long as there is no exposure to severe weather; but when the veneered man gets into a crowd . . . !

After all, we do not have much use for the veneered religion. We should give attention to the structure and the grain of the material, making it look the best, but without any deceptive surface glued on to fool the people and to leave the possessor himself in the lurch when untoward circumstances arise. Veneer religion is little more valuable, if any, than no religion at all. It makes a man look better, but it does not make him better. The value of religion is in the change it brings in the man himself, not in the effect it has on the people who are looking on. Besides, a false appear-

ance will wear out sometime, and man will stand forth as he is.—*Religious Telescope*.

2525. Hypocrite, Picture of. A famous painter in London exhibited a picture representing a friar in his robes. On looking at the painting from a distance, the friar seemed to be in the attitude of prayer, his head bowed over a book, his hands clasped upon his breast, his eyes cast down in humble adoration. With a nearer view the deception vanishes. The book turns out to be a punch-bowl, into which he is squeezing a lemon. How suggestive a representation of a hypocrite!

2526. Hypocrite, Wrong at Heart. A true Christian and a hypocrite may both of them come to a stand in their course, through temptation; but there is this difference: the true Christian is like a watch that was going right, but some dust clogs its wheels; as soon as it is removed, the watch will go right again. The hypocrite is like a watch which is so badly made that it stands, or goes wrong, from its very nature; and the only cure is to give it a new inside.—**SALTER.**

2527. Iconoclasm, Historical. Some time ago a research party at Johns Hopkins University discovered that Barbara Fritchie had never existed, that she was an amiable myth and gentle Whittier had made permanent an historical inexactitude. After the world had recovered from the shock, no school-boy dared request the Confederate leader to shoot, if he would, this old gray head, but to spare his country's flag. No, that was old stuff, made for a less well-informed period and not believed of researchers. Little did these students know that in far-off Connecticut there was a gentleman who had written nigh forty years ago to Whittier on this very subject. The poet answered him, setting his heart at rest in a letter from Danvers, in which he said that "Barbara Fritchie was a real person," and that he had seen her relatives, who were presumably real persons as well. The next step will be, not an admission from the wise scientific researchers that they were wrong, but a monograph of 700 or 800 pages in which it is conclusively shown that there never was any such a person as John Greenleaf Whittier; that he was simply a figure in New England folk-song; that the fact that he never used a typewriter shows that he was not a poet, and consequently could never have written even

Barbara Fritchie. This is the day of ruthless iconoclasm.

2528. Ideal, Christ Our. A dirty, ragged child of one of our city's slums saw a beautiful statue. She went home, washed her face and hands, and smoothed out her tangled hair. The next day she went to see it again, then returned home, washed and mended her clothes. After gazing upon it the third day, she returned and tidied up the little cot and corner that was hers in a miserably dirty room. Day after day as she gazed upon the pure white statue, changes were seen in the little one and her surroundings till they affected not only her own home, but the homes of the whole neighborhood. Such is the transformation that should be effected in our lives as we gaze upon our Model, Jesus Christ.

2529. Ideal, Control of. A boy brought up far from the seaside, and having never seen a vessel or a sailor, was possessed by the desire to go to sea. Nothing on land seemed to attract him in comparison with the charm of the ocean; and he left his country home, and went hundreds of miles to the nearest seaside, where he shipped as a sailor. His subsequent life was spent on the ocean. The ideal of that boy was obtained from his sight of a simple picture hanging on the walls of his father's home. That picture represented a ship under full sail on the ocean. His questions about it were answered with facts as to sea life and sailors which inflamed his soul with a desire to be a sailor, and his ideal was followed the world over.

The ideal which one possesses, or which possesses one may come to control him so as to lift him up or drag him down, in spite of all other influences leading in another direction. Therefore it becomes extremely important that a man's ideals should be worthy ideals, uplifting him in his aspirations and endeavors.

2530. Ideal, God's, For Us. A Christian florist was talking to a woman who had got into the habit of excessive self-judgment. Taking her into the conservatory and pointing to some plants he said, "They sleep at night, and when one is growing and outgrows its trellis I unwind it gently while it sleeps, put in a higher trellis, and wind the tendrils into the bars. I can imagine the vine waking and saying, 'Yesterday I was at the top of the trellis, but look how I have gone back. See where I am now.' Sometimes we do not see that God puts

before us a higher standard and we seem now to be less conformed to him because we appreciate his standard more fully."—*Source unknown.*

2531. Ideal, The Inspiration of. What we look at determines what we are. It is said of a gifted artist that he kept a blank canvas high in the wall of his studio, illuminated by the higher lights of the room. "I shall never apply a brush to that canvas," he used to say. "It is for the picture I paint in my mind, for the ideals toward which my actual works are directed. The picture always keeps ahead of me, the more I advance." One who gives this incident asks the question, why should not we have such an untouched canvas in our hearts? It is urged that such a corner will then contain a constantly improving picture of hope, and by continually gazing on it we may receive increasing inspiration and accumulating power. Such a plan may be well enough for the one who must evolve out of his own thoughts and hopes and aspirations the best that lies ahead of him. But the Christian is under no such barren necessity as gazing upon a blank canvas for his inspiration. Our best picture has already been painted for us. It has been painted in such perfection and glory that in all time or eternity, God can add nothing to it. It is the picture of Christ Jesus himself. When we received Christ as Saviour, the Holy Spirit "shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (II Cor. 4:6). This picture is the effulgence of God's glory, and the very image of his substance (Heb. 1:3). If we want to have hopes and aspirations that we could never have otherwise, we are to look moment by moment, not at a blank, but "unto Jesus." Then it is, "beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord," that we "are transformed into the same image from glory to glory" (II Cor. 3:18). God's workmanship for us and in us is better than any work that we can accomplish for him.—*Sunday School Times.*

2532. Ideal, A Low. A man started life in a quiet New England home. His ancestors for generations on both sides had been God-fearing and God-serving people. Early in life he connected himself with a Christian church, and everything seemed to promise well for him. But he was induced to remove to New York City, when that was a much smaller city than the present great metropolis.

Even there he had good surroundings, and he did well in his chosen occupation. But a little matter turned his thoughts and desires in an unexpected direction. He invested a portion of his savings in farm lands in the upper part of Manhattan Island. The growth of the city made that farm land valuable beyond all expectations. The man found himself rich beyond his wildest thought or expectation of his early years. And then a new ideal took possession of him. He saw that he might be rich above his fellows, and he began to live with that as his chief object in life.

He abandoned all other occupations. He seemed no longer to care for spiritual riches. He sought investments in real estate where the growth of the city would manifold its value. Nothing else seemed worthy of his thought. He became one of the few millionaires of his day. At length he drew near to death. His physician, who was an earnest Christian man, hoped that the approach of death would turn his thoughts toward something higher than riches that would perish. But his ideal still had him in its grasp.

Looking up, one day, from his sick-bed, which proved soon to be his bed of death, into the kindly face of his Christian physician, the poor millionaire said sadly, "Doctor, my life has been a failure." The doctor thought that at last his patient was, and he hoped he was, coming to his senses. "In what respect has your life been a failure?" asked the doctor. "Why, when I bought that — farm, if I had bought the farm adjoining it, as I could have done at the time, I should have now been worth more than A. T. Stewart,"—who was then next above him in wealth. The millionaire's low ideal still had him in its clutches. The poor rich man died, and left all his riches here.—*The Sunday School Times.*

2533. Ideal, The Perfect. A man who had been well trained by godly parents, and uplifted by noble examples, was given a new stimulus and uplift by a companion more Christlike than any he had ever before seen. This new exhibit of the Christ life among men actually startled him by its sacredness and purity here in daily life among his fellows. He had a new ideal for his aspirations by that godly life. But that example and uplift was early taken from earth. Its memory and influence, however, remained, and many had occasion to rejoice in what it wrought in him whom

it uplifted. He had new aspirations beyond those he had seen thus realized in actual life. His best thought and his best work was in lines that had thus been pointed out to him. For years he wondered whether that toward which he aspired and strove ever had been, or ever could be, realized in actual life. Because he had never seen it or known it except as an ideal, he aspired and waited and hoped, sometimes questioning and doubting. But finally God brought to him the blessed reality, and then that was indeed a joy and a new existence.

It was a Christ-like and a Christ-loving woman who first met his own best ideals, and caused him to perceive yet nobler and better ideals beyond him.

The highest and noblest ideal for us is ever an admirable personal life lived before us, to be admired and emulated. God, when he would have men induced and aided to live as he would have them, sent his Son into the world to live among men as a man, to be admired and imitated as an ideal worthy, inimitable, without any fault, flaw, or failure.

2534. Ideal, Plan of Life. When the great span across the East River was finished, the builder was brought down on his sick bed to see the bridge—brought in a canal boat and anchored in front of the great span. There, lying on his pillows, with the drafts of the bridge on either side of him he looked down at them, and then up at the span and said, "It is like the plan." May you and I come to our dying hour and look up to God and say, "My life is like the plan; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."—ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.

2535. Ideal, An Unbeliever's. Harriet Martineau said to a Christian man: "I do not believe in immortality; but if I did believe in it, as you profess to do, I should live a far better life than you appear to live. I should strive more earnestly and bear more patiently. I do not think I should ever be troubled with a fear, or worried with an earthly burden. I think it would be all sunlight and joy if I believed as you do in eternal things—in resurrection and a life beyond in which all things will be made right."

2536. Ideals. See **Ideal**. See **Success in Life**.

2537. Ideals. Walking through the National Gallery one day I found a student busily engaged in copying an Old Master, and, on getting into conversation with him, I remarked upon the excellence of

his work. But at my words of appreciation a pained look, which betokened the true spirit of art, passed across his face, and he replied, "Please do not say so. Just look at the original." His very endeavors had made him conscious of the perfection of his ideal, and I came away having learned afresh something more of the perfection of "the pattern in the mount."—HOLDEN.

2538. Ideals, Fading. The Hungarian painter, Munkacsy, whose pictures, "Christ Before Pilate" and "Christ on Calvary," are so justly celebrated, had an interesting history. His career seems almost like a fairy story—from his lowly origin and his beginning as a decorator of furniture in the market-place to his princely house in Paris, filled with beautiful objects and rich stuffs to delight the eye.

He never lost his interest in his native Hungary, and from Hungary he received marked recognition and honor and several important commissions for the decoration of public buildings.

Notwithstanding the large prices which dealers have received for his pictures, Munkacsy, himself was a poor man. But what is most saddening is the perishable character of his work from the use of bitumen in his painting. His pictures for some years have steadily decreased in value, owing to his mania for the use of this pigment. Generally artists use bitumen with the utmost care to produce richness in the dark tones of a picture, but Munkacsy knew no such caution, and many of his pictures, like the "Mont de Piété" in the Metropolitan Museum, and the "Milton Dictating Paradise Lost" in the Lenox collection have become almost black with the passing years.

2539. Ideals, Beautiful Creations. Pygmalion, King of Cyprus, carved a statue so beautiful that as he watched it develop under his hand he fell violently in love with it and wished that it might live. Finally he sought Aphrodite's assistance, and she, charmed by the conceit, granted his desire and the statue became Galatea and he made her his bride. Our good ideals are always beautiful creations. They are less than ideals unless this be so. And as we conceive and construct them it is certainly designed that we should greatly desire that they should become something substantial and living.

2540. Ideals, The Force of. Higher! It is a word of noble import. It is an impulse of tremendous lifting power. It lifts the soul of man from low and

groveling pursuits to the achievement of high and great purposes.

Senator Bailey, who held the senate and its galleries full of visitors spell-bound for three hours, while speaking on a subject ordinarily dull, laughed at a friend who congratulated him. "No," said Bailey, "I did not lift myself by my boot-straps; I lifted myself by my aspiration."

Nothing else will so surely save one from failure as a complete surrender to a passion for excellence—to a lofty ideal.

This is the steam engine. It is the pilot at the wheel.

Darwin's suggestion as to the evolution of the eagle is an instructive one. The desire to ascend was there before the wings, and through countless ages of development the process of formation and adaptation went on, until at last with mighty pinions the eagle soared aloft toward the sun.

Of us it may be said that every well-meant trial and intention and effort is part of a great process. Each starts some feather and develops some muscle in the eagle's wing.

It is he who aspires highly who highly achieves.

2541. Ideals Are God's Image in Us. Do you remember the story of the portrait of Dante which is painted upon the walls of the Bargello, at Florence? For many years it was supposed that the picture had utterly perished. Men had heard of it, but no one living had ever seen it. But presently came an artist who was determined to find it again. He went into the place where tradition said that it had been painted. The room was used as a storehouse for lumber and straw. The walls were covered with dirty whitewash. He had the heaps of rubbish carried away. Patiently and carefully he removed the whitewash from the wall. Lines and colors long hidden began to appear. And at last the grave, lofty, noble face of the great poet looked out again upon the world of light.

"That was wonderful," you say, "it was beautiful!" Not half so wonderful as the work which Christ came to do in the heart of man—to restore the likeness of God and bring the divine image to the light.—HENRY VAN DYKE.

2542. Ideals of Great Men. The seed is a thought. A thought is alive. We become what we think. Our thoughts tend to clothe themselves in action. The

seed becomes a plant, strong if our thought and love are strong, weak if they are weak.

The seed is a person's dominant passion. Garibaldi's passion was to unite Italy; that was his ideal. Washington's was to liberate America. Lincoln's was to preserve the Union and to free the slaves. Moody's was to save souls. Paul's was to preach Christ. What is ours?—*C. E. World.*

2543. Ideals, Great, to be Trusted. I remember once, when I was at sea, talking with Captain Dutton, one of the Cunard captains. We were talking about icebergs, and he told me about a wonderful iceberg he saw three years before. He had gone below after telling the officer of the deck if anything remarkable happened to let him know; and the officer went for him and said, "I have sent for you to have you look at this wonderful iceberg." He looked, and as it towered in its cold whiteness up against the sky they watched it and speculated about it, and wondered what would happen if a ship ran into it; and by and by the steamer forged ahead and they got a clearer view, and found it was nothing but a cloud with the moonlight on it. It is so with a great many visions in this life, my friends; but there are some visions that we can trust,—the vision of great usefulness, the vision of great results following earnest Christian efforts.—*DR. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.*

2544. Ideals, Great, Bring Great Achievements. I once read of an old man whose work was mixing mortar at the erection of a beautiful building. It was indeed menial labor; but the old man said that every morning, when on the road to work, he would stop and look at the picture of the building as it would be when finished, which hung in the window of the contractor's office, and then passed on to his work with the thought of doing his best in the creation of architectural beauty. It was a vision of the ideal which influenced the man and transformed mortar mixing into an art. Such is the ministry of all high idealism. Great achievements are born of grand dreams. The thoughts we think are the forces that make us. Every high ideal is a moral challenge. By its disclosure of what we lack it calls us to the high, elicits the best of which we are capable, arouses our sense of responsibility, and bids us aspire.—*THOMAS TIGHE.*

2545. Ideals, Lack of. There is an old legend of a swan and a crane. A beau-

tiful swan alighted by the banks of the water in which a crane was wading about seeking snails. For a few moments the crane viewed the swan in stupid wonder, and then inquired:

"Where do you come from?"

"I came from heaven," replied the swan.

"And where is heaven?"

"Heaven!" said the swan. "Heaven! Have you never heard of heaven?" And then the beautiful bird went on to describe the grandeur of the eternal city. She told of streets of gold, and the gates and walls made of precious stones; of the river of life, pure as crystal, upon whose banks is the tree whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations. In eloquent terms the swan sought to describe the hosts who live in the other world, but without arousing the slightest interest.

Finally the crane asked:

"Are there any snails there?"

"Snails!" repeated the swan; "no! of course not."

"Then," said the crane, as it continued its search along the slimy banks of the pools, "you can have your heaven. I want snails!"

2546. Ideals, Lacking. Do you remember Sylvester Baxter's weird story of "The Haven of Dead Ships"? The inevitable destination of derelict, rudderless ships is the Sargasso Sea—a sea within a sea, formed of gulf weed, amassed by the force of swirling currents. The Gulf stream carries the weed northward; then, it sweeps it around in a southerly direction, collecting it in great masses at a common center. Naturally, derelicts take the course of the sea weed. To the lost mariner, it is a mocking suggestion of "Land ahead." One might fancy a tropic sun had sucked the Atlantic dry. How like the rudderless ship—without mast or spar or sail—are many men. The onward sweep of resistanceless currents move their burdens toward certain havens. But there are tangential points where the ship may deviate unless the rudder holds her to the current. Without it she turns toward a hapless doom. In their frantic, aimless course, the fated seamen sight land which turns out to be only a Sargasso Sea. Toward this sluggish region of blasted hopes every man, devoid of ideals, is turned. One may be carried by the current—but to no distant port. They lead to zones where never a friendly sail is sighted.—J. MARVIN NICHOLS.

2547. Ideals, Live Up To. It is said that when the poet Longfellow was a professor in college, he gave as a motto to his pupils, "Live up to the best that is in you." We cannot vouch for the anecdote, but the thought which it suggests is a noble one. There are two natures in every man—one looking down; the other looking up. One prompts the lower life; the other the higher. One says, "Have a good time, never mind tomorrow"; the other says, "Love not pleasures, love God." One seeks to gratify desire, appetite, passion, ambition; the other seeks to know the right and the noble, that he may do it.

2548. Ideals, Low. A clever young student joined the American Bar, and soon after a brilliant young man took him by the hand and said, "Now, let me give you a piece of advice. Have your name taken off the church-roll, burn your Bible, and then you will make your mark." The young barrister listened politely, but heeded not the advice. A quarter of a century later he met the miserable wreck of this same brilliant young man. With bloodshot eye and matted hair, he extended to him his hand and said, "For God's sake, give me a half-dollar, and let me get out of this town to get off this spree."—*Christian World Pulpit*.

2549. Ideals Must Be Pursued. A newspaper wit printed "an epitaph for a has-been" the other day. It was short and to the point: "HE STOPPED RUNNING TO WISH."

That was the end of the runner and the race. It is true everywhere in life, and nowhere truer than in the case of the Christian. The Bible tells us that we must "run with patience the race that is set before us." It is no spurt that will win the day, but a steady, long-distance persistence.

But it is hard to run and easy to wish. Therefore, many a girl stops helping her mother, and keeping her temper over small things, and doing her duty in church work, no matter how small, and starts to wish. She can wish for everything. It seems to enlarge her horizon to wish, somehow. So it might—if she kept on pressing ahead at the same time. But wishing, just by itself, finishes all hope of her progress.

The young man who wishes that he could be a good Christian, but lets the obstacles in his path stop him from pressing toward the goal, becomes another has-been. Will and act take the runner forward. Wishing means a standstill.

2550. Ideals Are Our Visions. It is related of Michael Angelo that when he came down from the scaffolding from which he had for some weeks been painting the fresco upon a high ceiling, he had become so accustomed to looking upward that it was with real pain he forced himself to turn his eyes to the ground. Oh, blessed engagement possible to these spiritual orbs of ours! Would that they might evermore be so arrested, habituated, held by the countenance of divine love, that we could never be satisfied to turn them from his face! Would that we could say with the Psalmist, "O God, my heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." Such engagement with God and fixing of faith upon him is the way to peace, joy, triumph over temptation, and best preparation for the delights of the life to come.—H.

2551. Ideals, What You Are Thinking About. No model yet of anything ever sprang into existence. The vision of it may come in some moment of inspiration, but never the model itself. A model worthy of the name means long hours of planning, and months—perhaps years—of hard mechanical labor, but if you are building up a grand and noble model, you will not mind the hard work. When the Brooklyn bridge was building, Bishop Nicholson said to a man covered with dirt, working on one of the abutments of the bridge, "That's pretty dirty work, isn't it?" "Yes," was the answer, "but we aren't thinking about the dirt, but about the bridge."

2552. Idleness. Some people have a perfect genius for doing nothing, and doing it assiduously.—HALIBURTON.

2553. Idleness, Rebuke of. A story is told of a conceited young Englishman who went to America and complained that he found no "upper classes" there. An American asked him what he meant by the "upper classes," and he explained that he referred to those who had never done any work or their fathers before them. "Oh," said the American, "we have many of that class of persons here, but we call them by a different name; we call them 'tramps.'"

2554. Idol. See **Missionary Sunday.**

2555. Idol, Impotent. A missionary in India writes of an outcaste man who has been received into the church at Nellore, and who some months ago built a mud wall around his home and in a niche built the family idol. Before this image he and his family prayed faithfully and laid their offerings. In the course of

time a Sudra man wanted some mud. Being a caste man he had a right to take it from the outcaste man. Though the family god was present in that wall he did not protect it and the Sudra man took it. If a god could not protect a mud wall, of what use was it? From that time he went in search of a god of power and help, and to-day he is happy in his faith in Jesus Christ.—*Christian Work.*

2556. Idol, Sparing One. See **Self, Worship of.**

2557. Idol Worship. Rev. L. Lloyd, a missionary in China, saw a curious object of worship in a small temple near Peking—a log of wood, such as is sawed into planks for building. He learned that this timber was being hauled to Peking by a number of mules, and when it reached this spot a hitch took place and the log refused to move another inch. Some of China's "wise men" were called in, and they declared the log possessed by a spirit, and that it would be best to build a temple over the log and make it an object of worship. This was done, and wayfarers continue to offer incense at this strange shrine, and two or three priests live on the offerings.

2558. Ignorance. See **Commencement Day.** See **Education.**

2559. Ignorance. On September 14, 1919, a woman in England died at the age of one hundred years who had never heard of the world war. She lived in Hounslow, a few miles from London. Several of her relatives died on the field of battle, but owing to her advanced age the members of her family kept her in ignorance of the fact that a great world war was being waged.

Think of living within a hundred miles of the booming of the giant guns, with Zeppelins occasionally flying above her very head, and yet knowing nothing of the conflict!

And yet that strange situation is not so very different from one that frequently occurs in the church of Christ.

We are fond of singing:

"Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God."

Yet there are thousands of members of that army who know very little about the war the army is in; thousands of church members who know little about the campaigns of God or the exploits of the Christian Expeditionary Forces in our own land or across the sea wherever

the battle of the kingdom of God presses. The church loses tremendous power through the ignorance of her members.—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*.

2560. Ignorance a Calamity. There is no calamity like ignorance.—RICHTER.

2561. Ignorance, Malady of. To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of the ignorant.—A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

2562. Immigration. See *Independence Day*. See *Home Missions*.

2563. Immigration and Americanization. Recently I heard a story from the lower east side of New York of a boy being brought before the judge. The boy was unruly and a menace to the peace of the neighborhood. The Judge asked the father why it was he did not hold the boy in restraint; his reply was that he could not make his son obey; he would fight back. The judge questioned the boy.

"Giuseppe, how old are you?"

"Thirteen."

"Where were you born?"

"In New York."

"Where was your father born?"

"On the other side."

"Why don't you obey your father?"

"I ain't going to let no foreigner whip me!"

This portrays the plastic mind, subjected to American influence.

2564. Immortality. See *Easter*. See *Heaven*. See *Resurrection*.

2565. Immortality, Felt. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple.—VICTOR HUGO.

2566. Immortality, Hope of. Browning's last words were: "Never say that I am dead!" No, not dead; no man is dead until his work is done! Can it be that men can do immortal things and not be themselves immortal?

The faith of the soul easily accepts Tennyson's prophecy. "One law, one element and one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves," and with him each one may say:

I falter where I firmly trod
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.

Oh, let us descend to the blue marge not only with hearts full of faith, but with our hands heavily burdened with sheaves for the Master's feet! Love demands a future life. Even Hume's skepticism

was insecure, as he pathetically confesses that whenever he thought of his mother he believed in immortality.

2567. Immortality, Hope of. Bryant believed that God would be as good to the man as he was to the bird. This instinctive expectation led Franklin to write as his epitaph: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its leather and gilding, lies here, food for the worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will, as he believes, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by its author."

"Ideals are overtures of immortality," said the eloquent Cicero. "Men who have renounced their individual happiness never doubt their immortality," says quaint Tolstoy. The poet Gilder sings:

Then fearless give thy body to the clod,
For naught can quench the light that once
it filled.

—DR. C. E. LOCKE.

2568. Immortality, Human Estimate of. Napoleon once visited a picture gallery in company with the illustrious artist Denon. Being impressed with the beauty of one of Raphael's pictures, Denon characterized his praise by using the word "immortal." "How long is it likely to last?" inquired Napoleon; and when Denon replied, "Possibly five hundred years," with an air of lofty disdain the Emperor said, "Beautiful immortality that!"

2569. Immortality of the Soul. There were two United States senators very fond of discussing speculative questions. Whenever possible they would meet and find relaxation in talking of themes other than political. Their favorite topic was the immortality of the soul; but they could find no reasons for believing it that satisfied them.

They separated, one going to a distant State. After twenty-five years they met at a crowded reception in the White House. After shaking hands cordially, they stepped aside for a moment, when one said to the other, "Any light, Albert?" "None," was the reply. After a pause the other inquired, "Any light, Lewis?" The answer was, "None." They shook hands, looked into each other's eyes in silence, separated, and never met again. Emerson declared that the impulse that prompted these men to try to find proofs of immortality was it-

self the strongest of all proof. It certainly is one proof. The soul of man yearns for immortality, for a future life better than the present, and this points to its reality.—*Homiletic Review*.

2570. Immortality Sure. Man's soul is in exile. Like the homing pigeon, when he is released, man flies back to God. The race is homesick. Man is not forever satisfied with humanity—divinity is planted within him. With Victor Hugo, every true man, the nearer he approaches the end, the plainer he hears around him the symphonies of the world which invite him. Man knows death does not end all, because when he approaches the grave he feels, with Hugo, that he has not said the thousandth part of what there is in him. The soul intuitively reaches for life, and the God who gave man this reach will see to it that it comes to his grasp.

2571. Immortality, Sure. There is a story of a physician who was visiting one of his patients. As he was leaving, the sick man said: "Doctor, am I going to get well?" The doctor was a Christian, but he hesitated and said, "Well, you're a pretty sick man." The dying man took him by the hand and whispered, "I don't want to die: tell me what lies on the other side." The doctor quietly answered, "My dear sir, I wish I could tell you but I do not know." They talked for a moment about the mystery of it all, and then bade each other good-by. As he opened the door to depart, a dog sprang into the room and leaped on him with delight. Turning to the patient, the doctor resumed: "Did you observe that? This is my dog. He has never been in this house before. He did not know what was inside here. He knew nothing except that his master was here, and so he jumped in without any fear. I can not tell you what's on the other side, but I know the Master is there—and that is enough. When he opens the door, I expect to pass in without fear to his presence." Let us learn the lesson. Immortality is sure. Heaven is where Jesus is.—MALCOLM J. MACLEOD, D.D.

2572. Impiety, Punished. Erishthon was profane and a despiser of the gods. As a punishment he was delivered into the hands of Famine. The more food he consumed the more his hunger raged. He spent all his substance in a vain effort to obtain relief. He was reduced to poverty and yet was as hungry as before.

2573. Impossible. See Success in Life. See Courage. See Persistence.

2573a. Impossible, Doing the. The old story goes that Napoleon in pursuing an enemy once came to a stream, the bridge over which was hopelessly in flames. Napoleon called his engineer with the command that the stream be measured instantly. The engineer protested that his instruments were miles in the rear. Napoleon repeated his command. Under the inspiration of a leader who dared ask for the impossible, the engineer walked to the water's edge, drew down the visor of his cap until it was in line with the farther edge of the stream, turned stiffly upon his heel, noticed where the line running from the eye along the rim of the visor would strike the ground, paced off the distance and reported. Napoleon promoted him. Whether the story be true or not, it hints the way Christ blesses men for meeting impossible demands.—*Sunday School Journal*.

2574. Impressions, Early. Down East a workman in felling and chopping up a tree discovered in the heart of it an initial that had been cut there by a woodsman when the tree was a mere sapling. Layer upon layer had grown over it, but there it had remained until the heart was laid open after many years. The things we say and do and are, make their impression on the boys and girls we touch, to remain with them through the years. Will they be helpful or harmful?

2575. Impressions, Lasting. A letter written forty-one hundred years ago has been opened and read at the University of Pennsylvania. It was written in a language long dead, but the learned men of the university were able to translate it. The envelope had to be opened with a mallet, for it was made of baked clay. Paper had not been invented forty-one centuries ago. The way of writing letters then was to press or scratch the characters in soft clay, and then bake the clay. This proved to be a business letter, a rather haughty order from a business man to one of his employees, concerning a deal in flour. The language is Sumerian, and very few men in the world are acquainted with that forgotten tongue. This clay tablet was recovered from the ruins of the ancient city of Babylon. Another tablet proved to be a spelling lesson with some mistakes in it, which had been rubbed out in the soft clay by a boy's thumb. The thumb print is as clear as if made yesterday.

2576. Impressions, Lost. I knew a

young man in college whose sister several years before was convicted of sin, and expressed to him a desire to become a Christian. He laughed at her and told her it was all foolishness; she should enjoy the world and not think of such silly things. That young man became a Christian and a preacher, but the sister, whose serious impressions he laughed away, has been a scoffing unbeliever ever since. He has with tears besought her to turn to Christ, but now she laughs at him. He simply hears the echo of his own laugh of scorn. He meets his former attitude in her.

2577. Impressions on the Young. If you go into the mint you will see them place a bit of metal on the die. With a touch as silent as a caress but with the power of a mighty force the stamp moves against it. And when the touch is over, there is an impression upon the coin which will abide when a thousand years are passed away. So one life moves up against another, filled with the power and stamped with the image of Christ's likeness; and when that touch of parent or teacher or friend is over, there are impressions that will remain when the sun is cold and the stars have forgotten to shine.—R. H. BENNETT.

2578. Improvement. People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.—GOLDSMITH.

2579. Improve Yourself. "You have no right to find fault with my looks," said A; "I am just as God made me." "I know it," replied B. "That is what I am blaming you for. You've never made any improvement on yourself." That was the trouble with the man with the one talent,—not that he did not have ten to begin with, but that he did not improve the one he had.

2580. Impure Speech. An unclean incident is unclean, and therefore unhealthy; unhealthy, and therefore unmanly; unmanly, and therefore unholy; unholy, and therefore unchristian; unchristian, and therefore unkind, uncalled for, unnecessary; absolutely inexcusable and beneath the dignity of any man who claims to be either a Christian or a gentleman.

2581. Impure Speech Stains. A white rag retains the stains of the colored matter strained through it. So a mind, originally pure, may be permanently soiled, by unsavory conversation, books "off color," and the like, the tone of which is almost unconsciously imparted to the soul by the thoughts which drip through it, even though we do not wish

to retain them. I have observed that even matter which itself seems colorless will stain the strainer.

2582. Impurity. See **Purity**.

2583. Inactivity, Curse of. Society both condemned and effectually punished a man who stood on the banks of a slender stream while a golden-haired child drowned before his eyes. Not even the plea of inability to swim saved him from indignation.—DR. LEETE.

2584. Inactivity, Religious. An American novelist speaks of people who are wholly asleep half of the time and half asleep the rest of the time. It is sad when some of these people are given places of responsibility in the Sunday School or church. And so often they imagine that they are really awake.

2585. Incarnation, Legend of. The Peruvians have a tradition that there was a time when the ancient races of the continent were plunged in barbarism. The will of the strongest was the only law. They worshiped the vilest objects in nature, and feasted on the flesh of their enemies. The Sun, the great parent of mankind, took compassion on their degraded state, and sent two of his children to teach them.

2586. Incentive, The. The mountains are spectacular but largely barren; the plains commonplace, yet their harvests feed the world.

And so I like to think of these ordinary lives of ours in Littletown or rural community, or like atoms in great cities, as individual productive acres contributing in the blessed aggregate to God's age-long good purposes for mankind.

Therein lies the incentive for striving; balm for the wounds by the way; joy even in weariness, and the glory and deep satisfaction of life. "Laborers together with him."—L. L. BINGHAM.

2587. Indecision. See **Decision**. See **Decision Day**.

2588. Indecision. When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—REV. THOMAS SCOTT.

2589. Indecision. Dr. John Timothy Stone, speaking at the Lake Geneva Student Conference, said: "I was back to my Alma Mater this year and while talking with some of the fellows of my class I asked:

"'Where is so and so?'"

"'In a sanitarium,' was the reply."

"'What is the matter?'"

"'Negativism.'"

"He was never able to come to a de-

cision in his college days and the older he grew the more did indecision become dominant in his character. Hopeless negativism is the result."

Indecision in regard to the Christian life may become as fatally binding as drunkenness or the morphine habit.

2590. Indecision, Fatal. At the narrow entrance of Pictou Harbor an ice-floe grounded. Two boys swept off the snow, and skated on the ice for a week. Engrossed in play, and growing confident with time, they did not notice that the Spring tide had floated the ice, and was floating them out to sea. When at length one of them noticed the widening water between them and the shore, with a warning shout he instantly sprang in, and after a desperate struggle, scrambled up the beach.

The other, for a minute, watched the lights of home, high up on the shore and the dark stream between them, growing wider all the time as the ice caught the sweep of the tide. Then with a wild cry, he, too, sprang in; but he never reached the shore. That moment of indecision cost him his life.

Engrossed with the work of play of this life, men are unconsciously swept away from eternal life by currents that do not make for godliness. Now is the accepted time. A moment of indecision may cost you your soul.—ROBERT MURRAY.

2591. Indecision, Weak. Three times a girl of Liverpool, England, boarded a steamer in order to sail to her lover in the United States, and each time her courage failed and she rushed ashore. The ship left without her.

Obviously the pull of different interests was pretty evenly balanced, producing a state of indecision. The will in the case like this is like the small boy whose duty it is to stand at the middle of a see-saw plank and throw his weight now in one direction and now in another, thus determining the motion of the plank.

Indecision, however, easily becomes a habit, and a pitiful one. The wail, "I don't know what to do," is a confession of weakness. The firm mind balances arguments or feelings and throws itself decidedly on the one side or the other. When, after making a decision, we indulge in regrets or imagine that perhaps we have been wrong, we weaken ourselves at the moment and create a condition of weakness that will hurt us in making other decisions.

The habit of firmly resolving after due consideration carries us past many difficulties and regrets.—*C. E. World*.

2592. Independence Day. See Patriotism. See Thanksgiving Day.

2593. Independence Day. The Fourth of July marks an epoch in the world's history. It marks the birth of a free nation, with all that implies—a nation in the existence of which the oppressed of all lands rejoice, and of which every true American is justly proud.

2594. Independence Day. The genius and power of the Greek civilization lay in the care with which they trained their future citizens.

In Athens the bestowal of civic rights was a matter of great importance, and the approach of a youth to the years and privileges of citizenship received the attention which is greatly missing in these modern times. The completion of a boy's eighteenth year was the occasion of a festival celebrating the event, and his hair hitherto worn long was now cut short and the shorn locks dedicated to Apollo. For the next two years he was employed in gymnastic exercises and his development carefully watched. Then after an examination to test the genuineness of his civic descent, his physical qualifications, he was entered in the list of his tribe, publicly presented to the people in the theater, armed with shield and spear, taken to the sanctuary at the foot of the citadel where he bound himself by solemn oath to the service of his country. He was for the next two years employed as a guard upon the frontier and was then admitted to the meetings of the assembly and employed in foreign service. It is certain that at some time the qualifications for citizenship in America will be more carefully scrutinized than they now are, and some such emphasis as this festival of the Greeks should be placed upon its bestowment.

2595. Independence Day. Homer has drawn in the Greek hero, Achilles, a tremendous figure. But when he pictures him sulking in his tent while his comrades are slain by scores and his country's armies are beaten back to their ships; when he presents him as finally going forth only at the impulse of anger or desire for revenge because Hector slew the friend he should have accompanied to the field of battle, all the attractiveness of the figure is lost to us. We agree with Nestor, who said:

"Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to passion what to Greece
he owes."

A true patriot will give to his country his unswerving loyalty whether in time of war or peace. No considerations smaller than her entire good will occupy his heart and for no part or section will he surrender the interests which inhere in her entirety, even though it be the soil upon which he was born. And no passion is there in the human breast which should not be consumed in the love and devotion which flames in a truly patriotic heart.

2596. Independence Day. The myth of Prometheus may be said to be in epitome the story of human freedom. The evolution of political liberty and the development of free institutions are latent in the tale. The hero's revolt against autocratic power, his tremendous protest against tyranny and his espousal of the cause of humanity for whom he stole fire from heaven—without which there could have been no human progress—these are a tragic drama of the forces and struggles which have worked our individual and social progress. And the price he paid, as he lay on his rock deathlessly suffering under the hand of Zeus, is only a part of the drama in which we all play our act of sacrifice and self-renunciation, that we may be free and maintain our freedom. Some one has said, "The tree of liberty grows only when watered by the blood of tyrants." But not only tyrants; freemen must themselves water with their own blood the precious growth; and countless thousands have lain with Prometheus upon his rock and have hung with the Christ upon his cross to purchase a higher and even higher form of human freedom.

2597. Independence Day. Homer tells of the wandering of Ulysses over many a sea, of his being cast on many shores and of finally coming to the island of Queen Calypso where she held him by enchantment a prisoner for over seven years. By every allurement and pleasure she sought to make him forget Ithaca, his home-land, and to become content with residence there. But it was all in vain and the poet makes him say:

"In vain Calypso long constrained my
stay,
With sweet reluctant amorous delay;

With all her charms vainly Circe strove,
And added magic to secure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot,
My country's image never was forgot:
My absent parents rose before my sight,
And distant lay contentment and delight."

These words most majestically speak that strange affection which lies deep in the heart of every patriot for his native land. Do they not also present the longing for that "home of the soul" which lies at the end of life's voyage? The world seeks to allure the soul but in the language of Ulysses, "Distant lay contentment and delight?"

2598. Independence Day. In these modern days of corruption in office, of "influence" and "pull," of direct bribery with money and indirect bribery through political promises, trades and deals; when official position and trust are betrayed openly or deliberately winked at; and when criticism of corruption is repressed by the hopeless word, "Oh, what's the use?" it is refreshing to read the noble sentiments that Sophocles in his *Antigone* puts into the mouth of Creon:

"For who, with a whole city to direct,
Yet cleaves not to those counsels that
are best,
But locks his lips in silence, being
afraid—
I hold him even of men most base
And who, greater than his country's
cause
Esteems a friend, I count him nothing
worth."

The secret of "the most interesting civilization" ever planned on this earth, the Greek, may be found in such exalted ideals of citizenship as this.

2599. Independence Day. Anchises, one of the royal house of Troy and the father of Æneas, had a faithful armor-bearer named Butes, who afterward assumed the same relation to Ascanius the son of Æneas. He was finally slain by Turnus. But Apollo descended from heaven to encourage and assist the young warrior and assumed the form of the old armorbearer, thus paying him the highest possible honor.

Faithfulness is a supreme qualification of life and though it be exercised in humble places it gains life's richest reward. The "well done" of the Master will be spoken not to king or queen nor to any earthly title or dignity but to

"thou good and faithful servant." Often in the battle of life, the dear forms of those who quietly and faithfully performed their duty and filled their place gives us inspiration and help. And is it not ever so that when God mingles in the battle of our life it is in the influence of some faithful and true man or woman that he gives help?

2600. Independence Day: Battles. The battles which the twentieth-century patriot must fight are harder than those waged on bloody fields. For he has to go forth against entrenched greed, inert ignorance, deadly class hatred, and complex and difficult social problems which tax the best-trained brain and the stoutest heart.—W. T. ELLIS.

2601. Independence Day: Best Patriotism. The best patriotism is loyal service. There are so many ways every citizen may serve his country. The first thing is to be law-abiding. No nation has more righteous laws than ours. They are based on the decalogue, and we are serving God best when we obey the laws most faithfully and are happiest ourselves. Where begin? At home with yourself, and then see that all over whom you have any influence do the same thing. Example goes a great ways in influencing others and establishing our own authority.

2602. Independence Day: Christians Must Be Patriots. Love of country is born of God. Christians have always been patriots. Jesus loved his nation well enough to die for it. We are only fulfilling the law of the Lord when we give to our own country the deep, intelligent, and unswerving devotion of our hearts. We could not be traitors to our nation's highest interests without also being traitors to God.—W. E.

2603. Independence Day: For Country's Sake. Our country is said to be "the land of the free and the home of the brave," but it is the land of the free only as it is the home of the brave. Are we brave in our citizenship? Do we dare to speak out when we know that things are going wrong? Do we dare to follow our conscience with our deeds?

2604. Independence Day: For Country's Sake. When the Grecian chiefs lay sleeping before Troy, Agamemnon, the leader, sent Nestor, an old warrior, whose valor on battlefield was equaled by his wisdom in council, to arouse and bring them together in a conference. As Nestor went rapidly about awakening the

sleeping warriors, he aroused Diomed, a valiant soldier, with a rebuke that he should be found sleeping. Diomed, however, courteously replied:

"Wondrous old man, whose soul no
respite knows,
Though years and honors bid thee seek
repose;
Let younger Greeks our sleeping war-
riors wake.
Ill fits thy age these toils to under-
take."

Homer makes the old man's reply a beautiful and noble sentiment:

"My friend, generous is thy care.
These toils, my subjects and my sons
might bear,
But now the last despair surrounds our
host;
And if my years thy kind regard en-
gage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age.
Succeed to these my cares, and rouse
the rest:
He serves me most who serves his
country best."

2605. Independence Day: Demonstrating Democracy. Before Perry battered open the doors of Japan an American ship was wrecked off her coast, and a sailor was saved. When Commodore Perry's ships were in the harbor, a Japanese officer slapped an American officer. The offender, much to the surprise of the Japanese, was not shot, but remanded for trial. The Japanese could not understand; so they sent for the American sailor who had been some years among them, and asked him the rank of the officer slapped. Hearing a description of his uniform, the lad told them it must have been a captain. They asked, "Who is the officer above him?" The sailor told them it was the commodore. "And who is above him?" The reply was, "The President." Thus far they could understand; but when their next question, "And who ranks above the President?" was answered, "The people," they could make nothing of it.

The Oriental world, indeed the European world at that time, had very little conception of a democracy in which the people were above the chief ruler. But America stuck on the job of demonstrating democracy, until men in the heart of China were found reading the Gettysburg speech of Abraham Lincoln,

in which he speaks of "government of the people, by the people, for the people." America stayed by democracy until practically all of Europe has adopted it.—REV. JOHN F. COWAN, D.D.

2606. Independence Day: Each for Other. We should serve our nation for the Kingdom's sake, and serve the Kingdom for the nation's sake.—W. E.

2607. Independence Day: Every Christian a Reformer. You and I did not make the state or the nation; our fathers did that. Are we to accept what they made, or perfect it? A century ago it was difficult for a boy to get an education. The rich of that period had not much more comfort than the capable workingman of our time. Hours of labor have been shortened. The toilers have far more power and self-respect to-day than ever before in history. The America of to-day is not the America that Dickens saw on his tour in this country. The people have constantly been reforming, changing, bettering conditions. Shall we rest, or go on with this work? Surely we must go forward. There are wrongs enough to be righted; and the Christian is false to his country and his God if he refuses to try to understand these wrongs and right them as far as he can.—REV. R. A. ANDERSON.

2608. Independence Day: Flag of Remembrance. As love planned the Flag of Betsy Ross, and wrote the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution, so the love of Christ planned the Church with its sacrifice and guaranteed its success. Our Flag is but a single star in God's firmament and love and power and wisdom in Christ.

The Flag, "lest we forget!" The sacrament, "lest we forget!" In a foreign land, how the American loves the Flag! In this foreign land, how we Christians should love the Banner of Christ! How loyal we should be! How sacrificing! "This do in remembrance of me."—A. W. LEWIS, D.D.

2609. Independence Day: Glory of Old Glory. Over a grave in Frederick, Md., the American flag floats every day of the year and is reverently renewed on each Memorial Day. The grave is that of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." At one time the flag was the only monument to him in his native state. Indeed, the first sculptured memorial to the author of our national song was erected in a state which was foreign territory when the song was written. It was the gift of a

private individual, and looks out upon the Pacific from Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. There could not, however, be a nobler monument to Key than the flag that ever floats over his grave, nor one more appropriate. Nor is it by any means unfitting that the first sculptured monument to him should have been erected on a site which was not even part of the United States when "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written. It shows how wholly national the song has become. It follows the flag!

2610. Independence Day: God Acknowledged. The convention which framed the constitution for the new state of Oklahoma adopted the following preamble in the face of some ridicule and opposition: "Invoking the guidance of Almighty God, in order to secure and perpetuate the blessing of liberty, to secure a just and rightful government, to promote mutual welfare and happiness, we, the people of Oklahoma, do ordain and establish this constitution."

2611. Independence Day: The God of Nations. Nations perish. Empires fall. But God lives and reigns. He cannot die. "His throne is for ever and ever." The scenes of history change; the actors fall; but liberty and truth march on. The Lord reigneth over every individual character of history, as well as over the long millenniums of time. He meets with no accidents, no "whirling wheel of chance."

2612. Independence Day: Great Men and Little. Our country is the product not only of the great men who have made it what it is, but also of the innumerable little men who have made it what it is. We are not among the great, but nevertheless each one of us has an influence upon the country of the future.

2613. Independence Day: Historic Flags. Recently the secular press noted a gift of General Pershing's to Wellesley College. The gift consisted of his own service flag, a red ground with four white stars, his war helmet, and the personal battle pennon of the German ex-Kaiser. The flag will go down in history and be among Wellesley's most prized possessions.

In the library at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, there is a flag which also will go down into history, the emblem of the U. S. A. which saved the lives of missionaries and Christians alike in the awful days in Urumia, Persia, before the United States entered the war.

2614. Independence Day: Lighting Other Nations. On the coast of Norway is a lighthouse where a keeper lived with his two children. One day he went to the distant shore for provisions. A storm arose, and he was unable to return. The time for lighting the lamp came, and Mary, the elder child, said to her little brother, "We must light the lamp, Willie." "How can we?" asked Willie. "We ain't big enough." But the two children climbed the long, narrow stairs to the tower where the lamp was kept. Mary pulled up a chair and tried to reach the lamp in the great reflector; it was too high. Groping down the stairs she ascended again with a small oil lamp in her hand. "I can hold this up," she said to her little brother. She climbed on the chair again, but still the reflector was just beyond her reach. "Get down," said Willie, "I know what we can do." She jumped down, and he stretched his little body across the chair. "Stand on me," he said. And she stood on the little fellow as he lay across the chair. She raised the lamp high, and its light shone far out across the water. Holding it first with one hand and then with the other to rest her little arms she called down to her brother, "Does it hurt you, Willie?" "Of course it hurts," he called back, "but keep the light burning." Are we keeping the light of God's love burning in the world, even though it hurts? Are we holding it up so that all nations may see its beams afar?—J. A. R.

2615. Independence Day: Live for Country.

"To die for your country is noble;
The grandest of heroes have laid
Their lives on their native land's altar,
Their sacrifice freely was made.
It calls forth our truest, best tribute,
Its pathos must make our hearts ache,
Yet surely 'tis equally worthy
To live for our dear country's sake.

"To honor her flag and her statutes,
To ever be loyal and true,
And live so the whole land is better
Because of the good we may do.
To help make our country the finest
And best ever patriot trod,
To make our lives part of its heart life,
That's worth of it—and of God."

2616. Independence Day: Live for Country. Governor Folk told of a St. Louis citizen who joined in singing "America" at a banquet, and who at the close said, "I could die for my coun-

try." Three weeks afterward he was before the bar of justice for having bribed the municipal assembly to grant a railroad franchise. What is needed is men who are willing to live for their country—honestly, and with only the same chance to make money that every other man has.

2617. Independence Day: Nation-Wide Christians. How wide a Christian are you? As wide as your home? That is noble. As wide as your town? That is still better. As wide as your state? That is fine. As wide as your nation? How few Christians reach as far as that!

But nations are made up of separate citizens. They are not formed in any other way, though men sometimes act as if they thought that nations had an existence quite apart from men. No one has a right to expect his nation to be any better than his own deeds as a citizen would warrant.—*C. E. World.*

2618. Independence Day: Old Testament Patriotism. The summary of Bible teaching regarding national life may be found in Ps. 33: 12: "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance." Zeph. 3 has a wonderful picture of a nation that rebels against God, a terrible warning and solemn exhortation. In the light of that chapter it is seen that the true patriot is he that shows his people their sins, and brings them in humble contriteness back into submission to the King of kings and Lord of lords. Only such repentant peoples will be safe when God's fierce judgments flame forth: "For then will I turn to the peoples a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of Jehovah, to serve him with one consent" (Zeph. 3: 9).

2619. Independence Day: Our Flag.
"Above the flags of all nations,
Our beautiful banner floats high;
Its stars like the stars of heaven,
And its blue as blue as the sky.

"Long may it wave in its beauty,
The symbol of Freedom and Right;
Not a star be lost from its azure,
Not a blot stain its spotless white."

2620. Independence Day: Our Flag. Independence Day reminds us again of the beauty and significance of our national flag. Flags have been the symbol of national life and honor, of patriotism and love of country, for more than three thousand years. The Chinese had flags as early as the twelfth century B.C. Ensigs, standards, banners were in

constant use among the Assyrians, Egyptians, Hebrews, and other Oriental peoples from the earliest times. Much is said in Roman history of the Roman standard. Among these the most famous was the Labarum of Constantine, which consisted of a long gilded spear, on the top of which was a cross bar, from which hung a purple cloth beautifully decorated with a monogram of Christ and the Greek letters "alpha" and "omega." It commemorated the emperor's conversion to Christianity.

Our "Red, White, and Blue," is the most beautiful flag in the world. When the Chinese first saw it they called it the "flower flag." The thought of it was not born in the heart of any of our great statesmen, but in the heart of a loving, loyal, gifted woman, and the mere designing of the "Stars and Stripes" is enough to give the name of Betsy Ross, of Philadelphia, a place of permanent fame in our nation's history.—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

2621. Independence Day: Ours a Christian Nation. Ours is a Christian republic. It ought not to be necessary to adduce proof of a fact which has been recognized from the beginning of our history until now. The forefathers who founded our institutions were most of them committed to the Christian faith. The laws of our country and its jurisprudence are based upon the Scriptures as the Word of God. Our national and state legislatures are opened with prayer to the Christian's God. We use the Christian calendar. Furthermore, it has been declared over again that we are a Christian nation. And it has been so determined by our Supreme Courts.

This should make an end of controversy for loyal citizens. How can that be regarded as an open question which has been so definitely sealed by the logic of events and by formal adjudication? To deny it is impossible to any loyal citizen, because such a denial would be a blow aimed at the vital sanctions of our national life.—REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.

2622. Independence Day: Patriot and Papers. A patriot must read the newspapers, for in no other way is he likely to get a clear idea of his country's needs and his own duties; but a patriotic reading of the newspapers is vastly different from a reading of the papers just for amusement. The latter is quite sure to poison the life with stories of shameful sin; the former broadens the life and

ennobles it. A newspaper is never safely read till it is read in the spirit of prayer.—*C. E. World*.

2623. Independence Day Patriotism. What is patriotism? Lifting one's hat as the flag goes by, or rising to our feet when the band plays the "Star-Spangled Banner"? Or is it to decorate our houses and business places with profuse streamers of bunting? Is it to welcome with loud hurrahs the coming of the Governor into our midst, or is it to faithfully cast a straight ballot for all the nominees of the party to which our grandfather belonged?

Well, hardly. Patriotism is more than a few yards of bunting, more than courtesy to some state official, more than swinging the lever of a voting machine. Patriotism is a wholesome regard for law, for the preservation of our national institutions, including God's Day, and God's Book, and God's Country. Whoever weakens the foundations of our Republic's prosperity is an enemy of God, and Home, and Native Land.—W. N. P. D.

2624. Independence Day: Need of Patriotism. The need of patriotism is not less urgent because our country at present is in peace. All patriotism does not smell of gunpowder, and suggest the din and roar of a battlefield. Our fathers expressed their patriotism for their country by fighting with bullets and bayonets for its liberty. We must express ours by maintaining the institutions of a free land by the wise use of the means at our command.

Now, the patriotism for to-day is the kind that can be exercised in the common affairs of life; a patriotism that encourages the common citizen to realize his best self; a patriotism that gets into our homes to inspire love and devotion between man and wife; a patriotism that gets into our marts of trade and gives every man a square deal. We need a patriotism to-day that will cleanse the city of its moral filth and political rotteness; that will fight not with, but against the saloon; that will work to lessen Sabbath desecration; and establish that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

2625. Independence Day: Patriotism that Counts. It is easy to get up the sentiment of patriotism but that is far from the reality of patriotism. It is not enough to feel for one's country; one must live for it.

No one is likely to live for one's coun-

try if one is ignorant of it—ignorant of its glorious history, of its heroes and heroines, of its present perils and its great possibilities. The first step toward becoming a worthwhile American is to learn about America.

Patriotism is one of the highest forms of unselfishness. It is never to be attained by a spirit wrapped up in its own narrow interests. If you would become a great patriot, you must become a great lover of men.

Your country begins at your own front door. If the front doorway is untidy you are a poor citizen, no matter how much interested you are in the welfare of the Filipinos and Porto Ricans. Patriotism begins at home.

If you do not love and serve the part of your country that you can see,—your neighborhood and your town,—how can you love and serve the part of your country that you cannot see?—DR. AMOS R. WELLS.

2626. Independence Day: Patriotism Strikes Deep. Patriotism is a sentiment that strikes down into the depths of a person's nature. It belongs to the inner recesses of the soul; it has to do with the most sacred sentiments. Men have ever linked it with the two other holy passions, love for family and love for God. Thoughtful persons involuntarily associate patriotism with religion. In our own country this truth has been exemplified by the fact that the greatest patriots of our national history have been men unequivocally Christian.—W. E.

2627. Independence Day: Prayer in Patriotism. Prayer is an agency in patriotism: "Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper that love thee." Ps. 122:6. True patriotism puts prayer for one's country above every other agency for its progress and protection. God is the God of nations. "He putteth down one and setteth up another." If we would celebrate wisely our national Independence Day, earnest prayer for our country and for all who rule over us will fill a large portion of our time and thought for that day. Try this method of celebrating the "Glorious Fourth" this year, and you will find that patriotism is close akin to religion.

2628. Independence Day: The Real Loyalty. America is wise in teaching the children to respect the Flag, and love the Flag, and salute the Flag. Even in times of peace any disrespect is visited with summary judgment. When war was proclaimed the truth of the Flag

was greatly intensified. "In the name of our God" and of George Washington "we will set up our Banners."

It has always been popular to talk of the Flag and to laud its beauty and its glory and its worth. It has also been a conspicuous thing for many to Dally 'Round the Flag, when they ought to Rally 'Round the Flag. Some talk in a patriotic strain, but they grumble at paying taxes and avoid custom duties if possible.—A. W. LEWIS, D.D.

2629. Independence Day: Sacrifice for Country. There is a plant that is called the Crown of Thorns; and it blooms continually with delicate and sweet petals. So sacrifice for the sake of Christ in the cause of Humanity, in the cause of Country, always brings the best joy and the greatest glory of man. It hurts; but if worn it blooms in radiance divine.

2630. Independence Day: The True Patriot. He loves his country, but he loves still more the kingdom of God.

He cares too much for his country to uphold her in any wrong.

He does not reserve his patriotism until he has a chance to die for his country; he lives for her.

He does not urge the selection of the best men for candidates, and then refuse to serve when called upon, though at the cost of time and money and inclination.

He does not vote for bad men, and then plead that he did not know they were bad. He takes time to investigate the character of candidates.

2631. Independence Day: The True Patriot. Among the Romans Vesta was the deity who presided over the altars of the home and the nation. In her temple a sacred fire attended by six virgin priestesses known as Vestals, continuously burned. The safety of the city was supposed to depend upon this fire; hence it was watched and tended with the greatest vigilance, for should it go out it could only be rekindled from the sun. The punishment for its neglect was the severest possible. It is a type of a fire which should burn upon the altars of every citizen's heart and in all our temples of legislation and justice. We call this fire, patriotism. Upon the preservation of this sacred flame the perpetuity and welfare of the institutions our fathers builded ever rests. When it flickers low in the temples of Education; when it dies down in the temples of Legislation and Justice; and when its guardians neglect it in self-seeking, then are the fortunes of the American people fast

ebbing. The punishment for its neglect on the part of its custodians and guardians cannot be too severe; but each citizen must be a Vestal guardian to keep this sacred fire ever burning upon the altar of his own heart.

2632. Independence Day: True Patriots. The true patriots are not the politicians who talk loudly about the flag and then rob the coffers of the nation. Those citizens are the real patriots who quietly and faithfully do their duty by the state and their fellow-men, holding in reverence the laws and institutions of the land.—W. E.

2633. Indian Converts. A rich Crow Indian in Montana, named "White Arm," had in some way gotten hold of the true idea of "possessions." A missionary needed some land to establish a school farm to teach the little Indians how to work as well as pray. He applied to the government agent and found all the land thereabouts had been allotted to the Indians. "Take my land," said "White Arm." He gave them one hundred and sixty acres. Another missionary, on arriving in the place, happened to say, "I wish I had my wife and children here!" "Why don't you?" asked "White Arm." "Because I have no place to put them." "Take my house," said "White Arm." In spite of the missionary's protest he moved out into a tent and left his house empty and open, so that the missionary could not refuse to take it. Afterward he said that he did all for the children of his tribe, that the missionary might lead them and their parents to the true God.—DR. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

2634. Indolence. *See Work. See Labor Day.*

2635. Indolence and Inaction. In one of his novels Robert Louis Stevenson says of a certain character: "His career was one of unbroken shame. He did not drink, he was exactly honest, he was never rude to his employers, yet he was everywhere discharged. Bringing no interest to his duties, he brought no attention; his day was a tissue of things neglected and things done amiss, and from place to place and from town to town he carried the character of one thoroughly incompetent."

2636 Indolence, Religious. The church is full of apoplectic saints who are crammed full with spiritual truths but are suffering from lack of exercise. We, as pastors, elders, deacons, and people have something else to do than admin-

ister a Gospel boarding-house and an evangelical restaurant.—CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

2637. Indolence, Spiritual. I remember an old mill on an estate which came back to my possession in the country. A miserable old place it was. I had not seen the old mill for twenty years; but one day I walked down to the old building, and there were a number of men sitting on the benches whittling, but making nothing. We compliment Yankees upon their whittling, but what is the use of aimless whittling at a stick? When the stick is all gone they get another and sharpen that. It is precisely like many members of many churches. They go into the church—that mill that should be running, that should be manufacturing something—and they sit around on the benches while the mill is still, and whittle at nothing. They do not know what they could make, and do not make anything. There are many in this congregation who will go home from this service, and if a man in the house would ask, "What did you go to church for?" they would not be able to give an intelligent reason for it. They have come and whittled. They do not manufacture anything. They do not make anything. Whittling all the time but accomplishing nothing.

2638 Industry. Pliny rose to his studies at two in the morning. During the entire day, whether in the bath, at table, or sitting in his garden, he either listened to reading, or wrote, or dictated. Even on his journeys and military expeditions a secretary always sat in his chariot.

2639. Industry. *See Work, Labor and Labor Day.*

2640. Industry. Diligence is the mother of good luck.—FRANKLIN.

2641. Infidel Rebuked. In Swabia there lived a blacksmith who was very strong, Hushwadel by name. When he was young, he once was in a village in Thuringia and saw posted the following notice: "At 8 P.M., Dr. Veilchenfeld of Berlin will give an address in the large room of the hotel and will prove beyond question that there is no God." "Ah," said Hushwadel, "I must hear that."

For more than an hour and a half, the atheist from Berlin spoke in blasphemous fashion against God, the Bible and religion and closed by saying: "I have now proven in the clearest kind of way, that there is no God; but if I am wrong it would now be God's moral duty to send

down an angel to box my ears before you all for the insults I've uttered against him."

As he looked about triumphantly, Hushwadel went forward to the speaker's desk and said: "God greets you, but for such scamps as you, he sends no angels. Hushwadel can take care of that." So saying, he boxed the doctor's ears, who fell flat on the floor. A perfect torrent of applause was Hushwadel's reward.

2642. Infirmary, a Protection. His infirm, distorted body was really the means of his salvation. Had he been sound and well he would probably never have been brought to Jesus or cared to have his sins forgiven. There is many a saint in heaven who will thank God forever that he had a helpless, disfigured body when on earth. To illustrate: The great plates of glass in the window of an unfinished store are always bedaubed with white-wash. Why? It is because the workmen have been in the habit of throwing things through the vacant space, and if the glass, when put in, were left transparent, they might not see it, and continue to do so. The glass for its own protection is besmirched and discolored.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

2643. Influence. See *Confessing Christ.* See *Witness Bearing.*

2644. Influence. One summer, it was my custom in going to and fro to a certain place, to cross a large vacant field, in order to make a short cut. The path across this field was very crooked. Somebody crossing that field had marked out that path. Every person who followed walked in his footsteps. Here is the power of influence. Men do things that others do. How careful we should be that our lives set the best example.

2645. Influence. There is a woman who lives just outside of Boston, practically unknown, who took into her home a Chinese boy sent here to be educated. She taught him the Bible and treated him as her own child. When that boy was ready for preparatory school, he knew something of the principles of Christianity, and by the time he entered the university he was a firm Christian. He went back to China to assume a position of influence. He returned to this country a little later, bringing forty boys with him to place in Christian institutions. The woman who cared and prayed for him reached across the sea to forty Chinese boys, who some day may shake the empire.—*DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.*

2646. Influence. "The funeral service

began at two o'clock. At the same instant throughout the system of railroads lately presided over by Mr. ——— every train came to a dead stop, every wheel ceased to turn, every employee put aside his work for five minutes."

Everything on the great system except the influence of the man who lay in the coffin. For evil or good it never stopped even for the brief five minutes. On and on it goes, gathering power unto the eternities.

2647. Influence, Abiding. A young nobleman found himself in a little village off in Cornwall. It was a hot day, and he was thirsty. He rode up and down the village street, seeking in vain for a place where something stronger than water could be had. At last he stopped, and made impatient inquiry of an old peasant who was on his way home after a day of toil; "How is it that I can't get a glass of liquor anywhere in this wretched village of yours?" he demanded harshly. The old man, recognizing his questioner as a man of rank, pulled off his cap and bowed humbly, but nevertheless there was a proud flash in his faded eyes as he answered quietly: "My lord, something over a hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came to these parts." And with that the old peasant walked away.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

2648. Influence, Abiding. It was a striking remark of a dying man, whose life had been, alas! but poorly spent, "Oh, that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!" It could not be. That man's influence survives him; it still lives, is still working on, and will live and work for centuries to come. He could not, when he came to die and perceived how sad and deleterious his influence had been, he could not put forth his dying hand and arrest that influence. It was too late; he had put in motion an agency which he was altogether powerless to arrest. His body could be shrouded, and coffined, and buried out of sight, but not his influence; for that, alas! corrupt and bad as it is, there is no shroud, no burial. It walks the earth like a pestilence—like the angel of death, and will walk till the hand of God arrests and chains it.

Let us be careful what influence we leave behind us.

2649. Influence, All Possess. Sometimes a very quiet, humble life has influenced a man who has played a promi-

ment part in the world's affairs. John Wanamaker says that when he was a young man he had the profoundest respect for a little woman in a faded plaid shawl who always sat in a certain corner in the prayer room, and whose words and life impressed him as thoroughly and sincerely good. He adds that many times in his business, when thinking of a certain move as to the rightfulness of which he was a little in doubt, he would say to himself, "I wonder if the little woman in the plaid shawl would approve of it." That simple, obscure life has thus borne fruit in the career of one of our leading business men. At the funeral of an earnest Christian young man, one whom he had never known testified that he had been led into the Christian life by observing his character from a distance. These things lead us to believe with Emerson that

"One accent of the Holy Ghost,
The heedless world hath never lost."

2650. Influence of Being Sweet.

"Said the corn to the lilies,
'Come not near my feet;
You are only lilies,
Neither corn nor wheat;
Can one earn a living
Just by being sweet?"

Answered the lilies
Neither yea nor nay,
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day.
Till at last the Master
Chanced to come that way.

While his tired disciples
Rested at his feet,
And the proud corn rustled,
Bidding them to eat.
'Children,' said the Master,
'The life is more than meat:

Consider the lilies,
How beautiful they grow,
Never king had such glory,
Though no toil they know,—
Oh, how happy were the lilies
That he loved them so!"

2651. Influence of the Beautiful Life.

One day, as Dr. Leighton Parks was in his study, a young Japanese called upon him. The young man entered very abruptly and said, "Sir, can you tell me how to find the beautiful life?"

Dr. Parks answered: "Do you wish to talk with me about religion?"

"No, sir; I merely want to find out about the beautiful life."

"Have you ever read the Bible?"

"Yes, sir, I have read some, but I don't like the Bible."

"Have you ever been to church?"

"Yes, I have been twice, but I don't like the church. I do not want your religion. But there is something I want. I cannot tell what it is: I call it the beautiful life, and they told me perhaps you could tell me about it."

"Where did you ever hear about it?"

"I never heard about it, but I saw a man in a boarding house in San Francisco, soon after I landed—a poor man, not an educated man like myself, who have studied in a university in Japan, and now am studying in one of your great universities; a poor man he was, a carpenter, but he had what all my life I have wanted. I have thought it might be in the world, but I have never seen it in my own country. I call it the beautiful life. How can I find it? This old man went about helping everybody; he was always happy; he never thought about himself."

Dr. Parks read him the thirteenth chapter of the first Book of Corinthians, and asked:

"Is that it?"

The Japanese said, "Yes, perhaps. It sounds like it; but how can I get it?"

Then Dr. Parks took that wonderful story of the perfectly beautiful life and tried to tell him very simply, and said:

"Now, you have just to follow that life."

And then, as he was obliged to go, he gave him a copy of the New Testament.

Dr. Parks heard nothing from the young man for a year or two, and then received a letter, saying:

"I am called back to my own country to an important position. Before I go I must see you. May I call at a certain hour?"

The next day, however, just at noon, he burst in as he had done before, very abruptly, saying:

"My train leaves at 2 o'clock. I must take that train to catch the steamer at San Francisco to go back to my country. I have something to tell you."

But he did not need to tell one word. It was written on that radiant face.

"Sir, I have found the beautiful life. I have found Jesus," he exclaimed; and then, unable to linger, he went back to his own country to tell the people of the Life once lived here on earth, and lived

here again in the lives of God's children to-day.—*Source Unknown.*

2652. Influence of Bible. Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, England, once received as his guest a Japanese gentleman, who had become a Christian.

One night, Dr. Dale asked this man what led him to become a Christian. The answer was that as a Confucian he studied the works of Confucius for many years, but he was greatly perplexed and dissatisfied. A Japanese convert to Christianity gave him a Bible, and asked him to read it. This he did, until one day he came to 1 Corinthians and began to read the glorious thirteenth chapter. He was charmed, and read the chapter through. "I had never read or dreamed of a morality like that," said he. "I felt that it was above the reach of the human race, that it must have come from heaven and that the man who wrote that chapter must have received the light from God. And then I read the Gospel of John, and the words of Christ filled me with wonder. They were not to be resisted. I could not refuse him my faith." Hence he became a Christian.—*The Expositor.*

2653. Influence for Christ. A little daughter of the well-known missionary, Dr. S. M. Zwemer, whose field of work among the Mohammedans was for years at Bahrein, Persian Gulf, Arabia, used to recite the words of a well-known hymn, but with a variation of her own making, as follows:

"Jesus bids us shine,
With a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In this world of darkness,
We must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in Bahrein."

2654. Influence Is Christian Radiation. One of the most beautiful epitaphs ever written is chiseled in white marble on the grave of a little girl: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'"—*Youth's Companion.*

2655. Influence of Doing Our Best. "Once upon a time, in an ancient church, there was a great organ on which the people had not yet learned to play. One after another tried the instrument, drew out its stops and wakened some of its harmonies; but none of them dreamed of the wonderful music which lay hidden

there. Then one day came the Master, sat like other men before the organ, and began to play; and the people below hushed themselves and whispered: 'Is this the organ which we have owned so long—this which first sighs and weeps, and then thrills with passion and joy?' From that day the hope of their worship was to reproduce the music which was then revealed, and when the best of them did his best, they said: 'This makes us think of the Master's playing.' Just such an instrument is human life, with its complex mechanism, its possible discords, its hidden harmonies, and many a philosopher and teacher has drawn from within it some of the music which was there. Then one day comes the Master. He knows, as the Gospel says, what is in man, and bending over human life, reveals the music of it; and from that day forth the hope of the world has been to reproduce the harmony; and when the best of men do their best, we say: 'This makes us think of the Master's playing.'"—PROFESSOR PEABODY.

2656. Influence, Evil. There are some varieties of trees which breathe out poison, and woe betide the traveler who is ignorant enough to rest beneath their shade!

London Answers, an English paper, tells of a tree on the hill slopes of Chile which the natives look upon as being possessed of an evil spirit. Many cases have occurred where innocent travelers have crept under its branches during the heat of the day, and paid for its shade with their lives. After resting under one of these trees for a short time, the hands and face of a traveler become swollen, as in a case of snake-bite, and the surface of the skin is covered with boils. Many visitors in the vicinity of Valparaiso have succumbed to the influence of this poisonous tree.

There are some men and women like that tree. Whoever rests in their shadow is poisoned by the baneful influence of their evil characters.

2657. Influence by Example. The *North China Mail* told of the last sermon on Sabbath observance preached by the late Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission. He was under appointment to preach at a chapel distant more than a mile from his home. He was too feeble to walk that distance without rest, and he was unwilling to be carried in a sedan chair because he had labored long to teach the native Chris-

tians the sanctity of the Sabbath, and feared the evil influence of what would have been—to him—perfectly innocent. So he made his journey on foot, with his son by his side. The son carried a chair, and supported him. Every few rods the chair was placed, and Mr. Taylor sat in it and rested. Another walk was followed by another rest, and so on until the chapel was reached. The attention of the Chinese—Christians and Confucianists alike—was attracted. Every little while some one would ask: "Why does not the old man ride?" "Because it is the Sabbath day, and God said, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy,'" was the answer. It was an impressive sermon—"a sermon a mile long," it has been called.

2658. Influence, Not Fenced Off. A man was once walking with a farmer through a beautiful field, when he happened to see a tall thistle on the other side of the fence. In a second, over the fence he jumped, and cut it off close to the ground. "Is that your field?" asked his companion. "Oh, no!" said the farmer, "bad weeds do not care much for fences, and if I should leave that thistle to blossom in my neighbor's field, I should soon have plenty in my own." In some of our western states the law requires the farmers and roadmasters to destroy all weeds on their farms and in the highways.

Bad men are like thistles. They pay no regard to fences. They are a menace to the peace and prosperity of all classes. And the only way for the good and virtuous in a community to secure their own peace and happiness is to convert the sinners or to shut them up in penitentiaries.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

2659. Influence of Gladstone. A man who, in a London club, told a filthy story, was put to shame by the question: "How many thousand pounds would you take to tell that to Gladstone?"

2660. Influence of Gloom. A gloomy, miserable-looking Christian stood outside a mission. "Will you come into our service to-night?" he asked a passer-by. The stranger gave him one swift glance, and replied as he hurried off, "No, thank you! I've troubles enough of my own!" Are we surprised?

2661. Influence, Godly. The persistence of some odors is truly wonderful. The famous mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople is always fragrant with the odor of musk, and has been so ever since it was built in the ninth century,

the curious thing being that nothing is done to keep it perfumed. The solution of the seeming mystery lies in the fact that when it was built the stones and bricks were fixed with mortar mixed with musk.

A godly character is as permanently fragrant as the odor of musk in an oriental mosque.

2662. Influence of Good Life. A lady missionary in India, in one of her tours, came upon a distant village of natives, who were unusually mild in their treatment of her. She explained the life of Christ to them, telling them he was the poor man's Friend, that he used to eat with common people, and heal their sick, that little children ran after him and climbed upon his knees as he sat in their houses. Suddenly she was interrupted by a native, who said: "Miss Sahib, we know him well. He lived here for years." It turned out that an old man belonging to another mission had once lived in that far-away village. Oh, my dear friends, if only our villagers could recognize Jesus in your life and mine!

2663. Influence of a Good Life. It is related of a good man having died, the little daughter of his business partner, five or six years of age, hearing her parents speak of him, said, "Papa, won't God be glad to see him?" What a tribute to a Christian life!

2664. Influence of a Good Man. A ship was going into action in the Jutland battle. Aboard that ship worked one, Stevens by name, a real, true Christian, whom all loved and revered for himself alone. Now it so happened that, to get to his appointed place, each man had to pass the spot where Stevens stood, and, as they realized this, the men passed the word softly down from one to another, "Touch Stevens, touch Stevens." And so with ready response every man and every lad as he passed along touched the man whom they felt and knew to be in touch with God and Christ and things eternal. How much Stevens counted in that time of need because his life rang true!—*United Methodist.*

2665. Influence of Good Men. Joseph Parker, unveiling a tablet in the city of Bath in memory of William Jay, and using the text, "Behold now there is in this city a man of God," said: "The men of God in any city are its strength. Their God is with them and their character is a continual emanation, an outgoing fragrance that finds its way on the winds

that blow through the lowliest places of the city and carry odors from roses that grow in the gardens beyond the blue."

2666. Influence of Good Men. The day that Theodore Roosevelt was buried, said Dr. Lyman Abbott, two newsboys were heard talking about the dead ex-President. One of them said, "Well, he is dead and now I can never vote for him." The other replied, "Naw, but you can be like him, can't yer?"

The influence that a good man exerts is not buried with him.—*The Expositor*.

2667. The Influence of Good People. Some one highly susceptible to the contemplation of a fine act has said that it produces a sort of a regenerating shudder through the frame, and makes one feel ready to begin a new life.—GEORGE ELIOT.

2668. Influence of Great Men. Thaddeus Stevens died on Tuesday, August 11, 1868. On the Saturday following the Republican primaries of Lancaster County, Penn., were held to elect a Senator—his term having expired. Although those who gathered knew of the death, they nominated him, unanimously, for the office. An unprecedented tribute to the influence of a great man.

2669. Influence, Greatness of. A little clock in a jeweler's window in a certain Western town, stopped one day for half an hour at fifteen minutes of nine. School children, noticing the time, stopped to play; people hurrying to the train, looking at the clock, began to walk leisurely; professional men, rushing to meet appointments, saw the time and walked slower; business men after a look at the clock stopped to chat a minute with one another; workmen and women noted the time and lingered a little longer in the sunshine, and all were half an hour late because one small clock had stopped. Never had these people known how much they had depended upon that clock, till it had led them astray. Many are thus unconsciously depending upon the influence of Christians; you may think you have no influence, but you cannot go wrong in one little act without leading others astray.

Every Christian citizen should so live in his personal habits, and in his attitude as a citizen that those who keep watch of him shall make no blunder as to the time of day in character and citizenship.

2670. Influence of Mrs. Hayes. When Mrs. Hayes had been nearly four years in the White House, the agent of a New York wine house gave this testimony:

"We don't sell one case of wine in Washington now, where we sold thirty some years ago. Mrs. Hayes' 'no wine at state dinners' may have sounded easy to other people, but it was almost the sound of death to the wine trade."

2671. Influence, Helpful. A lady who had for many years been a great sufferer said, after a visit from the sainted Dr. Chalmers: "Oh, yes, I am better this afternoon. Mr. Chalmers has been here to-day, and he never comes but after he is gone I think that is just how Jesus would have come to see me; that is just how Jesus would have spoken to me; that is just how Jesus would have looked." God help us so to live that people who remember us will also remember Jesus Christ!—*Record of Christian Work*.

2672. Influence of Heroism. He was a very little fellow, quite out of place in the big hospital. But he was due to undergo an operation, one from which there was only slight chance that he could emerge with his life. Quietly and bravely he listened while his parents discoursed, telling him what he should do. "How about it now?" they asked, nor was their anxiety very successfully concealed. "I am ready," was his cheery answer. The nurse noticed that his fingers were closed tightly about something. "What have you in your hand, sonny?" she asked. "Oh," he answered, "only something to help me a bit. It's a button. It's a button from the coat of a real soldier."

2673. Influence, Immortal. The artist Wilkie visited the Escorial to see Titian's picture of the Last Supper. An old Jeronomite stood by and said, "I have sat in sight of that picture nearly three-score years. The visitors have come and looked and wondered and gone their way. My companions have dropped off one by one; but these remain—these painted men. They are the true realities; we are but shadows." This is the solemn truth. Titian dies, but his work remains. Influence is immortal. We are but shadows, the sun sets and we are gone; but our works do follow us.—D. J. BURRELL, D.D.

2674. Influence, Importance of Personal. It is said that upon the tableland of Asia Minor, the women may be seen at dawn of day going out-doors and looking up at their neighbors' chimneys. They would see the one out of which the smoke is coming. Thither they go to borrow live coals with which to kindle a

fire in their own homes. Do men watch thus our lives? If in our hearts the Holy Ghost has kindled a sacred fire, shall they not come to us for warmth and inspiration?—W. R. LAMBUTH.

2675. Influence of an Invitation. A business man, on his way to prayer meeting, saw a stranger looking wistfully into the open window of the church, and, moved by a strong impulse, he invited him to go in with him. The stranger consented, and it was the beginning of a Christian life for him and his family. He afterwards said to the friend who invited him to prayer meeting: "Do you know that I have lived in this city seven years before I met you, and no one had ever asked me to go to church? I had not been here three days before the groceryman and the dairyman and the politicians had hunted me up, yet in all these seven years you were the first man that had ever expressed an interest in my soul."—*Guardian*.

2676. Influence, Intertwining. At a meeting in New York, early in December, 1910, of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Mr. George Westinghouse, of Pittsburgh, gave an account of how he came to invent the air-brake in an address of absorbing interest. In 1866 he was on a train between Schenectady and Troy which was delayed two hours by a collision of two freight trains, and this accident set him to thinking of the need of some means of stopping trains that would prevent such collisions. He thus turned a vexatious delay that many people doubtless spent in idleness and worry into an occasion of thoughtful seeking for a means of preventing such accidents, and this led him on to a splendid fortune. He soon acquired the idea of a simultaneous application of the brakes to all the wheels of the train and thought of a chain running under the cars and tightening the brakes by being wound up on a drum on the engine. This device proved too clumsy in practice, and he thought of a steam cylinder under each car, operated from the engine, but difficulty was found in transmitting the steam. Then a curious turn of affairs happened. "Shortly after I had reached this conclusion (as to the impracticability of steam) I was induced by a couple of young women who came into my father's works to subscribe for a monthly paper, and in a very early number, probably the first one I received, there was an account of the tunneling of Mount Cenis by machinery

driven by compressed air conveyed through 3,000 feet of pipes, the then depth of the tunnel. This account of the use of compressed air instantly indicated that brake apparatus of the kind contemplated for operation by steam could be operated by means of compressed air upon any length of train, and I thereupon began actively to develop drawings of apparatus suitable for the purpose, and in 1867 promptly filed a caveat in the United States Patent Office to protect the invention."

Young women acting as agents for a magazine were the unconscious links in the chain of this great achievement. Little did they know what they were doing the day they got that young man to subscribe for their paper: they thus helped to perfect the invention that has contributed immensely to railway development and has saved thousands of lives.

We are all working largely in the dark, unconsciously effecting results that are hidden from us and are thus blessing or blighting many lives and future generations. We live in a world that is all closely interlinked together so that every act is a thread running through the whole web. This vastly widens our responsibility and is an incentive to faithful service in every field.

2677. Influence of Kind Act. A beautiful illustration of the heavenly music started by a kind act is recounted by *The Helping Hand*:

In the year 1641 a traveler, visiting Amsterdam, went up into the tower of St. Nicholas' Church to note the playing of the marvelous chimes. He found a man away below the bells, with a sort of wooden gloves on his hands, pounding away on a keyboard.

The nearness of the bells, the clanging of the keys when struck by the wooden gloves, the clatter of the wires, made it impossible to hear the music. Yet there floated out over the city the most exquisite music. Many men paused in their work to listen to the chiming.

It may be that in your watch-towers, where you are wearily pouring the music out of your life into the empty lives of the lowly, that the rattling of the keys and the heavy hammers, the twanging of the wires, the very nearness of the work, may all conspire to prevent your catching even one strain of the music you are creating; but far out over the populous city, full of weary souls, and far out on the eternal sea, the rare melody of your work blends with the song of angels,

and is ringing through the corridors of the skies.

It may gladden some burdened souls here, and harmonize with the rapturous music of heaven.

2678. Influence, Law of. See *Christ, Reflecting*.

2679. Influence of a Leader. A boys' club was formed several years ago in connection with a Methodist Episcopal Church in Boston. The far-reaching results of its influence among immigrant children have since become clear. Many of the boys, encouraged by their leader, continued their education instead of going to work at an early age as others of their comrades did. The alumni of that club include a doctor, a dentist, an attorney, a high school principal, a professor of Latin at Harvard, a writer on a New York daily, a man who has made his fortune in the sugar trade, and a judge of the juvenile court. Very nearly all its members achieved distinction.—W. J. HART.

2680. Influence, Life. I recall a humble hero, unknown to fame, who had all the stuff that martyrs are made of. The headman of his village, often elected to the local assembly of his prefecture, and a man of influence in his locality; subjected at one time to petty persecution on account of his faith, and once openly attacked with violence, his name was placarded on the fences and walks and telegraph poles of the whole countryside as "traitor," because he had abandoned his ancestral faith. "Tsuchida, the Christian traitor," was the formula. Asking him one day how such advertising affected him, he replied, with tears in his eyes, that he never saw his own name thus coupled with that of his Lord but he felt himself most unworthy of the honor; but if his neighbors had seen anything in him to suggest that those names should go together, he could only rejoice and thank God that he had been permitted to bear the testimony.—HORATIO B. NEWELL, D.D.

2681. Influence of a Life. Many years ago a young fellow by the name of Wray, a student at Princeton College, applied for appointment as a foreign missionary. He was a thoroughly good man, but not very quick in respect to learning, and when he reached the field of his prospective labors he found it difficult to master the language. But though the simple natives could not understand his talk, they could understand his walk. One day when they, accord-

ing to the custom in those countries, were seated in a circle on the ground, listening to the instruction of one of their teachers, the question was asked, "What is it to be a Christian?" And none could answer. But finally one pointed to where this young man sat, and replied: "It is to live as Mr. Wray lives." Not one of them could read the Gospel according to Matthew, to Mark, to Luke, or to John; but every one there could read the Gospel according to Wray.—G. THOMAS DOWLING, D.D.

2682. Influence, A Mother's. In the market square of the little town of Wantage there is a beautiful marble statue of King Alfred with this inscription:

"Alfred the Great, The West Saxon King, born at Wantage, A.D. 849. Alfred found learning dead, and he revived it; the laws powerless, and he gave them force; the church debased, and he raised it; the land ravaged by a fearful enemy, from which he delivered it. Alfred's name shall live as long as mankind shall respect the past."

If it had not been for the faithfulness of Queen Judith to Alfred in his boyhood there might not have been anything in the life of King Alfred that succeeding generations would like to commemorate with a public monument. In molding his life she influenced the history of England for the better for a thousand years.—REV. W. H. HUBBARD, D.D.

2683. Influence, Carrying Perfume. "Thy prayers and thine alms have gone up!" This is the sacrifice of a sweet savor, well pleasing to God and a benediction "to all who are in the house."

"Not long ago, on an excursion in the woods, I picked up a branch of sweetbrier and hid it in my dress. I soon forgot what I had done, but all day I smelt a spicy fragrance. Every woodland path had the same sweet odor. Even the rocky cliffs and caves breathed perfume. I was surprised to notice that, as I met different people with all kinds of wild flowers and ferns, all woodland treasures had the same kind of fragrance. On the boat, as we sailed homeward, I thought, 'Some one is taking home a quantity of sweetbrier for the air is full of it.'

"Late at night, when I took off my dress, I was surprised to find the sweetbrier tucked in my bosom. All day long I had carried near my heart the sweet perfume that I had supposed came from others. 'How good it would be,' I said

to myself, as I closed my eyes, "if I could carry such a sweet spirit in my breast that every one I met would seem lovely!" It made me think of the legend of the potter who found a lump of clay that was fragrant as a rose. Even after the vase had gone through fire, it held its delicate perfume.

"What makes you so sweet when the other things of clay have no odor?" cried the potter.

"I lay at the foot of a fragrant rose and her sweetness became mine," answered the vessel of clay."

There is a legend that the room in which Mary spilt her precious ointment never lost its fragrance, and we are reminded of the oft-spoken lines:

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,

There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

"Thy prayers and thine alms are gone up for a memorial!"

2684. Influence, Loss by Unfavorable. In the far East a ship hailing from a German port drove ashore on the sands of Java. When the master of the ship was called to an account for the disaster, he gave as an excuse that the beacon on shore had settled several feet in the sand, so that it did not register the height from the sea which was ascribed to it in the hydrographic books. Mistaking the elevation of the light, the skipper substituted its indications for those of another light, and went ashore. The beacon, not the skipper, was at fault.

Christians are set as beacons in the world. Some of them are comparable to tall and graceful lighthouses equipped with the finest lanterns, while others may be but lower lights along the shore. But all are expected to shine for God, and to maintain their position as long as their lives are spared. Too many church members, however, do not look well to the foundations of their faith, or allow themselves to be affected by seductive worldly influences, so that, consciously or unconsciously, they begin to settle deeper into sin. Their light burns dim, if it does not go out altogether, or is shed forth upon the world from a lower moral plane, and so misleads into ruin those who have been accustomed to look to the example of the church members in question for spiritual guidance.

2685. Influence Makes Climate. "She

makes a beautiful climate for me," said a mother of her attentive daughter. That is what should be said with truth of every Christian. They should temper the moral climate of this world, warming its coldness, cooling its excessive heat, soothing its sorrows, and cheering its discouragements.

2686. Influence of a Missionary. When John Scudder left New York in 1819 for his mission field in India, the boy James Brainard Taylor was at the dock. The gleam of light on Scudder's face so impressed the lad that he abandoned his chosen career and prepared for Princeton, and became, later, the great missionary—ROBERT SPEER.

2687. Influence on Others. Some years ago a farmer of Central New York bought some inferior grass seed, thinking that it was economy to do so. When the grass grew it was found to be full of noxious weeds, and the next year the farms surrounding, although most carefully planted and cared for, were found to be covered with the same weeds, all because of the bad seed planted by one man, who, if he gave the matter any thought at all, would have said that it could concern no one but himself. We cannot sow tares in our lives without having them bear fruit in the lives around us.—MRS. CARA S. PARK.

2688. Influence Is Perpetuated. There is a picture of a dying torch-bearer, at whose torch a fresh runner is lighting his torch, ready to carry the signal on. So lives perpetuate themselves in other lives.

2689. Influence, Personal. A writer who signs himself "Eye Witness," describing West Point, records this dialogue:

The Visitor—When the cadets go away for those exhibition drills that are supposed to represent perfection in maneuvering men, do you take them all along, or only the men who have had the advantage of a year or so of West Point training?

The Officer—We take them all along.

The Visitor—Then how do you get perfection?

The Officer—Those who are good make those who are poor do better.

The Visitor—Oh!

This is the age long ideal of the Christian Church and we cannot remind ourselves too often of the privilege we have of "strengthening the feeble knees" and in emergency helping one another and so fulfilling the law of Christ.

2690. Influence, Personal. Two pro-

fessional men were lingering at the restaurant table after luncheon and exchanging scraps of experience. The talk turned to things religious. "I became a Christian when I was twelve years old," said one, "and I've never for one instant been sorry that I made a stand so early."

His companion's eyes took on the dreamy expression of one who is looking far back into the past. "It was different with me," he said at length. "I did not make a public profession of religion, and indeed, did not become a Christian until after I had been graduated from college and medical school. There were many times when I was almost persuaded, and when I needed just a touch to bring me to a decision, but nobody ever gave me that touch—not even my Christian father. I can remember yet," he continued, "how I used to sit in the back seat of the old meeting house when special services were being held and wish that some one would come and speak to me. I was waiting for a word of invitation, and I was hungry for it. It never came, though, and so, through my own fault, of course, I missed all those years of Christian discipleship, growth and joy." A little touch may turn the course of a life for eternity. The query suggests itself: What is our part of the responsibility for a life which takes the wrong course lacking the touch?

2691. Influence, Power of. It is recorded of the late Dr. Parker that at the commencement of his ministry he lived in a house where there was no garden—only a back yard. Thinking he would have a garden he brought some mold and placed it in one part of the yard. He then procured one single plant—a wall flower—and planted it in the mold. After a while he wanted to know how his plant was growing, and so measured it with a foot rule. The rule was much too long for the plant, for it only measured six inches in height. Then he thought he would take its width, which was three inches.

He then wondered if there was any other way in which he could measure it, and as there was one flower on it he thought he would measure the distance its perfume spread, so he walked backwards from the plant, still smelling its fragrance as he went, until going outside the door of the yard he still inhaled its sweetness, and it seemed to him that if he had gone back as far as France the scent would still have followed him.

Thus every good word we speak, and every good deed we perform, has a benign influence, spreading out far beyond our highest conception. The oceans are limited by the sandbanks and rock; goodness flowing from our lips or hands knows no barrier. Its influence is as wide as the world and lasting as eternity.

—J. COMLEY PAGE.

2692. Influence of Praiseful Spirit. A little while ago I saw a half-dozen sandwich-men walking through the streets of London, looking thoroughly pinched and starved and wretched, and their boards carried the advertisement as to where the onlookers could get "the best dinner in London!" Famished wretches advertising the best dinners! Cheerless men and women advertising "the joy of the Lord!" Heralds in whom there is no buoyancy advertising the Light of life! No, it is the cheery spirit, the praiseful spirit, that offers the best commendation of the grace of God!—J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

2693. Influence, Reach of. Did it ever occur to you that the most wonderful things in the world are the things that you cannot see? You never saw the perfume of a rose, but a rose cannot be in a room without your knowing that it is there. You do not see the zephyr that stirs the leaves in the orchard trees, nor the gale that sends forward the storm on its wild career; but nothing is so vital, nothing so powerful as the air, whether it be in gentle or in violent motion. The atmosphere infolds us alike in the valley, on the plain, or on the mountain top, but we do not see it. The intangible things, things so slight yet so real that although they defy touch they weave themselves into the tissues of our being, are, after all, the things that are strongest and most enduring.

Years after the Empress Josephine had left her palace at Malmaison, the rooms were full of a certain delicate fragrance which had pervaded her clothing and her furniture. Hundreds of years have passed since Shakespeare and Milton laid down their pens, but the words they wrote are throbbing with life to-day. You cannot handle a word, but the wide earth has nothing so imperishable.

Is it not true of the influence we exert upon our friends and companions that it is like the air or the perfume or the vital word, that time does not destroy, that survive many changes, and are more potential than things that wear out in service or that rust out from neglect?

Influence depends upon character and personality.

2694. Influence Reaches Others. There is an old story of a vessel sailing from Joppa, which carried a passenger who cut a hole in the side of the ship beneath his berth. When the men of the ship expostulated with him: "What dost thou, oh, miserable man?" the offender calmly replied: "What matters it to you? The hole I have made lies under my own berth!"

But our race is so interwoven that no man can do evil and his fellows not suffer. No man's actions stop with himself. If one could live alone on some desolate island, like a Selkirk, one might seem to have cut every tie that bound him to his fellow-men, and thus to have gotten clear of all responsibility for others. Yet even then the human race would suffer for his excision. He would be missed somewhere.

2695. Influence, Silent. An interesting story is told of the book "John Inglesant." Only one hundred copies of the first edition were disposed of, sixty of these being given away by the author. When Mr. Gladstone was about to sit for a photograph, he picked up a copy of the book and held it in such a way that the gold lettered title showed conspicuously. It was a good photograph and was soon scattered broadcast throughout the land. Every copy of it talked for the obscure book, and the result was a sudden and clamorous demand for the work. So we may make the kingdom conspicuous in all the pictures men see of us. While we are driving bargains, we can be talking for our Lord. When we entertain callers, we can hold forth the kingdom in some well-chosen word that will stick in our visitor's mind.—JOHN F. COWAN, D.D.

2696. Influence of Spoken Words. A word was spoken to the young cadet O. O. Howard, when in a spirit of banter he was making light of religion: "If I were you I would stop ridiculing religion. I would just begin to be a Christian." That unexpected friendly word opportunely spoken gave the United States army its Havelock. Such a word was spoken by a college president in time of special religious interest and activity to a student who was impressed but reluctant: "Make one honest effort for your soul's sake"; and that work, added to the Spirit's inward work, sufficed to push the young man hard up against the heavenly Father, who closes

his arms of power and love around the no longer unwilling but penitent and consenting boy.—KELLY.

2697. Influence of Teacher. One who knew Dr. Marcus Dods well in his work as professor in New College, said a few years ago: "Dods writes me that he grows old all summer and young all winter, sucking the life-blood from the young lives in his class-room. The world has it that he spends the session in transferring his heart-treasure into those young fellows!"

2698. Influence is Unanswerable. There is one argument no unbeliever has ever answered—a godly life. Some years ago a famous infidel orator addressed a large audience in Chicago. Two young men heard him, and as they walked home together, one said: "Well, he swept everything before him to-night, didn't he?" The other replied, "He did not touch one thing." When asked what that one thing was, he replied, "My old mother's religion." Nothing clings to a young man more tenaciously and helps him more tenderly than the memory of his mother's piety and prayers.

2699. Influence, Unconscious. A prominent scientist has discovered that such is the natural radiance of the body that photographs can be taken by means of the light emanating from his hand. It is just as true that an influence radiates from a noble life which flashed visions of truth on other souls.

2700. Influence, Unconscious. We have read somewhere of an American teacher employed in a secular school of Japan, with the understanding that he would make no mention of the subject of Christianity. He adhered to the understanding, but this did not keep him from exerting a Christian influence over his pupils.

The unconscious influence of his Christian life exerted a profound influence over them, so profound that some forty of them met, unknown to their teacher, and signed a covenant to abandon idolatry. Later, some twenty-five of them entered a Christian training school and some of them became ministers of the Gospel to their own people.

This teacher made no attempt to influence his pupils. He simply lived the Christian life before them; unconscious influence wrought the effect. The most powerful appeal for Christianity is not made in the pulpits, but in the home and the school and the office and the store and in the factory and on the farm by

those men and women who have themselves been redeemed by Jesus Christ. In these living epistles is found the argument for Christianity that no man can answer, and what is of more immediate importance, that no man can altogether resist.—*The Presbyterian*.

2701. Influence, Unconscious. The importance of unconscious personal influence is better enforced by illustration than by argument. A professor in Brown University was once walking up the college hill in Providence at night when he heard a boy in some back yard drumming. Being naturally fond of rhythm, he fell into step and marched up the hill to the little fellow's drum-beat. Then the thought came to him, "He doesn't know what I am doing, yet I am keeping step to his music." Your life and mine may be "setting the pace" to lives we know little about.

2702. Influence, Unconscious. When the disciples were waiting in Galilee for the appearance of the risen Lord which had been promised them, Peter, taking, as was his nature, the initiative, suddenly declared, "I'm going a-fishing," and the others, probably without any conscious reasoning, responded at once, "We'll go along with you." When before this Peter had impulsively entered into the tomb in the garden to see if Christ were really risen, "then went in also that other disciple," John the beloved, showing, as Dr. Horace Bushnell long ago pointed out, the power of unconscious influence. "None of us liveth unto himself and none of us dieth unto himself." We act and react upon each other in all the relations of life, and probably the most so when we do not intend or think it.

2703. Influence, Unconscious. The experiments of Professor Horseford, of Cambridge, have demonstrated that the Bunker Hill Monument is not immovable, as was supposed, but that the effect of the sun upon it is such that the expansion of the side on which it shines causes the granite shaft to bend back and forward as the sun shines on one side or the other of the monument in the course of the day. Influence. Unconscious influence.

2704. Influence, Unconscious. A lieutenant colonel was overwhelmed by the fear of death amid the peril of battle. He was impressed with the steadiness of several Christian soldiers when under fire. Particularly he saw a corporal, who, after several standard-bearers had been shot down, seized the flag-staff, and, as he

bore it to immediate death, calmly said to a comrade, "If I fall tell my dear wife that I die with a good hope in Christ, and that I am glad to give my life for the country." "I cannot forget that," said the colonel, "and I want to become a Christian; for I know there is a reality in religion."

2705. Influence, Unconscious. We become like those with whom we go. I remember one time my brother returned home after a prolonged absence. As we were walking down the street together he said to me, "You have been going with Denning a good deal"—a mutual friend of ours. Surprised, I said, "How do you know I have?" He said, "You walk just like him." What my brother said was strictly true, though he did not know it. Our friend had a very decided way of walking. As a matter of fact, we had been walking home from the Y.M.C.A. three or four times every week, and unconsciously I had grown to imitate his way of walking.—S. D. GORDON.

2706. Influence, Unconscious. The atheist who spent a few days with the saintly Fenelon said: "If I stay here much longer I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." Fenelon had used no word of controversy or solicitation. It was but the quiet, convincing argument of a holy life—a consistent walk and conversation.

"I tried to be a skeptic when I was a young man," said Cecil, "but my mother's life was too much for me."

"My brethren," said an old African preacher, "a good example is the tallest kind of preaching." And he was right. "There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life," says Dr. Chalmers, "passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongue of men and angels."—H.

2707. Influence, Unconscious. Mark Guy Pearse says that many years ago he sat with Spurgeon on the platform at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and in an interval during the meeting he whispered to Mr. Spurgeon: "When I was a young fellow in London, I used to sit right over there, and hear you preach, and you will never know how much good you did me." "I cannot forget," says Mr. Pearse, "the bright light which came into his face as he turned to me, and said: 'You did?'" "Yes," replied Pearse, "and I am so glad to have the chance of telling you of it. You used to wind me up like an

eight-day clock; I was bound to go right for a week after hearing you." He put out his hand and took that of Mr. Pearse, and the tears brimmed to his eyes as he said: "God bless you! I never knew that."

2708. Influence, Unconscious Christian. After a great spiritual awakening in a certain church, a man who had united arose at prayer meeting and told what influenced him to take the step. Six months before he selected one of the prominent members and watched him closely in his church, business and social life. By systematic inquiry and careful personal observation he subjected him to six months of microscopic scrutiny. He said, "I thank God for that man. He stood the test. I was convinced of the genuineness of his religion and was thus led to accept Christ myself."

2709. Influence, Unending. Alice Freeman Palmer, the second president of Wellesley College, was happiest when she was doing good for others. When she left the college, she gave herself so unweariedly to her self-imposed task of lightening the burdens of the unfortunate, that her husband, a Harvard professor, expostulated. He thought she should give her time and strength to writing books that would make her still more famous. "You are building no monument," he said. "When you are gone people will ask who you are, and no one will be able to say." "Well, why should they?" was the answer. "I am trying to make girls happier and wiser. Books don't help much toward that. It is people that count. You want to put yourself into people; they touch other people, these, others still, and so you go on working forever."

2710. Influence, Unfavorable. It is said that an old colored man in reading a well-known hymn which contains the line, "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense," mistook "sense" for "saints," and gave this odd version: "Judge not the Lord by feeble saints." What a pity that people will judge the Lord by feeble saints!

2711. Influence, Unfelt. The wireless, which has supplied so many illustrations, may well supply another, that of unfelt influence.

The transmitting station throws into space its electrical impulses or waves, and, strong or weak, these waves pass out and go on travels which end we know not where or when. They are invisible. They are unfelt. And yet there is not a

moment when they are not registered somewhere. All through the ages electric waves, manufactured in nature's own transmitting station, have been thrown out, but until men developed instruments sensitive enough to detect the waves they remained unsuspected, unknown.

Every human life is sending forth some kind of influence, strong or weak. But, strong or weak, it is being registered somewhere, often in unsuspected places. The fact that we do not see immediate effects, and the fact that no one rises to say, "What he did changed my life for the good," or "ruined my life," does not mean that our influence has been barren. If we had instruments tuned to catch the effects of our influence as it impinged upon other lives, they would tell us a wonderful story.

We all absorb, without knowing, waves of thought and influence that come from others, just as we generate influence that flows out to others. In some subtle way we are bound together. We can lift or depress, save or crush, heal or destroy. What we do for good depends upon the measure in which we have absorbed the spirit of Jesus. With that in us, our influence must always be for good.—*C. E. World.*

2712. Influence, Unused. "He thinks it better for his quiet influence to tell," said an affectionately excusing relative of one who had plenty of special opportunities of soul-winning if he had only used his lips as well as his life for his Master. "And how many souls have been converted to God by his 'quiet influence' all these years?" was my response. There was no answer.

2713. Influence, Without Planning—By the Way. There is an old legend of a saint who lived such a godly life that the angels came down from heaven to see the man and learn his secret. After studying him for some time they besought the Lord to give him power to work miracles, the saint to choose the work he might do. He refused power to heal the sick, leaving that to God; the leading of wanderers he left to angels; but as he must accept a gift from God he chose to do good without knowing it. So it followed that wherever he walked, his shadow falling behind him, or on either side, unseen by him, brought life and health to all it touched. What we are decides what we do; to be good is to do good. Once, when the Master was hurrying to the home of Jairus to raise his daughter from the dead, a poor,

friendless woman touched the tassel of his garment, and straightway she was healed. He planned to save the ruler's daughter; he healed the woman by the way, without planning. Much of our best work and worst work is done by the way. What we purpose to do expresses our wills; what we do by the way expresses our characters. We can do good by deliberately setting ourselves to do good; but the work by the way is the real test of character.

2714. Influence, One Woman's. Many years ago, an invalid lady, whose home was in the country, visited a large city near which she lived, on a sultry summer day. She had business in some of the smaller streets and alleys, and was appalled at the number of pale, puny, and sick babies in their mothers' arms who were literally dying for a breath of fresh air. What could she do? "I can not save all," she said, "but I can save one. There is room for a mother and her child at my home." She took the one mother and her child to her country home, and kept them for a fortnight, and then took them home and brought others. Her neighbors followed her example. The next summer the number of children entertained amounted to hundreds, and the next thousands. Another woman who lived in the city could not give a cent, but she wrote of the work. It was published in a New York paper. A woman of wealth read the article, and sent the editor a thousand dollars with the request that a fund should be opened for this noble purpose. The fresh air charity was the result. It all grew out of the little deed of the woman who took care of one.—*Forward*.

2715. Influence of a Word. George Nichols, member of the English Parliament, said that when a boy working on a farm he attended a meeting in which one speaker remarked, "Who knows but that some lad in this meeting may become great?" He went on to mention the names of Livingstone, Gladstone, and Parker. Mr. Nichols looked around and discovered that he was the only boy present, and he thought: "That must mean me!" He thereupon determined to find out more about the lives of these great men, and that one sentence affected his whole career.—*S. S. Chronicle*.

2716. Influence of a Word in Season. Mr. Munsey's journalistic achievements recalls to mind what he did for New York by speaking a word in season. At a casual meeting with a retired manufac-

turer from Ohio, Mr. John Hoge, he urged upon him the obligation to do something for his "day and generation." Thereupon Mr. Hoge added a codicil to his will, and left a million dollars to New York's Metropolitan Art Museum.

2717. Infidelity. See *Creed*. See *Doctrine*. See *God*.

2718. Infidelity. The nurse of infidelity is sensuality.—*CECIL*.

2719. Infidelity. There never yet was a mother who taught her child to be an infidel.—*HENRY W. SHAW*.

2720. Infidelity, Folly of. It is told of one of our early American evangelists that in the course of an address he made the broad statement that all infidels are fools, and that he could prove it in any given case in ten minutes. A man in the audience asked if he might interrupt, and remarked that he must take exception to the statement, since he was himself an infidel and thought he was no fool. The preacher looked him over rather curiously and said, "So you are an infidel? Will you tell me just how much of an infidel?" "Certainly, sir, I deny that there is anything at all in religion." "Nothing at all in religion? Are you willing to go on record as saying that?" "Go on record?" the infidel replied. "Why, I have been writing and lecturing against religion for these twenty years." The evangelist glanced at his watch and said, "Well, I said I could prove an infidel a fool in ten minutes, and I have seven minutes left. I'll leave it to the audience if a man isn't a fool to write and lecture for twenty years against a thing that has nothing whatever in it!" There is more than a sharp retort here. There is the exposure of the infidel's recognition that Christianity represents something that he must fight,—for it condemns him.—*C. B. McAFEE, D.D.*

2721. Infidelity Lacks Consecration. A noted infidel having lectured at Deptford, England, was replied to by a well-known resident, who, contrasting the work that Christians were doing with that of skeptics, said: "I have been out often between the hours of midnight and daybreak, searching for poor, friendless lads with a view to rescue and bring them to our Boy's Home at Deptford, and I have visited some of the lowest lodging houses in London, and there I have seen the Scripture-reader engaged in his work for God; and as I have walked through the streets, I have seen the female missionary dealing with those of

her own sex who had fallen, and seeking to save them from a life of misery. But never have I seen an infidel out at these hours, ready and willing to afford even temporal help to those who were in need." Others have trodden the streets of the great cities again and again on errands of mercy through the weary hours of night, and while they have found skeptics among the outcasts and the homeless there, they have met with none of them who were seeking to save and rescue the lost.

2722. Infidelity, Pathos of. Earth has no sadder sight than that of a man who does not know his best Friend. Not all the powers of body and mind at their heights can offset this pitiable spiritual poverty. One of the most brilliant of living essayists, of luminous insight and of fascinating power to portray moods and emotions, has written of the unselfish, supremely trusting love of a dog for his master: "I envied the gladness of his certainty, compared it with the destiny of man, still plunging on every side into darkness, and said to myself that the dog who meets with a good master is the happier of the two." Yes, happier, far than he who knows no Master and Friend. But the unbelief of such a man needs but to reach out for an instant of time in groping search for the Truth, and in real surrender of self to a Master, to be met and welcomed and guided into all truth by One who longs to satisfy just such yearning hearts.

2723. Infidelity, Its Testimony. Dr. John Mason Good once asked a young scoffer who was attacking Christianity on account of the sins of some of its professors: "Did you ever know an uproar made because an infidel had gone astray from the path of morality?" The young man admitted he had not. "Then you allow Christianity to be a holy religion, by expecting its professors to be holy; thus by your very scoffing you pay it the highest compliment in your power."

2724. Ingratitude. See Grumbling. See Thanksgiving Day.

2725. Ingratitude. Ingratitude is treason to mankind.—THOMSON.

2726. Information, Unnecessary. One of those good-natured persons who are always bent on imparting information was humiliated not long since. A negro was seated on a rail-fence in Arkansas, intently looking at the telegraph poles. A gentleman passing said: "Watching the wires?" "Yes, sah." "Waiting to

see a message go by, hey?" The negro smiled and said, "Yes, sah." The gentleman kindly told him that messages were invisible, and explained the work of the electric current to him at length. Concluding, he said: "Now, you know something about it." "Yes, sah." "What do you work at?" "I'm a telegraph operator at the Hazel Switch Station, sah."—*The Classmate.*

2727. Initiative. See Success in Life.

2728. Initiative. "Be an automobile Christian." When a Chinese first saw an electric street car, he said, "No pushee, no pullee, goee allee samee." Each worker should be original in his work. Education is only intended to "draw one out." The physician should be original in his work. He will be better if he uses all his knowledge in his own way.

2729. Initiative, Lack of. The lobster, when left high and dry upon the rocks, has not sense and energy enough to work his way back to the sea. If the sea does not come to him he remains where he is and dies, although the slightest exertion would bring him to the waves. When men are in tight places, like a stranded lobster, if they lie there expecting some grand billow to take them on its shoulders and bear them to the smooth water, the chances are that they will never get there.—BEECHER.

2730. Initiative, Missionary. David Russell, the South African missionary, could find no building for a church at Goldfield. The only unoccupied edifice was a store which had been rented for a saloon. Russell asked the proprietor for that, and was told he might use it until the liquor arrived. Four weeks later the liquor arrived and he was asked to vacate. Russell urged the saloon-keeper to let him stay, so week-days it was a saloon and Sundays a church. Beer-kegs were seats. A strange place for a church, but Russell's courage and initiative won out, and a strong church later resulted.

2731. Initiative, Needed. In our great war you remember that in one of the battles a general said to an officer that wanted to know where he should go: "Go in anywhere. There is beautiful fighting all along the line." Our country, every hamlet and every city, is waiting for men that are willing to go in anywhere in the line of service to their fellow men. Universal coöperation is the demand of the hour.—*The Northern Christian Advocate.*

2732. Initiative, Personal. Most people do what they are told to do. They wait

for suggestions. Like some automobiles they are not self-starters. They need to be cranked up. The valuable man in church or business is the man that will see things that need to be done and will do them without being told.

A young man complained one day to his employer that he was getting a smaller salary than a new employee. A load of grain was passing at the time, and the employer said to the young man, "Go and find out who is getting that grain."

The young fellow ran out, and came back shortly with the information that the grain was consigned to Mr. X. "Find out what he paid for it," said the employer, and again the young man disappeared. "He paid so much a bushel," he said when he came back. "Find out if he needs more," said the employer once more. The clerk did as he was told, and returned shortly with the information.

At this moment the new man came in. "Go and find out who is getting that grain that passed a few minutes ago," said the employer. In a short time the clerk returned and said: "It went to Mr. X.; he paid so much a bushel for it, and he wants more—I think we can sell him some."

The merchant turned to his older employee and said, "There is your answer." The one man did as he was told. The other had personal initiative.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

2733. Initiative, Responsibility for. A Connecticut whistler said, "I ain't much on the air, but start any tune you've a mind to, and I'll whistle a second to it." That man represented a large class in the community besides whistlers. A heavy responsibility rests on a man that can carry the air. When he starts a tune, be it good or bad, a multitude will whistle a second to it.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

2734. Initiative, Valued. "We place a premium on initiative," writes a well-known manufacturing firm in calling for agents. The power to suggest new things, to undertake experiments, and the courage to put plans into execution are qualities greatly needed. Edison achieves because he dreams, thinks, dares, and has a mighty determination to overcome obstacles. Luther, Wesley, and Dr. F. E. Clark displayed initiative, and many rise up to call them blessed.—W. J. HART, D.D.

2735. Innocence. The ancient Latins had a tradition, which seemed to be

universal, of a time of primeval innocence when man dwelt in a peaceful world ignorant alike of sorrow and sin. This was called the Golden Age.

2736. Inquisitiveness. As I came into the city, related a wise man, I met a boy who carried a covered dish. "What have you in that dish?" I asked. He answered: "My mother would not have covered it had she wanted that one should see what is in the dish." So many try to discover the secrets of the future in God's Kingdom. God has His secrets,—and so many are inquisitive and would like to uncover them. The little parable related above contains a word of wisdom for them.

2737. Inspiration, Human. Hazlitt, the author and critic, as a young man was dull and unambitious. In one of his essays he relates that the poet Coleridge paid his father a visit. The young man, on being invited to accompany the distinguished caller on the walk of several miles back to his home, gladly consented. That event made an epoch in the life of young Hazlitt, for the conversation awakened his intellect, fired his emotions, and gave him the vision of a new world. If a human genius can awaken another human heart to its best possibilities, what cannot the Son of God do by contact with men?—*The Expositor*.

2738. Inspired by God. The ocean can pour its salt tide into the mouth of the river because the river is a child of the sea, born of it and nourished by it. The soul of man comes from the ocean of God's life and can share the tidal movements of his thoughts. Inspiration depends upon the likeness of nature between God and man. The animal cannot inspire the tree, for they live in different kingdoms; man cannot inspire animals, because the quality of life is different: God can inspire man, because the soul of man is the breath of God.—*Homiletic Review*.

2739. Insult, Meeting. Professor Palmer's biography of Alice Freeman Palmer contains this anecdote of the wonderful young woman who at twenty-seven became president of Wellesley. "There came to Wellesley for a period of special study a woman, . . . nervous, vain, and touchy, easily finding in whatever was said or looked some covert disparagement of herself. As she was complaining one day of some recent rudeness, Miss Freeman said, 'Why not be superior to these things and let them go unregarded? You will soon find you

have nothing to regard.' 'Miss Freeman,' retorted Miss S., 'I wonder how you would like to be insulted.' Miss Freeman drew herself up with splendid dignity: 'Miss S., there is no one living who could insult me.'—FREDERICK HALL.

2740. Insult, Meeting. Passing up the street one evening, a drunken man knocked Mr. Kilpin down and rolled him in the gutter, exclaiming, "That's the place for you, John Bunyan!" The good man arose calmly and returning to his family related the circumstance, adding that the honor of bearing such a name had outweighed the insult.—ARVINE.

2741. Insult, Used. The Maori of New Zealand, when converted, are said to make good Salvation Army soldiers. The Army officer out there tells of "Warrior Brown," an old Maori woman who had won her name by her fighting qualities when in drink or enraged. Coming under Army influence, she was converted, and gave her testimony at an open-air meeting, whereupon some foolish person hit her with a potato, a nasty blow. A week before, the cowardly insulter would have needed to make himself scarce for his trouble; but what a change! "Warrior" picked up the potato without a word and put it in her pocket. No more was heard of the incident until the harvest festival came round, and then "Warrior" brought a little sack of potatoes and explained that she had cut up and planted the insulting potato, and was now presenting to the Lord its increase.—*Sunday at Home.*

2742. Intemperance Destructive. While in Kentucky the other day a paper fell into our hands narrating the arrest of a Kentucky moonshiner at his illicit still. Like others of its class this illicit still was hidden away in the woods on the mountain side reached by a narrow trail. When captured, the still was in full blast. The report stated that over the door of this illicit distillery were found these words: "It is but two miles to hell from this still." The Scriptures assert that no drunkard can enter heaven. The back door of every saloon opens into hell.

2743. Interest. People are interested in the things to which they give their money, strength or time. Frequently interest is aroused when a gift of some sort, however small, is made. The gift may be made as a matter of duty, but the interest aroused will lead us to make another gift as a matter of joy.

With much work and sacrifice, a little

church had been built on a mission field, but when a bell was needed, one woman, whose aid had been sought in vain, declared her belief that bells were a nuisance. Finally she was persuaded to contribute five dollars, and when the bell had been purchased and swung, she was greatly pleased.

"That's the sweetest toned bell I ever heard!" she said.

2744. Intolerance. A fox stood before a rabbit warren and shouted: "Hey, widen out this entrance, Friend Rabbit; you have made it much too narrow! This whole warren of yours is built on too narrow lines. As it is, none but Rabbits, like yourself, can enter." The Rabbit replied: "Just so, that Foxes and Wolves may not enter in we shall stick to our Narrow Lines." "How intolerant," grumbled the Fox, as he trotted away.

2745. Introduction of Marion Lawrance. Mr. Marion Lawrance says that he often feels like uttering the prayer, "From our traducers and our introducers, good Lord, deliver us." Upon one occasion, when making a tour in Cuba, he was introduced by a gentleman who took about ten minutes, speaking in Spanish. When he had finished, Mr. Lawrance remarked,

"I don't know what my friend has been talking about, but it is all true anyway."

To his surprise this was greeted with hearty laughter by the audience, which was explained when the American visitor was informed that the chairman had spent his entire time in telling how wonderful a man Mr. Lawrance was.—A. C. CREWS, D.D.

2746. Introducing a Lecturer. Probably he did not mean to be uncomplimentary, but the chairman made a slight blunder when he introduced the general superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada by saying, "Dr. Chown will speak on the subject of 'Political Corruption,' and I can assure you he is full of his subject."

2747. Introduction of President of U. S. When Dr. George Vincent, then president of the Chautauqua Assembly, had the opportunity of introducing the President of the United States at one of the great Chautauqua meetings, there was unusual curiosity among the people who composed the audience as to the manner in which the duty would be performed, as the doctor was usually very felicitous upon such occasions. To the

surprise, and perhaps the satisfaction, of everybody he refrained from making any speech, but simply uttered five words, "Ladies and gentlemen—the President."

2748. Introduction of Captain Sigsbee. In an address at Fall River, after the Spanish war Captain Sigsbee, of the *Texas*, told the following story illustrative of the fact that naval men made no pretense at being orators:

"It is a very difficult situation for me," said Captain Sigsbee, "to be required to make a speech, and I am in the situation of the old sailor who was very fond of tea, and was devoted to the people who served it. But this old sailor had no society manners, and had never attended an afternoon tea. He was afraid of the ladies, but in some way he was forced to an afternoon tea. He went almost in despair, and when he got back to his ship his mates said:

"Brown, did you go to the tea?"

"I did."

"How did you feel there?"

"I felt like a sperm whale doing crochet work."

Nevertheless, Captain Sigsbee made a very able address.

2749. Introduction of Speaker. A Western senator introduced himself as follows:

"I reached a certain small town during a campaign, and found that the proprietor of the hotel where I usually stopped was in jail. He had gone there of his own accord rather than pay a judgment which he considered unjust. He asked the sheriff to please let him out for two hours to hear his old friend—speak. The sheriff agreed, and sent an order for the release of the prisoner for two hours for that purpose. Then he considerably added at the end of the order, 'The rest of your punishment is remitted.'"

2750. Iron Crosses, Cheap. After the signing of the armistice it was stated that Iron Crosses were selling in Germany for five pfennigs, about a half-penny each. How soon this world's honors lose their value! "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. . . . For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."—*Life of Faith*.

2751. Irresolution. See *Decision and Decision Day*.

2752. Irresolution. Don't stand shivering upon the bank; plunge in at once and have it over.—*HALIBURTON*.

2753. Irreverence. See *Worship*.

2754. Irreverence. Nature condemns irreverence. As Hume walked with Ferguson on a starry night he looked up to the heavens to admire their beauty. Overcome for the moment by his emotions he cried out: "Adam, there is a God!"

2755. Jealousy. See *Humility*.

2756. Jealousy. Northern hunters say you can safely keep in captivity one of the famous, ferocious Esquimaux dogs or a considerable number of these shaggy descendants of the great northern wolf, but never two. Each piece of food thrown to one arouses the savage jealousy of the other. Creatures higher in the scale of intelligence have been known to show the same unreasoning eagerness.—*ROBERT S. FORBES*.

2757. Jealousy, How to Kill. There were two business men—merchants—and there was great rivalry between them, a great deal of bitter feeling. One of them was converted. He went to his minister, and said, "I am still jealous of that man, and I do not know how to overcome it." "Well," he said, "if a man comes into your store to buy goods, and you cannot supply him, just send him over to your neighbor." He said he wouldn't like to do that. "Well," said the minister, "you do it, and you will kill jealousy." He said he would; and when a customer came into his store for goods which he did not have he would tell him to go across the street to his neighbor. By and by the other began to send his customers over to this man's store, and the breach was healed.—*D. L. MOODY*.

2758. Jealousy or Humility. It is not easy for one who has been a leader to take second place. In "My Dogs in the Northland," Egerton R. Young gives an incident in point. He had one dog, a magnificent leader, which took great pride in his work and his position. Dr. Young was abundantly satisfied with him, and did not like to think of displacing him. But it was necessary to have another leader in reserve, in case of accident. So one day he harnessed the second-best animal ahead of the leader. The latter at first refused to help pull the load. When he saw that his master was determined to humiliate him, he gnawed the harness of the new leader, and was thus once more in his old posi-

tion. This act was repeated a number of times,—as often as the damage was repaired. Finally Dr. Young restrained him so that he was compelled to look on, inactive, while the usurper received his training. Then he began to grieve for his lost position, and soon died of a broken heart. How much more like that dog most of us are than like John the Baptist!—JOHN T. FARIS.

2759. Jerusalem, Deliverance of. Jerusalem was captured by God and not by guns. When General Allenby had learned that the Germans and Turks had mined all the sacred places in Jerusalem and the order had gone forth that just as soon as the British made entry every sacred place was to be blown into atoms that the British might get the blame and the shame, Allenby called together his military staff. Not a word was said about military affairs. The staff was summoned to pray, and they spent one hour and a half on their knees, asking the God of Jerusalem to give them the city without the destruction of the sacred places. After prayer Allenby ordered one division down the right, another down the left, his airplanes took the air. The enemies got frightened, ran and left their fortifications, and Allenby and his staff walked safely through the open gates.—*From an intimate friend of Allenby's, through* DR. A. C. DIXON.

2760. Jesus. See Christ. See Saviour.
2761. Jesus, Looking Unto. A man who had been cross-eyed all his life, after undergoing a surgical operation was completely restored to normal vision. "Why," said he, "for the first time in my life I can really see. Before this I was looking at myself all the time." Some Christians get "cross-eyed" because they are always looking at themselves. Look straight ahead at Jesus Christ and then you can really see.

2762. Jesus Only. Dr. J. H. Jowett tells us that one Sunday he went to a camp-meeting outside New York at which he was to speak, when one engaging in prayer said: "O Lord, we thank thee for our brother. Now blot him out. Reveal thyself."—*Sunday at Home.*

2763. Jesus Only. An old Chinese woman was asked many hard questions during her examination for Christian baptism.

At last, after many puzzling things had been asked of her, she replied: "I am only an old, ignorant woman, blind, deaf and can't read. How do you suppose I can answer such things? I just believe

in Jesus with all my mind, and that is all I want. Isn't that enough?" Needless to say, the missionary accepted her faith and baptized her without further questioning.—*Continent.*

2764. Jesus Only. When dying, Professor Christlieb said, "I see no man save Jesus only." Happy the preacher who can make his audience see Jesus supremely, while all others fade away in his transfiguring light. When we unveil Christ men are enamored of his loveliness, lost in his beauty. In many portions of our earth men see only Buddha, Brahma, Confucius or Mahomet. Others see idols or images, but Jesus only is the One who can satisfy the soul thirst after God. We see him dimly in history, poetry, art, music and learning, but the Bible portrait is the best, and while you look, you are changed from glory to glory into his image. Bliss is pouring into your being as grace drops from his lips.

Bernard of Clairvaux said, "Jesus is honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, a song of jubilee in the heart, which leaps to the lips." At the illumination of his name, every cloud flies away, serenity returns." Thomas à Kempis said, "O Jesus, brightness of the eternal glory, comfort of the pilgrim soul, with thee are my lips without a voice and my very silence speaks to thee. Thou my God, my hope and my eternal salvation."

Though we are unable to give such beautiful expression to our consciousness of the Christ, we can let him fill our vision and thrill our hearts as we gaze with love upon "Jesus only"!—E. W. C.

2765. Jesus in Our Midst. A French painter recently made a sensation in Paris by the manner of his work. He fitted up a cab for a studio, and drove about the streets, stopping here and there to make sketches of places and things he saw. People did not see him shut up in his cab, looking out upon them through his little window and taking his pictures of the nooks and corners and by-ways of Parisian life. He thus caught all manner of scenes and incidents in the city's hidden ways. Then he transferred his sketches to canvas, and portrayed Christ everywhere among them. When the people saw his work, they were startled, for they saw themselves in their every-day life, in all their follies and frivolities, and always Christ in the midst—every kind of actual life on the

canvas, and in the heart of it all The Christ. Suppose this painter were to visit our town this year and photograph us in all the events of our home-life, our church-life, our civic-life, what kind of pictures would he see? Whatever the kind, Jesus will surely be "in the midst," although we may not recognize him.—*Onward.*

2766. Jesus, Reproductions of. A friendless boy, who had known nothing but unkindness and want throughout his life, lay ill with fever in the hospital. He was visited by a gentleman who brought him medicine and food and fruit. The child was silent for a time as he watched the visitor move around the room, then he asked, "Sir, are you Jesus?"

That poor lad's question may sound ignorant to you and me, but what a beautiful thing to be asked! And, after all, it was the spirit of Jesus that was working through that gentleman. Could any one mistake you for Jesus? Are you so kind, so gentle, so loving that you bear the likeness of him who "went about doing good"?

2767. Jesus, Saviour. Some years ago I heard John Callahan, then a mission worker in Duluth, tell the story of his conversion. He began his recital by quoting these words of Mark 5:4, and continued: "As a bootblack and newsboy in New York, I began picking locks, entering houses, and stealing the silver from the tables. Then as an office boy, I stole from my employer. I became a companion of thieves, committed crimes in five states, was in jail six times. No one could do anything with me. One day an invitation to a mission was put in my hands. I crumpled it up, and got drunk. Next morning I found the invitation in my pocket, and went to the mission. I heard a man who had been in prison tell what Jesus had done for him. That interested me. Was there hope for me? I cried out: 'I want to get in touch with Jesus!' After that I found him. . . . It is nine years since he saved me. Thank God! that what handcuffs could not do, what the prison-cell couldn't do,—for no man could tame me—Jesus Christ did, and I am free."—*REV. JOHN T. FARIS.*

2768. Jew, Converted. I heard Mr. Nathan, a converted Jew, in the St. Louis Y.M.C.A., tell this experience. He said that when he found Christ and hurried home to tell his father the latter was horrified and said: "Get out of my house,

and never darken that door again until you retract those words." He then wrote to his mother, telling her of the joy that had come to his heart, and he received this reply: "You are no longer a son of mine. I have cast you out of my heart with a curse." He met his sister on the street, and she turned her face from him. His brother reported him dead. Then said Nathan: "I prayed and said, 'O my Father! I'll have to give it all up. Father has driven me from his house, mother has cast me out of her heart, sister turns her face from me, and brother reports me dead.' Then this promise flashed through my mind, 'When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up,' and I clung to that promise for dear life, until I saw my father, mother and sister converted to my Saviour, and expect yet to see my brother a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus." Compare Mr. Nathan's experience with our Lord's promise in Mark 10:29, 30.—*J. W. MCKEAN.*

2769. Jews, Indestructible. The Chinese *Intelligencer*, published in Shanghai, reports an address given before the missionaries in China by J. S. Flacks, a Hebrew Christian. "He proved beyond doubt that the past, present, and future of the Jewish race are supernatural. The Jew is both waterproof and fireproof, as shown by the experience of Israel passing through the Red Sea, while their persecutors were drowned, and the Hebrew children in the furnace heated seven times, safely preserved, while their enemies who threw them in were burned to death."

2770. Jews, Persecution of. Pobjendonostow, a persecutor of the Jews in Russia, once asked a Jew what he thought would be the result of the persecutions if they continued. The answer was: "The result will be a feast." Pobjendonostow could not understand the answer, so the Jew illustrated it from history. Pharaoh desired to destroy the Jews, but the result was the Passover. Haman desired to destroy the Jews, but the result was the Purim. Antiochus Epiphanes desired to destroy the Jews, but the result was the feast of the Dedication of the Temple. Thus it has always happened in the history of the Jews. Shall the present trial of the Jews be a feast of reconciliation between Israel and their Eternal King, Jesus, the Son of David, and the Son of God?—*Dansk Missionblad.*

2771. Joy. *See Influence. See Witness Bearing. See Happiness.*

2772. Joy, Christian. "They looked unto Him and were radiant" (Psalm 35:5, American Revision). I presume everybody has known some one whose life was just radiant. Joy beamed out of their eyes; joy bubbled over lips; joy seemed to fairly run from their fingertips. You could not come in contact with them without having a new light come into your own life. They were great electric batteries charged with joy.

If you look into the lives of such radiantly happy persons—not those people who are sometimes on the mountain top and sometimes in the valley, but people who are always radiantly happy—you will find that every one is a man or woman who spends a great deal of time in prayer alone with God. God is the source of all joy, and if we come into contact with Him, His infinite joy comes into our lives.—REV. R. A. TORREY, D.D.

2773. Joy, Christian. Some people think black is the color of heaven, and that the more they can make their faces look like midnight the more evidence they have of grace. But God, who made the sun and the flowers, never sent me to proclaim to you such a lie as that. We are told to "rejoice in the Lord always."—H. W. BEECHER.

2774. Joy of Christians. One of Haydn's friends asked how it happened that his church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful, and even festive quality. The great composer replied: "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think upon God my heart is so full of joy that notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen, and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

2775. Joy, A Food. Within late years scientific study has been furnishing many proofs of the close relation between cheerfulness and health. That health should give ground for cheerfulness is natural enough, but it is quite as true that cheerfulness has its effects on the whole bodily system, digestion, circulation, nerves. A recent writer says, "Joy is food, not only stimulant; it supports while it urges on."—A. W. KELLY.

2776. Joy of Lifetime Service. One old man I knew used to say, "I'm ashamed to come to Christ now; I have wasted my life." I am reminded of a fable of a horse that ran away in the

morning. He came safely home in the evening. When the master upbraided him he replied, "But here I am safe and sound; you have your horse." "Yes," returned the master, "but my fields are not plowed." The day was wasted even if the horse was safe. Surely one joy of the Christian life is to be able to look back through all the years and say, "Lord, I have done what I could for Thee."—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

2777. Joy in Obedience. Robert Speer says of Hugh Beaver that after his conversion he saw that he would have to abandon some of his plans and follow the leading of God. At the close of his senior year in State College, Pennsylvania, he was urged to take up work in the Y.M.C.A. in Pennsylvania. There was a severe struggle. Then he wrote this letter of acceptance: "I had other plans in view, but for about three years I had been calling for No. 107 in 'Gospel Hymns' in about all the meetings I have attended,—'My Jesus, as Thou wilt'; and it seemed that the spirit of the hymn should be a guide to me in this, the first call that has cost me very much to obey." And he found supreme joy in obedience.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

2778. Joy out of Pain. I have a bird in my home and you ought to hear the little fellow sing. He is called a "Roller." He sings as if his throat would burst. He sings as if he were in love. He sings as if he felt. And remember he is caged. Joy sometimes needs pain to give it birth. Fanny Crosby could never have written her beautiful hymn, "I shall see Him face to face," were it not for the fact that she had never looked upon the green fields nor the evening sunset, nor the twinkle in her mother's eye. It was the loss of her own vision that helped her to gain her remarkable spiritual discernment. It is the tree that suffers that is capable of polish. When the woodman wants some curved lines of beauty in the grain, he cuts down some maple that has been gashed by the ax and twisted by the storm and tapped for the syrup. In this way he secures the knots and the hardness that takes the gloss. Some one has said that out of David Livingstone's own arteries went the red blood which to-day is helping to redeem Africa.

2779. Joy in Service. "One night," said Lord Shaftesbury, "I found a stranded piece of driftwood on the streets of London. She seemed broken-hearted, and I started her with a cress

and coffee stand. Her fidelity and service of love among the poor in the year since her reform have made her a veritable angel of mercy in the tenement district where she lives. During a long life I have proved that not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to bless the giver and become a chain binding men with golden links to the throne of God."—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

2780. Joy in Service. Jacob Riis tells a story of a beautiful young woman who one night noticed a poor blind fiddler playing for money on the street. The girl took the violin, and in the old man's stead played melodies that touched the hearts of the passers-by and caused them to drop their gifts into the blind man's tin cup. This is suggestive of joy that comes through service. Did not Jesus say, "There is more joy in giving than receiving"?—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

2781. Joy and Tears. "I saw in my dreams," says a poet, "two fountains flowing side by side. One was a fountain of joy and the other of tears. And a voice said to me, 'These two fountains flow together all through human life.' God makes them flow together that from one his children may learn gratitude, and from the other trust."

2782. Joy as a Tonic. Why is it that if one goes singing or laughing into a room, the tiredest workers look up and go on more easily with their work, the most sluggish muscles respond anew to the burden put upon them? No one can altogether explain it, but joy is at work, and joy is one of the greatest tonics ever known. Just as music is necessary to soldiers on the march, if they would keep their strength from failing, so the music of joy is necessary on the long, difficult march of life. It is wise to seek joy by every rightful means, to treasure every ray of it that falls across our walls.

Of Jesus it was said, "God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." So, then, his followers owe it to the rest of the world to appear with cheerful faces, radiating the sunshine of hope and trust, of innocent fun and laughter that rises from the heart. "Joy," says Jean Ingelow, "is the grace we say to God." And we owe it to him every day for uncounted good things.

2783. Judging by Appearance. A gentleman was once seated opposite Coleridge at dinner, with a magnificent forehead

and a very fine and venerable bald head. The eyes of this patriarch were scintillating, apparently, with the fires of genius, and the whole bearing of the man was suggestive of immense capacity, laboriously suppressed. "Ah!" thought Coleridge, "if he would but speak, what grand things we would hear! what 'large utterances,' worthy of the early dramatists! what poetry, and eloquence, and truth, and thought!" Suddenly the gentleman who could boast of a venerable head, and a great talent for silence, spoke; the oracle delivered its burdening message, and to this effect: "*Hand me them dumplin's! Them's the jockeys for me.*"—*Biblical Museum.*

2784. Judging by Appearances. In the Boston Public Library there were alcoves filled with wooden blocks shaped like books with a strip of imitation leather labeled, "Nothing Within." As new books are purchased the shams are displaced and the genuine ones fill the space. Are there not many such members of our churches, who have an outward Christian appearance, but whom God must label, "Nothing Within"?

2785. Judgment. See Heaven, Hell, Retribution.

2786. Judgment of Christian Past. A gentleman while crossing the Bay of Biscay, became exceedingly alarmed and anxious as he beheld what he thought was an approaching hurricane or tornado. He trembled and addressed himself to one of the experienced sailors: "Do you think she will be able to live through it?" "Through what?" inquired the man. "Through that fast approaching storm?" The old sailor smiled and said: "Sir, you need not be alarmed; that storm will never touch us, it has passed already." So in regard to the believer; judgment, so far as sin is concerned, is past already. Christ has been tried, condemned, and executed in his stead for his sins.

2787. Judgment Delayed. An irreligious farmer in one of the western states, who gloried in his irreligion, wrote a letter to a local weekly newspaper in such terms as these: "Sir, I have been trying an experiment with a field of mine. I plowed it on Sunday. I planted it on Sunday. I dressed it only on Sunday. I reaped it on Sunday. I carted the crop home on Sunday to my barn. And now, Mr. Editor, what is the result? I have more bushels to the acre in that field than any of my neighbors have had this October." He expected some applause from the editor, who did not, perhaps,

himself profess to be a specially religious man. But underneath the letter, on eagerly opening his paper, he found printed this short but significant sentence: "God does not always settle his accounts in October."—*The Expositor*.

2788. Judgment Faced. A big New York bank in receiving a deposit detected an old twenty-dollar note which did not look genuine. Immediately the depositor was asked to write his name thereon for identification if the bill should not prove good on closer inspection after the business of the day. So we are daily putting our names to deeds we do that will identify them as ours at the close of life's busy day.

2789. Judgment of Men. A Barbary slave-trader was once taken into a London club where his guide pointed out two undersized men, saying, "Do you see them: that hunchback and his friend? They are the poet Alexander Pope, and the naturalist Sir Godfrey Kneller; two of the most distinguished men in the kingdom"; whereupon the slave-trader remarked, "I have bought many a better man than either of them for a matter of ten guineas; and a poor bargain at that." Are not our judgments of men sometimes as far from the mark as this?—REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.

2790. Judgment of Others. The following lines have been attributed to ex-Governor Edward W. Hoch of Kansas, and were first printed in his paper, *The Marion Record*:

There is so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

2791. Judgment of Others. Have I ever told you of St. Augustine's story of the man who complained to Almighty God about one of his neighbors, saying, "O Lord, take away this wicked person." And God said, "Which?"—*Sabbath Reading*.

2792. Judgment Sure. The microscopic photograph of typewriter letters, which revealed a broken "K" helped a big industry win a million dollar patent suit. The broken staff of the "K," hardly noticeable to the naked eye, did the trick.

Not only by our words may we be condemned, but by the crossing of a "t," the dotting of an "i," or the inflection of a tone in pronunciation.

"There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed," unless it is blotted out in Blood.

2793. Junk. The dredging machines at work deepening the channel of the Delaware River are bringing to the surface all kinds of junk and implements lost or thrown overboard from ships. All kinds of tools, brass and copper are being found and sold as junk.

Every life carries with it, some more, some less, a lot of worthless junk. Old superstitions from which it is hard to break away. Old prejudices have hindered the progress of the soul and should have been thrown overboard long ago. Superstition is the greatest burden in the world. The imaginary, scarecrow superstitions of many homes are the worthless junk, that is a dead weight to its spiritual and intellectual progress. Superstition is the disturber of many homes. Very often superstition parades itself under the guise of religion. Superstition is the one swing of the pendulum, skepticism the other. Prejudice always arises through inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind. In any life it is as worthless as old junk.

2794. Justice. "In two minutes I can tell you how to be a good lawyer—as good a lawyer as anybody," said Governor Briggs, of Mass. "Just look over your case carefully, understand it, and then do what you think is right, and in nine cases out of ten you will have the law on your side."

2795. Justice. Astræa was regarded as a goddess of justice, and in the Greek conception of her are suggestions which might well be noted by a modern world. She is said to have come to the earth during the struggle between the Titans and Zeus, because she could not recognize the justice of the quarrel. For a long time she dwelt with men, and this time was called their golden age. But there followed an age when men cared not that her face be very clearly seen, and when she could not stand the floodlight of the full day upon their actions, so she came in the dusky even-tide. This was men's silver age. Finally the beautiful goddess left forever the abodes of men, and Zeus placed her, as the last of the immortals to leave the earth, in the heavens as Virgo, one of the signs of the zodiac. This was the bronze age.

Certainly in the golden age to come Astræa may dwell with us, and we will delight in her face, and she can bear the full flood of day upon our civilization.

2796. Justice. Justice delayed is justice denied.—GLADSTONE.

2797. Justice. The books are balanced

in heaven, not here.—H. W. SHAW.
2797a. **Kindness.** See **Gentleness.** See **Unselfishness.**

2798. **Kindness.** Kind words are the music of the world.—F. W. FABER.

2799. **Kindness.** Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning.—F. W. FABER.

2800. **Kindness to Animals.** A four-year-old boy was permitted to pinch and annoy a cat until it scratched him. His father seized a cane and with one blow broke the cat's leg, then threw it out the door with the remark, "There! That will teach you to let children alone!" Now, sir, what do you suppose that boy will do to dumb animals when he grows up—under the influence of so heathenish a lesson as that? And yet his father is accounted a very pious man! Other Christians have told me that good treatment of horses "doesn't pay nowadays, as horses are very cheap!" No, my friend, I am not such a Christian as that, nor do I believe that my standing with God can be improved by such a religion.

2801. **Kindness to Animals.** In Atri, one of the old cities of Italy, the King caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it a "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell and so call the magistrate of the city and ask and receive justice.

And when, in course of time, the bell rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it. One day an old and starving horse that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and, in trying to eat the vine-stalk, rang the bell. The magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found the old and starving horse. And he caused the owner of the horse, in whose service it had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that as this poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice" he should have justice, and that during the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink, and stable.

Longfellow has told this story in beautiful verse entitled "The Bell of Atri."

This was a part of the King's proclamation:

"What fair renown, what honor, what repute

Can come to you from starving this poor brute?"

He who serves well and speaks not, merits more

Than they who clamor loudest at the door.

Therefore 'the law decrees that as this steed

Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed

To comfort his old age, and to provide Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

—Our Dumb Animals.

2802. **Kindness is Contagious.** A newsboy fell asleep in an elevated car in New York. Two young women entered and took seats opposite him. His feet were bare and his hat had fallen off. One of the young girls leaned over and put her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman smiled at the act and held out a quarter with a nod toward the boy; another silently offered a dime; a woman held out some pennies, and before she knew it the girl, with flaming cheeks, had taken money from every passenger in that end of the car. She quietly slipped the money into the sleeping lad's pocket, and without arousing him, gently removed the muff and got off at Twenty-third Street, nodding her thanks and good-by to the passengers. This rebukes Ingersoll's sneer that if he had been God, he would have had good things catching. They are catching, and God made them so.—*Preacher's Helper.*

2803. **Kindness, Day-long.** When the old Mataafa chief looked on the dead Stevenson, who had greatly befriended him, he said, "The day was no longer than his kindness."—A. M. MOONIE.

2804. **Kindness a Duty.** General Gordon one day noticed a lizard climbing up the side of his house in the sunshine. Without thinking, he flicked it with his cane and so cut short its life. Then the thought struck him that he had carelessly cut short a life of more meager capacity than his own and much shorter in its span. The idea haunted him. He saw, with true insight, that the strong have obligations toward the weak. God thinks kindly of us because in comparison with the richness of His life our lives are poor and stunted. In the same way we should have infinite pity for everything and every one less richly endowed than ourselves.—C. E. World.

2805. **Kindness even in War.** The test of the reality of our Christianity is our kindliness shown in good deeds (I

John 3:11-21). Love is divine. Kindliness is from above. As the moon reflects the sun's rays, so does the human heart reflect the love of God.

Kindliness has been organized to-day as never before in all history. The Red Cross is organized kindliness. All our relief funds, funds for orphan children in Belgium and France, funds for the relief of Armenians and Syrians and Serbians, are forms of organized kindliness. Alas for those that do not want to give in times like these!

Even on grim battle-fields soldiers have practiced the art of kindliness: victors giving drink to the wounded; men daring death to bring back from No Man's Land those that have fallen in the fight; Y.M.C.A. men carrying refreshments to the front-line trenches; nurses tending the wounded while hospitals were being shot to pieces by the shells of the tyrant. Thank God that the spirit of kindliness is not dead.—*C. E. World*.

2806. Kindness, Frozen. The manager of a large electrical plant lately said: "The chief difficulty we encounter is that of keeping our wires in repair and in good working order. The motive force at the terminus is easily controlled; it is the defects in communication which impair our work." To how many relations of life would the same words apply! A man at the head of a great business has capital, intelligence, a thorough knowledge of his trade, and a kindly feeling to his operatives. But he fails to reach or influence them. His manner is harsh, brusque, dogmatic, or timid and cold. His men dislike and distrust him. The wires between them are not in working order. In how many homes is there coldness and jealousy and alienation between parent and child, or brother and sister, whose hearts are yet full of affection for each other! The love is there, deep and warm, but hidden out of sight. No spark passes from one heart to the other, to give out cheer and life.—*Youth's Companion*.

2807. Kindness, Grace of. A young girl on a railroad train gave a bunch of roses to a little cripple. The child held them to her lips, pressed them to her heart, and then she fell asleep.

The train neared its destination. The father came in from the smoking car. At sight of his little one lying peacefully with her head against the stranger, and the roses in her hand, he said, in a voice full of feeling: "The Lord's blessin' rest

on you for your kindness to my motherless bairn." The child roused as she was taken in her father's arms, and said, "I've—been—in—heaven—pa; I've—got—some—roses." Other eyes were moist besides the father's, and one could almost hear a divine voice saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me."

2808. Kindness Is Helpful. Even animals respond to kindness. Henry D. Thoreau built a cabin at Walden Lake, Mass., and succeeded in living on such terms of friendship with the animals around him that they came to him at his call, without fear. Even the squirrels on Boston Common are not afraid of people, for they know that they will not be harmed. If kindness is good for animals, it is still better for human beings.—*C. E. World*.

2809. Kindness not Withheld.

If I knew that a word of mine,
A word not kind and true,

Might leave its trace
On a loved one's face,
I'd never speak harshly, would you?

If I knew the light of a smile
Might linger the whole day through
And brighten some heart
With a heavier part,
I wouldn't withhold it, would you?

—UNIDENTIFIED.

2810. Kindness, Post Mortem. Somewhat of a philosopher was that old lady who, after attending the funeral of a friend, remarked: "It's too bad folks can't have their funerals when they're alive an' well; it would do 'em so much good! If poor Mandy Jones could only have heard the nice things the minister said about her this mornin', I don't doubt it 'ud cheered her quite a bit. An' Old Asa Jones, that worked her nigh to death an' never give her so much as a new dress er a new bunnit a year, a-settin' in the corner an' a-goin' on like his heart 'ud burst! Ef Mandy'd knowed how much he thought of her, I wouldn't 've been surprised one mite if she'd got well."

How many overworked wives and mothers in the home have longed for the word of cheer that has never been spoken! How many tired fathers, wrestling with the problems of office and shop day after day, would go forth to their task with lightened heart and strengthened soul under the inspiration of some kindly word of sympathy or encouragement! Doubtless there are

many who do appreciate a kindly service rendered by another in a time of need. But if there is no expression of this appreciation, will that helper's heart thrill with the sweet joy which such assurance would naturally impart? If the duty faithfully and cheerfully performed has made your way of life easier, say so!—*ELISHA SAFFORD.*

2811. Kindness Rewarded. There is a pretty German legend of a poor boy, the son of a widow, who had gathered in the wood a dish of strawberries. Returning home, a venerable man startled him by calling out: "My lad, let me have your full dish and you take my empty one." Pity for the old man's weakness and helplessness overcame the boy's reluctance to part with his berries, and he made the exchange and then went to work to fill the empty dish. Having accomplished this, he returned with it to his mother, to whom he told the story of his adventure. "Ah, happy are we, my child," she exclaimed; "the dish is pure gold." If you give God the contents of your dish, the dish itself will be turned into the gold of heaven.—*MARY G. BURDETTE.*

2812. Kindness Rewarded. Bishop Joyce used to tell of a friend of his, a railroad man in Chicago, who always furnished him tickets when he traveled in the Northwest. This friendship began when the bishop, then a village pastor, had given a dollar one New Year to a boy who carried papers. The newsboy was now the railroad official, and when the bishop applied for a clerical permit on his line, he recognized his benefactor and said, "You can have everything you want here except the rails." That dollar drew large interest for the work of the church.—*C. E. World.*

2813. Kindness, Root of. The root of mercy to others is the keen sense of our need of it ourselves. A shame-faced employee was summoned to the office of the senior partner to hear his doom. The least that he could expect was a blistering dismissal; he might be sent to prison for years. The old man called his name, and asked him if he were guilty. The clerk stammered out that he had no defense. "I shall not send you to prison," said the old man. "If I take you back, can I trust you?" When the surprised and broken clerk had given assurance and was about to leave, the senior partner continued: "You are the second man who has fallen and been pardoned in this business. I was the

first. What you have done, I did. The mercy you have received, I received. God help us all."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

2814. Kindness, Root of. When Elizabeth Fry visited Newgate prison, in London, where the women were packed in one room like cattle, without the slightest attention to sanitation, she was much interested in a girl who had committed a terrible crime. One of the London ladies engaged in philanthropic work asked her what crime the girl had committed. "I do not know," she replied. "I never asked her." How different from most of us! The thing that we are chiefly interested in, in others, is their shortcoming or sin; the thing that interests us least is our opportunity to love them. All that Elizabeth Fry wanted to know was that this poor unfortunate had made a mistake, and that she needed love and help.—*Success.*

2815. Kindness Softens. In one of the large convict prisons was a well-educated man who was a thorough agnostic, and no amount of argument or pleading could move him from his belief. He remained, in spite of all attempts to get into touch with him, hard and dour as ever. But one day, while the chaplain was talking to him, his attention was drawn to the convict's wounded foot. It was evidently a source of pain, and the chaplain left off speaking, bent down and examined it, then bound it up more comfortably. And as he did so, he felt a great tear drop upon his head. That little act had done what no amount of pleading could accomplish.—*The Sunday Circle.*

2816. Kindness Smooths the Road. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has not been satisfied with the general impression that poor roads are expensive, but has set itself to discovering just how costly they are. It ran an electric delivery wagon over different roads at different speeds, and measured the varying amounts of power required. Thus it was learned that twenty per cent. more power is needed to run at twelve miles an hour over a poor asphalt pavement than over a good one; one hundred and twenty-five per cent. more power to run over a soft bituminous macadam pavement than over a good one; and from forty to sixty per cent. more when the pavement is in various other stages of deterioration. With higher rates of speed the loss of power is ever greater. If an automobile should run a thousand miles and half of them over poor pave-

ments, it would need about ten dollars' worth of gasoline more than if the pavements were all good.

The same principle holds with our life highways. By our crossness, and injustice, and selfishness we can make those roads very difficult to all our friends; by kindness and helpfulness we can make them delightfully smooth and easy. And the difference in wear and tear is enormous.—DR. AMOS R. WELLS.

2817. Kindness Makes Strength. "Is it a strong congregation?" asked a man, respecting a body of worshippers. "Yes," was the reply. "How many members are there?" "Seventy-six." "Seventy-six! Are they so very wealthy?" "No, they are poor." "How, then, do you say, it is a strong church?" "Because," said the gentleman, "they are earnest, devoted, at peace, loving each other, and striving together to do the Master's work. Such a congregation is strong, whether composed of a dozen or five hundred members." He spoke the truth.—*Christian Herald*.

2818. Kindness Wins. A gentleman saw a boy thief in his flower garden. He quietly went forth to meet the boy, and in a roundabout way, so that the boy would not see him coming. Suddenly he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, saying, "Now, my boy, answer me one question: Which is the best flower in the garden?" The boy, finding no escape, looked around, and after a few minutes' pause, said: "That rose is best," as he pointed to a beautiful moss rose. The gentleman, still keeping one hand on the boy's shoulder, reached out his other hand, and plucking the rose in all its beauty gave it to the boy. As he released him he said, "There, take it, my boy." The boy was amazed. Looking into the face of his strange benefactor, he said, "Ain't you going to have me punished, sir?" "No," was the reply; "but as I am going to give you the best flower in my garden, you will never steal from my flower-beds again, will you?" "Never, sir, as long as I live," was the emphatic reply; "but please, sir, ain't there some little errand I can do for you?" Free forgiveness and a token of love had won the hardened boy's heart, and from that hour he was the willing servant of his friend.—*Christian Herald*.

2819. Kingdom, First. On one of the islands of the Samoan group there was, a long time since, a good deacon in the church who was chosen to be chief. But the people doubted about a man's holding the two offices, so the missionary,

Mr. Phillips, went to him and said: "Which do you prefer to be, king or deacon?"

"To be deacon," said the old man.

"But if you must give up one or the other, which will you do?"

"I will at once cease to be king."

It was pointed out to him that there might arise some difficulty in the island, as in the olden times, which might lead to a war, and that, perhaps, as king of the island, he might have to do something which it would not be deemed proper for a deacon to do.

"You need not fear," he said. "There shall never be civil war on my account. As soon as they wish any one else to be king, they are at liberty to choose him. I am king by the people's wish, and to-morrow they may change their mind. I am deacon, I believe, by the will of God, and I ask to retain this office that I may help forward, in every way possible, the work of God in these islands."

And so the deacon remained as king, and ruled well in both offices. To be a Christian, and to take any position as a Christian, will never hurt anybody for any high office he may hold anywhere. He will be all the better fitted for it.—*Dayspring Mission*.

2820. Knowledge and Action. Learning has two aspects—knowledge and action based on that knowledge. Learning may be compared with the eyes, and doing with the feet. Though our sight be clear, we cannot walk if our feet are paralyzed; and however strong their feet, walking is difficult to the blind. To know and not to do is as if our eyes saw the way but our feet refused to follow in it. In order of precedence knowledge comes first, but in order of importance, action; for while nothing can be done without knowledge, yet knowledge not acted upon is useless.—KEN HOSHINO.

2821. Knowledge, How to Gain. The old Pedagogy said, "Know in order to grow." The new Pedagogy says, "Do in order to grow." The newest Pedagogy says, "Do in order to know."

2822. Knowledge, Using. A man who was making a journey in a strange country came to a place where four roads met and where the guide post had fallen down. At first he was greatly puzzled to know what to do. Finally he said to himself:

"What do I know? Well, I know the direction of the place I came from, noth-

ing more." Then picking up the fallen post he placed it with the arm, on which the name of the town that he had just left was printed, pointing in that direction, and immediately he knew the direction of the other three cities.

2823. Knowledge and Wisdom. How can we consecrate our school life? First, by a right appreciation of wisdom. Knowledge isn't wisdom. A man may know a great deal, yet utterly lack in education. Knowledge is a matter of books; education is a matter of the soul. The writer of the Proverbs urges his son to get wisdom; "with all thy getting, get understanding." To be is greater than to know. A few years ago one of our state penitentiaries had two hundred and thirty-five college graduates within its walls, as prisoners. Talking with a prisoner at San Quentin, a short time ago, I learned that the characters of the prisoners from an intellectual standpoint was high. "We have men here who are capable of any position in the world; there is no task or project they couldn't carry through to success." What is wrong with them? An unfortunate moral twist. So, our first effort in the consecration of school life is to realize the worth of wisdom, as against the common idea of knowledge.—REV. W. H. GEISTWEIT, D.D.

2824. Labor. See **Labor Day.** See **Work.**

2825. Labor. If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

2826. Labor. Work is God's ordinance as truly as prayer.—GEORGE D. BOARDMAN.

2827. Labor. Labor, all labor, is noble and holy.—MRS. OSGOOD.

2828. Labor. Labor disgraces no man; unfortunately, you occasionally find men who disgrace labor.—U. S. GRANT.

2829. Labor. Ruskin said, "Life without labor is guilt." The Master said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

2830. Labor Day. In this we are following the spirit of the ancient Greek who had no Labor Day but had a god who was the personification of labor and industry among the Olympians. He was Hephæstos (among the Romans, Vulcan) the god of fire and was the only artisan or real laborer among the gods. In their statues of him he is represented as a bearded, plain-looking, awkward kind of a being, soiled with soot and cinders from his great under-world smithy. He was such a clumsy, unpre-

possessing child that it is said his own mother was ashamed of him and threw him out of Olympus, in the fall from which he was permanently lamed, which added to his awkwardness. He never took the time to perfume his locks or robe himself in royal raiment though the brother of Zeus and king of the entire under-world. The Greeks had better taste than to conceive of him as a dandy, for though he must make objects of beauty the very nature of that task forbade his own self-adornment. But in his prodigious strength, his unceasing industry in working the hot metal from his mighty forges into objects of utility and shapes of exquisite beauty and art, he is a perpetual recognition of the divinity of Labor as the great underlying foundation of our whole civilization; he is a continual reminder of the dignity and necessity of work.

2831. Labor Day. Workingmen are at the foundation of society. Show me that product of human endeavor in the making of which the workingman has had no share, and I will show you something that society can well dispense with.—SAMUEL GOMPERS.

2831a. Labor Day. The distance between capital and labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge; it is only a step, and the laborers here will cross over and become capitalists and the capitalists will cross over and become laborers. Would to God they would shake hands while they are crossing, these from one side, and those from the other side.—REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

2832. Labor Day: Ad Infinitum. Two men stood watching a steam-shovel at work. With a clatter and a roar the shovel bit into the steep bank, closed on a cartload of earth, and dumped it on a waiting flat car.

"It makes me wild," said the first on-looker, "to see that monster taking the bread out of good men's mouths. Look at it. Why, it's filling up those wagons faster than a hundred men with picks and shovels could do it!"

The other shook his head and answered: "See here, mister; if it would be better to employ a hundred men with picks and shovels on this job, wouldn't it be better still, by your way of thinking, to employ a thousand men with forks and tablespoons?"

2833. Labor Day. Roger Babson says: "The great future for religion is an inspiration to production. The most

religious man in America to-day is he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before. The need of the hour is to preach faith instead of fear and production instead of protection. To-day we are only twenty per cent. efficient. If we could all get to be one hundred per cent. efficient, we could have five times as much as we have to-day for the same money. One million of people are employed in this country just to watch the rest and keep them at their jobs. One man in every eight is a foreman or boss, taken from active production because the other seven don't like their work well enough to stick to it faithfully during eight hours without being watched."

Take it another way. How many of us so dread a little physical exertion, or a bit of dirt or grease on our hands, that we are constantly paying some one else to do work for us that we might just as well do ourselves?—J. F. COWAN, D.D.

2834. Labor Day: Bishop in Steerage.

It is related that Bishop Brent, returning from the Philippines, came to America from Europe in the steerage of a Cunarder, with more than 1,400 immigrants. On sailing the bishop remarked, "I belong to the people, and want to be among them; my coming in the steerage does not imply any disparagement of the people of the first and second class cabins; it simply indicates my desire to be among my humbler brethren."

He ate the meals served in the steerage; he made friends of the Scandinavians and others; he studied at first hand the subject of immigration. One great secret of the astonishing success of the Mormon missionaries in making converts in Europe and elsewhere, as the bishop himself discovered, is that they go into the homes of the poor people, live on their fare, and speak the language of every-day life to them, sharing their hardships, sorrows and joys.

2835. Labor Day: The Beginning of Labor.

Trade seems to have had its beginning under the direction of the two sons of Lamech, Jabal and Jubal, the one a keeper of cattle and the other the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. But Lamech's son by Zillah, his other wife, whose name was Tubalcain, was the chief man in starting the trade of the world. He was an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron. From that day to this the trade of the world has been enlarging, becoming

more and more wonderful, until to-day its diversified interests and industries include in their employ half the population of the world.

2836. Labor Day: The Blessing of Labor.

Labor is a great blessing to humanity. It is not only the way to health and wealth, but also to happiness and usefulness. An idle man is a sorrow to himself and to his neighbors. He is a parasite, living at harmful expense to everybody, especially himself. To be busy and efficient in the affairs of the world, with the love of the heart set on things above, is the way for a man to live. The law of labor is found in the decalogue: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor."

2837. Labor Day: Bread and Sweat.

Some way, somewhere, work—just plain, every-day, honest, sweaty toil—got the wrong tag on it, and a great many people to this day think it is a penalty and disgrace. And they think because it is a punishment for what Adam did we must take our work with a grimace, like castor-oil, and not with the slightest degree of pleasure. To enjoy work would be too much like having a picnic in the penitentiary, or making a joke of a whipping at school.

"Boys," admonished the grim-faced farmer, speaking to the boys who were piling cordwood which he was hauling, "stop that laughing and nonsense; this is work."

Because they were young and light-hearted, and it was a perfect autumn day, they were making a grand frolic of it, shouting and racing and laughing and making the task light.

The boys of course became mute in the presence of the "boss"; and soon their faces grew as long as their father's, their hands and feet moved more slowly, and they piled the wood laboriously and with rebellious looks on their faces, watching the sun crawl slowly across the sky.

This illustration is for the people who just look upon it as a dire necessity. If there were some way to get their daily bread without mixing sweat with it, they would hail the recipe with gladness.

But we accomplish twice as much work and do it twice as easily when we mix joy with the sweat.—REV. JOHN F. COWAN, D.D.

2838. Labor Day and Breadwinners.

"The workin' people is sore," said a mechanic to a minister. He followed the remark with a description of the habit

of exalting in the church those feelings and enjoyments which but a few can enjoy and feel. He pled for emphasis in the church upon the deeper strings of experience to which the hearts of all men vibrate. He is an ardent member of the church himself, of which he said, "The workmen call it a rich man's club." His own attitude to the church expresses itself in a love for the minister and an enthusiasm for the Men's Class, which meets on Sunday morning in a separate room with free access to the street.—REV. W. H. WILSON.

2839. Labor Day: Character from Labor. The daughter of a village doctor was complaining to her father of the drudgery of the home work. The doctor pointed to some rows of empty bottles and said: "These bottles are of no value in themselves, but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry which kills or cures. Your daily work, the dishes washed or unwashed, or the floors swept, are homely things, and count for nothing in themselves; but it is the anger or the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life."

2840. Labor Day and Child Labor. Playing in the streets is not play. But did you ever stop to think that the child who merely plays in the street, stunted and dangerous as his life is, fares better than the child who works in the street? The newsboy who thrusts a paper upon you at every turn; the boot-black who is ready to underbid the stand; the child who pesters you to buy gum that you do not want,—these are the children who most often come into court, who most often drop behind their grades at school, and who swell the army of shifting, indifferent workers that become unemployable.—*National Child Labor Committee.*

2841. Labor Day: Child Labor Doesn't Pay. It may be stated as a safe proposition that for every dollar earned by a child under fourteen years of age tenfold will be taken from his earning capacity in later years.—S. W. WOODWARD.

2842. Labor Day: Child Labor Wrong. The objection that children excluded from industry would be thrown into idleness is answered by the fact that the American people to-day expend annually over \$400,000,000 in maintaining a system of free education, and that if this system

of free education does not guarantee to every child under sixteen years of age an opportunity, the hard-working people who pay that stupendous sum are entitled to know why.

2843. Labor Day: Children of the Streets. Children who sell gum, pencils, shoestrings and other articles are frequently found, like the newsboys, around saloons and in the vicious sections of the city. Peddling is usually a disguise for begging and the children soon learn where begging is most profitable.

"In the majority of cases the peddler works for no master; he learns no habits of industry or regularity, though his hours be long, but rather has too much opportunity for loafing and crap playing. He does not learn good business methods, but depends on the enormous profits made, usually one hundred per cent, even if sales be small, and upon a certain manner to induce sales which reduces the art of peddling to a kind of begging."—*New York Child Labor Committee.*

2844. Labor Day: Christ for Workmen. In addressing a society of workmen, not long since, I spent a solid hour simply stating what Christ had done for workmen. My text was: "Is not this the carpenter's son?" I reviewed the position of each great teacher in history, finding them all in bitterest antagonism to the interests of the workman. I made good the statement that if Mr. Lincoln had freed four million slaves, Jesus of Nazareth had emancipated all the millions of earth in every age who win bread for their children by the labor of their hands. When I had finished speaking, a rough man in coarse clothing came forward, and, giving me his hand, which had been made hard by honest toil, he said, with tears streaming down his face: "From this time forward no man shall speak a word against Christ where I am—no more than against my mother."—W. FROST BISHOP, D.D.

2845. Labor Day: Christ's Influence in Industry. Listen: The ancient philosophers said that "a purchased laborer is better than a hired one," "A workshop is incompatible with nobility." And in accordance with these principles they erected great prison-like structures in which they hid away the laborer, and they compelled half the world to live in slavery. It would make interesting reading to know how that "other half" lived. Then came Jesus Christ. Standards changed. Jesus discovered the in-

dividual. He showed the world how highly God valued a human soul. Men caught His spirit, with the result that in every Christian land the standing of the laborer has been elevated. It has taken a long time, and conditions are not yet ideal; but the principles of Jesus Christ applied to society are responsible for the great advance made by the workingman since the day that he was a miserable slave.—REV. CHARLES STETZLE.

2846. Labor Day and the Church. The Church has a great social mission. It is an institution which not only prepares men to die, but teaches them how to live. Unfortunately, some workingmen have thought of it as something which has to do only with sickness, death and cemeteries. Christianity believes in brighter homes, better schools, more beautiful cities and cleaner governments.

2847. Labor Day: Church and Labor. The question of the workingman and the Church is no longer a problem, but an opportunity.

Labor unions, marching in bodies to the house of God for special service, is a comparatively new thing. This was witnessed in many cities on last "Labor Sunday"—the Sunday before Labor Day—in response to the invitations sent out by our ministers, when more workingmen attended church than on any previous Sunday in the history of organized labor.

2848. Labor Day: Dignity of Labor. In America as a rule the dignity of labor is recognized, and it is idleness rather than toil that is felt to be a disgrace. That is a direct fruit of the religion that presents the Son of God and the Saviour of men as working at the carpenter's bench, and his leading followers as men that earned their bread by working with their hands.

2849. Labor Day: Dignity of Labor. In a little poem by George Eliot the truth is splendidly put where she represents Stradivarius, the great violin maker, saying, as he is trying to preach this Gospel of the divine nature of all good work:

"My work is mine, and heresy or not,
If my hand slack'd I should rob God.
Not God himself can make man's best
Without best man to help him."

2850. Labor Day: George, Do It Yourself. "George," says the wife of an average plain citizen of this great republic, "the kitchen pump is out of order." "Call the plumber," says George,

who is a salesman in a store, or a teacher. "I have phoned him," answers the wife, "but he is so busy he can't come to-day. I need water right away. Why can't you fix it?" "Me!" responds George, just in that surprised, half-resentful way; you know. "Yes, you; all it needs is a little leather washer. The plumber charged \$4.75 the last time he put one in. You could do it in five minutes."

And George remembered where he had seen a piece of sole leather, and he hunted up a monkey-wrench, and he made a new washer without breaking his back or blistering his hands. And when that old pump began to suck up water as of yore, he swelled his chest out with pride. He really got a little thrill out of having done what he had dreaded, and of having made a success out of it.

And Mary patted George in the place where men like to be patted,—we usually speak of it as "on the back," but it is really on the bump of self-esteem,—and said: "I knew you could. You can do anything you want to. I think you would enjoy having some tools and fixing up things yourself."

And so he does—now.

Once in so long his wife tells the neighbors in his hearing that George is a perfect genius at fixing things. She doesn't know she has solved one of the great American problems. She has preached a sermon to all of us who are afraid of a task that challenges our patience and robs us of some ease.—REV. JOHN F. COWAN, D.D.

2851. Labor Day: Why He Fails.

There's many an industrious man

Who never gets ahead,
Because he does not think or plan,

But trusts to luck instead.

He's not a slacker or a shirk,

This plodder in life's grind;

But though he always minds his work,

He never works his mind.

—*Rural World.*

2852. Labor Day: Happiness and Work. "Happiness, I have discovered," says one, "is nearly always a rebound from hard work. It is one of the follies of men to imagine that they can enjoy mere thought, or emotion, or sentiment! As well try to eat beauty! For happiness must be tricked! She loves to see men at work. She loves sweat, weariness, self-sacrifice. She will be found not in palaces, but in the cornfields and factories and hovering over the littered desks; she crowns the unconscious head of the busy child. If you look up sud-

denly from hard work you will see her; but if you look too long she fades sorrowfully away."

2853. Labor Day: Industry.

Let us work on!

Truly and wisely; ever persevere;

Nor faint, nor fear;

True, prudent industry hath ever won.

Let us work on!

Work bravely; prove our faithfulness
by deeds.

Sow wide the seeds

Of toil, if we would reap! Let us work
on!

Let us work on!

Work through all barrenness, nor
count the cost:

No toil is lost;

Work prophesieth triumph: on! aye on!

—W. J. LINTON.

2854. Labor Day: Why Kick at Your Job?

"Why Do You Kick at Your Job?" is the title of a splendid article in *Association Men*, for October, 1920. The newspapers are full of advertisements of "Positions Wanted," or "Help Wanted." Every one of those advertisements represents a man who doesn't fit his job, or is sick of it and wants a change. Harry N. Clarke put the question to one hundred men of the Cleveland Arena Club, "How many of you fellows are thoroughly satisfied with your job?"

He got only four or five hands up.

"What's the matter with the job you have?"

"Not enough money," one answered.

"The kind of work doesn't interest me," another said.

"I took this job only while I looked for something better."

"If your present job isn't worth while to you, it must be because you are not putting all of yourself into it," retorted Clarke. "Seventy per cent. of American labor is not more than fifty per cent. productive. Lots of men are being overpaid, and yet are whining for better-paying jobs. How many of you fellows are doing all you can on your jobs?"

When a man is putting his whole soul into his work, he makes it a job worth while, and he gets the big end of the reward in the consciousness of bringing a small job up to a big performance. Do you get that?—REV. JOHN F. COWAN, D.D.

2855. Labor Day: Love of Work.

Some time ago the principal of a large high school was surprised by having one

of his brightest pupils say to him in a convincing tone, "Professor Blank, I believe I am not quite normal."

"Why do you think that?" asked the professor, plainly puzzled.

"Because," answered the boy, "I like to work."

The professor laughed, but the remark stayed by him, and he began to study the pupils of the school to see how many of them "liked to work." He found that a large number considered studying a "grind," and avoided doing any more than would enable them to pass, and so avoid open disgrace. And he began to wonder if these pupils really made up the "normal" class.

But he found out one very interesting thing, and that was that the boys and girls who liked to work were the ones who got the real delight in life. They were the pupils who were bound to achieve success.

2856. Labor Day: Power of Work.

"Ho! all who labor, all who strive,

Ye wield a lofty power;

Do with your strength, do with your
might,

Fill every golden hour;

The glorious privilege to do,

Is man's most noble power.

Oh! to your birthright and yourselves,

To your own souls be true,

A weary, wretched life is theirs,

Who have no work to do."

—Zion's Watchman.

2857. Labor Day: Greatest Question.

It is frequently stated that Christ came to establish an Ideal Republic, or that he sought to inaugurate a Utopian Democracy. Neither statement is true. His own words indicate that it was his purpose to establish an Absolute Monarchy, a Kingdom, of which he should be the Head. This Kingdom is to embrace all those who will acknowledge his Kingship.

Therefore, when some "social reformers" select from among the words of Jesus Christ a few catch-words, which have to do only with certain social affairs, rejecting everything else that meets with their disapproval, especially that which applies to their personal lives, and then claim to be the only bona fide followers of Jesus Christ, they are leaving out of their consideration altogether the most important part of Christ's plan for the complete emancipation of mankind.

"What think ye of Christ?" Workmen cannot afford to evade him. He

is too often quoted by them. He is too great a factor in their lives. More and more will this be true.

2858. Labor Day: Salvation of Work. The German proverb, "If I rest, I rust," applies to many things besides the key. If water rests, it stagnates. If the tree rests, it dies, for its winter state is only half rest. If the eye rests, it grows dim and blind. If the lungs rest, we cease to breathe. If the heart rests, we die. What is true living but loving? And what is loving but growth in the likeness of God? Work is the mission of mankind on this earth. A day is ever struggling forward; a day will arrive, in some approximate degree, when he who has no work to do, by whatever name he may be called, will not find it good to show himself in any quarter of the solar system, but may go and look out elsewhere, if there be any idle planet discoverable.

2859. Labor Day: Self-Respecting Labor. Every member of society should be busy, actively engaged in some useful occupation. We must not forget that the character of our business must be honorable. All gambling, cheating, extortion, including dishonest means and methods, and every trade or business which does not contribute to the real needs and the substantial welfare of men, should be ruled out. This means that the liquor traffic, which is such a curse to humanity, and that in every conceivable respect should not only not be entered upon, but also put under the ban of civilization—voted down and out of all legal and commercial recognition. So, whatever business may engage our thought or time, let it be in the line of helpful service to the world.

2860. Labor Day: Six Days Shalt Thou Labor. When old Lazy Bum goes to the mourner's bench the first evidence of a change in him is that he hunts a steady job. When he strikes the job he hangs to it. There never has been, nor ever can be, such an impossible animal as a Christian loafer. Lots of folks who feature the Sabbath day to keep it holy forget that same commandment reads, "Six days shalt thou work." The Bible is the most industrious book printed. Something doing every minute. From the first chapter in Genesis, where we see God busy spinning a beautiful world out of chaos, to the last chapter in Revelation, where the Spirit and the Bride are busy getting the sheep safely behind the shining walls of the pearly

city and to the great watering-place in the Golden Square. The religion of the Bible is a workingman's religion. Royalties rarely worked. With a few exceptions they were a costly, ornamental luxury. Often a curse to their people. Our God is a workingman's God, and the Christian religion was founded by a workingman.—W. H. RIDGEWAY.

2861. Labor Day: and Social Questions. In that fortress of progress which the socialist workmen of Belgium built in Brussels, the Maison du Peuple, as you pass from one part to another of that hive of many activities, you may happen to go into an upper lecture hall, and note across the end of the platform a great curtain hanging. It is drawn reverently aside, and behind it one sees a fresco of the form of Jesus, with hand uplifted pointing the way above. It is surely deeply significant of the vital power of his message, and of the way he wins men still to follow him.

Almost every mention of the name of Jesus in workingmen's meetings brings forth the most hearty applause.

The average workingman is naturally religious. His religion may not always be expressed in the orthodox manner, but it is there, nevertheless. Infidelity scarcely exists among workingmen. As a matter of fact, they respond most readily to the religious appeal. It is the testimony of nearly every preacher that engages in shop meetings that they are never listened to with greater respect and with greater interest by any other kind of an audience.

The social question is fundamentally a moral and religious problem. In the end, there will be not one answer to the social question, but many. But all will agree in this—it will be religious. It will never be settled upon any other basis. History has prophesied it. The best labor leaders are coming to recognize it. Present reform measures indicate it.

2862. Labor Day: Religion the Solution. At least as far back as the time of Jacob and Laban conditions of industry have caused sharp differences and bitter feelings. The situation has changed in ways without end, but the problem has only taken on new forms without becoming easier. It sometimes seems as if no generation had ever faced labor difficulties so great and so complex as those that must be met to-day.

There have been many inventions of schemes that it was supposed would settle the trouble like magic. Some of them

have been tried, and have failed. The trouble is not in the surroundings, but in the hearts of men. Religion is the only solution. God made known his will in the law and the prophets, but the truth was fully revealed only as taught and lived by Christ. The constraining power of the love of Christ is what was lacking and is essential.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

2863. Labor Day: Song for.

"Labor is worship," the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship," the wild bee is ringing.

Listen; that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower,
From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower,
From the small insect the rich coral bower;

Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water fail-eth;

Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth,
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth,
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labor is glory—the flying cloud brightens,
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;

Idle hearts only the dark future frightens,
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.

—F. S. OSGOOD.

2864. Labor Day: Thank God for Work.

Thank God for work
That makes the muscles tire
Till life's devouring fire
Is dimmed in sleep—
Rejuvenating hours
That recreate our powers,
Our visions keep.

Thank God for work!
For will to do our share,
For strength our load to bear
With steady heart,
For sight to see the need
Of swift and helping deed
To do our part.

Thank God for work!
To know there's something done
To know there's something won
By our own might.

Joy of accomplishment
Man-earned and heaven-sent
Be this our right.

—A. G. CULP.

2865. Labor Day: Is Toil a Treadmill?

Is toil but a treadmill? Think not of the grind

But think of the grist, what is done and to do,

The world growing better, more like to God's mind,

By long, faithful labor of helpers like you.

—JAMES BUCKHAM.

2866. Labor Day: Work.

Work is the fresh air of the soul!
It clears the heavy brain,
Quickens the pulses of the mind,
Warms thought to action, and the blind
And sluggish will sunk into ease
Of ineffective lethargies
It stirs to life again.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

2867. Labor Day: Work. Every atom works, every dewdrop works, every sun-beam works, every bee works, every worm works, every toad works, every sparrow works. Activity is the law of life. Man, as the highest in the series of animals, should work, too. To be a drone is beneath a man's dignity.

It is a familiar observation that it is worry, not work, that kills. It is not the turning of the wheel that wears it out, but the friction. Where the oil of divine grace is applied continually to the axles or bearings of the machinery of life a great deal of work is accomplished without rack or undue strain or worry.

2868. Labor Day: Work.

Work!

Thank God for the might of it.
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,

Setting the brain and the soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,

Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!

Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,

Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare,

Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons
deep,

Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

—*Forbes Magazine.*

2869. Labor Day: Blessing of Work.

Activity, well-directed and constant activity, is one of the unfailing springs of health, and happiness, and peace.

Hard work at any honorable task is a glorious remedy for worry. The mind in pursuit of a worth-while result ceases to pursue will-o'-the-wisps or to run panic-stricken from hobgoblins. The back that is carrying any noble burden has no room for an old man of the sea.

2870. Labor Day: Worker in Demand.

We have in the life of Christ the highest example of a worker. Let us not forget that workers are always appreciated and are always in demand.

God never goes to the lazy or the idle when he needs men for His service. When God wants a worker, He calls a worker. When He has work to be done He goes to those who are already at work. When God wants a great servant He calls a busy man. Scripture and history attest this truth.

Moses was busy with his flocks at Horeb.

Saul was busy searching for his father's lost beasts.

David was busy caring for his father's sheep.

Elisha was busy plowing with twelve yoke of oxen.

Nehemiah was busy bearing the king's winecup.

Amos was busy following the flock.

Peter and Andrew were busy casting a net into the sea.

James and John were busy mending their nets.

Matthew was busy collecting customs.

Saul was busy persecuting the friends of Jesus.

William Carey was busy mending and making shoes.

2871. Labor Day: Workingman's Duty.

"No man has a right to spend a cent upon himself until he has first provided for his family. But the average workingman does not yet earn enough to give his family all the comforts they deserve. He has no money to spend on drink without robbing his family. I believe that in the proportion that the labor movement grows so will the temperance movement grow. The labor movement was not formed merely for the pur-

pose of getting more wages and shorter hours. If that was all I would not consider it worth while to devote my life to it. The purpose of the labor movement is to secure a better standard of living and to make the lives of men, women and children happier and brighter."—JOHN MITCHELL.

2872. Labor Day: Work Freed from Bondage.

No workingman to-day should fail to see the benefit he has derived from the carpenter of Nazareth, who dignified labor and made it honorable. Had no Christ come, labor to-day would still be ignoble and the workingman a slave. Cicero, Lycurgus, Plato—the best and wisest of un-Christian men, would have kept him such. It was Jesus of Nazareth who freed the workingman. It was Mary's son who struck the shackles from his wrists. Nobody ever spoke a word in favor of paying a workingman an honest wage for his work, but the carpenter's Son. He stood alone here, as against the world. We repeat,—and would to God it could be written in characters of zigzag lightning upon the inky scroll of night, so that every son and daughter of toil must needs see and read it. We repeat, that when Christ proclaimed the principle that "the laborer was worthy of his hire," he upset governments and turned the world upside down. It is a pity that workingmen do not know this. Put it bluntly. But for Christ, every workingman on earth to-day would be a bond-slave. It is the absolute truth.

2873. Labor Day: Work and Development.

We grow through activity. An unused muscle remains undeveloped and atrophies into withered helplessness; set that muscle into action and it grows full-blooded and firm until it has the elasticity and strength of a steel spring. Every fiber and nerve and mental and moral faculty obeys the same law. Physical activity develops and disciplines the body, study broadens the brain, and the exercise of sympathy mellows the heart. Without work we would remain babes; through work we become men. While we are working at our work, our work is working at us. While a man is building a house, the house is building the man. The same kind of work he puts into the house that is rising outside himself goes into the house that is rising inside himself. If into the one he puts rotten materials and dishonest work, into the other goes an equal amount of the same ruinous elements.

In building houses and doing all our work we are building ourselves. We only need look at what we are doing outside to see what we are becoming inside. We must abound in the work of the Lord to become like the Lord; there is no other way. We grow like what we do, and this fact is constantly making us more like the Lord or like the devil.—REV. J. H. SNOWDEN, D.D.

2874. Labor Day: Work a Duty.

Work is one of the greatest blessings that God sends into our lives. We are happiest when we are using the great powers of body and soul for the accomplishment of God's will in the world. Jesus' command rings out as clearly to-day as it did when He walked on earth, "Son, go work to-day in My vineyard." "Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." A satisfying exhilaration fills the soul when we are conscious of a task worthily performed or a duty faithfully discharged.

"This is the Gospel of labor—

Ring it, ye bells of the Kirk:

The Lord of Love came down from above

To live with the men who work.

This is the rose He planted

Here in the thorn-cursed soil;

Heaven is blest with perfect rest,

But the blessing of earth is toil."

2875. Labor Day: The Gospel of Work.

It is not recorded that Paul established industrial missions in connection with any of the stations that he founded on his missionary tours, but he has left very clear indications that the gospel of work was an important part of his message to those whom he was endeavoring to win to the Christian life. For example, he writes to the recent converts at Thessalonica: "Study to be quiet and to do your own business, and to work with your hands, even as we charged you: that ye may have need of nothing." In a second letter he reverts to the same matter in this imperative fashion: "We command and exhort in the Lord Jesus Christ that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread." This stress upon industry among the Christian virtues was not afterthought, for Paul, when he was with them, had given the Thessalonians this drastic recommendation regarding drones in the new Christian hive: "If any will not work, neither let him eat!"

Many a missionary since Paul has felt

grateful to him for his positive position on this vital matter. Among many pagan peoples the establishment of anything like a Christian civilization is impossible without the adoption of a new standard of industrial efficiency. Often one of the missionary's first and hardest tasks has been to get the indolent native to supplement the gifts which nature "in lavish kindness" strews with the products of his honest and steady toil.—EDWARD H. MILLER, D.D.

2876. Labor Day: Hard Work. A life without hard work would be flat and stale. "The salt of life is work," it has been said; and the salt that each one most needs is the particular work that God has laid upon that one. It is well to remember this when one's own work seems to be a misfit, and probably no one ever lived who was not one time or another tempted to feel that about himself. This is part of the very saltiness of work; it puts tang and life and temper into character to keep at a thing when only dogged self-forcing can hold one to it. Let us be glad that the salt of our life is chosen for us. If we made our choices we should too often take sugar instead of salt, and the system could no longer stand that.—*Sunday School Times*.

2877. Labor Day: Work Secret of Joy.

The workers of the world are not pessimists, not only because they have no time for unprofitable speculations, but because this particular notion does not fit into their mood. They are getting too much of the good of life to join in the cry, "Who will show us any good?" It has been well said that most of the estimates of human life as a poor and unsatisfactory affair ignore the joys of activity. Such estimates are formed by people who sit still and criticise. It is a fine and true touch of the Psalmist, when he speaks of "the seat of the scorner." Let the cynic be up and about the real work of life, and there will be an end to his scorning. Scorn is the rust upon an unused tool.

To be hard at work is the normal and wholesome state of man. Some of the older writers used to hold that no man will work except under the constraint of necessity, on the ground that labor is a disagreeable and even undesirable exertion. But it was "for man's sake," for his growth in wisdom and happiness, that the earth was made to bring forth thorns and briars after the Eden-time, so that man must eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. The "man with

the hoe" is far less to be pitied than the man without the hoe or some equivalent to it.—*The Sunday School Times.*

2878. Labor Day: Workingman Built Christ's Manger. A workingman built the Manger in which the babe Christ was cradled, the Upper Room in which He ate the passover, and the Cross on which He hung, though not the clouds into which He ascended. Christ and the workingman are ever and everywhere meeting, and the encounter is most opportune, for the best constructions both in church and state are those erected by Christian work people, on firm foundations of faith and love. When the workingman is an anarchist, the pillars of society weaken to their fall; but when mechanics and artisans labor for the Christ who toiled and suffered for them, social prosperity and contentment inevitably follow, since all things go well that go the way of the busy Christ.—*Zion's Herald.*

2879. Labor Day: Missions and Work. On the mission field, as everywhere else, Christianity has to do with men who work. In some lands, notably in India, the missionaries have to train their converts up into new forms of self-support. Rejected from their old relationships because they have become Christians, these natives have to be taught other industries. Thus it is that in India especially there are a great many industrial missions, some of which are almost wholly self-supporting.

2880. Labor Day: Wage-Earner's Life. "The workingman thinks the church not a necessity but a luxury," wrote a minister in describing some of his parishioners. He set himself to the task of making the church a necessity. The wage-earner lives a life of necessities. On all sides of him are things rigid and inflexible. He has faith only in those things which minister to his needs. How can a church satisfy necessities for such a man? It is important that the church do not cheapen her purpose. The greatest necessity in the world is spiritual courage. The workingman knows this better than any other. He is a religious man because he lives on the border line between the material and the spiritual. His life knows fear and hope every day; both faith and courage are necessities to him. The church, therefore, which will enliven and brighten, which will comfort and interpret to him his life, is a true church and a necessity.—*Rev. WARREN H. WILSON.*

2881. Labor Day: Washing the World's Feet. A Brahman visiting a missionary saw on the wall a picture of Jesus washing His disciples' feet. The Brahman said, "You Christians pretend to be like Jesus Christ, but you are not; none of you ever wash other people's feet."

The missionary said: "But that is just what we are doing all the time. You Brahmans say that you sprang from the head of your god Brahm; that the next lower caste sprang from his shoulders; the next lower from his loins; and that the low caste sprang from his feet. We are washing India's feet; and, when you proud Brahmans see the low caste and the outcast getting educated and Christianized,—washed clean and beautiful and holy inside and out,—you Brahmans and all India will say, 'Lord, not my feet only, but my hands and my head!'"

2882. Labor Day: Labor's New Weapon. If all unions used their funds to extend credit, to acquire mortgages, and to buy stock in banks and business enterprises, labor could very soon gain the control of industry which it so covets. It has been figured that, if the railroad workers saved their last increases in wages, they would have enough to buy all the outstanding stock and own the roads in five years! Such methods would not be only more successful, but more legal, orderly, and American, than any "direct action."

Control of industry by labor if gained by sane methods would not be a menace to society. Workers would soon learn that real advancement comes through economical production brought about by increased efficiency and close coöperation, and that jacked-up wages and shortened hours invite bankruptcy. The lower prices which would come with larger output and the elimination of strikes would vastly benefit the general public.—*E. B. BUCK.*

2883. Labor Day: Whistle and Hoe.
There's a boy just over the garden fence
Who is whistling all through the live-long day;
And his work is not just a mere pretense,
For you see the weeds he has cut away.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

Now a word of bemoaning his task I hear;

He has scarcely time for a growl, I know;

For his whistling sounds so merry and clear,

He must find some pleasure in every row.

Whistle and hoe,

Sing as you go,

Shorten the row

By the songs you know.

But then, while you whistle, be sure that you hoe;

For if you are idle the briars will spread;

And whistling alone to the end of the row

May do for the weeds, but is bad for the bread.

Whistle and hoe,

Sing as you go,

Shorten the row

By the songs you know.

2884. Labor Unions. While Roosevelt was President a man was dismissed from the Government Printing Office at the demand of a labor union. He had been dropped from the union because he had pointed out to the Government a cheaper process of manufacture that would save \$8,000 a year. Roosevelt had him reinstated, and the unions threatened a strike throughout the Government Printing Office. But the President stood by his guns; he wrote:

"Of course I will not for one moment submit to dictation by the labor unions any more than by the trusts, no matter what the effect on the presidential election may be. . . . I will proceed upon the only plan possible for a self-respecting American President, and treat each man on his merits as a man. The labor unions shall have a square deal, and the corporations shall have a square deal, and, in addition, all private citizens shall have a square deal. . . . If those labor union men strike, not one of them will do another stroke of Government work while I am President."

2885. Labor Wins. Wendell Phillips was asked how he gained such skill in delivering his lecture on "The Lost Arts." He answered, "By getting a hundred nights of delivery back of me." Work lies back of all proficiency.

2886. Labor Day: Work and Play. "Work when you work and play when you play." This common saying points out one of the secrets of successful living. Do not labor half-way or play

half-way, but do everything in a whole-hearted fashion.

And yet there is a sense in which we should play at our work, and work at our play. Our task will go vigorously and splendidly through to its completion quite in proportion as we delight in it, consider it fun, would rather do it than anything else; indeed, find much of our recreation in it. And our play must be planned for quite as much as our work; it must have an object; it must be persisted in; it must show definite and worthy results, and in all this it is like our work.

"All work and no play makes Jack a full boy," and all play and no work makes Jack an emptyheaded butterfly. I would rather be the first kind of Jack.—AMOS R. WELLS.

2887. Lame, Still. It is said that there is a woman in an Eastern city who uses a pair of crutches which cost over a thousand dollars. She has her monogram outlined in jewels on each crutch. To get these decorations finished required almost infinite artistic skill and patience. There is something pitiful in the feeling that after all the pains this woman has taken to gild and beautify her crutches, she is still lame, and they are only crutches after all.

2888. Laughter. Lycurgus, the celebrated lawgiver of Sparta, dedicated a little statue to the god of laughter. He considered merriment a seasoning of hard work and ordered it to take place on all proper occasions. If you want to know whether a man's life is made up of frivolous or serious things, watch what he laughs at.

2889. Laughter, God's Gift of. The religion of Jesus Christ brings happiness and joy to the heart and diffuses a radiance in the face. It is said that there is not one happy face in the "Rogues' Gallery." Happiness cannot dwell in the face of him whose heart is full of bitterness and sin. True Christians are always the really happy people. It is said that Dr. Theodore Cuyler and Mr. Spurgeon were once out in the fields enjoying God's sunshine and the beauties of nature. Dr. Cuyler told a story at which Mr. Spurgeon laughed until his sides shook. Suddenly Mr. Spurgeon said: "Theodore, let's get down on our knees and thank God for laughter." And these two happy Christian preachers knelt in the field and thanked God for His great gift of laughter.—*Christian Observer.*

2890. Law. Christianity is part of the law of England.—**LORD ELDON**

2891. Laymen, Responsibility of. One of the structural weaknesses of our modern Protestant churches is that we have professionalized this business of soul-winning. Multitudes of plain believers have actually turned over to "trained workers" their spoken testimony to their share in the gospel. The simple and beautiful means by which the Christian faith has been communicated in all its great periods has been given up for evangelistic seasons with "big" speakers, choirs, crowds, publicity and results—above all, big results. All such mechanical advertisements of spiritual impotence would be rendered unnecessary if each disciple were taught, as Captain Bickel insists, that each member of the church shall "bear a share of spreading the gospel by personal activity." Boys can pray for and reach boys; girls can win their chums to Christ; business men by prayer and witnessing can win associates whom locomotive engines could not drag into an evangelistic service.—**HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY.**

2892. Lay Workers. Dr. Torrey says: Some years ago I was trying to persuade a young lawyer that he ought to be a soul-winner. He turned upon me with the remark: "I am not called to the ministry." I opened my Bible and read Acts 8:4, "They therefore that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word." "Yes," he said, "but those were the Apostles." "Will you read the first verse of the chapter?" I answered. And he read, "They were all scattered abroad except the apostles."

2893. Laziness. Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.—**JUDGE HALE.**

2894. Laziness Defeats Itself. Down in Virginia a farmer had an ox and a mule that he hitched together to a plow. One night, after several days of continuous plowing, and after the ox and mule had been stabled and provendered for the night, the ox said to the mule: "We've been workin' pretty hard, let's play off sick to-morrow and lay here in the stalls all day."

"You can if you want to," returned the mule, "but I believe I'll go to work."

So the next morning when the farmer came out the ox played off sick; the

farmer bedded him down with clean straw, gave him fresh hay, a bucket of oats and bran mixed, left him for the day and went forth alone with the mule to plow.

All that day the ox lay in his stall, chewed his cud and nodded, slowly blinked his eyes and gently swished his tail.

That night when the mule came in, the ox asked how they got along plowing alone all day. "Well," said the mule, "it was hard and we didn't get much done, and—"

"Did the old man have anything to say about me?" interrupted the ox.

"No," replied the mule.

"Well, then," went on the ox, "I believe I'll play off again to-morrow; it was certainly fine lying here all day and resting."

"That's up to you," said the mule, "but I'll go out and plow."

So the next day the ox played off again, was bedded down with clean straw, provendered with hay, bran and oats, and lay all day nodding, blinking, chewing his cud and gently swishing his tail.

When the mule came in at night the ox asked again how they had gotten along without him.

"About the same as yesterday," replied the mule coldly.

"Did the old man have anything to say to you about me?" again inquired the ox.

"No," replied the mule, "not to me, but he did have a long talk with the butcher on the way home."—**DAVID GIBSON.**

2895. Languages, Conquered. We have a Bantu proverb which says, "You can count the number of apples on a tree, but you cannot count the number of trees in one apple." I was working away at a difficult translation, and the devil came to me, and said, "Drop it, it is not translatable!" I thought a while, then went back to it, and my Bible opened at Daniel 7:14, "It was given him that all . . . languages should serve him." We have 440 translations. That is not enough. I went on, and succeeded.—**DAN CRAWFORD.**

2896. Learning. See Commencement Day. See Education.

2897. Learning. To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—**BISHOP TAYLOR.**

2898. Learning. Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket; and do not pull it out and strike it, merely

to show that you have one.—CHESTER-FIELD.

2899. **Learning.** Learning makes a man fit company for himself.—YOUNG.

2900. **Learning.** Learning is better worth than house or land.—CRABBE.

2901. **Learning by Doing.** A Korean Christian repeated the Sermon on the Mount without a mistake, and the missionary who heard it said it would do little good unless he practiced it, whereupon a smile broke over his face as he said, "Why, pastor, that's just how I learned it. I am only a stupid farmer and could not remember it, so I learned one verse at a time and then went out and practiced it on my neighbors until I had the whole sermon bit by bit."—*Daily Bible.*

2902. **Leadership of Others.** Mrs. Margaret Bottome repeats a story which a friend of hers, who is a musician, related. This friend's husband had arranged a musical entertainment for the benefit of some charity, and the wife was playing the organ, thus leading the band of music as well as the choir boys. But in the midst of it all she became so fascinated with the fine execution of the band, and so delighted with the singing of the choir boys, that she ceased playing herself, and listened. All at once her husband rushed up to her, exclaiming, "Don't you know that you are leading? They are waiting for you." In an instant her hands were on the organ, and she resumed the leadership. We all of us have some little circle who are depending on us for their inspiration and leadership. Their hearts will faint if we do not give them encouragement.

2903. **Leadership Gets Followers.** A certain college president was elected a bishop. A friend advised him not to accept, saying: "If you stay here you can make twenty bishops from among these young men." Twenty-six missionaries of the American Board have come from Michigan University. When we remember that James B. Angell, an earnest Christian minister, was for long at the head of the university, and that his son has recently become president of Yale, we understand the kind of leadership that gets followers for Christ.

2904. **Leisure.** "Leisure is empty time."

2905. **Lent.** See **Palm Sunday** and **Good Friday.**

2906. **Lenten Fasting.**

When thou a fast would'st keep,
Make not thy homage cheap,

By publishing its signs to every eye;

But let it be between

Thyself and the Unseen,

So shall it gain acceptance from on high.

—BERNARD BARTON.

2907. **Levite, The.** Being in the line of religious work doesn't make a man religious. Deacons default. Elders embezzle. Superintendents steal. The shut eye to human need on the part of the favored ones breed irreligion, unrest and anarchy. Brazen waste on the avenue and scowling want in the alley. "Who cares!" The Levites were Jerusalem's "best people." Tracing their line back to those who came in with the *Mayflower*, with Penn, Stuyvesant, and Captain Smith. Yes, sir! The rest were Reubenites, Gadites and any old mixture. Just ordinary every-day common children of Israel. But a Levite! So he came down the road, saw the "trouble," hit old Pharo a whack, and trotted by on the other side. When you break down on your automobile ride you will note all the "tony" rich man, high-priced cars of the "swell" people go flying past you at thirty miles an hour. But the common people with good hearts, in cheaper cars, all slow up and kindly call, "Need any help?" The Levite, still among us, has always lots of spunk and pride but little hand and heart (Mark 12: 38-40).

2908. **Liberalism, A Poor Guide.** We watched the driver as he guided our car down the icy street and marveled at his skill as he held the car to the trail in spite of ice and ruts. At last we commented, "It requires a pretty steady eye and some quick moves to hold a car on a road like this." "Yes," he replied, "and it takes a steering gear that can be relied upon. Last week the steering gear was so loose that the car became unmanageable. I took it in to have the 'play' taken out of it. It was too dangerous."

We saw a young man, who in heavy stress, allowed his conscience to become pretty loose. There was considerable "play" in it. He said he was "liberal." Then one day he was caught in a place where strict honesty was demanded and he discovered that his "liberal" conscience could not be relied upon to give him safe guidance. We advised him to go back to his mother's Bible and his mother's God and get "trued up." His trail had been pretty crooked of late, his steering gear was loose.

2909. **Liberality, The New.** What the church needs is not liberality of doctrine; not the semi-infidel derisive spirit

shown by the critics who seek to undermine the authority of the Scriptures, but a liberality of spirit that will make possible the leveling of church walls and a generous, loving coöperation in heralding the whole Gospel to the whole world. That spirit is abroad in the world and was illustrated by an incident connected with the preaching in Durham Cathedral of Dr. J. H. Jowett, the famous non-conformist minister. At the moment Dr. Jowett announced his text, Rev. P. T. Casey, a former Baptist minister, who accepted Episcopal ordination some twenty years ago, shouted in a shrill voice: "I am the vicar of Wheatley Hill, and I call on all loyal churchmen to protest." Realizing with quick wit the intent of the disturber, the Friendly Miners of the congregation started to sing, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," and the voice of the objector was drowned in the strains of the hymn, as indignant neighbors in the congregation of 7,000 shoved Mr. Casey forcibly out of the building. It is said that he was rather roughly handled by the thousands outside who were unable to get into the building to witness the presence of a non-conformist minister in an Episcopalian pulpit—an event that has not occurred for hundreds of years.—*The Expositor*.

2910. Liberty, Harmful. In the castle of Chillon there is a deep, dark shaft into which prisoners once fell to their death. The keeper took them out into the dark corridor and told them that they were free. As they rushed for liberty they fell into this shaft and down into the dark waters of the lake. So this watchword of personal liberty may lead many a one to fall into the sea of drunkenness.

2911. Life. *See Success in Life.*

2912. Life. Every man's life is a fairy-tale, written by God's fingers.—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

2913. Life. "Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort."

2914. Life.

A sacred burden in this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

—FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

2915. Life. "Life is a mission. Every

other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this, that every existence is an aim."

2916. Life.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born

A helpless babe, to greet the light

With a sharp wail, as if the morn

Foretold a cloudy noon and night;

To weep, to sleep, and weep again,

With sunny smiles between; and then?

—J. G. SAXE.

2917. Life. The childhood of immortality.—GOETHE.

2918. Life, Building. A sick woman in England from her bed one spring saw two birds building their nest in a bush near by for their baby birds by and by. "Oh, birds," she cried, "build higher!" Later, a cat had been busy about that bush and all that was left of that bird brood was a handful of feathers! "Build higher!"

2919. Life from Above. According to a scheme patented by an Australian man, the day is not far distant when every household will be able to have fresh air supplied in pipes, in much the same way that gas and water are now distributed. The apparatus consists of a captive balloon or a series of balloons, with a tube of aluminum communicating with a reservoir on the earth. The reservoir will be kept full of air from the upper atmosphere regions by means of a suction fan. This air can be subsequently distributed in pipes to those who are willing to pay for it. Oxygen can thus be conveyed to hermetically sealed rooms for the treatment of tubercular patients, or those suffering from anemia. Another idea is to fill bags with this air for use in sick rooms; and it is even suggested that "fresh air" depots may be established where people can drop in for a "breath." Engineers have regarded the plan as practicable.

Our spiritual nature derives its life from above. "All my springs are in Thee." "Seek those things which are above." "Set your affections on things not on earth."

2920. Life Made Beautiful.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—

It matters little if dark or fair—

Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where heart fires glow,

Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work both earnest, and brave, and true,
Each moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun;
Beautiful goal, with race well won;
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

—R. S.

2921. Life, Christianity Is. A friend says to me, "I have not time or room in my life for Christianity! If it were not so full! You don't know how hard I work from morning till night. When have I time, where have I room for Christianity in such a life as mine?" It is as if the engine had said it had no room for the steam. It is as if the tree had said it had no room for the sap. It is as if the ocean had said it had no room for the tide. It is as if the man had said he had no room for his soul. It is as if the life had said it had no time to live, when it is life. It is not something added to life; it is life. A man is not living without it. And for a man to say, "I am so full in life that I have no room for life," you see immediately to what absurdity it reduces itself.—**PHILLIPS BROOKS.**

2922. Life, in Death. Shortly before the death of Guynemer, "the ace of aces," a lady, talking with him, said, "You have had all the crosses which France and the Allies can give; what is there left for you to win?" "The wooden cross," was his quiet answer. The lady adds, "Within a few weeks of my seeing him above the woods and sandhills near Ighoe the young hero met his fate over the German lines in Flanders."

2923. Life and Labor. Rev. H. H. Rottmann tells this story: A young man came to him asking him to officiate at his brother's funeral. "Let me see," said Mr. Rottmann. "Your brother was thirty-two years old?" "Yes." "He

worked hard for twenty years, didn't he?" "Yes." "Well, what did he get out of it?" "He left eighty acres of fine land, money in the bank, and \$3,000 in insurance." "Yes, that's what you get out of it; but what did he get out of it?" "We are going to get him a \$115 oak casket."—*Christian Endeavor World*.
2924. Life, Mystery of. An X-ray expert of Chicago asserts that he saw depart from a charity patient in a hospital the soul of that person. Just as the attending physician declared that death had occurred, this "plainly distinguishable aura" spread out over the body, and then disappeared. Hence, this doctor reasons, he actually witnessed with his material eyes the soul, or, at least the current which controls the actions and motions of the body, depart. If we grant that the scientist didn't hypnotize himself by his eagerness to discover something new; that his material eyes and not his imagination received the light through the chemical screen; and that this "aura" was really the dying man's soul, the tremendous importance of this scientist's work will be generally recognized. The day that man solves the great mystery of life will surely be a notable one in history. But it is natural that man, after all these centuries, should be a little skeptical. We will have to be shown in a very convincing way before we believe that any man has seen the departure of human life.

2925. Life, Its Seed Time. Writing to a young minister who after many years' service found himself still in an obscure place and who was becoming impatient for the prizes and recognitions of life, Professor David Smith recently wrote, "I bless God daily for the long years which I spent in a remote corner of Scotland, ministering to a little congregation. It was oftentimes a disheartening experience but it did much for me. It was the seed time of my life. . . . True and abiding influence is slowly won and there is no more precious experience for youth than a protracted season of obscurity." They are true and timely words. Early popularity often means early barrenness. The quiet, obscure years, with their steady and unremitting discipline of mind and heart, may be made the most enriching of all the years. Not a few of those who have won great influence have had long foregrounds to their life. Over an old rectory garden door at Linton in Devon-

shire is the motto: "Live Unknown." It is a useful motto for young manhood. Youth has to learn to labor and to wait. "Be content to go on working in obscurity a little longer," said Ruskin once to a young artist, impatient for recognition. It is the only way. There must be a seed time, before there can be a harvest of wisdom and of influence.

2926. Life, Uncertainty of. A man in comfortable circumstances was planning a new home for his family. He bought a tract of ground in the suburbs of the city. He laid out the ground and planted trees and shrubbery years before he was ready to build. Then the time came when the new house was actually under construction. But the man never moved into the house. Illness fell upon him, and when the house of brick, and mortar, and lumber was taking shape, his earthly tabernacle of clay was crumbling away. He made plans, but could not see their completion.

2927. Life Witnessing. A friend of mine returned some time ago from a foreign country where he had been the representative of the United States Government. I said to him, "Why have you come back?" "Because I got tired of the responsibility." "How is that?" I asked. "Why, everywhere I went the people of that country watched me and talked about 'Uncle Sam.' If I even took a drink of water, they would gather round to see 'Uncle Sam' drink. And I just got tired of the responsibility." But that is just what the world is doing with every one of us children of God. They do not care so much about our songs and prayers and creeds, but they are caring tremendously about our life.—*Record of Christian Work.*

2928. Life Witnessing for or Against Christ. A young Jewess, who is now a Christian, asked the lady who had instructed her in the Gospel to read history with her, "because," she said, "I have been reading the Gospels and I am puzzled. I want to know when Christians began to be so different from Christ."

2929. Light, Always Another. One night last summer, on a Mississippi steamer, my brother called my attention to the lights along the river for the guidance of the boats. "We are just leaving one behind," he said, "but there is another in sight ahead,—there is always one ahead of us in sight, on one side or the other of the river." The disciples

had missed their chance of watching with Jesus. They were leaving the light of that opportunity behind them, but Jesus gave them another chance to show their sympathy and faithfulness. Many are often depressed by the memory of past sins, failures, or lost opportunities. God himself cannot undo the past, but he can and does give new opportunities. "There is always a light ahead, on one side or the other of the river."—AUGUSTA LOCKWOOD.

2930. Light, Christ the. Astronomers tell us that the sun is surrounded by a luminous envelope, consisting of certain rarefied substances which are continually being generated by it. That envelope is called the photosphere. It proceeds from the sun, and is really part of the sun, and without it the sun would be invisible. It is from the photosphere that we derive both the light and the heat; so that to us it is practically a revelation of the sun, or of the sun in the process of revealing itself. . . . In Christ "the sun of righteousness" is clearly revealed unto us: "For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

2931. Light, Dark. A little boy was much interested in a pocket mirror with which one of his companions flashed sunshine into corners and made it dance on the floor and ceiling. So his father gave him one, and he hurried off to try it. But he soon came back saying, "Father, it won't act." He had been testing it in a dark cellar used as a workshop, and his father had to explain to him that for a mirror to flash it must be held in the sunshine. "Look therefore whether the light that is in thee be darkness." If it is darkness "it won't act."—H.

2932. Light, a Duty. "If we live up to our light, we are doing all that can be expected of us, I reckon," said Silas. "I don't know about that," answered Aunt Hannah. "The first thing that might be expected of a good many of us might be that we should have a much better light. If I get a cheap lamp and poor oil to save money, and use an untrimmed wick and a smoked chimney, because I am too lazy or too careless to put them in order, it isn't much excuse for poor work to say that I'm doing it according to my light. My grandmother did her work by a tallow-dip,—the best work she could do by the best light she

could get,—but I have no right to be doing tallow-dip work in this age of illumination.”—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

2933. Light, Hold It Forth. One, writing of a torchlight procession at a country station in honor of a returned hero, says: “As the procession started, one torch after another blazed into radiance, as if touched by electricity. One couldn’t tell what lighted them, but presently a small child was discovered crouching under some timbers to keep away from the wind, with a lighted candle in his hand. Every torch-bearer came to him for light. Silent, smiling, happy, with one little hand sheltering the flame held in the other, this little fellow was lighting up the world of darkness!” The gospel is the light of the world, but somebody must hold it and give it out; a child may.—*Great Thoughts.*

2934. Light, Serving. “To give light and to save life.” This was the beautiful motto inscribed upon the famous Eddystone Lighthouse, on the coast of England. What could be more appropriate to express the office of a lighthouse than these words? They express, also, with equal beauty, the office which Jesus came to fill as the Light and the Saviour of men. But Jesus intended that every one of his followers should in some degree fulfill this same high office. “Ye are the light of the world,” he said to his disciples; and, “Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.” Jesus saves now in great degree through the agency of his people. It is they who reflect His light, and by so doing enable others to see the right way. “I am the way, and the truth, and the life,” said Jesus, and such must all His followers be.—*Sunday School Evangelist.*

2935. Limitations. See *Handicaps. See Difficulties.*

2936. Limitations, Blessings of. The little boy in the orchard said: “I wish that I was tall enough to reach that ripe apple.” The apple was fully fifteen feet above his head, and that would have been his height if his wish had been granted. I said to him: “Why, Johnnie, if you were tall enough to pick that apple you would be too tall to go into your home to-night without getting down upon your hands and knees. Your bed would not be half long enough to hold you, and you would have to throw away all your clothes and get new ones that would cost four times as much. That would be

paying a pretty big price for an apple, wouldn’t it?”

“Yes,” said Johnnie, “I didn’t think how foolish I was.”

But there are some people who are always chafing at the limitations of our mortal life. They would like to be able to look across the ocean and watch the armies in Peking, or to see what the people are doing on the planet Mars, if there are any people there. But we have plenty to learn, plenty to do and plenty to enjoy in the sphere in which God has placed us; and if we are faithful in that sphere it will expand, as our spirits expand, throughout a limitless future.

2937. Lincoln’s Birthday. “His biography is written in blood and tears; uncounted millions arise and call him blessed! A redeemed and reunited republic is his monument.”

2938. Lincoln’s Birthday. Lincoln stood like a giant girt with the strength of God. The memorial of Abraham Lincoln is in the millions of the Afro-American race, now free. It is in the reverence and love of the freest, greatest, and most progressive nation on the earth. It is in the amended constitution of these United States, which constitution has at last become the formula of freedom and indissoluble bond of union.—REV. LEROY HOOKER.

2939. Lincoln’s Birthday. He was compassionate. With what joy he brought liberty to the enslaved. He was forgiving. In this respect he was strikingly suggestive of the Saviour. He was great. Time will but augment the greatness of his name and fame. Perhaps a greater man never ruled in this or any other nation. He was good and pure and incorruptible. He was a patriot; he loved his country; he poured out his soul unto death for it. He was human, and thus touched the chord that makes the world akin.—REV. H. W. BOLTON, D.D.

2940. Lincoln’s Birthday. Abraham Lincoln was a man of profound faith. He believed in God. He believed in Christ. He believed in the Bible. He believed in men. His faith made him great. His life is a beautiful commentary on the words, “This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.” There was a time in Lincoln’s experience when his faith faltered, as there was a time when his reason tottered; but these sad experiences were temporary, and Abraham Lincoln was neither an infidel nor a lunatic. It is

easy to trace in the life of this colossal character a steady growth of faith. This grace in him increased steadily in breadth and in strength with the passing years, until it came to pass that his last public utterances show forth the confidence and the fire of an ancient Hebrew prophet.—B. B. TYLER, D.D.

2941. Lincoln's Birthday. The life of Lincoln should never be passed by in silence by young or old. He touched the log cabin and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured. He touched the forest and it became to him a church in which the purest and noblest worship of God was observed. His occupation has become associated in our minds with the integrity of the life he lived. In Lincoln there was always some quality that fastened him to the people and taught them to keep time to the music of his heart.—DAVID SWING.

2942. Lincoln, Anecdote of. Not long before Mr. Lincoln became prominent in the nation, he was one day walking along the sidewalk in Springfield, leading two of his sons, one by each hand, and both were crying loudly. A gentleman who met them asked Mr. Lincoln what was the matter with the boys. He promptly replied: "Just what's the matter with the whole world. I have three nuts, and each boy wants two!"

2943. Lincoln and His Bible. One of the things that has surprised everybody is that a man of the people, without the education of the schools, should have been able to write English that is marvelous in its clearness and simplicity, in its dignity and sublimity. The Gettysburg address and the second inaugural straightway passed into the list of classics in our language.

One explanation is the source from which he learned his speech. As boy and man he possessed and read the English Bible until the spirit of its simple dignity passed into his own words, and its phrases were fixed in his memory for effective use in after days. Edgar DeWitt Jones says in the *Christian Evangelist*: "I talked recently with an old man who heard the Lincoln and Douglas debate at Bloomington, Ill., who said, 'I remember Lincoln quoted Scripture like a preacher.'"

2944. Lincoln and Douglas. When Mr. Lincoln delivered his first inaugural he was introduced by his friend, United States Senator E. D. Baker, of Oregon. He carried a cane and a little roll—the manuscript of his inaugural address.

There was a moment's pause after the introduction, as he vainly looked for a spot where he might place his high silk hat. Stephen A. Douglas, the political antagonist of his whole public life, the man who had pressed him hardest in the campaign of 1860, was seated just behind him. Douglas stepped forward quickly, and took the hat which Mr. Lincoln held helplessly in his hand. "If I can't be President," Douglas whispered smilingly to Mrs. Brown, a cousin of Mr. Lincoln and a member of the President's party, "I at least can hold his hat."

2945. Lincoln, Debate with Douglas. Many ladies attended the famous debates between Lincoln and Douglas, and they were the most unprejudiced listeners. "I can recall only one fact of the debates," says Mrs. William Crotty, of Seneca, Illinois, "that I felt so sorry for Lincoln while Douglas was speaking, and then to my surprise I felt so sorry for Douglas when Lincoln replied." The disinterested, to whom it was an intellectual game, felt the power and charm of both men.

2946. Lincoln in Douglas Debate. The late Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler used to tell the following story of the Lincoln-Douglas debate. At one place in the series it was evident that the sympathies of the audience were entirely with Douglas, who spoke first. When Lincoln rose to reply, he slowly took off his linen duster and handed it to a friend sitting near, saying, "Hold my coat while I stone Stephen." And "stone" him he did, carrying the audience in spite of themselves.

2947. Lincoln Signing Emancipation Proclamation. The Emancipation Proclamation was taken to Mr. Lincoln at noon on the first day of January, 1863, by Secretary Seward and Frederick, his son. As it lay unrolled before him, Mr. Lincoln took a pen, dipped it in ink, moved his hand to a place for the signature, held it for a moment, and then removed his hand and dropped the pen. After a little hesitation he again took up the pen and went through the same movement as before. Mr. Lincoln then turned to Mr. Seward, and said:

"I have been shaking hands since nine o'clock this morning, and my right arm is almost paralyzed. If my name ever goes into history it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the Proclamation,

all who examine the document hereafter will say, 'He hesitated.'

He then turned to the table, took up the pen again slowly, and firmly wrote "Abraham Lincoln," with which the whole world is now familiar. He then looked up, smiled, and said: "That will do."

2948. Lincoln Could Be Evasive. President Lincoln frequently showed that he knew how to avoid a direct answer and evade inquisitive visitors when he thought it was impolitic to make known his opinions. One wanted to know his opinion of Sheridan, who had just come from the West to take command of the cavalry under General Grant. Lincoln said:

"I'll tell you just what kind of a chap he is. He is one of those long-armed fellows with short legs that can scratch his shins without having to stoop over."

2949. Lincoln's "Glass Hack." President Lincoln had not been in the White House very long before Mrs. Lincoln became seized with the idea that a fine new barouche was about the proper thing for "the first lady in the land." The President did not care particularly about it one way or the other, and told his wife to order whatever she wanted. Lincoln forgot all about the new vehicle and was overcome with astonishment one afternoon when, having acceded to Mrs. Lincoln's desire to go driving, he found a beautiful barouche standing in front of the door of the White House. His wife watched him with an amused smile, but the only remark he made was, "Well, Mary, that's about the slickest 'glass hack' in town, isn't it?"

2950. Lincoln as Hired Man. In the autumn of 1830 a traveling book peddler, who afterward became a successful publisher and the head of a firm whose name is well known in the United States to-day, came to the door of a log cabin on the farm in Eastern Illinois, and asked for the courtesy of a night's lodging. There was no inn near. The good wife was hospitable but perplexed, "For," said she, "we can feed your beast, but we can't lodge you, unless you are willing to sleep with the hired man."

"Let's have a look at him first," said the peddler.

The woman pointed to the side of the house, where a lank, six-foot man, in ragged but clean clothes, was stretched on the grass, reading a book.

"He'll do," said the stranger. "A man who reads a book as hard as that

fellow seems to, has got too much else to think of besides my watch or small change."

The hired man was Abraham Lincoln; and when he was President the two men met in Washington and laughed together over the story of their earlier reconter.

2951. Lincoln's Honesty. Lincoln once wrote, "If, in your judgment, you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer."

2952. Lincoln, Humility of. In her delightful book, "The Heart of a Soldier," Mrs. La Salle Corbell Pickett, wife of General Pickett, tells how she first met Mr. Lincoln. It is a very touching bit of reminiscence. She writes:

I was in Richmond when my soldier fought the awful Battle of Five Forks. Richmond surrendered, and the surging sea of fire swept the city. News of Five Forks reached us, and there was a report that General Pickett had been killed. I did not believe it, but I was very anxious.

The day after the fire there was a sharp rap at the door. The servants had all run away. The city was full of Northern troops, and my environment had not taught me to love them. With my baby on my arm, I opened the door and looked up at a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man in ill-fitting clothes, who asked:

"Is this George Pickett's place?"

"Yes, sir," I answered. "But he is not here."

"I know that, ma'am," he replied. "But I just wanted to see the place. I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President!" I gasped. The stranger shook his head.

"No, ma'am; no, ma'am. Just Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend."

"I am George Pickett's wife and this is his baby," was all I could say. I had never seen Mr. Lincoln, but I remembered the love and reverence with which my soldier always spoke of him.

2953. Lincoln's Love of the Soldiers.

In a recent number of *The Continent*, T. D. Wallace, a veteran of the Civil War, gives this recollection of Lincoln: "I saw Mr. Lincoln passing through one of the wards of Armory Square hospital, Washington. I lay on a cot suffering from gunshot wounds in leg and thigh, received at the battle of Fredericksburg. Mr. Lincoln halted at my cot, sat down and, taking my hand just as an old friend from home might have done, asked me about my regiment, the battles I had been in, about my wounds,

about my home and mother, and how I came to enlist. I told him how a lot of us boys at the academy (at Eldersridge, Pennsylvania) hearing of the Bull Run defeat, left the academy and enlisted at once.

He seemed interested and a little amused, I remember, as I told him of having just finished the preparation of my Latin oration for commencement. He spoke very appreciatively and with tender sympathy for the boys who had left academy and college to fight the battles of their country. His face was sad and it seemed to me—then a mere boy—that he was deeply distressed to see the many wounded soldiers, and that his great heart was unspeakably burdened with the woes the war had brought, for just then the nation was passing through the darkest days of the Civil War—it was just before the fall of Vicksburg and the defeat of General Lee's army at Gettysburg. That five minutes with Abraham Lincoln in Armory Square hospital I shall never forget."

2954. Lincoln Loved Soldiers' Humor. Lincoln loved anything that savored of wit or humor among the soldiers. He used to relate two stories to show, he said, that neither death nor danger could quench the grim humor of the American soldier. "A soldier of the Army of the Potomac was being carried to the rear of battle with both legs shot off, who, seeing a pie-woman, called out, 'Say, old lady, are them pies sewed or pegged?'"

"And there was another one of the soldiers at the battle of Chancellorsville, whose regiment, waiting to be called into the fight, was taking coffee. The hero of the story put to his lips a crockery mug which he had carried with care through several campaigns. A stray bullet, just missing the drinker's head, dashed the mug into fragments and left only the handle on his finger. Turning his head in that direction, he scowled, 'Johnny, you can't do that again!'"

2955. Lincoln's Kindness of Heart. One day a woman, accompanied by a Senator, called on President Lincoln. The woman was the wife of one of Mosby's men. Her husband had been captured, tried, and condemned to be shot. She came to ask for the pardon of her husband. Lincoln heard her story and then asked what kind of a husband her husband was.

"Is he intemperate, does he abuse the children and beat you?" asked the President.

"No, no," said the wife. "He is a good man, a good husband; he loves me and he loves the children and we can not live without him. The only trouble is that he is a fool about politics. I live in the North and was born there, and if I get him home he will do no more fighting for the South."

"Well," said Lincoln, after examining the papers, "I will pardon him and turn him over to you for safe-keeping."

The woman, overcome with joy, began to sob as though her heart would break.

"My dear woman," said Lincoln, "if I had known how badly it was going to make you feel, I never would have pardoned him."

"You do not understand me," she cried between sobs.

"Yes, yes, I do," answered Lincoln, "and if you do not go away at once I shall be crying with you."

2956. Lincoln's Last Official Act. Lincoln's last official act was one of mercy. On the night of April 14, just a few moments before he left for the theater, Senator J. B. Henderson came with a final plea for George Vaughan, a Confederate soldier who was under sentence of death as a spy, and for whom Secretary Stanton had just refused to do anything. Lincoln shook his head when told that Stanton would not interpose in his behalf, then sat down at his desk and wrote an unconditional release and pardon for the accused man. It was his last official act, and was a literal translation of his charity-for-all doctrine.

2957. Lincoln Making Officers. H. C. Whitney wrote in 1866: "I was in Washington in the Indian service for a few days before August, 1861, and I merely said to President Lincoln one day: 'Everything is drifting into the war, and I guess you will have to put me in the army.' The President looked up from his work and said, good-humoredly: 'I'm making generals now; in a few days I will be making quartermasters, and then I'll fix you.'"

2958. Lincoln, Memories of. At the centennial celebration of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., at one of the meetings—Monday evening, November 16, 1903—the late Mr. Justice Harlan, an elder of the church, presiding, said: "No higher praise could have been bestowed upon a statesman of the Revolutionary period than to say of him that he enjoyed the confidence of the Father of his Country. No higher praise can be bestowed upon a

public man of this day than to say of him that he enjoyed the confidence of the savior of his country. But that can be said of one now in high position, and enjoying in a marked degree the respect of the American people. I allude to the distinguished secretary of state, who was the private secretary of Abraham Lincoln, and is with us this evening. No one now living was closer to Lincoln than he was, or knew more of his innermost thought. When Mr. Lincoln attended religious services here, Mr. Hay often accompanied him and sat by his side. Will Secretary Hay give this audience the pleasure of a few words from him?" The secretary, sitting in the Lincoln pew, arose in his place and made a brief address, as President Roosevelt had done immediately before him. Among other things he said: "Some of you, I am sure, share with me the memories to which this occasion and place give rise, of the day when I sat in this church with that illustrious patriot whose fame even now has turned to something remote and legendary. But whatever is remembered or whatever lost, we ought never to forget that Abraham Lincoln, one of the mightiest masters of statecraft that history has ever known, was also one of the most devoted and faithful servants of Almighty God who have ever sat in the high places of the world. . . . He repeated over and over again, in every form of speech, his faith and trust in that Almighty Power who rules the fate of men and nations."—H.

2959. Lincoln Moved by Baby. The husband of a poor woman had paid for a substitute for the army. Later, while intoxicated, he enlisted. When he was sober, thinking that because he had paid for a substitute the government had no right to his services, he deserted. He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to be shot. His poor wife was frantic. She took her little baby in her arms, and went to the White House, hoping to see the President. There were, however, so many people waiting to petition Lincoln that the poor woman was forced to sit in the waiting-room for three days, then she could not get admission into the President's private office. Late in the afternoon of the third day Lincoln was going through a passage back of the waiting-room, when he heard the baby cry. He immediately returned to his office, and rang a bell; old Daniel, an attendant, answered. "Daniel," he said, "is there a woman with a baby in the

anteroom?" Daniel said there was, and that she was waiting on a matter of life and death. "Send her to me at once," said the President. The woman came in and told her story, and Lincoln pardoned her husband. As she was going down the stairs with happy uplifted eyes, and lips moving in thankful prayer, Daniel pulled her shawl. "Madam," he said, "it was the baby that did it."

2960. Lincoln Nominated. "There won't be a tar barrel left in Illinois to-night," said Senator Stephen A. Douglas, in Washington, to his Senatorial friends, who asked him, when the news of the nomination of Lincoln reached them, "Who is this man Lincoln, anyhow?"

Douglas was right. Not only the tar barrels, but half the fences of the State of Illinois went up in the fire of rejoicing.

2961. Lincoln Helped Out the Soldiers. Judge Thomas B. Bryan, of Chicago, a member of the Union Defense Committee during the War, related the following concerning the original copy of the Emancipation Proclamation:

"I asked Mr. Lincoln for the original draft of the Proclamation," said Judge Bryan, "for the benefit of our Sanitary Fair, in 1865. He sent it and accompanied it with a note in which he said:

"I had intended to keep this paper, but if it will help the soldiers, I give it to you."

"The paper was put up at auction and brought \$3,000. The buyer afterward sold it again to friends of Mr. Lincoln at a greatly advanced price, and it was placed in the rooms of the Chicago Historical Society, where it was burned in the great fire of 1871."

2962. Lincoln Could be Non-committal. When the Sherman expedition which captured Port Royal went out there was a great curiosity to know where it had gone. A person ventured to ask Lincoln.

"Will you keep it entirely secret!" asked Lincoln.

"Oh, yes, upon my honor," came the reply.

"Well," said the President, "I will tell you."

Assuming an air of great mystery, and drawing the man close to him, he said in a loud whisper:

"The expedition has gone to sea."

2963. Lincoln's Portrait and Principles. The day following the adjournment of the Baltimore Convention, at which Lincoln was renominated, various

political organizations called to pay their respects to the President. While the Philadelphia delegation was being presented, the chairman of that body, in introducing the members, said: "Mr. President, this is Mr. S., of the second district of our state—a most active and earnest friend of yours and the cause. He has, among other things, been good enough to paint, and present to our league rooms, a most beautiful portrait of yourself." President Lincoln took the gentleman's hand in his, and shaking it cordially said, with a merry voice, "I presume, sir, in painting your beautiful portrait, you took your idea of me from my principles and not from my person."

2964. Lincoln Stood by "Silent Man."

Once, in reply to a delegation, which visited the White House, the members of which were unusually vociferous in their demands that the Silent Man (as General Grant was called) should be relieved from duty, the President remarked: "What I want and what the people want is generals who will fight battles and win victories. Grant has done this and I propose to stand by him."

This declaration found its way into the newspapers, and Lincoln was upheld by the people of the North, who also wanted "generals who will fight battles and win victories."

2965. Lincoln, Stature of. A "high" private of the One Hundred and Fortieth Infantry Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, wounded at Chancellorsville, was taken to Washington. One day, as he was becoming convalescent, a whisper ran down the long rows of cots that the President was in the building and would soon pass by. Instantly every boy in blue who was able arose, stood erect, hands to the side, ready to salute his Commander-in-Chief. The Pennsylvanian stood six feet seven inches in his stockings. Lincoln was six feet four. As the President approached this giant towering above him, he stopped in amazement, and casting his eyes from head to foot, and foot to head, as if contemplating the immense distance from one extremity to the other, he stood for a moment speechless. At length, extending his hand, he exclaimed, "Hello, comrade, do you know when your feet get cold?"

2966. Lincoln, Use of Story. Charles A. Dana, who was assistant secretary of war under Mr. Stanton, relates the following: A certain Thompson had been giving the government considerable trou-

ble. Dana received information that Thompson was about to escape to Liverpool. Calling upon Stanton, Dana was referred to Mr. Lincoln. "The President was at the White House, business hours were over, Lincoln was washing his hands. 'Hallo, Dana,' said he, as I opened the door, 'what is it now?' 'Well, sir,' I said, 'here is the provost marshal of Portland who reports that Jacob Thompson is to be in town to-night, and inquires what orders we have to give.' 'What does Stanton say?' he asked. 'Arrest him,' I replied. 'Well,' he continued, drawing his words, 'I rather guess not. When you have an elephant on your hands, and he wants to run away, better let him run.'"

2967. Lincoln, Use of Story. There is a great deal to be learned from what President Lincoln said once: "I believe I have the popular reputation of being a story-teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense, for it is not the story itself, but its purpose, or effect, that interests me. I often avoid a long and useless discussion by others or a laborious explanation on my own part by a short story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story, so as to save wounded feeling and serve the purpose. No, I am not simply a story-teller, but story-telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress."

2968. Lincoln, Tact of. An officer, having had some trouble with General Sherman, being very angry, presented himself before Mr. Lincoln, who was visiting the camp, and said, "Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to General Sherman and he threatened to shoot me." "Threatened to shoot you?" asked Mr. Lincoln. "Well, (in a stage whisper) if I were you I would keep away from him; if he threatens to shoot, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it."

2969. Lincoln and Temperance. Abraham Lincoln was an earnest advocate of temperance. Total abstinence from both liquor and tobacco was part of his religion. In every way he seems to have tried to help other people to find out the "safe water-way of total abstinence" from strong drink. He detested tobacco and used to plead with General Grant to give it up. Grant, it is said, never defended its use, and promised his friend, the great-hearted President, that when the war was over he would give it up.

Lincoln's idea of temperance did not mean indulging even moderately in what is dangerous. He often defined temperance as "the moderate use of that which is good, and total abstinence from that which is evil."

2970. Lincoln and His Wife. Whenever anything occurred that would gratify his wife's ambition, his first thought was of "little Mary." When he received the telegram, announcing his nomination for the presidency of the United States, he exclaimed, as he pulled himself out of a crowd of congratulating fellow-citizens: "There's a little woman down on Eighth Street who will be glad to hear the news,—you must excuse me while I tell her."

The night of November 6, 1860, when Mr. Lincoln learned, about midnight, that he was elected President, he hurried home and burst into the room in which his wife lay asleep, exclaiming: "Mary! Mary! Mary! We're elected!"

2971. Lincoln's Quaint Remarks. Lincoln never lost his interest in exhibitions of physical strength, and involuntarily he always compared the possessor of it with himself. On one occasion, says Mr. Francis F. Browne in "The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln,"—it was in 1859,—he was asked to make an address at the state fair of Wisconsin, which was held at Milwaukee. Among the attractions was a "strong man" who went through the usual performance of tossing iron balls and letting them roll back down his arms, lifting heavy weights, and so on.

Apparently Lincoln had never seen such a combination of strength and agility before. He was greatly interested. Every now and then he gave vent to the ejaculation, "By George! By George!" After Lincoln had made his speech, some one introduced him to the athlete; and as Lincoln stood looking down at him from his great height, evidently wondering that one so small could be so strong, he suddenly gave utterance to one of his quaint speeches.

"Why," he said, "I could lick salt off the top of your hat!"

2972. Lincoln's Unselfish Love. Lincoln was engaged as one of the counsel in the famous "Harvester Case" of McCormick vs. Manning. He had expected to try the case, but Edwin M. Stanton was selected to succeed him, and to take command of affairs. "What does that long-armed creature expect to do in this case?" he whispered contemptuously to

a colleague. What he did was to give Stanton his carefully prepared notes and papers, and retire to a subordinate position. And such was the magnanimity of Abraham Lincoln that a few years later he called Stanton into his presidential cabinet.—*Spare Moments.*

2973. Lincoln's Wit. On one occasion when Mr. Lincoln was going to attend a political convention one of his rivals, a liveryman, provided him with a slow horse, hoping that he would not reach his destination in time. Mr. Lincoln got there, however, and when he returned with the horse he said: "You keep this horse for funerals, don't you?" "Oh, no," replied the liveryman. "Well, I'm glad of that, for if you did you'd never get a corpse to the grave in time for the resurrection."

2974. Lion Against Lion. A little lad was once asked by his father why he thought the lions could not touch Daniel, and he made answer, "Because the Lion of the Tribe of Judah was with him."—*Source unknown.*

2975. Literature, Good. When Martin Luther threw his inkstand at the devil, he acted more wisely than he knew. It is just what the church ought to be doing all the time. The devil himself, with a clear discernment of things, has turned the tables and is vigorously throwing the inkstand at the church. The inkstand is symbolical of literature, good or bad. It holds all the noble thoughts and all the base thoughts that are dipped out and spread upon the written or printed page.

2976. Litigation, Advice Against. This advice was given by Lincoln, as reported in Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," and ought to be given to every man when he is admitted to the bar:

Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peace-maker, the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough. Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the registry of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife, and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession, which should drive such men out of it.

2977. Little, Concealing the Great. Some years ago when one of the trains

on the Michigan Central Railroad stopped at Falls View, to give the passengers an opportunity to look at Niagara Falls. I stood with many other passengers looking at the rushing, roaring, falling splendor. It was in the early morning and the sun was just rising. The beauty and the glory were as of the Mount of Transfiguration. Suddenly my attention was arrested by the chatter of a woman near me, who exclaimed, as she pointed to a small pool just below us—between us and the mighty flood—on which were a half dozen ducks, more or less, splashing and spluttering, and near which were a few trees in decaying, autumnal foliage, "Oh, isn't that pretty!" Pretty! Unquestionably it was pretty, but how could she see that when Niagara, supernally majestic, was scarce a stone's throw beyond. Some souls are adjusted only for the mediocre, the ordinary; having eyes they see not. They can see a coin, but they fail to see the bush that burns and yet is not consumed.—EZRA SQUIER TIPPLE, D.D.

2978. **Little Sins.** See Sin.

2979. **Little Sins, Watch Against.** The ships swung at anchor in the roadstead with their mighty guns and men by the thousands ready to hurl a ton of steel and dynamite on any foe rash enough to come that way. But while the Russian foe lay there six little black Japanese boats crept up in the darkness, and sped away; leaving three ruined ships upon the shore.

Russia was ready for the whole fleet of Japan, not ready for the little wasps that came and stung her in the dark.

We are ready for the man who says steal, or be impure, or swear falsely. We scorn and pass him by; but our lives are often ruined by the little foes with great stings that come under cover of the darkness.

2980. **Little Things.** The song of a bird is a little thing, yet it brings us a wealth of joy.

A ray of light is a little thing, yet it lightens the dreariest spot.

The laugh of a babe is a little thing, yet it touches the weariest heart.

And in this big world of little things each human life has its share to provide.

So each human soul in his tiny sphere must make the most of the life he holds.

2981. **Little Things, Despising.** A little girl had adenoids. Tiny things in her nasal passages. So inconspicuous! So they were neglected. After a time tubercular glands appeared, and ulti-

mately the child perished, and a physician remarked afterward, "If the adenoids had been taken out early she might have been a well child to-day." But they were so little that they were ignored.

When Theodore Roosevelt died, the world was shocked and surprised. He seemed but in his prime. Some one has said that if a certain tooth had been filled in time, so that no abscess had formed at the root, he might have been alive to-day. But a tiny cavity in a tooth was too little a thing to stop a great man in his rush. So he seemingly passed on from his great endeavors before his time. For a little thing may be a serious thing.

So the Church of God and our religious well-being are being attacked by a thousand little foes. Some you call frivolity, some parlor gambling, some doubtful theatricals, and all the others that you know. Despise them not, because none are enumerated in the catalogue. Out with them all, for your spiritual safety!—*The Expositor*.

2982. **Little Things Important.**

"Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne,
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the shining skies."

2983. **Little Things Important.** On the window pane of an English castle Jane Grey wrote the tragedy of her life in two words, scratched by a diamond, "My Prison." With light heart and a merry soul she entered the castle, but after a brief while, her liege lord had no time to give her his mites of sympathy, or to offer her the cup of human kindness, or break life's tiny box of love over her soul. Hers was the castle, land and title, maids and dresses, and all that, but with these there was no dreamless sleep, no perfect day, no waxing love, no happiness,—and so, as a young bird beats with bloody pinions against the sides of its cage, this young soul pined away in dreamy captivity.

We live in a world where life's greatest gifts and its sweetest blessings are to be found in the little things. Take away love, and sweet sleep, and the food that satisfies, and daily work, and gold would be contemptible and palaces would be prisons. Three times did Jesus reach forth His hand to erect some immortal monument, and in each case it was to

commemorate some little deed of faithfulness. It was to the disciple that gave a cup of cold water to one of God's little ones; or it was to the woman who broke her alabaster box of precious ointment over the head of the Master, or it was to the woman who stole in behind the crowds who were throwing their gold and silver into the treasury and dropped in her two bits of dust that men called mites. Oh, for the presence in our lives of those little virtues, those sweet manners and fine graces, seemingly as unimportant as the widow's mite, but which oil the bearings of life and are like a hearth fire on a cold and dreary morn.—W. N. P. D.

2984. Little Things, Ministry of. The woman lay and looked with somber eyes about her. It was the visitors' hour in the hospital, and every patient in the ward except herself had a visitor. She closed her sad eyes bitterly. There was no one in this great town to come to see her; even in her own little Western village, what did they remember of her who had been away so long? She had been down to the gates of death. The doctors and nurses, with their bright, professional kindness, were always congratulating her on her wonderful recovery; but at times she thought that it would have been better to pass through those grim gates, than to come back to a world of utter loneliness. Suddenly a gentle hand touched her shoulder and a soft voice spoke.

"I have brought you some flowers," the voice said, "from a friend of yours."

The woman's eyes flew open in surprise. "I have no friend who would send me flowers," she said.

"Nevertheless, your friend has sent you these," the stranger answered with a smile. "He thought that you would like forget-me-nots best," she added, holding out the exquisite blue flowers. "You are tired now, so I will not stay, but I shall see you again. This card will tell you who sent the flowers," and with another smile the stranger was gone.

Eagerly the woman read the card: "A great poet says that flowers are messengers to us from God. 'From our great lover,' the poet says, 'the flower comes with a message from the other shore, and whispers in our ears, "I am come. He has sent me. He has not forgotten thee, and will rescue thee even now. He will draw thee unto Him and make thee His own."'"

The woman looked at the flowers.

Forget-me-nots! Had she indeed forgotten that wonderful Friend through all these weeks of bitterness? Tears rushed to her eyes, and with them came the remembrance of Browning's words:

All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God.

The next day the nurse said to her, "You look like a different person this morning, you seem so well and bright!"

"Yes," the woman answered simply, "a Friend I had forgotten sent me some flowers yesterday, and His remembrance has made all the world seem different."

2985. Littles, Power of. When little Hattie May Wiatt came to a small Sunday school and asked to be taken in, it was explained there was no room for her. In less than two years she fell ill, and slipped away on her own little last pilgrimage, and no one guessed her strange little secret until beneath her pillow was found a battered and torn pocketbook with fifty-seven pennies in it, wrapped about with a little scrap of paper on which was written, "To help build the little Temple bigger, so that more children can go there to Sunday school." Hattie was a poor little girl, and for two years she had worked and saved her pennies for the cause which was nearest her heart. The pastor told the touching incident to his congregation, and people began making donations for the enlargement of the little church. The papers told it far and wide, and within five years those fifty-seven pennies had grown to be \$250,000, and to-day, if you go to Philadelphia, you can see a great church there called the Baptist Temple, with a seating capacity of 3,300, a Temple College where more than 1,400 students are accommodated, a Temple Hospital, a Temple Sunday school building so large that all the children who want to attend may come and be comfortable there. She was only a little girl with a little girl's heart, but who can estimate the power of her ardor, her unselfishness, and her fifty-seven pennies?—*The Christian Herald*.

2986. Lives, Illumined. In a large Chinese store that failed in California recently, they were holding an auction to dispose of their goods. The auctioneer was a good talker and had many fine articles he tried to sell; among them was some fine tea-sets made of the rarest quality of china. The people did not

enthused over his eloquence about the quality of the goods, so he reached up and pulled down an incandescent electric light that was burning over his head, and put it inside of the cups and pitchers and other articles of china. The light inside immediately showed up the beauty of china and showed the very fine workmanship of each piece—the people were aroused and immediately bid higher for the goods. Are our lives as clear as the china so that when they are held up before the world they will not expose blemishes in them? No life amounts to much without the white light of God's love inside, but when it gets in, if the life has been kept clean and pure, it will shine forth and make a Meyer, a Brooks, or a Beecher.

2987. Lives, Revealing Christ. Don't Misrepresent Him. A friend of John Ericsson, famous as the builder of the *Monitor*, was giving an illustrated lecture on the great inventor in the city of Philadelphia. A number of military men were present. One of the pictures shown represented Ericsson as a Swedish chasseur. At the conclusion of the address a Danish officer came up to the lecturer and asked: "Why did you show Ericsson in disgrace? That picture shows Ericsson in arrest; was that a fact?" "But, my dear sir," said the surprised lecturer, "I did not show Ericsson in arrest." "Yes," persisted the Danish gentleman; "your slide showed him with his sword on the wrong side, and that means that he was in arrest." A conference with the operator showed that that worthy had reversed the slide in placing it in front of the lens. Ericsson was dishonored by the presentation given of him. So is Christ by that of many of his followers. Let us see to it that our lives show him to be our Saviour.—*Homiletic Review*.

2988. Living Epistles. There was a reunion of a Yale college class thirty years after graduation. One member had never met with the class in all that time, and when a dignified, gray-haired man entered the room, the others looked at him with no light of recognition in their faces. He smiled and turning to the door beckoned to his son, a young man of twenty. As the son entered the room the others sprang to their feet and shouted the father's name. The boy reproduced the father. Christians not only teach God's revelation, but are a revelation of God. Christ is seen in them.—E. S. LEWIS.

2989. Logic. Doctor: "Your left leg

pains you? Well, what do you expect at your age?"

Patient: "But, doctor, my right leg is just as old, and it doesn't hurt."

2990. Loneliness. They that loved the Lord spoke often one with another. They cheerily greeted each other. Jean Valjean, in Victor Hugo's great story, wanted to live "where people say 'Good Morning' to one another." O. Henry tells of a man who, in the heart of New York, was as lonely as Robinson Crusoe; his honest western heart yearned for companionship, and he held up the cashier in a cheap restaurant, and made that surprised individual "come across with conversation."—R. H. MORRIS.

2991. Longing.

I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know he is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but he will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

2992. Lord's Supper. See **Communion. See Meditation.**

2993. Lord's Supper. I was present once at a sacramental supper, where at the Lord's table knelt all such as were children of God. Beside a certain father knelt his little girl; and the ministering man passed the elements to the father, but passed the elements by the child—and there the little girl knelt and wept at the Lord's table with a broken heart, sobbing to the father when they had risen from the Lord's table where she had not been a guest, "Papa, do I not belong to Christ?" And my heart, when I saw this scene, was broken like the heart of the little child.—BISHOP QUAYLE.

2994. Lord's Supper Bond of Brotherhood. The Lord's Supper may be made more profitable for us if we emphasize it as a bond of brotherhood. A communion with Christ, it is also a communion with each other, and not only among the few gathered within the walls of a single sanctuary; it is the fellowship of the ages. In the name of our common Christ, "encompassed by so great a cloud of witnesses," we sit with them in heavenly places whenever we come to the Communion Table of our Lord.—REV. CHAS. A. SAVAGE.

2995. Lord's Supper, Last Request. The Lord's Supper has been greatly instrumental in keeping His cause alive. It is the voice of all believers preaching the Lord's death till He come. He who believes that the Lord did come and die for us, and will come again and take

us to Himself, will not hesitate to regard this last request of our Lord and Saviour.—CHAS. F. DEEMS, D.D.

2996. Lord's Supper, Memorial. The Lord's Supper comes to us like a ring plucked off from Christ's finger, or a bracelet from His arm; or rather like His picture from His breast, delivered to us with such words as these, "As oft as you look on this, remember me."

2997. Loss, Unconscious. While a student at Cambridge University, Darwin was exceedingly fond of music. Very often he went to King's College Chapel to hear the anthems rendered on week days. Sometimes he hired the chorister boys to sing in his rooms. But as he became interested in science he ceased to give any attention to music. When fifty-nine years of age he received a letter from his friend, Sir J. D. Hooker, saying that he had recently attended a rendition of the Messiah. He replied that the Messiah was the one thing he would like to hear again, but feared that his soul was too dried up to appreciate it as in former days, for he had become a withered leaf to everything except science. So will one lose his spiritual facilities unless constantly cultivated.

2998. Lost, Hope for. A lady was trying hard to bring a man to Christ, but he was in despair. She finally reclaimed him in this way: When he kept replying to her earnest entreaties, "It is of no use, I am lost! I am lost!" "Thank God for that," she said. "Why?" exclaimed the astonished man. "Because Christ came to save that which was lost," was the reply. There are tragedies of vice and crime recorded in the newspapers, but there are even worse tragedies happening all around us; the tragedy of a soul like that of Esau, exchanging the eternal inheritance for the fleeting baubles and vain pleasures of time. And the most dangerous symptom is the spiritual apathy and insensibility that binds all such souls in regard to their awful peril.

2999. Lost, Organized Seeking. It should be kept in mind by the many church members to-day that the different churches are just so many parties seeking the lost. Let an illustration bring home the meaning of lost and so incite to seek and to save. The word went out, "Earl Hines is lost." He was a lad of but six summers. He was seen last on the edge of the picnic grounds at Prince's Lodge, a small place so named because the father of Queen Vic-

toria once resided there. It was surrounded by salt water and dense woods. Straying into these woods, in which there is many a dangerous precipice and bog, Earl Hines was lost. Just what that word meant as applied to him no one knew. If he had fallen over a precipice to his death, or perished in a bog, or been drowned in a lake, the word would have a meaning dark indeed. If, however, he still lived and there was any possibility of his being restored to his parents, he was still lost, but the word would not have so dark a meaning. The hope was that he was still alive and it inspired to a seeking that was successful because eager, persistent, and well organized. What a motley crowd we were—city officials and laborers, professional and business men, soldiers and civilians, beardless youth and hoary heads—all sorts and conditions—but all there for business! As the number of searchers increased, different companies were organized. As the long lines were being formed to search thoroughly section after section of the woods, many in their eagerness became impatient of the delay. When opportunity was given, through densest woods, over rocks, through bogs, hour after hour continued the eager, persistent march. It was an experience never to be forgotten.

It helped to a better understanding of the meaning of lost and the mission of the Church. Those are lost who are out of right relationship with God, who have not the joy and power of fellowship with him, who are in dangerous places without the sweet consciousness of his presence, who are already suffering from the consequences of sin but who might be brought into saving fellowship with the Father—a possibility inspiring to eager, persistent organized work to save them.

In the successful search for the lost boy the seekers were instructed to work together. They did. Dominated by the thought of the best way of saving him, the different companies took different sections, thus supplementing instead of interfering with each other's work. With the instruction to work together for the finding of the boy emphasis was given to the thought of individual responsibility. The carelessness of some one member of the party might mean that the dark meaning of the word lost would be changed to darker; and the boy's danger end in the boy's death. It is for Christians, though organized into churches, to feel the responsibility of

"individual work for individuals" who are lost.—WARING.

3000. Lost, Seeking the. In sin there is always a centrifugal tendency. Richard Chenevix Trench, who was at one time Archbishop of Dublin, wrote, "In the order of things natural, a sheep which could wander away from, could also wander back to the fold. But it is not so with a sheep of God's pasture. Such can lose, but it cannot find itself again, and the wanderings of this wanderer could only be further and further away. If therefore it shall be found at all this can only be by its Shepherd's going to seek it; else, being once lost it is forever lost." Had any process of "falling upward" been open to the "lost sheep of Israel" there would be no need of the searching and seeking of Jehovah for his wandering children. It was because mankind was in itself forever lost that the Lord Jesus Christ came to "seek and to save." It was the extremity of man's lost condition that called forth the extremity of God's love, the gift of his own Son.

3001. Lost, Sought. One evening in 1861, as General Garibaldi was going home, he met a shepherd lamenting the loss of a lamb. Garibaldi turned to his staff and announced his intention of searching for the lost lamb. An expedition was organized, lanterns were brought and many old officers joined in the search. But no lamb was found and the soldiers were ordered to their beds. The next morning Garibaldi's attendant found him fast asleep with the lost lamb nestling under his covering. The general had kept up the search through the night until he found the sheep.—*Sunday School Times.*

3002. Love. See Christ. See Grace.

3003. Love. The religion of humanity is love.—MAZZINI.

3004. Love. The happiness of love is in action; its test is what one is willing to do for others.—LEW WALLACE.

3005. Love. "No bacillus has been discovered that can survive the sunlight." No evil can survive the sunlight of the love of God aglow in the heart of man.

3006. Love, The Great Absorbent. A tailor will place a piece of absorbent paper over a spot of grease and press down on it with a hot iron; the warmth melts the grease and the paper absorbs it. This is the way love defeats bad situations. It simply absorbs them. That is its peculiar power. But over and above all this is the transcendent

fact that the world was made to run by the law of love, and love is the best hand for controlling it.

3007. Love, Central in the Gospel. Adolphe Monod, the famous French evangelical preacher, who died in 1856, said just a short time before dying: "I have strength for nothing more than to think about the love of God; He has loved us—that is the whole of dogmatics; let us love him—that is the sum total of the ethics of the gospel."

3008. Love for Christ. It is rather difficult to explain the love which should be in our hearts for our Master. It is like the love we have for our friends here and yet it is different. I can conceive of no one thing that would so increase our love to Christ as to try to enumerate His blessings showered upon us. Paul says: "I beseech you by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice."

I heard John G. Woolley in a most pathetic way describe his coming home after he had recovered from drunkenness. Something had delayed him. He slowly walked to his home, ascended the steps, and found his wife walking the room as if she were frantic, with a wild look in her eyes and a deathlike expression on her face. Throwing her arms around her husband, she said: "You must not be late any more. I have waited so many years for you to return when you were a drunkard, that an hour of waiting now almost drives me insane," and then he said to those of us who heard him, "Because you have not had this in your life, you ought to be grateful to God and yield yourself to Him."

If we love our friends they are never far separated from us. The sea may roll between us, but a single thought can bring them close to our side. There is a text of Scripture which we ought to remember: "If God be for us, who can be against us."—J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

3009. Love, Great Conqueror. C. R. Ross recently told in the *Christian Advocate* of New York the story of an old soldier of the Cross who had also been a soldier in the Confederate army. He lived in North Carolina, but happening to be in Philadelphia on business, and having long desired to visit John Wanamaker's famous Sunday School he went on Sunday morning through a snow storm to the church, remained to the Sunday School and went into Mr. Wanamaker's Bible class. As usual, a testi-

mony meeting was held at the close of the lesson. It happened that morning that a number of Grand Army men spoke, one after another. As soon as he could get the floor the old Southerner did so, and he said: "Here is an old rebel, from 'way down South, who wants to add his testimony to yours in the Master's cause. He fought you hard in the war and you beat him, but he doesn't have any hatred for you on account of it now. He now likes you just as hard as he fought you then." The effect was electrical. The old man, with those words of love, captured every Yankee in the great crowd. Love is the great conqueror.—*The Expositor*.

3010. Love, Constancy of. A minister who was riding outside a London omnibus got into conversation with the driver, and, after a time, asked him, "Do you love Jesus?" With a contemptuous look he replied, "No, sir; I've no time to think of such things." "Are you married?" was the next question. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "How many hours in the day do you work?" "Sixteen." "Then I am very sorry for your wife." "Why are you sorry, sir?" was the astonished question. "Because you have no time to love her," was the answer. "Love her?" said the driver, "why I loves her every yard I drives." The zealous worker took quick advantage of the very reply he wanted to deliver the gospel message. The love of Christ should underlie every yard we drive.

3011. Love Constrained. Nothing is harder than to try to be a Christian with half-hearted desire. But to one in whom the love of Christ is fully formed, who panteth after righteousness as the hart panteth after the water brook, nothing can be more easy and natural than to be a child of God—especially if this love was formed in the heart before the love of the world had an opportunity to choke it. It is then as easy to be a Christian as it is to repose in a loving father's arms, or to run his errands. When the love of Christ once constrains us, his precepts are easy and his pathway a delight.—*The Lutheran*.

3012. Love of Enemies. During the Russo-Japanese War, Colonel Jokoka was captured by the Russians when about to blow up a bridge on the Manchurian railway. He accepted his death penalty without a murmur. "I became a Christian when a boy," he said, "and now it is permitted me to do the first truly Christian act of my life. I wish

to give a thousand rubles, to the Russian Red Cross, to be used for our wounded enemies." The Russian commandant was deeply moved, and remonstrated with him, suggesting that he give the money to the Japanese Red Cross work or to his family, but the Japanese colonel was firm in his purpose that it should be used for his enemies, and the commandant accepted the money. When asked what final request he had to make before his execution, Colonel Jokoka asked to see a chaplain, and the Russian regimental pope was sent for, as there was no Protestant minister in camp. He asked the priest to read the Sermon on the Mount. When these words were reached, "If ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?" the prisoner closed his Japanese Bible, in which he had been following the reader, and after a few moments of silent prayer received the fatal bullets.—*Teachers' Guide*.

3013. Love, Gentleness of. The one great drawback to bee-raising for most people is the fear of stings. But a race of bees has been recently brought from Caucasias by the U. S. government which are remarkably gentle. They are not stingless, but so seldom do they resort to stinging that they are practically stingless.

When we have in us the love that suffers all things and is kind, we will be slow to retaliate or take vengeance either by word or action.

3014. Love, God's. A needle will move towards a magnet when once a magnet has moved near to it. It is ours to run to Jesus as if all the running were ours; but the secret truth is that the Lord runs towards us, and this is the very heart of the business.—C. H. SPURGEON.

3015. Love, Human, Essential. "Why must you polish that lens with the palm of your hand?" asked a man in a telescope factory.

"There comes a time in the making of a fine lens," the workman replied, "when nothing can be substituted for the human touch."

It is so with our effort to help men and women to lead a better life. The reading-matter of itself might have done good, but how blessed was the letter that brought with it the sense of companionship and sympathy. Christian love is an incalculably mighty force.

3016. Love, Inconstant. A man went

into a flower shop the other day, and selected a few flowers, saying, "They are my wife's favorites." The young lady expressed sympathy at the illness of his wife. "Ill!" he exclaimed. "My wife is as well as you are, thank you." The assistant apologized, saying, "I beg your pardon for my mistake, but to tell you the truth, husbands don't usually buy flowers for their wives unless the wives are ill or dead!" It is a poor, foolish thoughtlessness which leaves the expression of love until the day of sickness or death.—*Christian Herald*.

3017. Love, Its Expulsive Power. A Christian woman visited her son who was attending college. She found in his room things which grieved her, and told him of her grief, for he was by profession a Christian. Without his knowledge she purchased and hung on the wall of his room Hoffmann's beautiful picture of Christ. Months after, going again to his room, she said, "William, you have made some changes since I was here." Looking up to the pictured face on the wall, he said, "Mother, those things would not fit in with him."—*Woman's Home Missions*.

3018. Love, Giving. A poor widow contributed to the Dorpatian Branch of the Russian Bible Society a rouble, and to the question whether that sum was not rather too much for one in her circumstances, she answered, "Love is not afraid of giving too much."—*The Believers' Pathway*.

3019. Love, Kept in God's. No one will shine "then" who does not shine "now." A gentleman brought back from Germany a little phosphorescent match-safe, and one evening, in a company of friends, took it out to show them. He turned out all the gas-jets, but the obstinate little match-safe had no shine to it, and he concluded that he had been swindled. The next day, while examining his purchase more closely, he read on one side, "If you wish me to shine, keep me in the sunlight." He followed the directions, put it out where the sun's rays could be absorbed, and then in a dark room found that it had a brilliant glow. Does any one know a better remedy for the Christian whose light has gone out than that which Jude suggests—"Keep yourselves in the love of God"?—*REV. W. S. ABERNETHY*.

3020. Love, Kindness of. Busy in his study a minister was preparing his sermon for the coming Sunday. He reached to the shelf at his side for a book, and

then remembered that he had left it downstairs. He called his little daughter, and explained carefully where she could find the book. She went gladly, returning in a moment with a book which he saw at a glance was the wrong one. He hardly looked at the book, but gathering his little daughter close to his heart, he kissed her and said, "Thank you, darling." And when she had gone back happy and contented to her play, he went quietly for the book he needed.

A man staying over night at an inn was asked by the landlord where he came from, and what kind of neighbors he had. To the latter question he replied: "Oh, I had very disagreeable neighbors. I could not get along with them at all." "You will find just the same sort of neighbors where you are going," answered the innkeeper. Another man from the same town, and bound for the same place as the other, was asked the same question. He said: "I had very good neighbors; they were kind and agreeable." "You will find your new neighbors just the same," said the landlord. Being asked by the first man how that could be, he replied that the secret of good or bad neighbors lay in the man himself more than in his neighbors.

3021. Love, Lacking. The Romans asserted sovereignty over all other races. The fact that a tribe lived on the bank of a river on the other side of which the Romans had settled made its members "rivals," for the word means dwellers on opposite sides of a stream.—*TRENCH*.

3022. Love, Leaning. Fidelia Fiske was a devoted missionary to Persia. Being far from robust in health, she found it very exhausting to sit on the floor, according to custom, without any support for the body such as western nations employ. The love of one of her pupils gave her eyes to see what was wanting, so she glided behind her, and with her own body supported the body of her teacher, back to back; but the pupil was afraid the beloved teacher was not committing herself with sufficient weight to the offered help, and so she whispered: "If you love me lean hard." Lean hard upon omnipotent grace. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.—*JOHN MACMILLAN*.

3023. Love, A Leper's. In a little colony of lepers who live in boats on the West River, China, is a lad who,

in spite of his disease, always has a bright, sunny countenance. One time some old clothes were to be distributed, and each one was asked which article he most needed. When it came to this boy he replied, "My hands are good yet, and I can mend my clothes when they need it, but there are some here who have no fingers, and some whose hands are so crippled or sore that they cannot use them. When their clothes get holes in them they cannot mend them, but must see them constantly getting bigger and bigger. I would be thankful for clothes, but I could not ask for them when others are more needy than I."—JEAN MCBURNEY.

3024. Love Lightens the Load. Do you know that incident in connection with the little Scotch girl? She was trudging along, carrying as best she could a boy younger, but he seemed almost as big as she herself, when one remarked to her how heavy he must be for her to carry, when instantly came the reply: "He's nae heavy. He's mi brither." Simple is the incident; but there is in it a truth so fundamental that pondering upon it, it is enough to make many a man, to whom dogma or creed make no appeal, a Christian—and a mighty engine for good in the world. And more—there is in it a truth so fundamental and so fraught with potency and with power, that its wider recognition and projection into all human relations would reconstruct a world.—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

3025. Love, Limitless. A man once asked his friend to take him to the sea, of which he had often heard but which he never had seen.

On reaching the shore and gazing out in the water the man said, "Is this all? Is this the mighty sea of which I have heard?"

His friend replied, "Yes, this is all. But get upon it. Trust your bark to it, and you will find that it will take you round the world." So with love. Trust yourself to it. Launch your craft on its heaving bosom and you will find it will take you through the world and land you on the blissful shore of eternity.—M. B. WHARTON, D.D.

3026. Love of Men and God. Henry George and Cardinal Manning were one time talking together. Said the cardinal, "I love men because they love God." "And I," answered the great economist, "love God because he loves men." Both of them were right. It works either way.

3027. Love, A Minister's. Often

strangers in Philadelphia, learning of Dr. Miller, would ask how such a plain, unassuming man could have the influence ascribed to him. Once a visitor to St. Paul's Church looked from the characteristic Sunday evening audience that filled the building to the speaker, who could be heard only with difficulty in the back of the room, and said: "How does he do it? Where is the man's power?" One standing near said: "Oh, sir, if you were in trouble, and Dr. Miller called on you or wrote to you, you would never ask that question again."—REV. JOHN T. FARIS.

3028. Love the Motive. It was a hot summer afternoon in West China. There came a tap at the missionary's door, and at the command to "come in" there stood a Chinaman in great distress. His wife was very sick. They had tried all the Chinese doctors, who had pricked her with needles, pounded drums, etc., to drive out the evil spirit, to no avail, and now would the Jesus doctor come. The missionary was tired and the road was dusty and hot, but she got into her chair and was taken to see the sick woman. She found the sufferer in a stuffy little room which, after she entered, soon filled up with other women. After a while she was able to relieve the sick one, but by this time not only was the room full, but out in the court and pressing right up to the door were men, women and children. When it was known that the sick woman was better, gratitude, wonder, and praise filled the hearts of the crowd, and the missionary preached the word unto them, telling them that it was for the love of Jesus she had come to China to do this work.—MRS. GEORGE FROST.

3029. Love Never Fails. A lady who is in the constant habit of giving away flowers from her garden is often heard to declare, "The flowers I give away never fade." No—for they remain forever in the remembrance of those who receive them, keeping their color and fragrance to the end. Is there not in this a hint for all of us, concerning deeds of love and charity?

3030. Love, New Meaning of. Christ gave a new meaning to love. "Amor" had come to mean lust. For this reason caritas ("charity") was used in 1 Cor. 13.

3031. Love and Obedience. A recent writer puts into the mouth of one of his characters—a self-willed girl—whose life had become enriched and beautiful by a pure love, the following words in ex-

planation of the power which the hero possessed over her: "Well, you see I love him, and so he can do anything he likes with me." And this is but a feeble picture of that love which beggars language, and which is of power to translate our mere convictions into living restraints. To the one who can say, "I love Him because He first loved me, and gave Himself for me, He ever speaks as one having authority."—HOLDEN.

3032. Love, Ocean of God's. Dr. J. F. Carson has a message for the penitent. God's mercy is like the tireless patience of the sea. The children dig deep wounds in the sands with their spades, leaving scars on the golden surface. Then quietly the old sea turns, and every trace of scar is obliterated, and the shining surface of the sand is as smooth as ever. Day after day the scene is repeated, and the sea is never tired of putting things to rights. . . . It is an emblem of the everlasting God who fainteth not, neither is weary.—JOHN F. COWAN.

3033. Love, Power of. What is it in Jesus that so draws men, that wins their allegiance away from every other master, that makes them ready to leave all for his sake and to follow him through peril and sacrifice even to death? Is it his wonderful teaching? "No man ever spake like this man." Is it his power as revealed in his miracles? Is it his sinlessness? The most malignant scrutiny could find no fault in him. Is it the perfect beauty of his character? None nor all of these will account for the wonderful attraction of Jesus. Love is the secret. He came into the world to reveal the love of God—he was the love of God in human flesh. His life was all love. In most wonderful ways during all his life did he reveal love. Men saw it in his face, and felt it in his touch, and heard it in his voice. This was the great fact which his disciples felt in his life. His friendship was unlike any friendship they had ever seen before or even dreamed of. It was this that drew them to him, and made them love him so deeply, so tenderly. Nothing but love will kindle love. Power will not do it—men will take your gifts and then repay you with hatred. But love begets love; heart responds to heart. Jesus loved.—DOLAN.

3034. Love, Service of. Bishop William A. Quayle, in a devotional address at the Methodist General Conference in Des Moines, an address of rare spiritual

beauty and power, uttered these illuminating sentences: "What is celestial service? Loving. A woman was sitting beside her sick husband. She was looking at him as he lay upon his bed, and he said in his feeble voice, 'What are you doing?' She said, 'Just loving you.' When God looks at us and says, 'What are you doing, folks?' please God, our answer shall be, 'Just loving you.' That is service." In these materialistic days, so full of bustle and hustle and push, let us never forget the priceless value of cultivating the habit of "just loving" our Heavenly Father.

3035. Love, A Slave's. A certain missionary was working single-handed among the slaves on a West Indian island. The planters sneered at or ignored him, but the slaves came to love him dearly. One day the missionary was quite ill,—had been sick for some time, owing to the unaccustomed climate. Suddenly an old negro appeared, with the simple statement, "I'se yourn now." Inquiry developed the fact that the negro converts had been worrying over the missionary's ill health and loneliness, and unable to nurse him themselves on account of their tasks, they had combined their little savings, earned through years by work out of hours, had bought one of their own number from his master, and now presented him to their teacher, to care for him in their stead, their individual hopes of freedom indefinitely postponed to free an aged brother slave from hard labor, and to minister to the comfort of the man who had taught them the meaning of brotherly love.—ADELAIDE L. FRIES.

3036. Love, Test of. Knowing who the dear Lord was, the society to which he was accustomed in heaven, its sweetness and purity, beauty and intelligence, I wonder many times how he could endure the disciples who clustered so closely around him. I have sat in a boat on a warm day with Galilean fishermen on the Sea of Galilee. And they were no sweeter, nor any cleaner, two thousand years ago than they are to-day. I don't think our blessed Lord "liked" them any better than I did. But, then, he "loved" them, which is quite different. You cannot force yourself to "like" disagreeable people. But you can love them—dearly. For that is a command. And it's easy for a Christian to obey. It isn't for any one else; no. That's one of the tests of Christianity.—REV. R. J. BURDETTE.

3037. Love, Transforming. There was

a girl whose wonderful grace and purity of character charmed every one who knew her. One day a friend touched the spring of a little gold locket which she always wore on her neck, but which she would let no one see, and in it were these words: "Whom not having seen, I love."

3038. Love: Its Transforming Power.

A Christian is sure to grow lovely—by just loving—by just going on in love for Christ. It has been fabled from old times that the graceful swan was changed from a most ugly bird into its present beauty, merely because of its constancy to its mate. But, oh, how Christian fact is sure to outrun classic fable! The soul grows wondrously lovely just by loving, by pouring out its faithful affection; and all the more so when the object of its affection is the Lord Jesus Christ, the one altogether lovely. We behold his face, Jesus' face, as in a glass, and are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. But the result is permanent. The soul gets more and more set in the way of holiness; in the beauty that holiness brings. "Beloved, now are we the children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that if we shall be manifested we shall be like him; for we shall see him even as he is; and every one that hath this hope set on him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."—H.

3039. Love, Transforming. The Buddhist says, "Think of Buddha and you will become like Buddha." Aye, and if we think of Christ in loving loyalty we shall become like him.

3040. Love Transforms. There is an old fairy-tale about two brothers that were brought up in the same home. At last one of them left home and fell into evil ways. A magician met him, and because of his sins turned him into a wolf. Years later the other brother was traveling through a forest and was attacked by a wolf—his own brother. By gazing steadfastly and lovingly into the wolf's eyes, the man had the joy of seeing the wolf-features disappear and his brother brought back to his manhood. Love is the greatest thing in the world, because it can change a man's nature. If we do good to others we kill the animal in them and draw out the man.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

3041. Love Trusts and Makes Demands. Speaking of the Cuban War and his Rough Riders, Theodore Roose-

velt declared: "The men I cared most for in the regiment were the men who did the best work; and therefore my liking for them was obliged to take the shape of exposing them to the most fatigue and hardship, of demanding from them the greatest service, and of making them incur the greatest risk. Once I kept Greenway and Goodrich at work for forty-eight hours without sleep and with very little food, fighting and digging trenches. I freely sent the men, for whom I cared most, where death might smite them, as it did the two best officers in my regiment, Allyn Capron and Bucky O'Neil. My men would not have respected me had I acted otherwise." And does not the Captain of our Salvation demand the same thing of us?—REV. T. M. FOTHERGILL, PH.D.

3042. Love for Unbelievers. The following old Jewish story is quoted by Dean Stanley: "When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down, but, observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other god, at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to him and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, 'I thrust him away because he did not worship thee.' God answered, 'I have suffered him these hundred years, though he dishonored me, and couldst not thou endure him for one night, when he gave thee no trouble?' Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham."—REV. H. G. RICHARDSON.

3043. Love, Uniting Power of. When the Forth Bridge was building, the immense arms from either side were completed; slowly and steadily they had been built out, and now at the center of the mighty arch all that was needed was the final riveting. But the day fixed was

cold and chilly, and cold contracts metals. So, in spite of fires set under the iron to expand it the inch or two required, the union could not be completed, and the day's program was a failure. But next morning the sun rose bright, the day was warm and genial; the iron then expanded, the holes came opposite one another, and the riveters had nothing to do but drive the binding bolts home. So love unites men—"love never faileth."

3044. Love, Wifely. Admetus was told by the Fates that when he was about to die, his life might be prolonged, provided another died willingly in his stead. When the fatal day came, his wife, Alcestis, died for him. Euripides has founded one of his most beautiful tragedies upon this story.

3045. Love Wins.

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.

But Love and I had the wit to win:

We drew a circle that took him in.

—EDWARD MARKHAM.

3046. Love, Winning. If You Want to be Loved. Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evils you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman or gentlewoman; and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."

3047. Love, Won by. Do you not remember Norman Macleod's story of the Highland mother? She was a widow; taking her babe she started to walk across the mountains, some ten miles, to the home of a relative. A terrible snow-storm suddenly fell upon the hills, and little by little the mother's strength failed. Next day, when men found her body it was almost stripped of clothing.

Her chilled and dying hands had wrapped her own clothing about the child, which was found in a sheltering nook, safe and sound. Years afterward the son of the minister who had conducted the mother's funeral went to Glasgow to preach a preparatory sermon. Somehow he was reminded of the story he had often heard his father tell. Instead of preaching the sermon he had prepared, he simply told the story of the Highland mother's love. A few days later he was summoned to the bed of a dying man. "You do not know me," said the man. "Although I have lived in Glasgow many years, I have never attended a church. The other day I happened to pass your door as the snow came down. I heard the singing and slipped into a back seat. There I heard the story of the widow and her son." The man paused, his voice was choking, his eyes were filling. "I am that son," he sobbed at last. "Never did I forget my mother's love, but I never saw the love of God in giving himself for me until now. It was God made you tell that story. My mother did not die in vain. Her prayer is answered."

3048. Lowliness. See Humility.

3049. Lowliness, Power Through. "I am by birth," said a converted Hindu, when addressing a number of his countrymen, "of an insignificant and contemptible caste, so low that if a Brahman should chance to touch me he must go and bathe in the Ganges for the purpose of purification; and yet God has been pleased to call me, not merely to a knowledge of the gospel, but to the high office of teaching it to others. My friends, do you know the reason of God's conduct? It is this: If God had selected one of you learned Brahmins, and made you the preacher, when you were successful in making converts, bystanders would have said it was the amazing learning of the Brahman and his great weight of character that were the cause; but now, when any one is convinced by my instrumentality, no one thinks of ascribing any praise to me; and God, as is his due, has all the glory." And when the most highly educated are equally ready to give God all the glory, he can use them, too, as he did the lowly Hindu.—REV. C. H. KILMER.

3050. Loyalty. There was a huge Montenegrin porter at the British embassy, and, of course, he gave notice when he heard of the declaration of war. His employers tried to retain him. "What

can we do without you?" The big man took these words seriously, and scratched his head with the slow, puzzled air of an illiterate peasant trying to find suitable language for (to him) a complex idea. Finally he said, "Your Empire, Effendi, is so large that you can get another porter, but my country is so small that it can ill afford to dispense with the service of even one man." And away he went. Would that the King of kings had such loyal and devoted servants!—*S. S. Chronicle.*

3051. Loyalty. Carved over the entrance of a certain fort on Europe's battlefield, are the words: "Die under the ruins of this fort rather than surrender." These very words thrill one when reading them. No doubt they have served to steel the heart of many a soldier in defending his country. But there is another warfare in which the spirit of these words is to be observed just as loyalty. When the Christian is contending in life's battle for principle he first puts on the necessary spiritual armor, and having done this, it is his duty to "stand" until struck down in the defense of his Master's cause. Death under such circumstances is victory of the highest type.

3052. Loyalty to Christ. John 13:37. The present crisis has brought every citizen face to face with the imperative obligation of loyalty. Almost daily we note instances of drastic punishment following expressions of disloyalty to the government. A private soldier was last week sentenced by court-martial to seven years at hard labor in the United States disciplinary barracks at Fort Leavenworth for making disrespectful remarks about President Wilson and the American flag, and for threatening to desert to the Germans if sent to France. Ex-President Roosevelt is constantly expounding the sound doctrine, "We must all be Americans and nothing else." It can be readily seen that disloyalty constitutes a grave peril to the national welfare and that it is one of the basest sins on the part of those who share in the blessings of our American life. Consider now what is at stake for the Kingdom of God in the manner of life of those who own Jesus as King. We have but to reflect on what Christ means to the world, how our choicest blessings come from Him and how the future permanence and character of civilization depend on the increasing recognition of his sovereignty, and it will appear how despicable is disloyalty. We might adapt Colonel Roose-

velt's slogan and make it a message to the churches, "We must all be Christians." A deep abiding loyalty to Christ is the spirit for every-day life and the spirit in which our loyalty to our country should be maintained.—*A War-time Item.*

3053. Loyalty to Christ. A native pastor in Central China was offered a salary ten times as large as the small sum which was given him by the Missionary Board, but he replied: "Matthew left the customs to follow Christ, and do you think I am going to leave Christ to follow customs?" With him it was not a question of easy position or money, but one of loyalty to Christ.

3054. Loyalty, Patriotic. If you walk Broadway, near the postoffice, in New York City, you come in view of a bronze statue; the arms are pinioned, the feet are tied, the shirt collar is thrown open, and, as you look into the handsome, sad face, you are reminded of an execution when a human being was hanged, and there is nothing attractive in the thought; but read on the pedestal, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country—Nathan Hale"; and now you forget the repulsion of the hanging when you gaze at the beautiful picture of patriotic loyalty unto death.

3055. Lying. Liars are verbal forgers.—CHATFIELD.

3056. Lying. Even a liar tells a hundred truths to one lie: he has to, to make the lie good for anything.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

3057. Man, Transformed. Their light is maintained who are "light in the Lord." Did you ever see that electric light which is made by directing a strong stream upon two small pieces of carbon? As the electricity strikes upon these, and turns their blackness into a fiery blaze, it eats away their substance as it changes them into light. But there is an arrangement in the lamp by which a fresh surface is continually being brought into the path of the beam, and so the light continues without wavering, and blazes on. The carbon is our human nature, black and dull in itself; the electric beam is the swift energy of God, which makes us light in the Lord.—A. MACLAREN, D.D.

3058. Man, The One Talent. See *Talent, The Man With One.*

3058a. Manhood, Strategy of. A distinguished English statesman, in referring to the brilliant movement of Commodore Dewey at the siege of Manila, said: "Everything depends upon the man in modern warfare."

3059. Manhood, Undervalued. Last week I was visiting the home of a famous manufacturer and he took me out to his farm. He showed me his cattle. Above the head of each heifer and each cow was the pedigree. The most careful record was kept on every animal. A blueprint he had in his library at home of every one of those animals, and yet when we began to talk about the labor problem in his own plant I asked him how many of those people did he know about and he told me—I quote his words—"Why, they are all alike to me, Mr. Babson. I don't know one from the other." Later in the evening—it was during the Christmas vacation, a few weeks ago, a young fellow came in, drove up to the house in a fancy automobile and came in and asked for his only daughter to take her to a party. I didn't like the looks of the fellow very well, and after they had gone out I said to him, "Who is that chap?" The father said, "I don't know, some friend of Mary's." He had every one of his cows blue printed, but he didn't know the name of the man who came to get his only daughter and who didn't deliver her until two o'clock the next morning, and that man is one of the largest manufacturers in his city.—ROGER BABSON.

3060. Marks of Christ. "Let no man trouble me." Paul meant, let no man question my faithfulness to Christ, for I bear in my body the marks of loyalty to my Master. I bear in my soul the persecutions of pagans and Judaizers. Let enemies say what they will, I carry the evidences of my devotion to duty. No man can trouble me to harm me; I have suffered the loss of all things that I may win Christ, and I know He will keep that which I have committed to His care. I am willing to compare the marks of my devotion with those of any of my critics. "For to me to live is Christ." Who are these troublers living for?

A story is told of a blind old man who went with his daughter Jennie to the cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg. As she was explaining the different scenes, the blind soldier exclaimed, "Is there a group of trees there?" "Yes." "Are regiments marching up the hill? Is there a regiment of cavalry dashing down upon them?" "Yes," said the daughter. "Is there a shell bursting right over them?" "Yes." "Well, Jennie, that is the last thing I ever saw on earth." Then he lifted his sightless eyeballs up-

ward and said, "Oh, God, when I see my country united, happy and prosperous, I thank Thee that I was chosen to be one to help to bring it to pass."

Let no man trouble a faithful soldier who stood in the thickest of the fight in defense of his country, his home, and his God. Let no man trouble a President of the nation who is giving all his powers to guide the ship of state.

It is blessed to know that no man can trouble the final victors, who have fought the good fight and are glorified together with Christ in his everlasting kingdom.

3061. Marriage, Is It a Failure? Is marriage a failure, was the question asked: "Marriage a failure? I should say not!" remarked an Oregon farmer, whose opinion was desired on one of the great questions of the day.

"Why, there's Lucindy gets up in the mornin', milks six cows, gits breakfas', starts four children to skewl, looks after the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skims twenty pans o' milk, washes clothes, gits dinner, et cetera, et cetera. Think I could hire anybody to do it fur what she gits? Not much. Marriage, sir, is a success, sir; a great success."

3062. Marriages, Foolish. A Minneapolis theater manager, hoping to swell his receipts, advertised a "baby raffle" at one of the matinée performances. The women of the city were exceedingly shocked at this cold-blooded mercenary manager, and declared the enterprise to be an outrage on the sanctity of the home. All of which is true, but many of these same mothers who cuddle their babies close at the thought of a "baby raffle," in after years will deliberately plan to wed these same children to impure, godless men, whose only redeeming trait is that they possess either money or a title. A "baby raffle" is really tame compared to the "young lady raffle" of modern society.

3063. Martyrdom, Cost of. A bill for the materials with which to burn Cranmer and his fellow martyrs is probably the most curious and suggestive document ever presented for payment. The execution of Latimer and Ridley took place on October 16, 1555, while Cranmer did not suffer until March 21 of the following year.

The memorandum of the bill is included in the book which was found by Strype when he wrote his "Memoirs of Archbishop Cranmer" in 1693, in which the expenses of the martyrs were entered during their imprisonment. This book

is probably somewhere among the manuscripts of Oxford University now, a grim, matter-of-fact witness to the fanatical hatred of the day.

The following are exact transcripts from the bills by the person who had charge of the funeral piles:

"Paid for the burning of Archbishop Cranmer and his two fellow sufferers, Ridley and Latimer: For one hundred of wood fagots, 6s.; for one hundred and a half of furze fagots, 3s. 4d.; to the carriage of them, 8d.; to two laborers, 1s. 4d.; to three loads of wood fagots to burn Ridley and Latimer, 12s.; item, one load of furze fagots, 3s. 4d.; for carriage of these four loads, 2s.; item, a post, 1s. 4d.; item, for chains, 3s. 4d.; item, for staples, 6d.; item, for laborers, 4d."

3064. Martyrs. It is more difficult, and calls for higher energies of soul, to live a martyr than to die one.—HORACE MANN.

3065. Martyrs, Noble Army of. One of the strangest things, as we look over the past centuries and trace the history of God's people, is the vision of so many persecuted ones, so many of the prophets and saints suffering as martyrs. The sky is full of these shining stars. So, standing beside St. John as he gazed into heaven, we hear one of the elders saying, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? . . . These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The 11th chapter of Hebrews is a picture-gallery of these martyr-heroes. And there are many not yet known to history but whose names are recorded in heaven, who in humble homes, in retired sickrooms, in the recesses of their own hearts, have been crucified on unseen crosses, burned with invisible flames, and yet have become victors in silent battles,—these, too, belong to the martyrs' noble army.—PELOUBET.

3066. Materialism. See **Worldliness.**

3067. Materialism. In a service in Liverpool an evangelist said: "I do not believe that there is an honest person who believes that we are only matter and that we cease to exist with death. If there is a real materialist in this meeting, I'd like to see him." A man arose and said: "Here is one!" "Come up here, friend," said the evangelist, "I'd like all these people to see a man whose mother died like a dog and in dying so

fulfilled her destiny." "It is a lie," cried the man; "she was the best of women and is in heaven." The man was clearly caught and hung his head in confusion.

3068. Materialism Hardening. A mill owner, who had given half the money required to build a stately church, when asked what he thought of the sermon of dedication, to which he had been outwardly listening, said: "The fact is, I did not hear what the pastor was saying. I could not help thinking all through the service, as I looked at the spacious proportions of this edifice, if it was a cotton mill, how many spindles I could set up in it." The man was mill-hardened.—DR. G. F. PENTECOST.

3069. Meditation. See **Lord's Supper.**

3070. Meditation. In the British navy, whenever any sudden disaster, such as an explosion, occurs, it is the bugler's duty to play what is called "The Still," and when the men hear it each is to stop perfectly quiet for a moment and re-collect his senses and thus be better prepared for intelligent action in the emergency.

3071. Meditation. Bishop Ninde's little daughter entering the study one day found him sitting with uplifted face and soft expression, apparently oblivious of her presence.

Startled and awed, she paused on the threshold. In a moment the abstracted look left him and he turned to her with his usual kind smile. To her "Father, what were you doing just now," he replied gently, "I was thinking about God."

3072. Meditation. Many are so filled with bustle, and noise, and hurry, and excitement, and fret, and criticism, and everlasting talkativeness, they cannot detect the gentle tick of God's telegraphic messages or the soft cooing of the heavenly Dove, or the footsteps of the coming King. Neither can they know what is going on in their own hearts.—G. D. WATSON.

3073. Meditation, Alone With God. "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place" (Mark 6:31). In these days of hurry and bustle we find ourselves face to face with a terrible danger, and it is this—no time to be alone with God. The world, in these last days, is running fast; we live in what is called the "age of progress," and we must keep pace with the times. So the world says. But this spirit of the world has not confined itself to the world. It is, alas, to be found among the saints of God. And

what is the result? The result is no time to be alone with God, and this is immediately followed by no inclination to be alone with God. . . . This "desert life," as many call it, is of an importance that cannot be overvalued. On scanning the precious pages of Scripture we find that God's mighty men were those who had been in "the school of God," and his school was simply this—in the desert alone with himself. It was there they got their teaching. Far removed from the din of the haunts of men, there they met alone with God; there they were equipped for the battle. And when the time came that they stood forth in public service for God their faces were not ashamed—nay, they had faces as lions; they were bold and fearless, yea, and victorious for God; for the battle had been won already in the desert with him.

3074. Meditation, Bible Commanded. Spiritual meditation is a most proper occupation of the human mind. The power of thinking distinguishes us from the whole material universe, and spiritual things are certainly of such transcendent importance as to be worthy of our closest attention. Besides, our character in the sight of God depends on the character of our thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he" (Prov. 23:7). Men are good according to their thoughts. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders," etc.

Meditation is also essential to the success of God's Word in our souls. Christ tells us in the parable of the sower that it is only those "who having heard the word keep it," that bring forth good fruit. By meditation the seed of truth sinks into deep earth and is "kept" and becomes fruit bearing. It was when the prodigal "came to himself," when he began really to think, that he resolved to return to his father. It was when Peter "thought thereon" that he "wept." Truth can effect us only as we think thereon.—H.

3075. Meditation, Fellowship With Christ. A Christian minister was in his room alone one golden Sabbath afternoon when he heard the patter of little feet coming down the hall. Soon he heard voices calling, "Mamma."

Then he heard the question: "What do my darlings wish?"

A baby voice replied: "Nothing, mamma, only to be let in."

How many of the King's true children are hungering to be "let in." They cry

like children in the night. They ache with hunger and they long to be "let in"—into the fullness of abiding fellowship. May all such hear the voice of the King saying: "Come in and be at home! Come in, you are welcome! Come in, you are wanted!" So may we come, for Jesus' sake.

3076. Meditation in Hurrying Age. Among the ancient Greeks the runner that won the race was not the man who crossed the line in the shortest time, but the man who crossed it in the least time with his torch still burning. We are often so busy with life's activities that we are in danger of allowing the torch of our spiritual life to become extinguished.

A good woman said that in the rush and hurry of her life she felt in danger of being "jostled out of her spirituality." It is a real danger, this of being too busy to be good, of running too fast to keep our torch burning.

There is a beautiful hymn we sometimes sing, "Take time to be holy." It does take time to be holy. We must not live too much in a rush. We need to take time for meditation and prayer and fellowship with God if we would make any attainment in grace or growth in spiritual insight and character.—H.

3077. Meditation in Hurrying Time. The Greeks had a foot race in which each man was given a lighted torch, and the laurel wreath was for the one who came in first "with his torch alight." Some one commenting upon this custom said, "Success in life is not merely 'getting there,' but, more important still, in keeping the light of God burning in our hurrying souls." The only purpose that stands is the one lighted by the Cross of Christ.

Then, O friends of mine, if you light your torch at the Cross and keep it burning all the way, success is yours, though your name is not upon the scroll of fame, and though your body lies among the unknown dead.

3078. Meditation, A Lost Art. Speaking of our modern times some one has said that spiritual meditation is a lost art. There was undoubtedly more of it in past generations. The lack of it is indeed one of the religious lacks of our times. The main reason for the lack is apparent to all who give any thought to the subject. It is because of the tremendous rush and hurry of our modern life.

But let us not be misunderstood. We are making no plea for the monkish or hermit life. The torch must be carried, but not too fast, or at so fast a rate that it will be blown out.

It is likely that few of us realize how great is the importance assigned to meditation in the Scriptures. It is distinctly commanded of God. Joshua was exhorted to meditate on the book of the law day and night. Timothy was counseled: "Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them." The Philippians were told "to think on these things." In the description of the good man, in the first Psalm, it is said that he meditates on the law of the Lord. We may also notice the resolutions of good men recorded in the Psalms: "I will meditate on thee in the night watches" (63:6); "I will meditate on all thy precepts" (119:15); "My meditation of him shall be sweet" (104:34). God criticized his people when they failed in this moral thoughtfulness, saying: "My people do not consider."—H.

3079. Meditation, The Power House. "This is the still room," explained a guide, as he ushered his party into a room of the power house full of noiselessly running machinery. "Nothing much doing here," said one. The guide answered with a smile: "Why, this is the center of the whole thing; the whole process hinges on what is done here. This is the most important place in the building." It is in the still rooms from which the call of the "good part" comes.

3080. Meditation, Take Time for. We shall not get time for meditation and shall be sure to neglect it unless we make set times for it and let it become a habit of our daily living. We must provide for a "quiet hour" with God each day, just as we do for the morning and evening prayer; then, by and by, it will become a fixed habit, and both the art and the time for practicing it will be gained.

"Take time to think:

Thought oft will save thee from the
snare,

Bring thee to cooling streams and
bowers,

Spare thee from nursing needless care,

Surround thee with defensive towers;

Yield thee the harvest of content,

Lift thee from dust to starry ways,

Discover comfort heaven-sent

In thy most dark and cheerless days;

Therefore, take time to think.

"Take time to pray;
For when thou pray'st the vision's
cleared,

The voice is toned, the will's subdued,
The dear are to thee more endeared,

And the soul's failing strength's re-
newed.

In prayer the purest words are spoken,

The mind receives heaven's holy light,
The heart is given the Spirit's token,

The hands are charged with wisdom's
might;

Therefore, take time to pray."

3081. Meek, Who Are the. A missionary in Jamaica was once questioning the little black boys on the meaning of Matthew 5:5, and asked, "Who are the meek?" A boy answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

3082. Meekness. See Humility.

3083. Meekness. Some one illustrates meekness by saying that it is like one of those fragrant trees which bathes with its perfume the ax that smites into its wood. The meek man gives back love for hate, kindness for unkindness, sweetness for bitterness.—J. R. MILLER.

3084. Meekness, Blessings from. Long ago there lived a saint so good that the angels came down to see how a mortal could be so godly. He went about his daily work, diffusing virtue as a star diffuses light, as a flower emits perfume, without being aware of it. Two words told the story of his days—he gave; he forgave. Yet these words never fell from his lips; they were only expressed by his smile, in his forbearance and charity.

The angels asked God that the gift of miracles might be given to this good man. The answer was, "Yes; ask him what he wishes." So the angels spoke to him about it. Would he choose that the touch of his hand should heal the sick? He said, "No." He would rather God should do that. Would he have power to convert souls? He answered, "No"; that was the Holy Spirit's work. What, then, did he desire? He said, "That God may give me his grace." When pressed still further to choose the particular power he would have, he replied, "That I may do a great deal of good without ever knowing it." Then it was decided that every time the saint's shadow should fall behind or on either side, so that he could not see it, it should have the power to cure disease, soothe pain, and comfort sorrow. So it came to pass that, falling thus out of his sight,

his shadow made withered plants grow again, and fading flowers sweet, gave health to pale children and joy to unhappy mothers. But the saint was never aware of the blessings that flowed from him. And the people, respecting his humility, even forgot his name and spoke of him as the Holy Shadow.

3085. Meekness, Blessings on. Christ has pronounced a blessing upon the meek, and that is comforting to all who practice this grace. We are told that there was no word in the Greek to stand for meekness. The nearest was meanness. It was something inconceivable and unknown to them. If present in a human life they could not understand it; the man would be a puzzle and would be described by a misnomer.

In the present day we have the words meekness and humility, but they are still comparatively unknown by the world, when embodied in a human life. Such a character, full of the meekness, quietness, simplicity and gentleness of Christ, would be according to the judgment of earth, a man without fire or spirit, a contemptible man, a mean man. So the ages in their flight have not improved the understanding and judgment of men much yet, in regard to some important things.

It is certainly a pity the world should confound one of the loveliest Christian graces with one of the most contemptible states of the depraved heart; that it cannot see the vast chasm between the words meekness and meanness.—REV. B. CARRIDINE.

3086. Meekness and Dependence.

George Muller once remarked to me that he foresaw that Mr. Moody was to be greatly used of God, because in his first visit to England he came to see him at Bristol, and exhibited such docility and humility. But it was not the humility of diffidence or morbid self-distrust. He was not lacking in a proper self-confidence, nor did he shrink, like Moses, from any work to which God called, or hesitate to appropriate a promise of God. His humility was that of dependence on God. He had learned that it is "not by might, nor by power," but by the Spirit of God, that all great results are secured, and he constantly urged men to be filled with the Spirit.—A. T. PIERSON, D.D.

3087. Meekness, Description of. Meekness is love at school,—love at the Saviour's school. It is Christian lowliness. It is the disciple learning to know himself; learning to fear and distrust and abhor himself. It is the disciple

practicing the sweet but self-emptying lesson of putting all his righteousness in that righteous other. It is the disciple learning the defects in his own character, and taking hints from hostile as well as friendly monitors. It is the disciple praying and watching for the improvement of his talents, the mellowing of his temper, and the amelioration of his character. It is the loving Christian at the Saviour's feet, learning of him who is meek and lowly, and finding rest for his own soul.—DR. J. HAMILTON.

3088. Meekness, False. In a convent near Rome there was a nun who seemed to have rare gifts of inspiration and prophecy, and her abbess had reported to the pope wonderful stories of her power. Philip Neri, a man of rare discernment, visited the pope, and hearing about the nun, volunteered to find out the truth of the reports. "He threw himself on his mule, all travel-stained as he was, and hastened through the mud and mire to the distant convent. He told the abbess the wishes of His Holiness, and begged her to summon the nun without delay. The nun was sent for, and as soon as she came into the apartment, Philip stretched out his leg, all bespattered with mud, and desired her to draw off his boots. The young nun, who had become the object of much attention and respect, drew back with anger, and refused the office. Philip ran out of doors, mounted his mule and returned instantly to the pope: "Give yourself no uneasiness, Holy Father; here is no miracle, for here is no humility."

3089. Meekness, Suggested. One who had been listening while a bright girl announced most ambitious aspirations and purposes for her own life, answered gently: "You may be right, dear child, but do not forget that 'the singing birds build low.'"

3090. Meekness Through Exaltation. To have a great surgeon like Dr. McBurney probe and wash a loathesome wound, to have a great minister like Phillips Brooks hold your hand and bathe your brow in a surgical operation, to have General Grant spring from his carriage, pick you out of the wheel that broke your leg when you tried to climb up and shake his hand, and then hold you in his arms until the doctor came (as he did once), is to be exalted into humility.—*C. E. World.*

3091. Member, Offending. I met a man the other day. He is selling Bibles now in this province. He was the ring-

leader of a gang of gamblers and villains. He was very skillful in jiu-jitsu and gambling. It seems that in playing tricks in gambling the third finger of the hand plays a very important part. So when he became a Christian, in order that he might not be tempted to go back to his old life, and in order that he might make known to all his old associates that he had broken off from his old life, he took his short sword and cut his finger off at the middle joint.—*Author Unknown.*

3092. Memory. D. M.—“What’s that piece of cord tied around your finger for?”

M. D.—“My wife put it there to remind me to mail her letter.”

“And did you mail it?”

“No; she forgot to give it to me!”

3093. Memory. The author of the poem, “I remember, I remember, the house where I was born,” looked back on a very happy childhood, but his memories gave him “little joy,” because he was “farther off from heaven” than in boyhood days. It would be better for a man to look back on privation and suffering, and see that God had been through it drawing him nearer Himself.—L. M.

3094. Memory Can Be Trained. “We in the West,” says Dr. W. Robertson Smith, “have little idea of the precision with which an Eastern pupil even now can take up and remember the minutest details of a lesson, reproducing them years afterwards in the exact words of his master.”

It is remarkable that in all European and American education children are set at difficult intellectual tasks on the theory that memory already exists, instead of giving them the proper training to create it. It is just as if children should be set at physical labor far beyond their power, on the theory that strength will come at once.

3095. Memorial Day. *See Independence Day. See Lincoln’s Birthday, Washington’s Birthday and Thanksgiving Day.*

3096. Memorial Day: All Hail!

All hail the battle-flag
That, could it speak the truth
For which it led brave souls to dare and die,
Would make more heroes out of common clay,
And keep aglow the flame of country-love!
All hail the men
For whom the shot and shell of war

Had great respect! It is but meet
That they receive the plaudits
Of a grateful younger race.
All glory to the sleeping dust
Of those whose spirits took their flight
In service to their nation, God, and home!
Long live the day
That speaks in tones with certain sound
Of waving folds, of heroes here and
‘neath the sod!

—J. M. P.

3097. Memorial Day: Annual Tribute of Flowers. This annual tribute of flowers is a beautiful custom which should continue. It will not affect the dead, but it will greatly bless the living. Flowers are the most exquisite materialization of God’s ideas. He has woven them as embroidery for Nature’s garments, but most of all to furnish man with a token of His love. Science tells us that when the earth was prepared for the habitation of our race, the few flowers then existing were crude and homely, and that they ascended into variety and put on their robes of beauty to greet the opening eye of man. On nodding stem and waving branch God has hung the blossoms of snowy whiteness, and of crimson hues as perpetual expression of His regard for us. When human hearts, drawn by the divine instinct, seek some token of their affection, they pluck the flowers, messages of God’s love, as symbols of their love for each other.—H.

3098. Memorial Day: Château-Thierry. Rev. Reid Dickson brought a message that stirred the hearts of his hearers—a message that showed the religious deeps of our boys’ souls, for he was with them during the German “drive” which they checked at Château-Thierry, and he told of the religious services that preceded that battle. A major came to him: “I want you to preach now to our battalion. We will be in battle before morning, and I want you to say those things about God that will hold our men steady.” After that service, in which the entire battalion sat in a grove, hidden from enemy fliers, and he preached to them of the eternal verities, he went through the wood, everywhere finding groups of men reading the Scriptures and strengthening themselves for the baptism of fire that came upon them shortly. These men, another chaplain has told, actually turned the tide that day, for the French driven into retreat by the terrific German impact, passed our Americans, calling out, “It is all lost; Paris is doomed, and the war has ended.”

Then young America said, as the French had said at Verdun, "They shall not pass," and our soldiers met and held that terrible tide, till all forces could rally to drive them back.

3099. Memorial Day: Christian Officers. An old army officer, who for many years was a shipmate of Admiral Sampson, tells a charming story of that leader's allegiance to religion. It is the old story of daring to kneel down by the bedside to say one's prayers in the presence of unsympathetic and possibly jeering comrades, a story that must often be repeated while Christians sail the sea. The narrator of the incident was hesitating. It was his first cruise, and he was about to turn in without his bedside devotions, when he saw Sampson, then a wardroom officer, quietly kneel, as is his custom. In the hush that came over the wardroom the hesitating officer also knelt. Such events show courage greater than all that is required to storm a fort or capture a city, and our country is safe so long as its fortunes are in the hands of such men.

3100. Memorial Day: Gold Stars in France. The gold stars in France which make their appeal to the heart of America are not the stars on the uniforms of great dignitaries; they are stars made of masses of yellow pansies, and bloom in the American cemeteries of France.

"I wish," said one returning mother, "that you might have been with me when I went to visit my son's grave. He lies in the cemetery at Romagne. The cemetery lies on the slope of a hill beyond which rises Montfaucon, which figured so prominently in the Meuse-Argonne Drive. In the foreground is an immense bed of pansies, star-shaped, and every pansy yellow. Near by, in purple pansies, is spelled the name of the cemetery.

"There are 24,000 graves, every one with its tiny white cross, and the American flag floats over all."

This mother had gone over with the intention of having her son's body brought home; she changed her mind. "I could not have brought him back to our little cemetery at home. He lies there with his comrades; he occupies a place of honor among these dead. I could not imagine that he would like to be disturbed. I talked it over with a young woman who served tea to me in a little hut at the cemetery gates; she said that many mothers who had made the pilgrimage had come to this conclusion.

—FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

3101. Memorial Day: "Gone West." The following beautiful prose poem on the death of the millions of brave soldiers who gave their all on the side of the entente allies in the World War, is reprinted from the *Houston Post*:

"Gone West! Over the purple hills and beyond the softly glowing rim of life's day the warrior's spirit takes its flight. Out of the morning, across the white archway of noon-tide, down to the sunset! Out of the din and clamor, out of the bitterness and strife, out of the fierce passion of the combat, into the dreamless silence whose shadows mark the pathway to the stars! Beyond earth's darkening horizon, through the curtained gloom of night, far upon the shoreless sea of fadeless light! Out of the agony of life's Gethsemane, over the quaking summit of Calvary, into the realm of glory, where God's banners never furl, where victory is sure! So the stainless knight of stableless cause moves down the west, where earth's last glimmer fades and dies, and into God's spreading dawn, whose light is eternal, whose breath is cool and sweet. Gone West!"

3102. Memorial Day: "Gone West." In the language of the trenches, "Gone West" means killed.

Out to the world's dim boundary line,
Where the sky burns red—blood red, like
wine,
And the fairest of all the stars doth
shine—

Gone West.

Out where beauty, in death still bright,
Casts her glove in the teeth of the night,
And, dying, still promises light, more
light—

His rest.

Night may conquer, but hark how the
morn
Calls to the stars on the new moon's
horn,
Till, like a warrior king, comes dawn—
'Tis best.

—G. A. S. KENNEDY.

3102a. Memorial Day: How Observed. The observance of Memorial Day with music and march, flag and flower, speech and song, indicates that patriotism is firmly seated in individual and community life. Men and women ardently love their country; hence they delight to honor those whose thought and conduct

have helped to conserve for later generations the best things which they found in the national life in their own time.—W. J. HART, D.D.

3103. Memorial Day: If Ye Break Faith. During the World War, as in all wars, the poetry written under its influence was of a deeper vein and carried far more heartfelt feeling than any written in the carefree, joy-living age just preceding it. One of the most beautiful of them all was Lt. Col. John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields." After many struggles in Flanders, seeing thousands of men dead and wounded on the field of battle, the fast thinning ranks and with a sense of his own early transfer to the Silent Legion, the poet flings his challenge, stands for a moment, then gathering his canopy of poppies about him, lies down to rest with his comrades. His challenge was heard, and grasping the torch as it fell, they lifted it to the sky and held it there until the coming of the dawn of peace dispelled the night of war.

Can it be that we have somewhere our "Flanders Field"? Have we received a torch to hold—is there a challenge for us to hear? Listening we may hear the far-flung challenge of those who fell bravely as fell any hero of Flanders, and, falling, passed on to us through generations between their Torch of Faith. From the earliest days of the Church, through the fiery persecutions of the pagans and the horrors of the Inquisition it was passed. It has come to us. May we hear the challenge, and remembering that to us a torch of faith has been given, may we hold it high till we too shall have to pass it to those that follow. May it never be said that we have broken faith with Him or with those that sleep.—JAMES T. MILLER.

3104. Memorial Day: Flag Goes By. Off with your hat as the flag goes by!

And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for a tear in your eye

That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger-tips—

Aye! the lump just then in your heart
That rose

Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder high,
And show him the faded shred;

Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky

If death could have dyed them red.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!

Uncover the youngster's head;
Teach him to hold it holy and high
For the sake of its sacred dead.

—Unidentified.

3105. Memorial Day: Flag Passing By. Watch them with bowed heads. They were Men of the Hour. Forget not the debt we owe them. And man to man, would they not now be advocates of peace? No need to ask them!

"Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums.

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

But more than the flag is passing by—

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,

Fought to make and save the state—

Days of plenty and days of peace,
March of a strong land's swift increase,

Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe.

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!"

—Christian Work.

3106. Memorial Day: For Me.

In Picardy, beyond the sea,
A million heroes fought for me;
Where fires of death appalled the night,
And smoky curtains blinded sight,
They battled, in the fiendish light—

For me.

In Picardy, beyond the sea,
Our warrior laddies bled for me;
For them the homeland held the most—
Nor did they fail to count the cost;
They went, lest freedom might be lost—

For me.

In Picardy, beyond the sea,
Those dauntless lads would die for me!
The fleur-de-lis, deep-tinged with red,
Will bend o'er many a gory bed,
Where lie those sons of Freedom—
dead—

For me.

—T. C. CLARK.

3107. Memorial Day: Hail! And Farewell.

They died that we might live—

Hail! And Farewell!

—All honor give

To those who, nobly striving, nobly fell,
That we might live!

That we might live they died—

Hail! And Farewell!

—Their courage tried,
By every mean device of treacherous
hate,
Like Kings they died.

Eternal honor give—
Hail! And Farewell!
—To those who died,
In that full splendor of heroic pride,
That we might live!

—*Unidentified.*

3108. Memorial Day: Honor Thy Past.
To honor thy Past, O Nation,
To thy Future to be true,
The longer line of the children
Leads the shorter line of the blue.

The Past—the man and the musket;
The Present—the child and the school;
The Future—a holier people,
And they who obey shall rule.

Fear not for thy flag or thy freedom
While the hearts of the homes are true.
The lengthening line of the children
Cheers the shortening line of the blue.
—CHARLES P. CLEAVES.

3109. Memorial Day: In Flanders Fields. Here is an answer to Lieut. Col. John McCrae's poem entitled "In Flanders Fields." It is by Henry Polk Lowenstein. Mr. Lowenstein is a practicing lawyer in Kansas City, Mo., and is the author of "The Last Words of Funston," "How to Win the War" and "The Flag," three poems which have received wide publication.

Sleep on, brave soldiers, sleep, sleep
where the poppies grow,
Sleep on, brave soldiers, in your places,
row on row.
The lark's still soaring in the sky,
Still bravely singing, soaring high,
Away above the cannon's roar,
Scarce heard amid the guns' roar,
Before you slept in Flanders Fields.

The faith with you we've kept and battled
with the foe;
On crimson fields by you we've slept
where poppies blow.
The torch you flung to us we caught;
With blis't'ring hands we've bravely
fought
To hold it high to guard you through
the Night,
And at the Dawn to guide you to the
Light,
When you awake from Flanders Fields.

3110. Memorial Day: In Flanders Now. This poem is another in answer

to McCrae's "In Flanders Fields." It is by Edna Posques.

We have kept faith, ye Flanders dead,
Sleep well beneath the poppies red
That mark your place
In Flanders Field.

The torch your dying hands did throw
We held it high before the foe,
And answered bitter blow for blow
In Flanders Field.

And where your heroes' blood was
spilled
The guns are now forever stilled,
And silent now;
There is no moaning of the slain,
There is no cry of tortured pain,
And blood will never flow again
In Flanders Field.

Forever holy in our sight
Shall be those crosses gleaming white
That guard your sleep.
Rest in your place! The task is done,
The fight you left us we have won,
And "Peace on Earth" has just begun
In Flanders Field.

3111. Memorial Day: "Lafayette, Here We Are." There is one war phrase that deserves to be saved out of the hurry and rush of these crowded days. It was pronounced by General Pershing. When he stood at the tomb of the gallant Frenchman who gave his sword to the American Colonies, Pershing placed his wreath on the marble and said in reverent simplicity: "Lafayette, here we are." Could a nation's payment of a historic debt have been more finely phrased?—*Chicago Evening Post.*

3112. Memorial Day: Let Me Sleep. "Memorial Day," May 30, will bring tender memories to many homes of men who gave their lives in the great World War. The following notable poem will be cherished by a grateful nation throughout the coming years. This poem is by Henry Polk Lowenstein.

In Flanders Fields, O let me sleep,
And wake me not and never weep
For me. I rest in perfect peace;
And till all earthly strife shall cease,
I shall in silence slumber deep.

You do me wrong to stir and sweep
Away my fondest hopes and keep
Me from my rest and just release,
In Flanders Fields.

Disturb me not, but let me sleep
Right where I am and never weep

Again, for I shall never cease
To live and make my light increase,
As Time rolls on in silence deep,
In Flanders Fields.

3113. Memorial Day Lessons. The supreme lesson of Memorial Day is spiritual. It appeals to the depths of our nature. Life is real in proportion to its consecration to the ideal. Ideas shape the destiny of nations as well as mold the characters of men. The ideal side of business redeems it from sordidness, makes every industry as well as every profession mediatorial, subordinates the getting of wealth to the achievement of worth. An ideal can lift the meanest into manhood and make the weakest strong. The idealist is the real practical man. Personal power is conditioned upon the clearness and intensity of moral convictions. The soldiers of the ideal march to lofty music and advance to certain victory. They conquer though they die. By laying down their lives they live forever. Our heroes are immortal in the fruitfulness of their self-sacrifice. Their blood was redemptive.

On their graves we lay our garlands and plant anew the flag they followed. Taps are sounded, a volley is fired. Thus ends once more the sacrament of flowers. But the saviors of the Union are not dead. They cannot die. They live in all that is best, most active, most hopeful, most powerful in the peerless vitality and aspiration of the American people. In the radiant beauty and strength of the republic, their indomitable spirit survives immortal.—*The Religious Telescope*.

3114. Memorial Day: Love Pities and Keeps.

Love that pities, Love that keeps
Record of our joy and grief
Lays beside the grave a sheaf
Where the soldier sleeps.

Love that casteth out all fear,
Love that keepeth evermore,
When the strife and wars are o'er,
Her triumphant year.

Love that suffers long, is kind.
Not one grave of all, to-day,
Hath she left beside the way
Unforgot, behind.

—FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

3115. Memorial Day: Marshal Foch's Message. Marshal Foch, on the eve of Armistice Day, 1921, wrote the fol-

lowing message to the World War veterans:

"It is out of sacrifice and suffering that the greatest things in life grow. No one man ever gave up part of himself in a great cause but that his sacrifice was rewarded a hundred-fold in moral and spiritual blessing.

"Our hearts pour out in sympathy today to the mothers, wives, fathers, sisters, brothers of those brave soldiers who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War. Our prayers go up in unison for those men, and at the same time we worship their memory.

"Armistice Day, the eleventh of November, should be made sacred throughout the entire civilized world. It is the day when we think of the noble sacrifice made by the hero-dead, of the brilliant record of duty well performed left on the field of battle by the wounded; of the spirit of patriotism and bravery shown by those who fortunately escaped shot and shell.

"On this day let us think only of the great cause for which the Allies fought—a splendid cause, one that led to victory and peace. And in thinking of the great cause for which we fought, let us think also of a bond of eternal peace, so that the people of the world may work and rebuild and find happiness in industrial pursuits, with no thought of future conflicts.

"God helping, peace will reign throughout the world."

This same message is worthy of being repeated on Memorial Day in all our communities.

3116. Memorial Day: Memory Trees.

My own dear soldier brother sleeps
across the wide blue sea,
But in our garden here at home we have
a little tree
New planted in his memory, his name
upon the bark.

Its roots are in my mother's heart, she
says; and after dark

We follow down the garden path and,
listening in the grass,

Can hear the gentle summer wind among
the branches pass.

I never saw a memory tree, or heard of
one before;

It's something sweet that all the time
grows precious more and more.

To name a tree for one you love and
watch it day by day,

Makes him you love seem near again,
although he's far away.

—HELEN L. CASEY.

3117. Memorial Day, A Monument. It is said that "the grave buries the dead dust, but the character wakes the world." Worldly rank, wealth, honors, are all perishable and faulty; but zeal for the right, loyalty to God and fellow-man have immortality which no sword point can pierce or cannon ball shatter. "Thus living we act, dead we speak," and that in no uncertain manner.

Tall monuments, artificially chiseled with rarest skill, cannot honor our dead soldiers as much as the loyal patriotic impulses planted in the hearts of our boys and girls to-day by the record of their deeds; impulses which, if properly nourished, shall engender loyalty, patriotism, and love for the flag which makes free,—

That flag of the heroes who left us their glory,

Borne through their battlefields, thunder and flame,

Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame.

The strife is over; the battles all ended. The scroll of the century that was marked by the strife is rolled together. We join in giving

Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

The history so sad and so glorious which chronicles the stern struggle in which right and liberty were won by such an awful baptism of fire and blood, is written in the grave of every veteran. Their work is done. Sacred be the trust committed to our care and bright the visions of the coming ages!—*Christian Work.*

3118. Memorial Day: Officer's Character. "Every drop of blood in my body was singing thanks and praise to Almighty God," declares Captain Robley D. Evans, in reply to a criticism that he did not, like Captain Philip of the *Texas*, show a Christian spirit in attributing to God the victory at Santiago. It appears that thanks were just about to be publicly returned by the men of the *Iowa*, in accordance with the suggestion of the chaplain, and with the hearty consent of Captain Evans, when it was reported that a Spanish cruiser was standing toward them from the east. "My first duty to God and to my country," says Captain Evans, "was to sink that battleship." When it was discovered that the

ship was an Austrian, I found my ship surrounded by boats carrying dying and wounded prisoners. To leave these men to suffer while I called my men aft to offer prayer was not my idea of Christianity. And the whole nation will respond with a hearty Amen. Both captains acted in the true Christian spirit, under different circumstances. "Watch and fight and pray."

3119. Memorial Day: Peace. In the great cathedrals of Europe they sing in English, German, French and Spanish, but, high up in the dome and far out in the audience, the music is all one, expressing one thought in the language of the soul. At Babel the people of the world were dispersed because of many languages. Now millions are being united in the one language of the Christ, "Peace on earth and good-will to men!"

The grandest words of our greatest captain, whose mausoleum overlooks the Hudson, were: "Let us have peace!" Abraham Lincoln, that paragon of patriots, in his very look and action spoke "Peace" louder than words.

3120. Memorial Day: Silent Grand Army.

Now bring me sweet flowers, bring lilies and roses;

Bring evergreen wreaths and forget-me-not blue;

Bring pansies for thoughts of our dearly loved comrades;

Bring laurels for heroes who ever were true.

We scarcely can see for our eyes dim with weeping,

Sad thoughts and sad memories are crowding each breast;

But we heap high the flowers, the beautiful flowers,

Where the silent Grand Army is lying at rest.

—E. M. H. C.

3121. Memorial Day: Our Unknown Soldier. All day long on November 10, 1921, the body of the unknown American soldier, brought from France, with special honors, by the navy, lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. The casket was buried under flowers and wreaths, the gifts of many nations, presented by their leading men. Five armed soldier comrades stood silent watch as multitudes of persons filed past the bier all day and far into the night.

The burial, with imposing ceremony, took place in Arlington National Cemetery the following day. On a scroll across the marble arch of the memorial

raised to American sailor and soldier dead everywhere, which stands behind the tomb of the unknown, are Lincoln's words, "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

From the Capitol on the way to the cemetery, President Harding, members of Congress, members of the professions, soldiers, sailors, Government officials, and Woodrow Wilson, riding in a carriage, followed the casket. At the grave were more flowers and wreaths from the great nations of the earth in honor of America's dead. President Harding delivered a strong speech, followed by a touching service of prayer and song.

Services were held in many cities, and everywhere, the country over, men and women ceased from work from 12 noon to 12:02 p. m., and offered silent prayer.

3122. Memorial Day: War-Glove Buried. Old wounds healed! Honor in place of enmity! This fact found eloquent expression in an incident that occurred at Memphis, Tenn., on Memorial Day.

It was at a parade of the United Confederate Veterans. General Frederick D. Grant was on the reviewing stand as the troops marched past. The commanding officer of a cavalry division, according to the newspaper report, "peered steadily at the general a moment, then turned in his saddle, and cried: 'Come on, boys! Here's General Grant come to life again.'" Then "with an old-time rebel yell the division charged on the stand, and the men jostled one another for an opportunity to shake the hand of the son of their old-time enemy. The army officer's gray eyes filled with tears, and his shoulders shook with emotion, as he murmured, 'God bless you all, boys.' Battle-torn banners were grouped at his feet, and waved over his head in salute by more than one veteran at the thought of what an amicable situation had grown out of a bitter past."

The meaning of the scene is unmistakable. The wound is healed. Brotherhood has triumphed in both North and South. The nation has awakened from its hideous nightmare, and love is ascending the throne.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

3123. Memorial Day: Work Lives. Who can estimate the amount of heart-aches over the loss of loved ones who gave their lives for the preservation of the Union? Let the widows and orphans answer. For none but they can have any conception of this phase of warfare.

None but those whose hearts have bled for those of their bosom being taken and offered upon the altar of their country can feel the anguish accompanying the departure of a father, brother, husband, or lover, for the terrible war, and the heart bursting upon receiving news of his death upon the battlefield.

While the work of the Grand Army on earth is finished, that which they have done shall live on and on. They have bequeathed to their posterity the richest gift it is possible for man to bestow upon his fellow-men—liberty of conscience and freedom of thought and speech. Generations yet unborn will rise up and call them blessed.

Their marches and battles are over. They have passed the Great Commander in full review and pitched tents with their comrades on the other shore. Let roses, lilies, and violets—the red, white, and blue—crown their last resting place, which is so quickly covered with a velvet tapestry of nature's own weaving, while her tear-drops gently fall as sighing winds chant the soldier's requiem.—J. A. GUNSOLLY.

3124. Memories of Christ. See *Communion, Lord's Supper and Meditation*.

3125. Memories of Christ. The spiritual life is much like a watch—very liable to run down. It is easy to forget. This is one of the reasons, we believe, why God has given us the sanctuary and sanctuary privileges, and has called us to "consider one another to provoke to love and to good works, and not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, and so much more as we see the day approaching." It was for the same reason Christ gave us the sacrament of the Lord's Supper—because he knew how liable we are to forget. He knew that we are liable even to forget him; and it was for this reason he said: "This do in remembrance of me." It is as when a dying friend gives one a keepsake, a ring, or a bracelet, or some token, and says: "Every time you look upon this you will think of me." It was for the same reason Christ left this memorial of himself—in order to be remembered, in order not to be forgotten, in order to produce in us the blessing of oft-recurring spiritual reminder. But have you forgotten to take bread? Have you forgotten to take the soul-nourishing food of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper? How long is it since you have been to the Lord's table?—H.

3126. Memories, Making Happy.

There is a French legend of a city that sank into the sea. The clear water flowed over it, but the life of the city went on as before, although it was cut off from the sunlight of the upper world. So in the depths of memory our life is submerged, and there the past is ever present.

Some of our memories we cannot make. They are made for us. Dickens's boyhood was filled with bitter toil and harrowing experiences. Even after he grew to manhood he could not pass along certain streets because of the painful memories connected with them.

But most of us make our memories. They are built up day by day with small deeds. To-day it is a kind word that makes a friend's face brighter; to-morrow it is a gift of love that lightens a fellow pilgrim's burden. We can fill our lives with memories of friendships made and kept, with memories of neighborly service, of homes made happy by our efforts to radiate goodness. Happy memories are made possible, not by supreme effort, but by a permanent attitude of good will to all men.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

3127. Memories, An Old Man's. "My dear boy, there's nothing on earth sweeter or bitterer than an old man's memories. And the things you are doing and saying to-day will be your dreams when your hair is white. Make your dreams pure and kindly and sweet."—ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

3128. Memories, Making To-morrow's. We shall do so much in the years to come,

But what have we done to-day?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,

But what did we give to-day?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,

We shall speak with words of love and cheer,

But what have we done to-day?

—NIXON WATERMAN.

3129. Memories, Well-Stored. I knew an old man of nearly eighty years whose eyesight had failed. Now and then, as I happened to meet him, he would take my arm and walk along in a sweet, familiar way, and chat with me. Occasionally he would repeat snatches of poetry, a verse from the Bible, or some fine prose quotation. He amazed me by the riches of his store. On one occasion I expressed surprise at his wonderful mem-

ory, and asked him how he happened to retain so many good things. This was his answer: "My brother, when I was a young man I considered the future. I was young and strong, with all my faculties awake. I asked myself what I should do if I ever lost my sight; it occurred to me that that was a possibility as it happens to so many old people. I made up my mind to do certain definite things, to memorize something every day, a snatch of poetry, a verse of Scripture, or some little sentence. I kept it up through my life and I wish you could realize the joy these things are to me now—now that my sight has almost gone. My treasures cannot be taken from me."

—REV. W. H. GEISTWEIT.

3130. Memory. See Conscience.

3131. Memory. No canvas absorbs color like memory.—WILLMOTT.

3132. Memory, Picture Gallery. Memory is the mind's private picture gallery. Therefore be careful as to the thoughts you hang up there; for you alone must look at them.

3133. Memory, a Reproducer. There is an unhappy memory. Tom Hood had it. He lived to see a day when he wished that he had died when a boy, which was a confession that he had lived in vain. The rich man had it. "Son, remember," was the sad response that he received from Father Abraham when he called for relief. He had lived a selfish life, and the memory of the days that were filled his soul with unutterable agony. Memory is an abiding sense; it can never be blotted out. I listened to a song the other day, sung by a man, now dead; yet the voice was clear and strong. It was reproduced by a record on a talking-machine, but the man has been dead for several years. Do you see what I mean? "For every idle word that men shall speak they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment." Let there be no idle words, or idle hours, or hours wherein anything is said or done that will cause us bitter tears some day. Memory is simply the reproducer. Will it some day talk in tones of remorse, or in glad songs of joy and holy service?—REV. W. H. GEISTWEIT.

3134. Memory of Sabbath Bells. Tradition tells us that the Cathedral bells of Limerick were originally made for an Italian convent by a native who put his heart into his work and produced a chime of sweet-toned bells of marvelous beauty. He dwelt for years within their sound and never was satiated with their sweet-

ness. During subsequent disturbances the bells were carried to Ireland. Late in life the Italian came thither. At evening he was borne up the waters of the Shannon. A melodious chime was ringing out on the still air with strange beauty. It was the long-lost treasure of his life. In silent joy his heart broke, and when the rowers looked at him his eyes were closed on earth.

3135. Memory, Scourge of. One of the most terrible sentences in the Bible is this: "Son, remember," the word spoken by Abraham to the rich man in torment (Luke 16:25). Instances are on record in which sickness quickened memory, and things that had long been forgotten suddenly leaped into life; and it is well known that some old people more easily remember the events of their childhood than they do the happenings of yesterday. So memory retains all our experiences, and the time will come when we must face them, good or bad.

3136. Memory, Scourge of. It sometimes happens that memory becomes a scourge even here on earth. The case of Joseph's brethren is an illustration. Twenty years had elapsed since their fearful crime had been committed, and yet it still held them in the strength of conscience. Twenty years, and not one of the circumstances had faded from their souls; God strikes their memory with the rod of a Providential infliction, and the doors of its caves burst open, and the figures of the past sins of guilt come trooping out, and they are again carried back to the period when they despised their brother's anguish, and sold him for gold. "And they said one to another, we are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear, therefore is this distress come upon us."—*Zion's Watchman*.

3137. Memory of Sin. A man who had been befriended and cared for under peculiar circumstances, by one who trusted him at a conscious risk to himself, was guilty of the grossest betrayal of the confidence of his benefactor. When at last the facts in the case came out, the wretched misdoer said to the man whom he had wronged: "I know just what I've done, and how it must seem to you. But there's one thing I tell you,—you can't despise or hate me for it as I despise and hate myself." Hell itself is the uncleansed memory of one's sins and their meannesses.—*Sunday School Times*.

3138. Memory, Trained. During the Middle Ages there was in Europe a religious sect called Bogomiles, which spread from Bulgaria even unto England. It was said that there was not one person in the sect who did not know at least the New Testament by heart, and one of their bishops, in a letter, asserted that in his flock of four thousand there was not one who had not every word both of the Old and New Testaments perfectly in his memory.

3139. Men, God Growing. Some one has said that an optimist is a man who can scent a harvest while snow still covers the ground. But I read a better definition than that. It was in a story. The young man in the story was trying to establish himself as a peach-grower. He had worked for years and invested his all in a peach orchard, which at last bloomed bounteously—and then came a frost. He didn't go to church the next Sabbath, nor the next, nor the next. His minister went to hunt him up, and inquired the reason. The discouraged young fellow exclaimed: "No, and what is more, I'm not coming any more. Do you think I can worship a God who loves me so little that he will let a frost kill all my peaches?"

The old minister looked at him a moment in silence, and then replied kindly: "Young man, God loves you better than he does your peaches. He knows that, while peaches do better without frosts, it is impossible to grow the best men without frosts. His object is to grow men, not peaches."—REV. J. F. COWAN, D.D.

3140. Mercy, Greek Conception of. Misericordia, or Mercy, had an altar at Athens. This was a public sanctuary for the unfortunate. It was unlawful to take any one from it by force.

3141. Message, A King's. When the Prime Minister stands at the Bar of the House of Commons and cries: "A message from the King," everything else is held in abeyance, and the message takes first place in its proceedings. So must it be with the King's message in my soul. It must have first place because it is of first rank.—REV. JOHN HENRY JOWETT, D.D.

3142. Messenger, A Bird. One day a wonderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and the wife of the famous Arctic explorer in another moment covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The

carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with him and his expedition in the polar regions. Nansen had fastened a message to a carrier pigeon and turned the bird loose. The frail courier darted out into the blizzard air. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress, and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously. We boast of human pluck, sagacity, and endurance; but this loving little carrier pigeon, in its homeward flight after an absence of thirty months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to the amazement and admiration which must overwhelm every one when the marvelous story is told.

3143. Metaphysics. When we remember that the first great divisional controversy turned upon the metaphysical distinction between "homousion" and "homoiouision," the following is significant:

"What is metaphysics?" an old Scotchman was asked.

"Weel, when a mawn gets to argooing oop and oop an' doon an' doon, till nae one kens whawr he is an' he dinna ken whawr he is himsel'—that's metaphysics."

3144. Ministers. It is not the way to convert a sinner to knock him down first and then reason with him.—S. IRENEUS PRIME.

3145. Ministry and Division of Labor. Two sons of a prominent elder, who is not a man of large means, were discussing the ambition of one of them to enter the gospel ministry. The father, though fully sympathetic with his purpose, in a semi-facetious way, said to his elder son: "If you become a preacher you will have pretty poor picking. Mr. Brown will give you some potatoes and Mr. Green some cabbages, and you will never get much ahead."

But then the younger son spoke up and said: "Never mind, brother, if you want to be a minister I will be a business man and make money so that you can be a minister and I will support you."

This is the whole problem of relief and sustentation put in very simple concrete terms. Will the brother who makes money provide in generous part for the brother who is devoted to a ministry des-

tinued to be set apart from worldly avocation and labor and care?

3146. Ministry, The, and Marching Orders. General William Tecumseh Sherman one time gave a characteristic bit of advice, of which Dr. E. H. Pearce, sometime president of the Wesleyan College at Winchester, Kentucky, tells in the following incident: "Just after the close of the Civil War, I was living in Washington, and, being a young man, was trying to decide whether I should enter the Christian ministry or not. I resorted to a friend, well known and wise in counsel, to seek his advice. Shortly after our conference began, General Sherman, who was an intimate of my friend's home, came in. My friend said to him: 'General, Mr. Pearce here is trying to decide whether to preach or not.' In his characteristic way General Sherman replied, 'Obey your last marching orders, young man.' For a moment the great general seemed abstracted, and then continued: 'God Almighty only knows what would become of the country, if it were not for the Christian men and women in it.' Testimony from such a source to the regenerative influence of the great religion is significant.—REV. ALLYN K. FOSTER.

3147. Miracle, A Modern. "Of course, no one believes in miracles nowadays," said Mr. Hardy to his neighbor, Mr. Clark. "That depends on what you mean by miracles," said Mr. Clark thoughtfully. "I believe in them myself." "You mean that you think miracles occurred in the time of Christ. They certainly don't occur now. Miracles belong to the age of superstition, to the childhood of the race." "I don't know about that," said Mr. Clark. "If you agree that a miracle is a change due to supernatural power, I can show you a miracle to-night right here in this city. Will you go with me and promise to look and listen without prejudice?" "Surely I will."

The two men met after supper that night, and Clark took his friend to a part of the city in which Hardy had never been before. They went into a little hall between two saloons, and took seats with a crowd of men and women so dilapidated in appearance that Hardy whispered to Clark, "What sort of a place have you got me into? This must be a meeting of all the 'downs and outs.' " "It is," said Clark, briefly. After the leader had given out a hymn and made a short prayer, a big man with a voice

of thunder rose and spoke. For half an hour he poured forth a perfect torrent of appeal to that roomful of lost men and women. He begged, urged, commanded them to come to God. When he sat down a score of men and women went forward, and the big man knelt and prayed for them in a voice so tender that Hardy found his face wet with tears.

He and Clark went out on the street.

"Well," said Clark, "you have seen your miracle." "I grant I have seen an interesting sight and heard a good temperance talk, but where is the miracle?" "Nine months ago that man you heard was a professional gambler and thief. He has been in state prison six different times. He has spent a fortune in drink and vice. To-day he is engaged in an honest trade. He has abandoned all his old habits, and every hour he can spare he labors to redeem lost men and women. He is a devout, prayerful man. I say he is a modern miracle, as great as any that Jesus Christ ever performed. Could anything except miraculous power make that man what he is to-night?"

Hardy was silent. Finally he said: "You are right. I shall never disbelieve in miracles again."

3148. Miracle, Our Need of. "And this beginning of miracles did Jesus in Land of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him." John 2:11. Very recently a man who had all his life been impatient of any illusion to miracles went to two different churches on the same Sunday and heard two preachers, each of whom took a miracle for his text. At any previous time in his life he would have been irritated by the subject and refused his attention. But this time he said that he was positively hungry to hear about it. Nothing could have been more to his mind. His mood was such that every word went right home. One preacher spoke on the man who was born blind, and the other on the man at Bethsaida who had been a long time in that case. Neither of the speakers discussed the miraculous, and he was glad of it, for such discussions never seem to get anywhere; but the listener welcomed the hearing about two miracles in one day because he said a miracle of some sort was just what he was needing himself and hungering for in his own life. To hear from believing lips something convincing and hopeful about the resources of God's goodness was what he was

craving. He had been "a long time in that case," and was in deep need of a miracle.

So long as we feel self-sufficient and able to do everything for ourselves, the miracles have little force with us. And it is a curious coincidence that this age of ours, which has felt able to perform all kinds of miracles itself, should be just the age most skeptical about God's willingness to perform them. There are moods in which miracles are wasted on us; but when we are at the end of our powers, when all self-sufficiency has vanished, we are much more willing to listen to another kind of sufficiency. It may take long for this feeling of our self-sustaining power to vanish; but when it does, the miracle looks like another thing altogether. We have a real craving for it.

The miracles are not something to be forced down our throats; they are addressed to our needy hearts and impotent lives. They leave us cold and unmoved or make us merely disputatious until some great need develops in our experience which carries us beyond all ordinary situations; and then we can hardly hear too much about them. The miracle demands its own proper mood, and men will still divide as they did in our Lord's day, one saying, "An angel spoke to him," and another saying, "It thundered." The man who at last listened eagerly to the miracles felt that an angel had indeed spoken to him. He had gone up and down the confines of his own ever-narrowing circumstances without finding any escape; and now it seemed as if a new dimension might be added to his life.—*Sunday School Times*.

3149. Miracles, Daily. One day a skeptic questioned Emerson as to his belief in miracles. The philosopher smiled and pointed to the fly on the window-pane. Miracles! They are everywhere around us. As William Jennings Bryan pointed out, one may drop a brown seed into the black soil and up comes a green shoot. You let it grow and by and by you pull up its root and you find it red. You cut the red root and find it has a white heart. Can any one tell how this comes about—how brown cast into black results in green and then in red and white? Yet you eat your radish without troubling your mind over miracles. Men are not distressed by mysteries in the dining room; they reserve them all for religion.—*Christian Observer*.

3150. Miracles Attest Christ's Deity.

The miracles have ever remained the unassailable witnesses to the deity which he claimed for himself. For this reason it has been in the past and will continue in the future to be the effort of all who are opposed to his being accepted as the Christ, the Son of the living God, to discredit and break down the authority of the miracles.

Blot out all the miracles, and with them all the precious record of the humility and love and compassion of Christ, and the most important lessons as to faith and his power as he walked on earth would be obliterated. We should then have only his words without his works, but no revelation of the new, tender and close relationship between God and man, as was shown by his thus bearing our infirmities and taking our sicknesses upon him.

The miracles of Christ in the Bible are called "signs" because, like finger-posts, they point to some greater fact beyond them, namely, that the Son of God is indeed come down to dwell among men (Immanuel, God with us). They are called "powers," because the power of God is manifested in saving man from bearing the consequences of sin, from demon-possession, from disease, and from death; also, because the power of the Creator was present to do with his creatures,—the water made wine, the sea calmed, the walking on the sea, the fish supplying the piece of money,—as he would. They are "prodigies," because all the people said, "we never saw one of this wise before." So strong in character are the miracles that they are the very bulwark of his doctrine, and so wonderful is his doctrine that then as now it upholds the miracles.—HOWARD A. KELLY, M.D.

3151. Miracles Believable. "Can an intelligent man believe in the supernatural?" To this Dr. E. L. Pell answers: "Why not? Intelligent men have believed in spiritualism, post-futurism, Christian Science, war, the superman, Wall Street, theosophy, ghosts and eugenics. Why should they have any difficulty in believing in the supernatural?"

3152. Miracles Desired. Some wealthy Africans with whom Kruger was traveling in the desert, found the food hamper gone astray. "You are a great believer in miracles, Oom Paul," said one of them. "Why can't you arrange for heaven to send me victuals by the crows, as they were sent by the ravens to

Elijah?" "Because," said Oom, dryly, "Elijah was a prophet with a mission; you are a fool with an appetite."

3153. Miracles and Christianity Inseparable. The Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, who stands foremost in the front rank of Congregational ministers, begins one of his essays on Miracles with these words: "Miracles, once regarded as the great bulwark of the Christian faith, are now regarded as its greatest burden." But Dr. Fairbairn does not himself so regard them. On the contrary, he has no sympathy with those who advocate a non-miraculous Christianity. If Bible miracles be a burden to them, they are no burden to him. He says, in effect, that Christianity and miracles are inseparable. God has joined them together and no man can put them asunder. Without miracles, Christianity could not be. "The objections that annihilate Christ; what preserves His Person saves their being. In the region of thought and history, where He becomes a reality, they too become real."—REV. JAMES MCLEOD, D.D.

3154. Miracles of Grace. When a man declares to me, "I cannot believe in miracles," I reply, "I can, because I have witnessed them." "When and where?" "On a certain street in this city is a man who, a week ago, was given over to every form of vice and brutality, but who is now a good citizen, an honest workman, a kind husband, a loving father, a pure, upright man. Surely that is such a miracle as makes me forever believe in the possibility of miracles."—HENRY DRUMMOND.

3155. Miracles Meet Our Need. There is a body of "scientific" men and women in our day who busy themselves with "Psychic Research." It was our privilege some time ago to attend a meeting in which one of the leaders of this research spoke for an hour or more on what he had seen and heard in gatherings attended only by the highest cultured men and women. It would be foolish to rehearse all that was heard there that night. Suffice it to say that all the Biblical miracles combined do not demand one-hundredth part as much faith or credulity or whatever one may be pleased to call it, as did these marvels of "Psychic Research."

An Episcopalian minister, who was present, asked the speaker whether he believed all he had told us. The reply was that though he did not pretend to understand the facts, he was compelled, by the undoubted evidence of the senses,

to believe them. The apt reply of the minister was: "Then I for one do not see how you can have any difficulty with the miracles of the Bible."

And there it is in a nutshell. The modern "Scientific" theologian refuses to credit the witness to the miracles of the Scriptures, but he eagerly credits what his own eyes see and his own ears hear. However, when once we admit the fact that we are compelled to believe, on evidence, what we cannot understand, the entire question of miracles and their trustworthiness is reduced to a matter of testimony. And the miracles of the Bible are corroborated by ample testimony. If we could understand God in all His power and attributes, we would be His equals and would cease to worship Him. The human heart cries out for a God greater than ourselves.—*The Christian Observer*.

3156. Miracles, The Message of. Dr. Everett, for many years professor of theology at the Unitarian University of Harvard, was asked in my hearing, by one of his students, near the close of his great life-work, whether he believed in the miracles of the New Testament. The student expected nothing else than a denial of the miraculous of the Bible in toto—a sweeping of all away "as such stuff as dreams are made of." Great was his surprise to see come over the face of Dr. Everett a sense of the most wonderful thoughtfulness. After a moment's pause, which to all who were present was actually painful, there came slowly, reverently, yet most confidently, this reply: "Believe in miracles? Why, gentlemen, once I did not believe in them at all, but as the years come on it seems I want to believe in little else." Then he went on to state what the miracle meant to him after all his years of wrestling with this problem of problems which we all have to face.

One day, he said, he was crossing the Atlantic. Over the vessel swept a great sea gull, which at last lighted on the deck. As the passengers went toward it, it tried to fly, but could not get a sweep of the wings sufficient to take its flight. An old sailor went to the bird in its fright and distress, and lifted it up. At once its great wings had the sweep of the air, and it soared into the heavens and was soon far out of sight. "Instantly," Dr. Everett said, "as I saw that, there came to me the thought of the true place of the miraculous in the Book of books." He said we are all so

of the earth earthy. We all are such apt reasoners from the dirt or star, dirt up, that we can never get the sweep of our wings of the spiritual, till somehow we look upon some miracle—some manifestation of the Spirit over the material beyond our every-day knowledge of things. Then we realize that man, like his God, is a spirit, and only by living from this side of our being will he live triumphantly. The miracle of the Bible is to man, prostrate in his dirt philosophy, what the old sailor was to the sea bird. It lifts you above the earth which is earthy, gives you the sweep of your wings of faith, till one can soar in the realm of the Spirit, which will as surely lead to the heart of the All-Father as the instinct of the water fowls will carry them from the Northland, when winter comes, to the far-away sunny South.

Thus we begin to understand that belief in miracles does not "stultify the intellect." It rather lifts the intellect out of its "cribbed and cabined quarters" into the larger realm of the reality of the Spirit, which is the very substance out of which actually comes into being all things hoped for, and brings to light most glorious—beyond which we are able to ask or think—things not yet seen.—FRANK W. RIAL, D.D.

3157. Miracles, Modern Workers of. *The New York Christian Advocate* gives an account of a band of Salvation Army workers in Montreal, on a Sabbath afternoon, before a large hotel, who were trying to preach Christ and him crucified. After the sermon, they asked for a contribution, and from the windows of the hotel came not only money, but the people were saying, "Go on, ye workers in miracles, and win." And this has just been the course of the Gospel. "To-day a drunkard, to-morrow a preacher; to-day a harlot, to-morrow an angel of mercy," etc. *The Advocate* then says:

"If our rationalizing Protestantism would cease questioning the possibility of miracles, and abandon itself to the will of the Lord, strange things would happen before our eyes. With our scientific scrutiny of religious phenomena, we discourage even the spirit of evangelism. We refuse to be awestruck by anything. We expect no signs and wonders from above. We say God is everywhere, and then find Him nowhere.

"Attempt great things for God; expect great things from God," was the motto of William Carey. A greater audacity on the part of Christians would

inevitably spring a larger liberality in the outpouring of the divine Spirit."

A shallow rationalism and an arrogant subjectivism are the greatest weaknesses in the religious thinking of the age, if it may be called thinking.

3158. Miracles, Mysteries of. In his great address, "The Making of a Man," Hon. William J. Bryan advises young men, when challenged by unbelievers to explain the mysteries of the Bible, to ask them in turn to explain the everyday occurrence on the farm, how "a red cow can eat green grass, and give white milk which can be made into yellow butter." A thing may be true even though you cannot explain how, nor understand why.

3159. Miracles, Reason for. The great reason for the miracles of the Bible seems to have been this: that men should recognize that there was offered to them in God a power for the blessing of their lives wholly beyond all the natural powers of man and of the physical universe. This freely offered and undeserved blessing of God centered and culminated in God's gift of his Son, Jesus Christ; and the miracles of the Bible are more numerous during and soon after Christ's life on earth than at any other time. Moreover, it is significant that all through the centuries those who have found and manifested a supernatural life through receiving Jesus Christ as Saviour have believed in the miracles of the Bible. The lesser miracles of the physical universe: a supernatural freedom from the power of sin, given to and sustained in them by Jesus Christ as their new life from God. To them, therefore, it is unreasonable to accept the greatest miracle, revealed in the Book, and doubt the lesser ones there recorded. And they rejoice that the lesser miracles paved the way to the working of the greatest one.—*Sunday School Times*.

3160. Miracles Seen. When a man asks me why I believe in miracles, I answer, "Because I have seen them." He asks, "When?" I reply, "Yesterday." "Where?" "In such and such a place I saw a man who had been a drunkard redeemed by the power of an unseen Christ, and saved from sin. That was a miracle." The best argument for Christianity is a Christian. That is a fact which men cannot get over. There are fifty other arguments for miracles, but none so good as that you have seen them. Perhaps you are one yourself. Show a man a miracle with his own eyes, and

if he is not too hardened he will believe.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

3161. Mirth, a Medicine. Mirth has been called God's medicine. There are few persons who cannot testify to the saving value of a smile. There is a story told of a man who received a wire while on a business trip that his business had been wiped out by fire. The depression which followed this news threatened for a time his mental balance, and he even gave serious thoughts to taking his own life.

While in this dangerous mood, he received a letter from his daughter, a girl of nine, which read: "Dear Daddy, I went down to see your store that was burned and it looked awfully pretty all covered with ice. Love and kisses from Helen."

The man laughed, and the day was saved. That glint of humor was like a ray of sunshine in a dark cell. The spirit of the man was released from the prison of his gloom.

3162. Miser, A Dying. "Dear pastor, I wish I could take my money along in the next world," said a rich old man before dying. "It might melt," was the reply of the pastor.

3163. Missionaries. See *Missionary Sunday*.

3164. Missionaries. A missionary physician in one of China's hospitals cured a man of cataract. A few weeks later forty-eight blind men from one of China's wilds, each holding on to a rope held in the hands of the man who was cured, came to him. Thus in a chain they had walked two hundred and fifty miles to the hospital, where nearly all were cured.

What a pathetic procession those blind men must have made! Yet it is typical of the willingness of men to come to the Great Physician.—*Record of Christian Work*.

3165. Missionaries, Christians as. In these days the "lost sheep of the house of Israel" may be in your own home. Do you remember the story of Sophie Brugman who had been praying to become a foreign missionary? One day she thought to ask herself these questions: "Where were you born, Sophie Brugman?" "In Germany," came the answer. "Where are you now?" "In America." "Well, are you not a foreign missionary? Now who lives on the floor above?" "A family of Swedes." "And who above them?" "Why, some Swiss." "Who in the rear?" "Italians." "And

who a block away?" "Some Chinese." "And I have never said a word to these people about the blessed Jesus. I think it is no wonder I am not sent thousands of miles to the foreigners and heathen when I do not care enough about those at home to speak to the ones at my very door."

3166. Missionaries Honored. "Enlarger of the Empire" (Mehrler des Reiches) is a title of honor conferred by the Germans on a very few of their greatest warriors and statesmen. The Christian minister should aspire to no higher distinction than that of winning by a long life of faithful recruiting work the right to the title of "Enlarger of the Kingdom."—JOHN R. MOTT.

3167. Missionaries, Their Great Influence. The bells in Christian towers and the lights in Christian chapels are almost within sight and hearing of each other around the whole globe, and this has been made possible because the lives of consecrated missionaries were laid on God's altar, and noble and devoted souls lived for Christ instead of self.

3168. Missionaries Must Be Worthy. At a gathering of Student Volunteers at one of the summer conferences it was remarked by one of the secretaries of the movement that some of the most valuable and far-reaching work of the movement was being accomplished through volunteers who for various reasons of Providence had been detained from going to the foreign field. The real foreign missionary is an active one everywhere. As some one remarked, "He who is not fit to remain is not fit to go."

3169. Missionary, Every Christian a. An English lady who often gave gifts to our mission in India, said Mr. Robert Wilder, was one day thanked by my mother for some act of kindness. With an earnest look she said: "You are under no more obligation to go down and teach the women in those huts than I am." All of Christ's followers are under equal obligations to consecrate their lives wholly to him and his service.

3170. Missionary, Every Christian Should Be. Dr. Grenfell tells a story of how, at a dinner given in his honor, a lady remarked to him: "Is it true that you are a missionary?" "Isn't it true that you are?" was his unexpected reply. Do we ever stop to think of it?

3171. Missionary, A Great. In 1852, a young Hollander, Guido Verbeck, emigrated to America, hoping to make his fortune in the land of promise. After

some months he was taken seriously ill. For six weeks he suffered great pain and when he recovered he was almost a skeleton. His capital was exhausted in paying doctors and nurses. But the illness was the turning point in his life. He promised God that if restored to health, he would consecrate his life to service in the mission field. The vow was kept. When the way opened, he re-entered school, and graduated from Auburn Seminary in 1859. A few months later he was in Japan, beginning the labor which made such a wonderful impression on the political, social, and religious development of the Island Kingdom.

3172. Missionary Heroism. George Atley was a young Englishman, with the instincts and heart of a hero. He was engaged in the Central African Mission. The story came of his being attacked by a party of natives. He had with him a Winchester repeating rifle, with ten chambers loaded; he had the party completely at his mercy. Calmly and coolly he summed up the situation, and finally concluded that if he killed them he would do more harm to the mission than were he to let them take his own life. So as a lamb to the slaughter he was led, and when his dead body was found in the stream, his rifle was also found, its ten chambers untouched.—DR. M. J. McLEOD.

3173. Missionary Heroism. Kennedy, a student volunteer of Colorado, testifying as to his reason for going to the foreign field, said: "I found in fighting forest fires effectively that you've got to go where the fire is hottest. The foreign field is where the fires are hottest."

3174. Missionary, Not Wasting Talents. At a class reunion at one of the great eastern universities, one graduate asked of another concerning a third: "How do you account for Manley's going as a missionary? I had picked him out for a great career in law or medicine or politics. He was the most intellectual and brilliant man in our class. Now it has been years since I have heard from him. Poor fellow! A great career lost! Wasted his talents on some low-down heathen." The speaker was the head of a great corporation and had spent all his time since graduation in making money. His companion, a distinguished journalist, replied: "I have a letter here from Manley. He wants to be remembered to the class, and he encloses a little circular telling about his work. It includes the biggest hospital for surgical

cases in all China; a preaching circle of fourteen stations and outstations; a publishing house that ranks first in the East; a boys' training school that requires an outlay of \$25,000 a year, with an attendance of 500 students; he has twenty-seven assistant workers in various departments." The business man did the manly thing. "I apologize to Manley," he said. "I did not know what a great career a modern missionary has. By the side of it I am willing to say my own is small. I envy him his great career."

3175. Missionary Offering, Your.

"Give as you would if an angel

Awaited your gift at the door.

Give as you would if to-morrow

Found you where giving is o'er.

Give as you would to the Master

If you met his loving look,

Give as you would of your substance

If his hand the offering took."

3176. Missionary Persistence. "There is no use keeping the church open any longer; you may as well give me the key," said a missionary in Madras, as in the course of a journey he passed through a village where once so many of the natives had professed Christianity that a little church had been built for them. But the converts had fallen away, returned to their idols, and there remained faithful only one poor woman to whom the missionary was now speaking. "There is Christian worship in the village three miles off," he added, noticing her sorrowful look; "any one who wishes can go there." "Oh, sir," she pleaded most earnestly, "do not take away the key! I at least will still go daily to the church, and sweep it clean, and will keep the lamp in order, and will go on praying that God's light may one day visit us again." So the missionary left her the key, and presently the time came when he preached in that very church, crowded with penitent sinners—the harvest of the God-given faith of that one poor Indian woman.—*The Treasury*.

3177. Missionary, Power of Medical.

Dr. Valentine settled first at Beawar. God had laid his hand heavily upon him; he was very ill, and was recommended to go to the Himalayas for a change of air and rest. On his way thither, having to pass through Jeypore, he was brought into contact with the Maharajah, who told him that his wife, the Maharanee, was very ill, and that the native physicians had given her up. Dr. Valentine said that he would be glad to see her,

and do what he could for her. The way was opened up. The Maharajah was pleased, and arranged that—difficult as it is to gain access to the women there—Dr. Valentine should visit the Ranee. The result was that through God's blessing upon Dr. Valentine's treatment, she was restored to health. Now no missionary had ever been allowed to settle in Jeypore, perhaps one of the greatest strongholds of idolatry in India. But Dr. Valentine became the private physician of the Maharajah, and thereby was permitted to preach the gospel from one end of the province to the other. He remained there for fourteen years, and to-day the United Presbyterian Church has a large and prosperous mission there.

—WILLIAM K. CONNER.

3178. Missionary Qualifications. William Ashmore, fifty years a famous missionary in China, was once asked to mention some of the qualifications of a good missionary. "Close to the top of the list," he said, "I should place the ability to work in harmony with others. Willingness to let others have their say sometimes. The power to do your best in methods that the majority approve, even if they do not seem the best to you. That's the man for a missionary."

3179. Missionary, A True. An Indian woman lay ill in a hospital. She had learned there to know Christ. One day she asked how long she had to live. "About three months," they said, "if you stay here where we can alleviate your pain." "And if I go home?" "Two or three weeks, and you will suffer much." "But," she said, "I shall go and tell the people in my village of Jesus." And she did, choosing to die in great suffering that she might save some.—*Christian Herald*.

3180. Missionary Zeal. Among the members of the church that was the center of the Japanese persecution was a young man who had been but a month back from the Waseda University, Tokyo, where he had been a student. He was put in a cell by himself, and chafed under the restraint that kept him from preaching the gospel to the other prisoners, as his fellow-Christians were doing. Then this youth was unexpectedly banished to a neighboring island. He told the story afterwards with shining face: "Just think! I had been longing for a chance to tell about Jesus to those who did not know him, and mourning because I could not preach in jail. Then God sent me off to an unevangel-

ized island, where there was plenty of work to do for him, and Japan paid my fare!" That sounds like Paul the prisoner, doesn't it?—*The Continent*.

3181. **Missionary Sunday.** See **Giving.** See **Money.** See **Missions.**

3182. **Missionary Sunday: The Lord Added.** A Christian business man with a large family, living in a rented house, had finally the means to build a home in the suburbs. The lot was leveled and plans in readiness when a letter came from a missionary whom they were supporting in China, saying that the hospital had burned and there was no place for the sick. "Which shall it be," the husband asked the wife, "a home and fresh air for our children, or a hospital for the Chinese?" They wavered between what seemed to be two paths of duty. Finally the wife said: "The Lord gave us that fund for a house. I believe He meant a house in China." The husband agreed. They drew out the money and sent it to rebuild the hospital, settling down to live indefinitely in the old house on the dusty street. But business began to be more profitable somehow. Money seemed to come in. They hardly knew how it came about, but in less time than they had first expected their home was built, a cozier one than first planned.—*GERTRUDE COGAN LYON*.

3183. **Missionary Sunday: All Kinds of Ability.** "How can they hear without a preacher?" That question remains unanswered. It has been well said that every Christian should consider himself or herself called to be a missionary unless he or she has a distinct call to remain at home. The burden of proof is on the Christian, if he stays at home. To-day missionary work is so varied that all kinds of ability can be used—Bible-readers, doctors, teachers, industrial workers, printers, and so on, as well as evangelists. The mission boards always have more places to be filled than they have suitable men and women to fill them.—*C. E. World*.

3184. **Missionary Sunday: Cry from Africa.** In one of his missionary tours Peter Cameron Scott, missionary to Africa, gives a most touching description of what was accomplished after having preached Jesus for nearly two hours or more. A very old heathen man, having most attentively listened, came tottering up to where he stood, and after asking a few most searching questions, became somewhat satisfied that the blood of Jesus could even cleanse away his

sins, and while opening his heart to the Saviour closed his conversation by asking with deep pathos, in trembling tones (while the tears were glistening in his eyes): "Why didn't you tell us the story sooner; why didn't you let us know?"

3185. **Missionary Sunday: Being Small and Feeling Small.** "A prosperous member of a church in Scotland was often besought by his pastor to give to the work of evangelizing the poor in Glasgow, but would always reply: 'No, I need it for myself.' One night he dreamed that he was at the gate of heaven, which was only a few inches ajar. He tried to get in, but could not, and was in agony at his poor prospect. The face of his minister appeared, who said: 'Sandy, why stand ye glowering there? Why don't ye gae in?' 'I can't; I am too large and my pocketbook sticks out whichever way I turn.' 'Sandy, think how mean ye have been to the Lord's poor and ye will be small enough to go through the eye of a needle.' He awoke, and began to reduce both his pocketbook and his carnality by giving to Christ's cause. The best spiritual 'banting system' for plethora of soul and body is reduction of carnality in life."

In the archives of one of our mission boards that story has its counterpart. Which is the original we cannot say. A member of a church who was in arrears for his missionary subscription was caught in a storm near some woods in the wild West. The only shelter he could discover was the hollow trunk of a tree lying on the ground. Into this he crawled thankfully. When the storm had subsided, however, the log seemed to have contracted and he found it impossible to crawl out again. Starvation or suffocation and death appeared inevitable, when suddenly remembering the arrears on his subscription he felt so small that he had no difficulty in getting out of his prison. He renews his subscription with regularity and promptness now. Another application of this story is that the man only put a dollar in the missionary collection the Sunday before and it made him feel so small he easily crawled out of the hollow tree.

3186. **Missionary Sunday: Bell of Idols.** A missionary saw, one morning, a native coming to his house with a heavy burden. On reaching the door he laid on the ground a sack. Unfastening this, he emptied out of it a number of idols.

"What have you brought these here

for?" asked the missionary. "I don't want them."

"You have taught us that we do not want them, sir," said the native, "but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?"

The missionary was pleased. The idols were sent to a bell foundry and made into a bell, which now calls the natives to praise and prayer in a Christian church.

3187. Missionary Sunday: Bible Influence. A missionary tells of a man "arrested for burglary in a Christian school. One of the girls, whose room he entered and whose clothing he stole, not losing her presence of mind, gently asked him to take her New Testament also. He was permitted to keep the book in prison, and the result of his study was that he became a devoted Christian. On his discharge he went to the well-known Home for Discharged Prisoners in Tokyo, founded by Mr. T. Hara, and recommenced life as a carpenter. More than that, he led his former accomplice also to become a Christian."

3188. Missionary Sunday: Blind Far-Seeing. A poor blind woman in Paris, we are told, put twenty-seven francs into a plate at a missionary meeting.

"You cannot afford so much," said one.

"Yes, sir; I can," she answered.

On being pressed to explain, she said: "I am blind and I said to my fellow straw-workers, 'How much money do you spend in a year for oil in your lamps when it is too dark to work nights?' They replied, 'About twenty-seven francs.'"

"So," said the poor woman, "I found that I save so much in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp, and I give it to shed light to the dark heathen lands."

3189. Missionary Sunday: Clear Out. A converted Chinaman, visiting America, was greatly puzzled over the little difference he saw between professing Christians and men of the world. Speaking of the matter, he said, "When the disciples of my country come out from the world, they come clear out." This is what God requires of us—an out-and-out life for Him.

3190. Missionary Sunday: Clergymen to Spare. A Chinese Christian asked Archdeacon Moule how many clergymen there were in England. Archdeacon

Moule asked how many he thought there were. "It is a little island," he replied; "perhaps there are a thousand." He was told, "More than twenty thousand." "Then," said he, "you can easily spare a thousand for China."

3191. Missionary Sunday: Convert Tithing. One of the elders in the Tap Teang church, Siam, is a firm believer in tithing. During the recent floods in his section of the country his rice-field, as well as his unbelieving neighbor's, was almost covered by the water. It seemed a complete loss to the Christian, although there was some hope that the neighbor's could be saved. But the elder believed it was his duty to keep on tithing in spite of the loss, and he now feels he has reaped the reward of his sacrifice, for when the harvest time came he found the crop the largest he had ever had. The neighbor's field was a complete failure. Now the elder says that God opened the windows of heaven, according to His promise, as a reward for his trust in giving his tithe.—*The Missionary Review*.

3192. Missionary Sunday: Converted to Missions. An old gentleman who had traveled widely but not much away from the beaten tracks, was one day with a party of Americans in Algiers. For the first time he saw a real foreign missionary enterprise in the home of Miss Trotter's mission there. The next day on the steamer he said to some friends, "I am perfectly frank to say that I have not been interested in foreign missions, but now it is all different. I now believe in foreign missions because of what I have seen," and he did not hesitate to tell others from that time on what that day had meant to him. Was he more blind than the rest of us? If you believe in the blessings that have come to us here in this neighborhood through the Word of God, and through the lives of Christian men and women, then you simply would have to believe in foreign missions. If you know the need in your own life then you know just a little of the need in the lives of millions who have not yet known Christ, but whom he loves just as he does you.

3193. Missionary Sunday: Converts Missionaries. Dr. Richards tells about a community of Congo Christians that became aroused concerning the heathen Africans on the other side of the river. "We are saved, and they know nothing about Jesus," they cried. "What shall we do?" At last fifty of them took

some food and crossed the river and stayed among the villages there for three days, preaching Jesus.

3194. Missionary Sunday: The Crisis of Missions. At the crisis of the battle of the Marne, General Foch sent these words to General Joffre: "My right wing has been driven back; my left has been turned; my center has been smashed. I have ordered an advance in all directions." There spoke a man of faith and initiative. The result was what we all know to have been really the turning point of the war.

Let the friends of missions take pattern after General Foch. With their forces diminished by the call to service in other parts of the field, with treasures depleted, and with heavy burdens to be met, the Leader and Commander of the Christian army orders an "advance in all directions." We are at the crisis of the war, but we have no doubt of the final outcome. We are at the crisis of missionary endeavor, and we have no doubt of the final outcome. In that faith let us "advance in all directions."—*Men and Missions.*

3195. Missionary Sunday: Christ's Desire. The great desire that burned in the bosom of Humbert, King of Italy, was the establishment of an African Empire, over which the tri-color of Italy might wave. The realization of this desire was the ambition of his life. He undertook the stupendous task, only to meet with heart-breaking disappointment; for the terrible reverse suffered at Adowa, shattered his hopes of realizing the dream of his life. But how different with Jesus Christ! He means to convert the nations into His subjects, to turn the continents and isles of earth into His Empire; and He shall yet do it. Reverses have come to His army, defeat has again and again occurred; but yet His soldiers are in the field winning glorious victories. Defeat has not disheartened Him; nor does ever the thought of failure to establish His sway over all lands, halt His steps for an instant.

3196. Missionary Sunday: City Missions. Rev. Ernest Bourner Allen tells of an Italian who was converted in New York City. He returned to his native town and bravely confessed his Protestantism. After much persecution he found a Protestant pastor who aided him in starting a mission. He was refused a place to preach, was ostracized and threatened; but now he is an ordained

minister, with a church of one hundred and fifty members. And these are the kind of men who dig up our streets and sell us bananas.

3197. Missionary Sunday: James Chalmers. James Chalmers was called by Robert Louis Stevenson "the Great Heart of New Guinea." He was the son of a Scottish stone-mason. As a boy of fifteen he prayed God to make him a missionary. His prayer was granted, and he spent ten faithful years in the Cook Islands. In 1877, however, the heroic missionary obtained a transference to a more difficult and, therefore, more congenial field. He was alone with his noble wife among the desperate and cruel cannibals of New Guinea, where he had a thousand escapes from poisoning and other forms of assassination as well as from the fever. He won great influence over the natives, and accomplished much for civilization by his bold explorations. In 1901, after a wonderful life, "Tamate," as the natives called him, was murdered by a tribe whom he was newly approaching on his Christlike errand.

3198. Missionary Sunday: Changed Hearts. Namuri, Dr. J. G. Paton's helper on Tanna, was warned by him against taking a certain hazardous risk, but he answered: "The same God that changed me from what I was can change these poor Tannese to love and serve Him. I cannot stay away from them." Later, as he lay dying from a savage club, Dr. Paton heard him pray, "O Lord Jesus, forgive them, for they know not what they are doing."

3199. Missionary Sunday: Changed Lives. On Queen Charlotte Islands, south of Alaska, lives a tribe that was once the terror of the territory. Missionaries settled among the Haida, and this Indian people now attend church, and take part in the services. Fifty years ago these people hated the Indians that lived on the continent. Now they love their former enemies. When the mission buildings at Aiyansk, on the continent, were recently burned, Christian Haida women contributed \$20 out of their extreme poverty to help to rebuild.

3200. Missionary Sunday: China. Away back in the sixth century, there lived a great religious poet whose name was Fu Hsi. One day he appeared before his Emperor. On his head, he had a Taoist cap; about his throat a Buddhist scarf, and on his feet were Confucian boots. His Emperor said, looking at his hat, "You are a Taoist." Fu Hsi

merely pointed to his Buddhist scarf. Then the Emperor said, "Ah, then you are a Buddhist," but Fu Hsi only pointed to his Confucian boots. "Excuse me, then you are a Confucianist?" but Fu Hsi shook his head, for he was all three, a Taoist, a Buddhist and a Confucianist. Many of the sons of Han continue to follow Fu Hsi's example and are consistently Taoist, Buddhist and Confucianist simultaneously.

3201. Missionary Sunday: China Yielding. The seed was sown long ago; it was in a hard soil; the thrusting out of its roots seemed almost impossible; but it has taken hold, and the great rock of Chinese conservatism is breaking into a thousand pieces.—C. H. FENN, D.D.

3202. Missionary Sunday: Chinese in America. Sui Ngun, a miserable little Chinese slave girl of San Francisco, did all the hard work for a large family, and was beaten and half starved when her master or mistress were out of humor. One day, when she had been sent for some meat, the demands of hunger were too strong for her to resist, and she began to nibble at the raw pork. On reaching home she discovered to her horror that the meat was almost gone. She dared not face her master. For hours she wandered about the streets, and at last dropped exhausted on the steps of a house. Here she was found and brought to the Mission Home. This little girl, who had to be taught to play, has grown into womanhood, and has married a strong Christian Chinaman.

The feeling of many ignorant and thoughtless persons regarding the Chinese is expressed in the words of the little girl who, when a friend referred to the Chinese cook as a man, exclaimed, "Oh, Sing isn't a man; he is just a Chinalum."

Through the Chinese in America we can do foreign mission work at home.

3203. Missionary Sunday: Chinese and Americans. In a Boston church some years ago on Easter Sunday evening the congregation numbered more than fifteen hundred. The offering amounted to \$44.20. In this church there was a service for Chinese every Sunday. On that Sunday it was attended by less than one hundred and fifty Chinese. Their offering was \$72.46. Of the offering by the Chinese \$41.00 was in sums of one dollar or more; in the other there was a single dollar bill and nothing larger.

3204. Missionary Sunday: Taste of

Civilization. Missionary: "Have you ever had a taste of civilization?"

Chief of Cannibals: "Oh, yes! The last ship that stopped here left a barrel of it, but it is all gone now."

"I dread the white man's drink," said a native chief of Africa, "more than all the assaigars of Matabele, which kill men's bodies, and it is quickly over; but drink puts devils into men and destroys both body and soul forever."

3205. Missionary Sunday: Thomas Coke. Dr. Thomas Coke was a great organizer of Methodist missions, and on most of his nine journeys to America he spent much time among the West Indies Islands, encouraging and directing the missionaries. He was often in personal danger, while his missionaries were imprisoned and the negro slaves were severely punished for attending the gospel meetings. It was the law on one island that a slave should be whipped every time he was found praying. Amid all these discouragements Dr. Coke continued zealously in the work, raising money, sending out new missionaries, and in every way promoting the great cause of missions.

3206. Missionary Sunday: Converts Firm. A poverty-stricken farmer in Korea, ignorant, unable to read, became a Christian. He brought his whole village to Christ. The head man of the clan, of which he was an insignificant member, decided to repair the shrine where the founder of the clan was worshipped. He assessed a tax on clan members. It amounted to three cents per man. This Christian farmer refused to obey and explained why. The official ordered him to pay. He refused. The understrappers bound him to the beating board. The farmer raised himself on his elbows and asked if he might say a word before they began the beating. He said: "I am a worshiper of God. I believe it is a sin to have aught to do with the worship of any spirit but God. What is this money—three cents is nothing, not the price of one bottle of the beer I used to drink, yet for three cents a man may commit a great sin. You have the power of life and death over me, but you have not the power to make me pay the money." The official finally ordered him loosed, and sent away saying, "What can you do with a fellow like that?"—*Mission Bulletin*.

3207. Missionary Sunday: Could Not Come Home. One of the most touching scenes in the pageant in the World in

Boston was one that showed Stanley pleading with Livingstone to come home. Shaken with fever, weary with long travel, broken in health, the old man felt the desire strong within him to return to his friends; but he refused. "I cannot come," he said. "My work is not yet done." His whole life was an act of heroism. He kept nothing back from Africa. And he has shown us that the man that thinks of others and serves others is the real hero.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

3208. Missionary Sunday: Creditors. What would we think of a man who, being in debt, and able to pay, took advantage of the fact that his creditors, poor and ignorant folk, did not know of the money due to them and let them perish by non-payment? One of the best governors of the Isle of Man was impeached for treason in the Civil Wars, and sentenced to death. The king granted a pardon; but it fell into the hands of a bitter enemy of the governor, who never delivered it, and the governor was executed. We hold in our hands the pardon of the world: shall we hold it back? The heathen are our creditors. We are debtors, like Paul to the Jews and Greeks, to the bond and free. As much as in us lies we are debtors to them to pay the utmost that we can.—H.

3209. Missionary Sunday: Missions Building Character. John Williams taught the natives of Raiatea, in the Society Islands, how to build houses, make chairs, tables, sofas, and build boats without nails. He also showed them how to get a building-plaster out of the coral. But he taught them something better—how to build Christlike lives.

3210. Missionary Sunday: The Change Christ Makes. In a farming community in Hainan China, lives a woman with six little children. She cooks, she sews, she mends, she cares for the children, tends the pigs, chickens, buffaloes, plows fields, plants rice and harvests it, supports the children and is the mainstay of a lazy, half invalid husband as well. She is regular at church, walking six miles. When a new baby came this year she was urged to give it away as it was a girl, but refused.

What the heathen woman would do under the same circumstances is seen by a conversation heard one day by the missionary. A group of heathen women discussed with sang-froid the best method of killing babies. The Christian woman when told of this discussion, said: "Oh,

yes! Before I was a Christian I killed a baby girl. My daughter too, last year, killed a baby girl. Now, all this is changed."—*Mission Bulletin*.

3211. Missionary Sunday: Cure. A missionary, visiting a Persian town, found the women and children, as well as the men, addicted to opium eating and smoking. But two years ago the common saying was, "Opium smoking is incurable." Now the people say: "If any one wants to give it up, it can be cured. The Christians have something for it."

3212. Missionary Sunday: Leonard Dober. Leonard Dober was a pioneer Moravian missionary to the West Indies. In 1732 he set sail from Europe on hearing of the miseries suffered by the slaves, declaring that he would preach Christ to them though he himself had to become a slave. In the greatest poverty, living on bread and water, Dober continued to teach the slaves on the plantations. The next year fourteen men and four women came to help him. All of these had crossed the Atlantic in a single room below the second deck, only ten feet square, and so low that they could not even sit upright, but had to lie on the floor, the voyage lasting more than half a year. Within seventeen years nearly fifty Moravian missionaries perished in the West Indies, and one hundred and twenty-seven within fifty years, but they had immense influence for good.

3213. Missionary Sunday: Doing by Praying.

"What if, amid the forces rare
Which move and sway this wondrous ball,

The law of faith, the power of prayer
Should prove the mightiest of them all?"

"God knows," wrote Mr. Lobenstine and Mr. Morris just before sailing for their field, "God knows how much can be accomplished for China in the prayer-room of the Central Church. We shall often meet with you there to pray for China's awakening. No other bond can unite us so closely in the work."—REV. W. M. SMITH.

3214. Missionary Sunday: Dollars Versus Cents. "And he . . . beheld how the multitude cast money into the treasury."

A pianist of world-wide reputation came to a Western city. The largest auditorium was crowded. The receipts

for a single evening were \$2,750. On Sunday night there was a grand mass-meeting to express the sympathy of the Christian people in that city for the persecuted Armenians. A collection was taken up which amounted to \$27.50—exactly one per cent. of what was paid to hear the great pianist,—a hundred times as much to gratify musical taste, and, in some instances no doubt, mere curiosity, as to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. From this we see how we often pay to Christ's cause. Jesus beholds us cast our money into the treasury. One per cent. is a "mite," but it is not the "mite" that is the "all."—REV. A. L. HOWARD.

3215. Missionary Sunday: Missions and Democracy.

There is a destiny that makes us brothers.

None goes his way alone,

All that we send into the lives of others

Comes back into our own.

—EDWIN MARKHAM.

3216. Missionary Sunday: Dust Well Mixed. While Campbell Morgan stood one day in the vestry of the Fifth Avenue Church in New York, a man stepped up to him, took his hand and looked into his face affectionately, and said, "Don't you know me?" "I seem to know your face," said Doctor Morgan. "I am Griffith John," said the man. Doctor Morgan said he felt that he stood in the presence of one of the great apostles. Under the spell of that moment, Doctor Morgan asked him for his blessing, and this is the benediction he quickly gave him: "I have had fifty years in China, and I'm going back." "Well," said Doctor Morgan, "aren't you coming to see us in the old country?" "Oh, no," he said, "I've very little interest in the old country." "Don't you want to see Wales?" pressed Doctor Morgan. "No," he said, "I love China more. Wales is a beautiful memory to me, but I must live and die in China, and mix my dust with hers." That is the way for a man to manage his affairs and "mix his dust," even in the interest of a world-wide gospel deliverance.—*Religious Telescope*.

3217. Missionary Sunday: Elat Church. One of the most remarkable churches is that at Elat in western Africa, starting in 1903 with two men and four women. For three years in succession the additions on confession numbered more than one thousand. There are in the membership more than one thousand helpers paid by the church, and out of 7,500 that

confessed Christ in one year more than 5,000 were won by the native workers, the missionary not meeting them until they had been brought to a decision.

3218. Missionary Sunday: An Episode.

An interesting story has been told concerning the Providence Industrial Mission at Ciradzulo, Blantyre, British Central Africa. Nineteen years ago a certain official in the district made use of an intelligent boy of the Yao tribe to take a message under difficult circumstances across country, and for this service rewarded him with a rupee. With this small sum the lad laid the foundation of greater things. He bought an English primer and began to attend school at the mission. Later he was ordained a minister of the Gospel, went on a voyage of European travel, and has since built a church which has some three hundred members. The episode is one which shows how the natives of Central Africa are learning to help themselves.

3219. Missionary Sunday: Motorcycle Evangelism.

I have graduated from the slow, squeaking, jarring wheelbarrow. The motorcycle is going strong. Recently I made a three days' trip in one day and then went over an entire circuit to every day school, something I had not done before in three years. I have killed a pig, run into a calf, jumped a bridge, dived into a rice paddy and wheat field, but am all for the motorcycle. At any place I can get a banner crowd in five minutes. My stereopticon is a prize-winner. We have large meetings with illustrated talks. Some outdoor meetings give opportunity for talk on education, sanitation, religion.

This is from a report by Earl A. Hoose, of Kinkiang, China. God can use every modern improvement to help the cause of missions.—H.

3220. Missionary Sunday: Every Christian a Missionary.

When Admiral Foote was in Siam he invited the royal dignitaries to a dinner on his vessel. As soon as the guests were seated at the table, he, as was his invariable custom, asked a blessing upon the food. The king in surprise said he thought only missionaries asked blessings. "True," replied the admiral quietly, "but every Christian is a missionary." Every Christian should be a missionary. Every Christian could be a missionary.

3221. Missionary Sunday: Evidences.

Like the native Africans, the South Sea Islanders are very proud if they can get hold of a pair of European shoes. They

are especially gratified if they acquire a pair that squeak, or, as the Africans call them, shoes that talk.

A story is told of a South Sea Islander who came into church with shoes merrily a-squeak. He walked proudly to the front, and, removing the shoes, dropped them out of the window, so that his wife might also have the pleasure of coming in with "talking" shoes.—*East and West*.

3222. Missionary Sunday: Mormon Example. The Mormon is required by his religion to pay to the church a tenth of his income. Thus the authorities have abundant means at their command, and can carry on missionary work in many lands, making Mormonism such a menace against which the Christian forces have to contend.

3223. Missionary Sunday: Is the Gospel a Failure? "How is it," asked a man of a minister, "that your religion has been going for nearly two thousand years and has not influenced more people than it has done?" For reply, the minister asked another question: "How is it that water has been flowing for more than two million years and many people are still dirty?" It is not the fault of Christianity that people go without the remedy for human ill, but the loss is theirs all the same. Christianity is not a failure. The Gospel is not a failure. Wherever it is preached in fidelity it wins. But there are some who "put it from them."—H.

3224. Missionary Sunday: Missionary Feet. Two working girls, sisters, in Providence, R. I., by walking one way each day between the factory and their home saved the means to support their own native preacher on mission ground.

3225. Missionary Sunday: The Field. "The field is the world," our Lord declared. "The world is my parish," John Wesley replied. What changes would be wrought if the church of Christ would wake up to the great fundamental truth, that she is designed to be not the field, but the force; "the field is the world."—DAVID MCCONAUGHY.

3226. Missionary Sunday: First-fruits. The people on the island of Raiatea told John Williams of their sorrow that they had no money to give for missions. He proposed that each family set apart a pig and sell it when another ship should arrive. As a result of following this plan they handed to him on his return one hundred and three pounds, the first money they had ever had, and all given to God.

3227. Missionary Sunday: Forgotten People. A man in Kansas told a missionary that he was so glad he had called, for he thought the Christian people had forgotten them, and sometimes when he grew discouraged, he had thought that even God had forgotten them too. Let us show the people in all lonely places that they are not forgotten by the Church of Christ.

3228. Missionary Sunday: Part of God's Forces. A very poor woman on learning of the missionary work that women in Christian lands are doing for women in non-Christian countries began giving something each month. After two years she said, "When I have given my gift, I am conscious that I am no longer simply a part of this little town, or even of this great commonwealth; I am a part of the forces which God is using in the uplifting of nations."

3229. Missionary Sunday: Fruit to Abound. "What is God's part of my five dollars, mother?" A little bit of a boy asked that question. He had just had a birthday, with six candles on his cake. His uncle had given him five dollars, and another friend had given him a Testament, leather-bound, turned down edges. One day Richard opened his Testament at random, and putting his finger on a verse ran to mother to read it for him. "I desire fruit that may abound to your account" (Phil. 4:17) was the verse. "I want some fruit to abound to my account," the lad had said, when mother explained the verse; and fifty cents, God's part of his five dollars, he declared, was not enough. It must be one whole shining silver dollar! How to invest God's dollar—he and mother considered and planned.

3230. Missionary Sunday: Mission Fruits. A Greek woman employed in the American Hospital in Cesarea, Turkey, was stirred by a revival. She straightway asked leave to visit a woman whom she had injured and to whom she had not spoken for ten years. When she trudged through the snow three or four miles to ask her "enemy's" forgiveness, her relatives were sure she had gone daft. But the next day, when she came back to the hospital, she said, "We made peace, and the stone in my heart is gone."

3231. Missionary Sunday: Fruits of Missions. Dr. Sheldon Jackson tells how in some of the villages taught by the Moravian missionaries the natives have vespers every night. The church bell rings at bedtime, and the entire popu-

lation, except the little ones, goes to church, where some one who understands English reads the Bible, explains it, and prays in the native tongue, and then they all go home and go to bed. Where in the United States can you find a better record?

3232. Missionary Sunday: A Modest Gentleman. John Sunday, an Ojibway preacher and full-blooded Indian, made an address, which is reported thus:

"There is a gentleman who I suppose is now in this house. He is a very fine gentleman, but a very modest one. He does not like to show himself at these meetings. I don't know how long it is since I have seen him, he comes out so little. I am very much afraid that he sleeps a great deal of the time when he ought to be out doing good. His name is Gold."

"Mr. Gold, are you here to-night? Or are you sleeping in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold, come out and help us in this great work of preaching the gospel to every creature."

"Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sleep so much in your iron chest. Look at your white brother, Mr. Silver; he does a great deal of good while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold. Look, too, at your little brown brother, Mr. Copper; he is everywhere, doing all he can to help us. Why don't you come out, Mr. Gold? Well, if you won't show yourself, send us your coat—that is, a bank-note. That is all I have to say."

As a matter of fact, do you ever see a gold coin on the collection plate? Let us begin to put gold into the work for missions.—H.

3233. Missionary Sunday: His Gift. A little bootblack, moved by the same passion of sympathy that was stirring in all hearts, put up this sign one morning: "I will shine shoes to-day for the San Francisco sufferers." At the close of the day's work, he turned in \$39.67. This little lad is worthy of standing side by side with the man who presented a check of \$100,000 for the same cause. The virtue of the act is not measured by amount, but by motive. Not hands, but hearts, determine what shall be God's estimate of our performance.

3234. Missionary Sunday: James Gilmour. James Gilmour was the son of a Scotch carpenter, and became a pioneer missionary among the nomads of Mongolia. There he toiled for twenty years, living in tents with the people and bravely

enduring many hardships. A brief oasis in the terrible desert of his loneliness was his romantic marriage to Emily Frankard, a beautiful, heroic English woman to whom he made a proposal of marriage without having seen her and who thereupon went out to China without having seen him. With a dauntless spirit she shared her husband's tent life. Her early death was a dreadful blow to him.

3235. Missionary Sunday: Girl Missionary. It is impossible to give my little girl a box of candy. When you put such an article into her small hands, it is bestowed upon the entire household. She trots up-stairs and down-stairs, into parlor and kitchen, and for every piece of candy she eats, every one else in the house must eat one too. If she carries her box of goodies around in the same beautiful fashion when she grows up, she will be a missionary.

3236. Missionary Sunday: Give, Give, Give.

"Give, as the morning that flows out of heaven,
Give, as the waves when their channel is riven,
Give, as the free air and sunshine are given,
Lavishly, utterly, royally give.

"Not the waste-drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever-glowing,
Not a pale bud from thy June roses blooming,
Give, as He gave thee, Who gave thee to live.

"Almost the day of thy giving is over,
Ere from the grass dies the bee-hunted clover,
Thou shalt be banished from friend and from lover,
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?

"Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon, heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God, and the gift that he gave."

3237. Missionary Sunday: Give, Then Give. Says J. Campbell White: "Every man of us ought to live for the next ten years as if he were the only man Christ was counting upon. We divide the thing

up and we say if everybody will give five cents a week, it can be done. Then a man gives five cents who could give five thousand dollars and thinks he has done his share."

The slogan is, Double the First. Here is how some multiply: "Last year I gave 0 and this year I multiply it by 2." Here another: "Last year I gave 50 cents and now I double it and here is \$1."

Why do Mission Boards want money? Not to have a surplus nor to pay the missionaries their high wages—no, but their meager salaries.

3238. Missionary Sunday: Giving and the Kingdom. A young fellow earning \$10 a week determined to give God half of what he made in business. Within four years he was giving \$3,000 a year.

Give the best to God. A poor widow, when she got her pay, put it in twenty-five cent pieces, spread them in a row, singled out the best-looking, and gave it to God.

Sir William Stephenson, of Newcastle, England, determined to spend a third, save a third, and give a third, of his business profits. Soon he thought he had saved enough, and gave two-thirds. Then he came to live on his savings and gave away all his business profits.

A selfish rich man became despondent and was about to drown himself from a wharf, when a cold, hungry child asked him for money to buy bread. He tossed her a coin, and followed her to see what she did with it. He saw she was homeless, undertook her support, lost his despondency, and became a useful Christian.

3239. Missionary Sunday: Example of Giving. Miss Boardman, of Hangchow, China, tells about an example of giving which approximates the widow's mite in its surrender of all. Says she, "About three years and a half ago one of my Bible women, an old woman over seventy, came to me and said, 'This year I do not wish you to pay me my salary. I want it to go to the Lord's work somewhere else.' I asked her how she would be supported if she did this, and she replied, 'My sons will furnish me my food, and I have clothing enough for the year.' She had not long been out of heathendom, where she was a stranger to such altruistic motives. She had been touched by the love of Christ. The sordidness of her selfishness had been transmuted into love so that she was willing to give up all her income that it might work somewhere else to bring others into

possession of her own experience of the grace of God.

3240. Missionary Sunday: Giving is Living.

"Give, give, be always giving,
Who gives not is not living;
The more we give
The more we live."

3241. Missionary Sunday: Giving to Missions. Each must give what he has to give. William Jennings Bryan, after visiting a girls' school in Peking, China, offered to pay for the support of a girl in the school, or of a boy that wanted to go through college. He supports eight boys and girls in different mission fields, year by year. That is one of his gifts to sick China. What have we? Only a few cents, perhaps, but if we give them joyfully, God will bless the giving.

3242. Missionary Sunday: Go. At a Salvation Army Congress in London, General Booth told of a sympathetic person who said to a young woman, a captain in the general's forces, that he admired their work, but disliked their drum. "Sir," said she, in reply, "I don't like your bell." "What!" said he, "not like the bell that says, 'Come to the house of God?'" "The bell may say 'Come!'," said she, "but the drum says 'Go and fetch 'em!'" That is the missionary order: "Go and fetch them." "Go, make disciples of all nations."—H.

3243. Missionary Sunday: God Like That. Heathenism provides only a god of fear. Occasionally some soul catches a hazy idea of the God of love. Dr. Mabie tells of one such. In India he was speaking of the God who "so loved the world that he gave his Son." A native Indian woman was listening with breathless attention, and turning suddenly to the woman next to her she said: "Did I not tell you there ought to be a God like that?" Nature is able to give such seekers after truth a knowledge of "the eternal power and Deity of God," but it requires the revelation of God in his Word to reveal him in his beauty as the God of love. Therefore we are debtors "both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians." Are we paying that debt? If not do we really know "a God like that" ourselves?

3244. Missionary Sunday: Gospel of Man. A band of missionaries and native teachers spent a night on Darnley Island, when a project was formed to establish a mission on Murray Island. Some of the natives of this island seemed specially intent on intimidating the teachers, and

convincing them that a mission there was perfectly hopeless. "There are alligators there," said they, "and snakes and centipedes." "Hold!" said Lepeso, one of the teachers, "are there men there?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "there are men, but they are such dreadful savages that it is no use your thinking of living among them." "That will do," responded Lepeso. "Wherever there are men, missionaries are bound to go."

3245. Missionary Sunday: Among the Great. When Andrew Carnegie made out a list of twenty of the world's greatest men, he passed over foreign missionaries. Yet, if we were asked to duplicate, from Christian times, the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, that wonderful muster-roll of faith, we should certainly give missionaries a large place in it. They illustrate in their lives all that is noblest and best in humanity. They are the cream of Christianity. If Christian civilization, that followed in the wake of the cross, had lived up to the standard set by the missionaries, the world would have been redeemed before this time.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

3246. Missionary Sunday: Beautiful Hands. Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as the shape of the beautiful member whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented for his examination, he replied at last: "I give it up; the question is too hard for me. But ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

Make your hands beautiful. Give to missions.—H.

3247. Missionary Sunday: Harvest. So many idle, folded hands,

And the harvest fields are white;
Low droop the heavy heads of wheat
That wait the reaper's weary feet,
The sickle in his willing hands,
For the "harvest fields are white."

So many here that sit at ease,

While 'neath yon darker skies
The wretchedness and misery
Even angels well might see.
How can we dare to sit at ease
Beneath these golden skies?

So fleet, so few the moments be

For binding up the sheaves!
The Master calls; do not delay,
But haste some fruit to win to-day;
For soon our only joy shall be
In bringing home the sheaves.

—M. E. B. THORNE.

3248. Missionary Sunday: Heart's Overflow.

To receive love's kind caressing,
Kindest thought and fullest blessing,
Is a joy most sweet to know.
But the secret of true living
Is the blessedness of giving
From a full heart's overflow.

3249. Missionary Sunday: Heathenism as It Is. Infanticide is horribly common in China. M. E. Ritzman says that a missionary lady in South China once asked a group of women how many of them had destroyed their baby girls, and all confessed to having killed one at least, while one acknowledged that she had destroyed five. The reason is largely poverty. It is unprofitable to bring up daughters, since they get married before they reach the wage-earning stage, and are only a burden to parents.

3250. Missionary Sunday: Heathen World. Paint a starless sky; hang your picture with night; drape the mountains with long, far-reaching vistas of darkness; hang the curtains deep along every shore and landscape; darken all the past; let the future be draped in deeper and yet deeper night; fill the awful gloom with hungry, sad-faced men and sorrow-driven women and children: It is the heathen world—the people seen in vision by the prophet who sit in the region and shadow of death, to whom no light has come; sitting there still through the long, long night, waiting and watching for the morning.—BISHOP FOSTER.

3251. Missionary Sunday: A Missionary Hen. A woman in a small New York village had no money to give for a special missionary offering, but she sold the eggs her hens laid on Sunday and gave the price received to missions.

3252. Missionary Sunday: Missionary Heroism. Marcus Whitman's heroism was shown in that fearfully dangerous pioneer winter's ride across the continent in order to tell the President and Congress about the value of the great Oregon country, which was likely to be alienated from the nation.

William Carey's heroism was shown when he had a salary of \$7,500 a year as professor of languages in India, but he

and his family lived on \$200 a year, giving the rest to missions.

Henry Martyn's heroism was shown by his preaching in India outdoors in the great heat, though he was very sick, and though his words were received with intense opposition.

Adoniram Judson's heroism was shown during his terrible seventeen months' imprisonment in Burma, tortured in many horrible ways, yet maintaining throughout his Christian confidence.

3253. Missionary Sunday: Home Missions. The stupendous project of dry farming which the United States government has carried out in the West so successfully that even the deserts have become fertile should be an example and inspiration to the churches of the East to send to these people who live upon these reclaimed lands the Water of Life. The government's project at first was but an experiment. In carrying the news of salvation there can be no experimenting for the Church of Christ, for the success of this message was assured upon the Cross nineteen hundred years ago. Though one may sow in one generation and another reap in the next, no effort is lost, misused or wasted.

3254. Missionary Sunday: Home Missions Resultful. An aged woman in Utah, who, with her husband, separated from the Mormon Church many years ago, was being instructed by a Christian missionary, when he quoted the words of Jesus, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." She instantly replied, "That's what we've been waiting for these many years, and at our time of life it's about time we found it."

3255. Missionary Sunday: Being Honest with the Heathen. If your father left in his will an inheritance for you and your brother, and your brother, being at a distance, could only receive his inheritance if you sent it to him, would you feel free to decide whether to send it to him or not? And if you did send it to him, would you take considerable credit to yourself for doing so? That's foreign missions. People talk complacently about the "poor heathen." Why "poor"? Because the heathen have not received their share of the inheritance which the Father left us to give them.—*Sunday School Times.*

3256. Missionary Sunday: How to Go. "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations." The story is told by Pastor Hsi of an old woman in China who was apparently a devoted Christian,

but who refused to join the church. When the missionary asked her why she would not confess Christ when she loved him, the old woman at last said that it was because there was one commandment of his which she could not obey: being old and afflicted with rheumatism, she could not go into all the world to preach the Gospel. She could only tell all her family and friends about him!

How simply this woman had taken for granted that Christ's words to his first disciples are binding on every true disciple to-day! Every one can go "into all the world" in the ministry of prayer, and every one can begin some work at home.—*Sunday School Times.*

3257. Missionary Sunday: Two Idols. A collector at Bombay had among his curiosities a Chinese god marked "Heathen Idol," and next to it a gold coin marked "Christian Idol." Dean Farrar says that a famous physician once told him how he was attending the deathbed of a rich man, who seemed as if he could not die; with aimless and nervous restlessness his hands kept moving and opening and shutting over the counterpane. "What is the matter?" asked the physician. "I know," answered the son for his speechless father; "every night before he went to sleep my father liked to feel and handle some of his banknotes." Then he slipped a ten-pound note into the old man's hand, and feeling, handling, and clutching it, he died. Are we worshiping idols? Does money mean more to us than missions? Does money mean more to us than the souls of our brothers who have not yet the gospel?—H.

3258. Missionary Sunday: Importance of Giving. It may be almost literally said that the power of God's word, the spread of the gospel, and the extension of Christ's blessed kingdom among men, against all forms of disorder, unbelief, vice, blasphemy, and barbarism, are and will be in proportion to the amount of money given for them.—BISHOP F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

3259. Missionary Sunday: India's Need of Christ. Once a Brahman, the greatest lawyer in India, stood up before an audience and told them, in a beautiful English oration, that it was madness to shut their eyes to the fact that the religion which had conquered Rome and all the Western world had come to India. They must face the new religion, and deal with it honestly and frankly. "And who," he added, "would not wish to deal

with it honestly and frankly in the presence of its Founder, the peerless Christ?"

3260. Missionary Sunday: Indians. Rev. Solomon Baker is a Choctaw preacher in Indian Territory. He traveled 640 miles on horseback in three months, and preached 55 sermons and held 48 prayer meetings. He started to attend a Bible institute 125 miles away, but his pony gave out when he had gone about 75 miles. So anxious was he to attend the institute that he walked over the mountains, sleeping under the blue sky on the way. That is a sample of home-missionary work among the Indians.

3261. Missionary Sunday: Reflex Influence. General Armstrong founded Hampton Institute upon the same lines as the Hilo Boys' Boarding School of Hawaii, and as the result of his personal observation when he lived in Honolulu as a boy. So we see that American missions on the Hawaiian Islands have influenced the education of the negro and Indian in the United States.—*C. E. World.*

3262. Missionary Sunday: Missionary Interest. I once heard a conversation between a church member and an infidel. After arguments were urged at some length on both sides, the infidel observed to his friend that they might as well drop the subject of conversation, "for," said he, "I do not believe a single word you say, and more than this, I am satisfied that you do not really believe it yourself; for, to my certain knowledge, you have not given for the last twenty years as much for the spread of Christianity—such as the building of churches, foreign and domestic missions—as your last Durham cow cost. Why, sir, if I believed one-half of what you say you believe, I would make the church my rule for giving and my farm the exception."

3263. Missionary Sunday: Your Investment. A European gentleman writes to the editor of a newspaper as follows: "Baron James de Rothschild once sat for a beggar to Ary Scheffer. While the great financier, attired in the rags of a beggar, was in his place in the estrade, I happened to enter the studio of the great artist, whose friend I had the honor to be. The baron was so perfectly disguised that I did not recognize him, and believing that a veritable beggar was before me, I went up to him and slipped a louis into his hand. The pretended model took the coin and put it in

his pocket. Ten years later I received at my residence an order on the office in the Rue Lafitte for 10,000 francs, inclosed in the following letter: 'Sir:—You one day gave a louis to the Baron Rothschild in the studio of Ary Scheffer. He has employed it, and to-day sends you the little capital with which you intrusted him, together with the interest. A good action always brings good fortune. Baron James de Rothschild. On receipt of this order I sought the billionaire, who proved to me from the books before him, that under his management my louis had actually fructified so as to have swelled to the large sum sent me.'

So Christ is walking through the world in the guise of a beggar,—hungry, naked and outcast. Blessed are we if we give to the Master in the person of these his poor brethren, or for bringing the gospel to those who have it not.

3264. Missionary Sunday: Japan's Quest. Some time ago the young men in one of my fields organized themselves into an association for the purpose of self-improvement. They had no place to meet, and so requested the use of the church building for two nights in the month. We granted it. They then asked us if we would address them, and on any subject we desired. From that time until now either my secretary or myself has spoken to them—thirty or more—a number of times. Recently I was talking to them informally when one of them, representing the bunch, said:

"We have all been educated, and so have no lack in that direction, but we young men are looking for something else. Our heads are full, but our souls are empty and barren."

I replied: "You need Jesus."

He said: "Yes, I believe we need him. We have all come right up to the line where one step would take us across to him, and now the question with us is whether we shall take that step."

The above incident can safely be said to represent with more or less truth the whole of new Japan.—*REV. J. WOODROW HASSELL.*

3265. Missionary Sunday: Joy in the Work. In 1883 a young Vassar girl, on being introduced to a great multitude as a new appointee for foreign service, was asked by a stylishly gowned lady, "Miss B—, are your parents living?" "My father is living, but mother is in the Better Land." "Miss B—, do you know what you are about?" "I think I do," was the modest reply. Her young hus-

band thought so, too, when he saw her smoothing the fevered brow of dying Jessie in far-away Assam, and heard her whisper, "Jessie, tat Yeesoor nam ase" ("Jessie, there is Jesus' name"), as she held a little card before the glassy eyes. The smile that lighted that homeless hut is with us to this day. After years of suffering, to all who ask, "Does it pay?" there ever comes the answer, "I was so much happier there." No joy can compare with ministering to His "little ones" where no one else will serve.—Rev. W. E. WITTER, M.D.

3266. Missionary Sunday: Kept It! A Christian woman of Foochow, China, when in England visited a cathedral. Noticing the date upon the oldest part of the building, she exclaimed, "What? Do you mean to say you were Christians all those years and you never told us?" Is it any wonder she asked the question?

3267. Missionary Sunday: Korean's Honor. A native pastor in Korea wrote to a friend in America: "I have been so greatly blessed. Not that I have done anything. The beloved Carpenter of Nazareth hath stretched forth His beautiful hand, and taken hold of me as a plane to work on His Building. My only honor is that His hand hath touched me." Let us as tools ever glory in the pierced hand that lifts us and uses us.—*Sunday Circle*.

3268. Missionary Sunday: Life and Death. Missions were the secret of success of the early church. The command was "Go." They went everywhere preaching the word. System was instituted from the very beginning, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store," gives the system, and "when I come . . . them will I send to bring your liberality unto Jerusalem," gives the time. Missions is the heart—the very life of the church. That congregation or body of people which does not practice missions will surely die. Missions, growth; non-missions, death, has been the history of all the denominational bodies.—*Christian Word and Work*.

3269. Missionary Sunday. Littles Given. It has been said that "many littles make a muckle." A single bee does not collect more than one teaspoonful of honey in a season. Yet in a single hive there is often found as much as eighty pounds. We should not refuse to give to the cause of missions because we cannot give large sums. The teaching of the

bee is that every one should give.—JAMES SMITH.

3270. Missionary Sunday: Missionary Lives Preaching. A Basuto chief listened to mission preaching for the first time, and said: "Well, your teaching about God seems good, but it is as an egg. I will wait and see what comes out of it." So he observed the missionary for some time, until finally he came saying that he had seen in his life the results of the doctrine and was convinced. Dr. Luering of the Methodist mission went from Singapore among the head-hunting Dyaks of Borneo. When he was ready to return, the chieftain sent asking for a permanently settled missionary. Luering replied, "I do not believe you want a teacher, otherwise you would have followed my teaching." Whereat the answer came straight as a bullet: "Sir, we have heard your doctrine, and, being shrewd people, have waited to see if your life agreed with it. We have found that it does, and therefore we wish to be Christians. Now that you have made our mouth to water you will not refuse us food."

3271. Missionary Sunday: Livingstone Sustained. When David Livingstone appeared on the platform of the University of Glasgow, on his return to Scotland after an absence of sixteen years, he was gaunt and weary from long exposure to the African sun and twenty-seven attacks of African fever; one arm, having been rendered useless by the bite of a lion, hung helpless by his side. He told his hearers he was going back to Africa, partly to open new fields for British commerce, partly to suppress the African slave-trade, and partly to open the way for the preaching of the Gospel. But the sentiment that stirred all hearts most was this: "Shall I tell you what supported me through all the years of exile among people whose language I could not understand, and whose attitude toward me was always uncertain and often hostile? It was this, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'"—*Union Gospel News*.

3272. Missionary Sunday: Loneliness and Leadership. The leader is the one who keeps ahead. Did you ever see men running a race? The man who keeps ahead has no encouragement. All he has is the weary road. The fellows behind him, the man away behind, try to catch up with the leader, but the loneliest man on the turf is the man who runs ahead or alone. The loneliest ship on

the Atlantic is the ship that sails the fastest. And the loneliest man in your denomination to-night is the man who sees the vision of what your denomination could do. And the loneliest missionary in Korea or Japan or Arabia is the man who sees what the others cannot see yet. But the price of leadership is always loneliness. There is a loneliness of the desert, and there is a loneliness of the sea, and there is a loneliness of a great city. But there is no loneliness so great as the loneliness of a great idea that nobody else has caught, and only you can see. To go home to tell the men around you that you believe in the evangelization of the world in this generation; to go home to your church and say that you believe every member in your little church ought to give five dollars a year to foreign missions. Why, they will laugh in your face and say, "Five dollars! We are now giving forty-two cents!" But you can see as clear as a bell that your church could give five dollars per member, and there is your loneliness.—DR. SAMUEL M. ZWEMER.

3273. Missionary Sunday: Henry Lyman. Henry Lyman was a wild college boy in Massachusetts. He became converted in a revival, and in 1833 went with his friend, Samuel Munson, as a missionary to the East Indies. On the fly-leaf of all his journals Lyman was in the habit of writing: "600,000,000 are perishing! Calvary." The two missionaries studied the Malay and Chinese languages in Java, and then made a preliminary exploration of the islands, scaling dangerous precipices and piercing dense jungles. In the course of this perilous expedition they were attacked by a mob of 200 armed natives, who, even after the young men had promptly given up their hunting-pieces, foully murdered them. When the natives learned what good men had been put to death, they themselves took severe vengeance upon the murderers.

3274. Missionary Sunday: Your Map. A big push was being made on the British Front. The Germans were in retreat. The battle was on, with much lumbering of the great tanks. But one tank had stopped. It wasn't disabled. It had no casualties among the crew. There was plenty of ammunition. Yet it had stopped dead. An officer came up, and with much forcible language demanded why the huge beast should halt, when the job was yet far from finished. The tank crew understood his impatience, but

still the monster rested. "The trouble is, sir," said one of the crew, "we've got to the edge of our map." Many in the Church of Christ are like that crew: they must have got hold of the wrong map. For our map takes in the "whole creation," "every creature," "all the world."

3275. Missionary Sunday: Medical Missions. Livingstone once expressed his ideal as a missionary in these noble words: "I am a missionary, heart and soul. God had an only Son, and He was a missionary, and a physician. A poor, poor imitation of Him I am, or wish to be. In this service I hope to live; in it I wish to die."

3276. Missionary Sunday: Medical Missions. According to the testimony of a prominent English merchant in Canton, Dr. Peter Parker, our first missionary physician to China, did more by his hospital to open China to the influences of modern civilization than all the embassies of Lord Amherst together. So highly were his services appreciated by the people that ladies of rank have been known to wait all night in their palanquins before the gate of the hospital that they might be in season to secure tickets for admission to the hospital service next morning. Of him it was graphically said, "He opened China with the point of his lancet."

3277. Missionary Sunday: Medical Work. One morning, just outside the gate of the mission hospital at Chieng Rai in Siam, the doctor saw an emaciated, crippled youth, kneeling in an attitude of mute supplication. With him was an old man, a Christian convert, and as the doctor came forward, the lad began to cry out in a lamentable voice: "Oh, foster father, have mercy upon me! I was born deformed, and have not known a day or a night without severe pain. Every one hates me. My father and mother ordered me to leave the house and die without delay. I prepared a rope to hang myself, but this old man told me to come here, and I would be cured. I have no money to offer you, but don't send me away!"

The kind doctor needed no urging to take in the poor cripple at once. On examination of his deformity, it was found that he could be cured by a surgical operation, and it was accordingly performed. Now he is entirely free from pain, and recovering so thoroughly from his crippled condition that he will soon be strong and useful. He has also

found in Christ Jesus his Friend, his Physician, and his Saviour.

3278. Missionary Sunday: Measuring Rod. Let us measure our duty in giving. What shall be the measuring rod?

Capacity: "She hath done what she could."

Opportunity: "As ye have opportunity, do good unto all men."

Convictions: "That servant which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes."

The necessity of others: "If a brother or a sister be naked, or destitute of daily food," etc.

The providence of God: "Let every man lay by him in store as God has prospered him."

Symmetry of character: "Abound in this grace also."

Our own happiness: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

God's glory: "Honor the Lord with your substance."

3279. Missionary Sunday: Miracle of Missions. It is easier to reach the educated Indians in the new India than in the old; because the new life is not hostile to Christian missions. "See me," said a native Christian woman to a Brahman who asked her to prove her religion by a miracle. "See me! I am a low caste woman speaking to you, a Brahman, these wonderful words of life. What greater miracle could you ask?"

3280. Missionary Sunday: Mission Worker.

"Oh, it sears the face and it tires the brain,

It strains the arm till one's friend is Pain,

In the fight for man and God.

But it's great to be out where the fight is strong,

To be where the heaviest troops belong, And to fight there for man and God."

3281. Missionary Sunday: Robert Morrison. Robert Morrison was the pioneer missionary to China. He was the son of a Scotch maker of lasts. He went to China in 1807. It is a famous saying of his, when some one asked him if he really expected to make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire, and he replied, "No, sir; I expect that God will." He won his first convert after seven years of labor, and he won only ten converts in all; but his work, including his Bible translation and his great dictionary of the language, was a broad foundation on

which the present missions to China have been built.

3282. Missionary Sunday: Most Impressive. Madam Tsilka was conversing with an American lady who, when abroad, had visited different missions, and she asked her what impressed her most in these visits. The reply was, "Our stinginess."

3283. Missionary Sunday: Motive. Andrew Fuller asked a gift for missions from a friend, who said, "I will give you five pounds, Andrew, seeing it is you." The money was handed back at once with the reply, "I will take nothing, seeing it is I." The friend answered: "Andrew, you are right. Here are ten pounds, seeing it is for the Lord Jesus."

3284. Missionary Sunday: Missionary Mottoes. "Unless Jesus Christ is Lord of all, He is not Lord at all."

"It is the mission of the Church to give the whole Gospel to the whole world."

"Jesus Christ alone can save the world, but Jesus Christ cannot save the world alone."

"We cannot serve God and mammon, but we can serve God with mammon."

"No interest in missions? The only explanation is either inexcusable ignorance or willful disobedience."

3285. Missionary Sunday: Mother's Way. "Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly." The late Professor William James, Harvard's famous psychologist, would frequently illuminate a misty subject with a homely anecdote. Discussing motherhood once, Professor James said: "A teacher asked a boy this question in fractions: 'Suppose that your mother baked an apple pie, and there were seven of you—your parents and five children. What part of the pie would you get?' 'A sixth, ma'am,' the boy answered. 'But there are seven of you,' said the teacher. 'Don't you know anything about fractions?' 'Yes, teacher,' replied the boy, 'I know all about fractions, but I know all about mother, too. Mother would say she did not want any pie.' Give. Give to missions. Give in 'mother's way.'—H.

3286. Missionary Sunday: Motive. A minister who has been very useful for many years says that his whole course of life has been influenced by a few words said to him by a venerable friend many years ago. He asked the question: "What shall I do for Christ?" "Go where he is not, and take him with you," was the reply.

3287. Missionary Sunday: Maintainers.

John Willis Baer, in an account of a visit to the Appalachian mountain region, says, "I saw men who in years gone by had illicitly distilled whisky in the mountain stills, whose past lives had been stained with sin, but who had given their hearts to Jesus Christ, and at the table of the Lord it was a rare privilege for me to sit with them and listen to their testimony of the saving grace and power of the Son of God."

The origin of the Southern Mountaineers was this. Owing to a test oath prescribed in 1704, thirty thousand Scotch-Irish left Ulster for a land where there was no legal robbery, and where those who sowed the seed could reap the harvest. From 1729 to 1750 about twelve thousand came annually to the United States. They settled in eastern and western Pennsylvania, and in the mountain regions of Virginia and the Carolinas. Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln were both sons of this stock.

3288. Missionary Sunday: Moving. A bright little girl of about eight summers was wisely teaching a bit of a brother some two years younger than herself to master the difficult art of riding a bicycle. After many fruitless trials the little lad steadied himself as he wobbled from side to side and proudly shouted, "I'm moving. I really am moving!" His sedate bit of a sister eyed his movements calmly, and coldly replied: "Yes, you are moving, but you are not going!" How true this is in the Christian life. Bishop Fowler used to put it in this terse and homely way: "Lots of folks are like a yard engine, that toots its whistle, rings its bell, and makes a lot of noise, but never goes anywhere."

"Who will go?" We are told to go—to "get a move on us"—to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.—H.

3289. Missionary Sunday: Natives Giving.

A missionary writes: "At Tieling my wife and I were at a free-will offering meeting conducted entirely by the Chinese. We watched them as they brought in their offerings. One man came with a bag of grain on his back. He said he had no money, but would give the grain for a brindled calf at the gate which he would give also if the Lord would take them. Another man brought a gun, saying he loved the gun very much, but it was all he had to give. The women brought their ornaments and laid them on the table. One woman,

clad in rags, whispered to one of the agent pastors that in all her possessions she had only just one cent, but would like to give that. The pastor held it up, told the story, and the whole congregation broke out in tears of gladness."

3290. Missionary Sunday: The Gospel Needed. Darwin, that great student of the human race, declared often to Admiral Sullivan his conviction that it was folly to send missionaries to the savages of Tierra del Fuego, as they were too far down in the scale of intelligence to comprehend the truths the missionaries tried to teach them. But after watching the missions there, Darwin frankly confessed his mistake, and sent the missionary society a contribution.

All men need and respond to the Gospel.

3291. Missionary Sunday: Neighbors. Recently an Italian woman, with all the earnestness of the woman of Sychar, asked of a Pennsylvania missionary making his first call, "What is gospel?"

Our neighbors are asking that—our neighbors near and far. Shall we whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high—shall we to souls benighted the lamp of life deny?—H.

3292. Missionary Sunday: Is it Nothing to You?

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,

That millions of beings to-day,
In the heathen darkness of China,

Are rapidly passing away?

They have never heard the story

Of the loving Lord who saves,
And "fourteen hundred every hour

Are sinking to Christless graves."

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,

Can you say you have naught to do?

Millions in China are dying unsaved;

And is it nothing to you?

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,

That in India's far-away land

There are thousands of people pleading

For the touch of a Savior's hand?

They are groping and trying to find him,

And although he is ready to save,

Eight hundred precious souls each hour
Sink into Christless graves.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,

Can you say you have naught to do?

Millions in India dying unsaved!

And is it nothing to you?

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,

That Africa walks in the night?

That Christians at home deny them

The blessed gospel light?

The cry goes up this morning

From a broken-hearted race of slaves,
And seven hundred every hour

Sink into Christless graves.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?

Will ye say ye have naught to do?

Millions in Africa dying unsaved,

And is it nothing to you?

—Unidentified.

3293. Missionary Sunday: Unique Offering. A marvelous meeting is described by Dr. Cyril Ross, of Korea, who tells of a gathering of over 400 native Korean Christians in Pyeng Yang.

The leader suggested a new sort of missionary offering for home work—not in money, but in men—to witness for Christ, each one giving from a day to a week or fortnight in voluntary labor, simply telling the gospel story to their neighbors.

That night an equivalent of two years of time was volunteered by those present, and when the tidings spread in the vicinity 2,200 days of such work were soon cordially volunteered. Men left their farms and merchandise to do mission work in outlying districts and without pay.

That is a kind of home mission offering after the apostolic sort, and it is native Koreans, just out of heathenism, that set us this noble example.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

3294. Missionary Sunday: Opium Burning. At a recent opium burning in Peking \$40,000 worth of the drug and the accompanying pipes—some of them of ivory, cloisonné, and jade—were destroyed amid the acclamations of officials and foreigners.

3295. Missionary Sunday: Got Orders. In one of the wars a regiment received orders to plant a cannon on the top of a certain hill. The soldiers moved the cannon to the base of the hill, but could not get it to the top. "Men," cried the officer, "it must be done; I've got the order in my pocket." So the church has received her orders from her Lord, and the evangelization of the world must be done. It may cost money, men, and many sacrifices, but it must be done. When the church sees that, it will be done.—R. P. ANDERSON, D.D.

3296. Missionary Sunday: Painting Not Enough. A young artist named Tucker painted the picture of a forlorn woman and child, out in the storm. This picture took such a hold upon him that he laid by palette and brush, saying, "I must go to the lost, instead of painting

them." He prepared for the ministry, and for some time worked in the city's slums. At length he said, "I must go to that part of the world where men seem to be most hopelessly lost." That young artist was none other than Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, Africa.

Painting is not enough. "Go."—H.

3297. Missionary Sunday: Parable of Missions. A certain man had two sons, and in the morning he said unto the elder: "Son, go and tell thy brother to plow my field to-day." And he said: "I go, sir"; and he went his way. And it came to pass in the evening, when the younger son was returned home, that his father met him and said unto him: "Son, hast thou plowed my field to-day as I commanded thee?" And the son answered and said: "No, sir, for I did not know that thou hadst commanded me." And the father said: "Did not thy brother tell thee?" And he answered: "No, sir." With which of those twain think ye that their father was more displeased? And all the people answered and said: "With the elder, because, though he knew his father's command, he told it not unto his brother."

This is a parable of missions. We know our Father's command. Are we telling our brother?—H.

3298. Missionary Sunday: Peter Parker. Peter Parker is called "the founder of medical missions." He is said to have "opened China to the gospel at the point of his lancet." Going to China in 1834, he established a free hospital in Canton, an eye infirmary and a medical missionary society, and began to train native physicians and surgeons.

3299. Missionary Sunday: Pass It On. I am going to suppose a case. Such an actual case never happened. It would have made a stir over all Christendom if it had.

It was at the Lord's Supper; there was a good churchful of disciples, and the deacons came along with the cup. The rule was for the man at the end of the pew to partake himself, and then pass it along to the next, and he to the next, and so on till the last one was reached. One man, right in the middle of the pew, got hold of it and partook and then held on to the cup.

"Pass it on," said the man next to him who had it, but he would not do it.

"Pass it on," said the man beyond who wanted it, but he would not do it.

"Pass it on," said the deacon in a low but earnest voice, but he would not do it.

The pastor saw there was some trouble in that pew. He slipped down on tip-toe, and, seeing how it stood, he said, "Pass it on; the cup is intended for all; 'drink ye all of it.' It is not intended for you alone. It has come all the way down from the table till it reached you. Don't stop it; pass it along." But the man clutched all the harder and would not pass it on. He wanted to keep it all for himself.

There is the Cup of Salvation. Christ filled it with his own hands. He gave it to His disciples to drink. Drink and pass it along. "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." "Go ye, therefore."

So the apostles partook and then passed it on. They of Jerusalem passed it on to Antioch; and they of Antioch passed it on to Ephesus, Corinth and Philippi; and they of Ephesus, Corinth, and Philippi passed it on to Rome; and they of Rome passed it on to Britain; and they of Britain passed it on to us in America; and we of America are to pass it on to Japan and China and India, and to the isles of the sea which have it not.

But now some there are who have got the cup and hold on to it, and will not pass it on. "It is good," they say; "blessed—oh, most blessed"—but they will not pass it on. The heathen are perishing for want of that cup, but they will not pass it on. There is more salvation in that cup than they can ever use themselves, but they will not pass any of it along. When the brethren in other places conclude they must do something to hold forth the Word and spread the blessing and come and ask them to join, saying, "We have found it so good ourselves, let us pass it over to those millions of poor Chinamen"; they say, "No. We do not believe in passing the cup along." So they never give anything to save other people. Is that all right?—REV. WILLIAM ASHMORE, D.D.

3300. Missionary Sunday: J. C. Patteson. John Coleridge Patteson, the Martyr Bishop of the South Seas, was a brilliant, athletic young Englishman, a descendant of Coleridge, the poet, and the son of a judge. He became George Selwyn's assistant, and in 1861 was made first bishop of Melanesia, the islands in the southwest of the Pacific. There he labored with the greatest zeal and success. At one time he was surrounded by would-be murderers, but fell on his

knees and began to pray for them. They did not understand a word, but they were so moved by his praying that they led him respectfully to his ship. At last he was killed by some natives who mistook him and his boat for some wretched kidnaping traders and their boat, which they had painted in imitation of the good bishop's.

3301. Missionary Sunday: Two Great Phrases. The two great phrases which fell last upon their ears as Christ was taken from them, were:

"The power of the Holy Ghost."
"The uttermost part of the earth."

What Christ has joined together, we may strive in vain to put asunder.—ROBERT E. SPEER.

3302. Missionary Sunday: A Preacher. A score of years ago Mr. —, a member of my congregation, felt the Pauline sense of obligation and constraint. He wanted to preach. Circumstances prevented. He settled down to serve the Lord as a lay worker. His business prospered. He is an inspiration in every good enterprise of his church; was the moving spirit in having it take up the support of a missionary to India; has, for years, conducted a mission among the colored people of his city; is a leader in missions among the Italians, Poles, and other foreigners, and gives of his time and money without stint or parade to spread the glad tidings everywhere.—REV. I. T. McCROM, D.D.

3303. Missionary Sunday: Priming for Missions. Some time ago there was in Canada a high official who at one time in his career took little or no interest in missions. He had a little granddaughter who was the apple of his eye, and his chief delight was to take the child upon his knees and encourage her to talk to him of all the things that interested her. One of her great interests was missions, and in particular a hospital which was being established for Blackfoot Indians, and the grandfather drew her to tell him all about it, quite unconscious of the fact that she was giving missionary information. After a time a minister of affairs brought forward a suggestion in Parliament for making a grant for the building of a new hospital. Several people rose and opposed the measure, when suddenly to the astonishment of all concerned the official whose little granddaughter had unconsciously primed him with all the necessary information, rose to his feet and made such a stirring speech in de-

fense of the scheme, and brought such weighty arguments to bear in its favor, that the resolution was passed and the grant was made.—*American Messenger*.

3304. Missionary Sunday: Power Behind Bricks. In North India a few Mohammedans were discussing the affairs of a certain Christian school. They declared, "If we had our way, we could come in a body, and pull down these buildings, and take them away brick by brick, until not one remained." A young Hindu, who had happened to hear their remarks, answered promptly: "You might do that; you might tear them down, so that not one brick was left standing upon another; but there is a power behind the bricks which you cannot destroy, however much you may wish to do so."

He was, indeed, right. Behind the timbers, or bricks, or stones of every Christian school and mission and hospital planted in these distant lands, there is a power which cannot be destroyed, even though the buildings themselves are leveled to the ground; a power which is growing ever stronger, and which some time will unite the world in love to a common God and Saviour.

3305. Missionary Sunday: Pray. After meeting in his travels about two thousand missionaries representing about one hundred different boards Dr. John R. Mott said: "They presented to me one unbroken appeal for more prayer on the part of home Christians. Louder than their cry, 'Brethren, come over and help us,' there rang in my ears, as I journeyed through the mission fields, the cry, 'Brethren, pray for us.' The day upon which you think the missionaries need your prayers least, they may need them most."

3306. Missionary Sunday: Prayer. The heathen believe there is a power in prayer. One woman came to a missionary, and asked him to forbid a native helper to pray for her. On being asked how she knew that he was praying, she said: "I know it well. Once I could render service and sacrifice to my idols in peace, but now I have no peace in doing it. That is the effect of his prayers. Then he has told me that he is praying for me and my family. Two daughters and a son of mine have become Christians. If he continues, I shall probably become a Christian too. I do not want this, and therefore forbid him to pray for me."

3307. Missionary Sunday: Prayer Answered. One night the treasurer of a

great missionary society dreamed that an angel appeared to him and said, "Come, see how your prayers have been answered." He followed, and saw the treasury overflowing with money. The next it was the same, and the next and the next. Then the angel said, "You have had your prayer answered, and yet you do not look happy. You may have another prayer." "Then," said the treasurer eagerly, "my prayer is that the treasury may be emptied by the great number of men who shall offer themselves as missionaries."

3308. Missionary Sunday: Prayer for Missions. Thirty years ago the spiritual life in the Doshisha, the Christian college of Japan founded by Neesima, was at a very low ebb. A missionary sent to a score of American colleges and theological seminaries an appeal for prayer. On the evening set for the purpose a revival started in the Doshisha without any direct human influence exerted over the students there, and many conversions resulted.

3309. Missionary Sunday: Missions and Prayer. After the remarkable deliverance of missionaries during the siege of Peking at the time of the Boxer outbreaks Colonel Scott-Moncrieff, of the Royal Engineers, went over the fortifications raised by the besieged. His comment was: "Your fortifications astonish me by their extent; I am surprised at what you have accomplished; but it is not your fortifications alone that have saved you. You are saved in answer to prayer. Probably never in the history of this world has such a volume of prayer ascended to God for one people as ascended for you in Peking this summer."

3310. Missionary Sunday: Prediction Fulfilled. David Livingstone uttered prophetic words when he said the night before his departure for Africa: "The time will come when rich men will think it an honor to support whole stations of missionaries, instead of spending their money on hounds and horses." This has literally come to pass in some instances, and the awakening of the interest of men in missions indicates that men are learning to put God's kingdom where it should be in every life—in the forefront, in the place of most importance.

3311. Missionary Sunday: Not Pressing. Too many are like the man in a Chicago church who was pressed to put something in the contribution box. "I can't do it, deacon," he replied; "I owe

too much money." "Ah, William," said the good deacon, "you owe the Lord more than you do anybody else." "Yes, I know that," came the reply; "but He ain't pressing me like these other fellows."

That is the attitude too many take in regard to the duty of giving to missions.—H.

3312. Missionary Sunday: Profit and Loss.

How many a man, from love of pelf,
To stuff his coffers, starves himself;
Labors, accumulates and spares,
To lay up ruin for his heirs;
Grudges the poor their scanty dole;
Saves everything, except his soul;
And always anxious, always vexed,
Loses both this world and the next.

—Unidentified.

3313. Missionary Sunday: Our Proxies. Missionaries are our proxies. Our Lord sent every one of his followers forth into the world to win the world to himself. The world will never be won except as all Christians feel this missionary obligation. Christ does not want all of us to go to the field, for many must stay at home and earn the money to support those that do go. Moreover, some are better fitted to earning the money than to preaching and evangelizing. But those that stay at home are equally responsible with those that go. Indeed, the missionary obligation rests all the heavier upon those whom Christ permits to remain at home, in the easy and pleasant places. Missionaries, our proxies, have many needs, because theirs is so vast a work. They are called to convert millions from idolatry and great iniquity. It is often one man against ten thousand men, and all the hosts of Satan.

3314. Missionary Sunday: Question. An African woman once asked a sad question about missions. It ought to be asked in every missionary meeting. The question was this: "Why do not more come to tell us? Is it because they do not love us, or because they do not love Jesus very much?"

3315. Missionary Sunday: Ready. "I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also."—Rom 1: 15.

The word translated "ready" really means eager. The verse contains the whole secret of successful missionary enterprise. How many of us can say, "I am eager to preach the Gospel, and not only eager to preach it, but eager to preach it up to the full measure of

my ability, 'as much as in me is'?" Our responsibility is measured by our ability. There may not be much in us, but as much as in us is, whether it be little or great, we should be eager to tell others the glad tidings that have saved us.—REV. R. A. TORREY, D.D.

3316. Missionary Sunday: Ready for the Gospel. A chief of an Indian tribe of the far North that had never heard the gospel, thus responded to its first presentation: "Missionary, I have long lost faith in our old paganism. . . . I made up my mind years ago that this Great Spirit, so kind and so watchful and so loving, did not care for the beating of the conjurer's drum, or the shaking of the rattle of the medicine-man. So I for years have had no religion. Missionary, what you have said to-day fills up my heart and satisfies all its longings. It is just what I have been expecting to hear about the Great Spirit. Stay as long as you can, and when you have to go away, do not forget us, but come again as soon as you can."

3317. Missionary Sunday: Ready to Obey. It would be a fine thing for our American churches if all that joined them had the spirit of a convert in Uganda. He was asked whether he would undertake a certain work, and he answered, "Is it for me to choose my work? You tell me what to do, and I am ready to obey."

3318. Missionary Sunday: Revival by Missions. Andrew Fuller's church was almost dead, spiritually. He was alarmed, and began to preach on the duty of the church to carry the gospel to the whole world. He preached on this subject for Sunday after Sunday, till the people began to say, "If the gospel can save the world, why can it not save our children, our community?" and the result was a revival. As Bishop Hendrix says, "The Son of God fixed our eyes upon that last man, that we might see between us and him every other man."

3319. Missionary Sunday: Results of Missions. An old man died in the Punjab Mission, India. He was converted forty years ago. He came from the low castes. He was a living epistle. One of his sons is an honored citizen in Allahabad, an elder in the church. Two daughters are engaged in Mission work. A granddaughter is inspectress of schools in a native state. Her sister, a teacher in a mission school. A third sister, wife of a Christian professor. Other grand-

children are in school and are followers of the Master whom their grandfather honored in his daily walk and conversation.—*Mission Bulletin*.

3320. Missionary Sunday: Safety in Missions. Our country is threatened with two mighty and growing forces—the power of organized wealth and the power of organized labor. A conflict might easily arise between the two, which would tear the nation to tatters. What is the security against this? There is only one, and that is the progress of Christianity in the hearts of the lowest and most humble as well as the most exalted and strong.—*C. E. World*.

3321. Missionary Sunday: A Great Secret. In a small town in the Midlands, England, there is a rich congregation, which is not characterized by lavish liberality.

Time after time the minister had vainly appealed to his people to contribute more generously to the funds of the church. The members would, indeed, give something, but it was nearly always the smallest silver coin of the realm that was placed on the plate.

A shrewd Scotchman who had recently come to the place and joined the church was not long in noticing this state of affairs, and a remedy soon suggested itself to his practical mind.

"I'll tell you what," he said to one of the officials, "if you mak' me treasurer, I'll engage to double the collections in three months."

His offer was promptly accepted; and, sure enough, the collections began to increase, until by the time he had stated they were nearly twice as much as formerly.

"How have you managed it, Mr. Sandyman?" said the pastor to him one day.

"It's a great secret," returned the canny Scot; "but I'll tell you in confidence. The folk, I saw, maistly gave threepenny bits. Weel, when I got the money every Sabbath evening, I carefully picked oot the sma' coins and put them by. Noo, as there's only a limited number of threepenny pieces in a little place like this, and as I have maist o' them at present under lock and key, the folk maun give saxpences, at least, instead. That's the way the collections are doubled."

3322. Missionary Sunday: Call for Costly Service. The writer, reading the strangely checkered career of King David, was arrested by this noble senti-

ment: "Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto Jehovah my God which cost me nothing." He thought: How much room there is in our modern religious life for a principle like that! How many are rendering to God a service that costs? Probably the attention the Church receives is as fair a test as is attainable of the value people put upon their service to God.

Let us take this principle into account in making up our missionary offerings.—H.

3323. Missionary Sunday: How Christianity Spreads. Referring to the need for spreading Christianity, and the best way to spread it, the Bishop of Stepney recently said he had been much struck with the truth that was in the words of the Dean of St. Paul's, who said that "after all, Christianity is not taught, it is caught—like the measles—from somebody else."

3324. Missionary Sunday: A Good Society. Ten young men in one church have combined to raise a missionary's salary of \$1,000. When others offer to take a share, they reply, "This is a close corporation, and there will be no vacancies except in case of death. You can go and form another like it."

3325. Missionary Sunday: Seeing Is Believing. A millionaire department store man was speaking at a Layman's Missionary Convention in a great Southern city some years ago, and said that when he saw a large church in the capital of Korea crowded with a thousand Christians at a mid-week prayer meeting, and heard them testify and pray, with joyful faces and welling hearts, although he could not understand a word that was said, he was unable to keep a flood of tears from his eyes. Significant has been the tendency of recent years for Christian workers from Western lands to visit and study the work in mission lands.

3326. Missionary Sunday: The Secret. The Duke of Wellington once met a young clergyman, who, being aware of his Grace's former residence in the East and of his familiarity with the ignorance and obstinacy of the Hindoos in support of their false religion, proposed the following question: "Does your Grace think it almost useless and extravagant to preach the gospel to the Hindoos?" The duke immediately rejoined, "Look, sir, to your marching orders: 'Preach the gospel to every creature.'"

3327. Missionary Sunday: They Seek.

A missionary among the Indians relates this incident: Some years ago an Indian stood at his door, and, as he opened the door, knelt at his feet. Of course, he bade him not kneel. But the Indian said: "My father, I only knelt because my heart is warm to a man that pities the red man. I am a wild man. My home is five hundred miles from here. My father told me of the Great Spirit, and I have often gone out into the woods and tried to talk to him." Then he said, so sadly, as he looked in the minister's face: "You don't know what I mean. You never stood in the dark and reached out your hand and could not take hold of anything. And I heard one say that you had brought the red man a story of the Son of the Great Spirit." That man sat as a child, and he heard the story of the love of Jesus. When they met again, he looked in his friend's face and said, as he laid his hand on his heart, "It is not dark; it laughs all the while."

3328. Missionary Sunday: Self-Restraint Box. A Japanese family chose for their special worship the god representing the virtue of self-restraint. They had a "self-restraint" box into which they dropped offerings for this god. When they were about to buy something, they would use the utmost economy and put into the box what was saved. The head of the family said it was his purpose to give to the god one-fifth of everything.

3329. Missionary Sunday: George Selwyn. George Selwyn was the first Bishop of New Zealand. He was a great oarsman at college in England and a famous athlete in other ways. When he went to New Zealand his first tour of the island was made on foot—762 miles. On the way out he had learned the native language, so that he could preach in it as soon as he arrived. He also learned navigation, and made long voyages among the islands. During the last years of his life Selwyn was a bishop in England, leaving seven bishops in the Pacific field, where he had entered upon the work alone.

3330. Missionary Sunday: The Song of Silver.

Dug from the mountain side, washed in the glen,

Servant am I or the master of men;

Steal me, I curse you;

Earn me, I bless you;

Grasp me and hoard me, a fiend shall possess you;

Lie for me, die for me;

Covet me, take me,
Angel or devil, I am what you make me.
—*Unidentified.*

3331. Missionary Sunday: Soda or Souls. Last summer a Baptist man in an Eastern city read the statement in a woman's missionary magazine that ten cents would buy either a glass of ice-cream soda or pay the rent for one Sunday of a room in which thirty children from the street are gathered each week for Sunday School in India. Whereupon he wrote to the editor, Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, a letter in which he complained that she had greatly disturbed his peace of mind. "Just think," he wrote, "what this will mean to me to-morrow, and the next days, and for days to come. I will start for a cool glass of soda water and find in the bottom of the glass the faces of thirty street children of India looking at me!" In the letter, however, he enclosed two dollars (with the promise of more) to be credited to the woman's missionary society of his church, the purpose of his gift being, "to restore his peace of mind for a couple of weeks at least."—*Missionary Review of the World.*

3332. Missionary Sunday: Steps Toward Christ. Here is one illustration of what is accomplished by medical missions. A wealthy and influential man at Swatow became interested in the medical missionaries' labors and got in the habit of giving them rice tickets for the poor patients. Then his wife became very sick, and the missionaries treated her. The man said, "I should like other women to be treated as my wife has been," and he gave \$2,000 to start a women's hospital. Next he came to see the advantages of a Western education, and offered the missionaries \$10,000 to start a Chinese school where Western learning could be taught. His last step was to destroy his idols and apply for Christian baptism.

3333. Missionary Sunday: Stir Me, Lord!

"Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord, I care not how,

But stir my heart in passion for the world!

Stir me to give, to go—but most to pray:

Stir, till the blood red banner be unfurled

O'er lands that still in deepest darkness lie,

O'er deserts where no cross is lifted high.

"Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord. Thy heart was stirred
By love's intensest fire, till Thou didst give
Thine only Son, Thy best beloved One,
Even to the dreadful Cross, that I might live;
Stir me to give myself so back to Thee,
That Thou canst give Thyself again through me."

—*Unidentified.*

3334. Missionary Sunday: When to Stop. So long as we live we must give. And that is one of the joys of living. Perhaps some of us have wished that the time might come when we need not "give" any more. Then we need to read this true little message in verse:

"For giving is living," the angel said,
'Go feed to the hungry sweet charity's bread.'

'And must I keep giving again and again?'

My selfish and querulous answer ran.

'Oh, no!' said the angel, piercing me through,

'Just give 'til the Master stops giving to you.'

—*Sunday School Times.*

3335. Missionary Sunday: Success. Titus Coan was probably the greatest missionary to Hawaii. After a thrilling missionary experience in Patagonia he went to the Sandwich Islands in 1834. Amid tremendous physical difficulties he preached in all parts of the islands. Soon the interest became intense, and for two years there was a continual Pentecost. A meeting-house seating 2,000 was too small for the number of Christians, who met in divisions, one crowd after another. On one Sabbath Mr. Coan baptized 1,705 tested converts. Before 1870 Mr. Coan himself had received into the church about 12,000 persons. He lived to be eighty-two years old, working with unflinching ardor and success.

3336. Missionary Sunday: The Surprised Filipino. When the Americans first occupied Manila, the prison doors were opened for those who had been kept for years in chains in a vile hole for what were termed "political offenses." One of these crimes, according to the Spanish government, which then ruled the Philippines, was reading the Bible. One day a man came to an American missionary in Manila, Dr. Homer Stuntz, and asked to see him in strict privacy. He then asked in a whisper if it was true that he could now read his Bible without danger of imprisonment. Dr. Stuntz

took him to the door and asked him to look at the American flag floating from a near-by government building. Then he said: "So long as you see that flag floating over your country, you can sit on the ridgepole of your house, if you want to, and read the Bible, and no one can molest you." Such was the change which came to that dark land when Protestant Christianity went in.

Such is the change missions are making in many lands.—H.

3337. Missionary Sunday: "Go and Tell." "When I was sixteen I joined the church," said an elderly lawyer recently. "Several months later, one blustery January day, Deacon Crandall stopped me on the road. There had been a number of fine catches of fish through the ice, and Joe and I were ready for an early start next morning. 'I've been over to Jake Streever's,' the deacon said. 'The folks are all sick, and my wife and Miss Adams wanted to send over some things. There wa'n't no fire in the house to speak of, Robert, and there ain't a stick of wood in the shed; so I'm going to draw 'em a load of four-foot, and enough stove wood to last 'em over night. Why can't you play the Good Samaritan, and saw it up in the morning?' 'Joe and I plan to go fishing tomorrow,' I replied, 'I guess you'll have to look up somebody else.' 'I see,' the deacon said mildly. 'I didn't know that; I thought it would be a good chance for you. The way it comes to me is that you and me and the rest of us are all the Lord Jesus has left to tell what a good, self-denying Saviour he was. If there wa'n't no Christians living up to their high calling, Robert, there wouldn't be a whisper for the Lord—not a whisper—this side of heaven. I thought mebbe you'd prize the chance and be glad to take it.' I gave up my fishing trip and sawed the wood, and I learned that day what real service was, and since then whenever I've been tempted to shirk my Christian obligations Deacon Crandall's homely aphorism has rebuked me,—'We're all the Lord Jesus has left.'"

—*Youth's Companion.*

3338. Missionary Sunday: A Testimony. Mrs. C. B. Leshner, a Baptist missionary in China, writes: "In looking over some of the new books for use in the Chinese schools all over China, in the preface of six primers and educational books prepared by a Chinese, I found this statement: 'As we study the history of the world, we find that the

blessings of education, science, discovery, etc., have all emanated from the disciples of the Christian religion. All that has really benefited our country, the best books, the best schools, the most helpful ideas, have had their source in Christianity and been handed to us by its teachers."

3339. Missionary Sunday: Dying Thief Argument. "Will a man rob God?" A minister was conversing with a man who professed conversion. "Have you united with a church?" he asked him. "No; the dying thief never united with the church and he went to heaven," was the answer. "Have you ever sat at the Lord's table of the Sacrament?" "No; the dying thief never did and he was accepted." "Have you given to missions?" "No; the dying thief did not, and he was not judged for it." "Well, my friend, the difference between you two seems to be that he was a dying thief and you are a living thief."—REV. C. H. KILMER.

3340. Missionary Sunday: Thirsting. A missionary in Japan tells of a well-educated young soldier who brought him a piece of thorny brier, and said: "I once saw a picture of a head crowned with thorns like this, and I can never forget it. Whenever I have things to bear in the barracks, the thought of that picture helps me. Can you tell me about it, and has it anything to do with your religion?" When the story of Jesus was told him, it seemed as if his whole soul were thirsting for the Living Water.

3341. Missionary Sunday: Transformed. At Christmas celebration in Korea, an old woman of eighty-three repeated three chapters in the Book of Proverbs. She said she could repeat six more if desired. She walks three miles every Sunday to church.

3342. Missionary Sunday: An Undelivered Message. "I sent my love to you every day!" said a little girl, indignantly, to a sick friend who was beginning to be convalescent, and felt hurt because no word of remembrance had come to her. "They just took it and kept it all themselves!" The childish way of looking at it sets in strong light the meanness of an undelivered message. Was it chance that just at the moment of hearing of it there fell into our hands an article in one of the magazines in which the writer—a missionary—made a passionate plea for men and women to come and tell the story of a Saviour's

love for sinners? "Oh, the people! the people!" she wrote earnestly, as if overwhelmed by the thought of their numbers and their need. "They are so dark and ignorant and lonely. Come and tell them that Christ loves them!" Christ sends his love to them with each returning day—sends it by us. Do we deliver it? Or do we take it and keep it all ourselves? What does he think of us as messengers?

3343. Missionary Sunday: Missions and Church Unity. The road to Church unity runs past the mission station—that is becoming more and more evident. Obedience to Christ's missionary injunction is bringing blessing to his Church in an unlooked-for way.

3344. Missionary Sunday: Using Boats. Good use is made of boats in preaching the gospel in places where regular work cannot be done. On Lake Biwa in Japan a little launch is kept busy four days in a week, and in this way the people are reached in a hundred villages not on a railroad.

3345. Missionary Sunday: We Could Do It. A soldier of the English army declared that they could place a proclamation given to them in the hands of every soul in the world inside of eighteen months. The Church of Christ has failed to do it in eighteen hundred years. But the happy sign is that she is waking up to the consciousness that she can do it. What should the Church Army do? What could the Church Army do if it set out in earnest to obey its Commander's order? The order—you know it: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

3346. Missionary Sunday: John Wesley's Rule.

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

This is in reality a missionary motto.
3347. Missionary Sunday: What Disturbed Him. I remember, as if it were yesterday, Fred Curtis, now a missionary in Japan, saying: "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel to the heathen." Immediately John Forman arose with the remark: "I know what is the matter with Curtis. He sleeps under a missionary chart on which there are 856

black squares representing 856 million heathen, and 190 green squares to represent 190 million Mohammedans." For-man added: "Any man sleeping under such a chart must decide to become a foreign missionary or have a nightmare every night in the week."—ROBERT P. WILDER.

3348. Missionary Sunday: John Williams. John Williams was one of the pioneer missionaries to the Society Islands in the Southern Pacific, to which he went nearly a hundred years ago, at the age of twenty. He had learned the work of a mechanic, and used his skill in his missionary labors, teaching the natives how to make houses and furniture and boats and articles of metals and many other things. He led the natives in raising sugar-cane and built a sugar-mill. He reduced the language to writing and drew up a code of laws. At his first baptism he received seventy into the church. He explored many groups of islands in a remarkable vessel which he made himself. He was finally murdered by the fierce natives of the New Hebrides, who mistook him for a cruel trader.

3349. Missionary Sunday: Women Helping. The women of Syen Chun, Korea, wanted to have a hand in building the church. They could not work with the men, but there were about twenty tons of tiles over across town that were to be used on the church, so like a string of ants this host of women sped back and forth till the twenty tons were on the church site. One day some widows got together. They said, "We have given what we could and we carried our share of the tiles, but the other women not only did that, but they have husbands who help. We must do something else; let us carry the water for the mortar."

3350. Missionary Sunday: Woman's Reason. One day a Chinese woman puffing at a cigarette appeared at a meeting held by a missionary in an out-station in China. Her face and hands were yellow beyond the native coloring from the excessive cigarette smoking. Politely the missionary asked her not to smoke in the meeting. "But," exclaimed the woman in amazement, holding out her cigarette, "these came from your honorable country."—*Record of Christian Work.*

3351. Missionary Sunday: His Year's Work. It had been a dull year in the church where Moffat was converted.

The deacons finally said to the old pastor: "We love you, pastor, but don't you think you had better resign? There hasn't been a convert this year." "Yes," he replied, "it has been a dull year—sadly dull to me. Yet I mind me that one did come, wee Bobby Moffat. But he is so wee a bairn that I suppose it is not right to count him." A few years later Bobby came to the pastor and said, "Pastor, do you think that I could ever learn to preach? I feel within here something that tells me that I ought to. If I could just lead souls to Christ, that would be happiness to me." The pastor answered, "Well, Bobby, you might; who knows? At least you can try!" He did try, and years later when Robert Moffat came back from his wonderful work in Africa, the King of England rose and uncovered in his presence, and the British Parliament stood as a mark of respect. The humble old preacher, who had but one convert, and who was so discouraged, is dead and forgotten, and yet that was the greatest year's work he ever did—and few have equaled it.

3352. Mission to Neighbor. Dr. Thomas H. Skinner, of Raleigh, N. C., is said to have approached a man and asked him to contribute to foreign missions.

"No," said the man, "I have enough to do to help my neighbors."

"Well," said Doctor Skinner, "who are your neighbors?"

"The people who join lands with me," said the farmer.

"Very well," said Doctor Skinner. "How far down does your land extend?"

"To the center of the earth, I suppose."

"All right. Now the man who joins land with you on the other side of the globe is living in heathenism, and I want you to help send the Gospel to him."—J. C. HIGEN.

3353. Missions. "Missions are the footsteps of the Almighty on his way to final triumph."

3354. Missions. Palestine was the West Point and Annapolis for the world. In that little country God was training up a people out of whom, when the fullness of the time should come, his gospel cadets should emerge, fitted by all the training of all their national history for going out among the heathen and proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ.—WM. M. TAYLOR, D.D.

3355. Missions. Robert Speer says: "If you want to follow Jesus Christ, you

must follow him to the ends of the earth, for that is where he is going."

3356. Missions. In American history there are two great commissions. The first made Washington commander-in-chief of the Colonial Army. It was a great commission that the patriots gave Washington, and in the end he led the thirteen colonies on to victory. The second great commission sent Franklin to the Court of France, by which America formed a most useful alliance. There have been commissions all through history, but THE Great Commission is found in the twenty-eighth chapter of Matthew, and is well called "The Marching Orders of Jesus to His Church."

3357. Missions and Business. About twenty years ago I was shown through a factory by the president of the company that controlled it. In that establishment six hundred doors were manufactured per day. At that time ten hours constituted a day's labor, and so the output of that factory was one door per minute. I asked my friend where he found a market for them all. He replied, "In South Africa." That would seem to be another illustration of the value of missions in promoting trade and commerce. As long as a man is a Kaffir, or a Zulu, or a Hottentot, he has no need for doors, because he does not possess a house in which a door may be hung. A little hut composed of saplings or bamboo, with a roof of twigs or straw, suffices him. But when he is Christianized and civilized he wants to live as a civilized man; therefore he requires doors; and inasmuch as he has not the machinery for making them he must import them.

Business men to-day are clamoring for wider markets. Would it not be well for them to watch the development of missionary enterprises, and to support them as liberally as possible?

3358. Missions as Business. A characteristic story is told about Doctor Carey, the pioneer missionary in India, who, before he left this country, was a shoemaker, or rather, as he himself put it, a cobbler. He used to go about from village to village preaching, for his soul was filled with the love of God. One day a friend came to him and said, "Mr. Carey, I want to speak to you very seriously." "Well," said Mr. Carey, "what is it?" The friend replied, "By your going about preaching as you do, you are neglecting your business. If you only attended to your business more you

would be all right, and would soon get on and prosper; but as it is, you are simply neglecting your business." "Neglecting my business?" said Carey, looking at him steadily. "My business is to extend the kingdom of God. I only cobble shoes to pay expenses."—*London Christian Herald*.

3359. Missions, Call to. The older of two men was once urging upon the younger the claim of Christian work in mission countries, and the latter answered with an excuse that had a familiar ring: "But I have never felt any compelling call to give my life in that way." "Are you sure that you are within calling distance?" was the disquieting reply. Some of us keep out of calling distance—intentionally so. Go or send.

3360. Missions, Contributions to. A poor Irish woman went to a venerable priest in Boston, and asked him to forward to Ireland her help for the famine sufferers. "How much can you spare?" asked the priest. "I have a hundred dollars saved," she said, "and I can spare that." The priest reasoned with her, saying that her gift was too great for her means, but she was firm in her purpose. It would do her good to know that she had helped; she could rest happier thinking of the poor families she had saved from hunger and death. The priest received her money with moistened eyes. "Now what is your name," he asked, "that I may have it published?" "My name," said the brave soul, counting out her money, "don't mind that, sir. Just send them the help, and God will know my name."

3361. Missions, Converted to. The great trouble with most Christians is that they do not give themselves to the great enterprises of the Gospel. They work and give "on a penny basis." A New York millionaire who became greatly interested in the Laymen's Missionary Movement, said, "Six weeks ago I was a cigarette-smoking, champagne-drinking Christian. Now I have been out six nights speaking for missions!" He had caught a glimpse of the vision of a world's awful need.

3362. Missions, an Enterprise. "A single corporation in South America backed by American money invested more money in a single copper mine, before taking out a penny, than the Church of Jesus Christ has spent for missionary effort in South America in all its history." Neither in South America nor Asia has the church yet ade-

quately dealt with the enterprise of the Great Commission.

3363. Missions, Foundation Laying. A brilliant Oxford student offered himself to the missionary society for African service. Some one remonstrated with him, telling him that he would die in a year or two, and that he was throwing his life away. The student answered: "I think it is with missions as with the building of a great bridge. You know many stones have to be placed in the earth unseen to be a foundation for the bridge. If Jesus wants me to be one of the unseen stones lying in an African grave, I am satisfied to be such, certain as I am that the final result will be a Christian Africa." It was a fact that that young man died after a few years there.

3364. Missions, Heroic Appeal of. Dr. Clifford, of London, tells of an English college which was visited by a minister seeking volunteers for a mission field in India. He assured the young men that the work was not difficult, that they would live in a pleasant society, have good homes, and enjoy the services of plenty of servants. Nobody offered to go. But a little while later another mission worker came to the same school seeking men to go out to the Congo. The places that he wanted to fill were vacancies left in the force by death, and the recruiting officer said bluntly to the students: "It will most likely mean death to you, too." Immediately six men offered themselves for the service.—*Herald and Presbyter*.

3365. Missions, Industrial. A group of Africans watched the missionary make a table from rough timber. One of them said, "Master, I thought God made these things and gave them to you white men; now I see you do it yourselves."

"I told him," said the missionary, "that our ancestors were once savage and knew nothing of handicraft, but through our contact with God we'd been given wisdom to do these things." Then at once the African asked, "Master, if you have done this why cannot we?" There is no limit to the opportunities through which the power of the cross can reach a darkened mind.—IDA L. MOULTON.

3366. Missions in India. A Brahman visiting a missionary in India saw a picture on the wall of Christ washing the disciples' feet. The Brahman said, "You Christians pretend to be like Jesus Christ, but you are not; none of you ever wash people's feet." The missionary said, "But

that is just what we are doing all the time! You Brahmans say you sprang from the head of your god Brahm; that the next caste lower sprang from his shoulders; the next lower from his loins, and that the low caste sprang from his feet. We are washing India's feet, and when you proud Brahmans see the low caste and the out-caste getting educated and Christianized, washed, clean, beautiful, and holy, inside and outside, you Brahmans and all India will say, 'Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.'"—MRS. S. H. KELLOGG.

3367. Missions, Import of. As radii in a circle are closest near the center, and towards the circumference lie more widely apart, the affections of a human heart do and should fall thickest on those who are nearest. Expressly on this principle the Christian mission was instituted at first. Love in the heart of the first disciples was recognized by him who kindled it to be of the nature of fire, or light. He did not expect it to fall on distant places without first passing through intermediate space. From Jerusalem, at his command and under the Spirit's ministry, it radiated through Judea, and from Judea to Samaria, and thence to the ends of the earth.—ARNOT.

3368. Missions, Impulse to. A speaker at the Men's Missionary Congress at Chicago told a story of a certain Christian who said to a friend who was interested in missions, "The subject of missions is getting on my nerves." The friend replied, "I am told that there are two sets of nerves—sensory and motor; on which set of your nerves does this subject bear the harder?"—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

3369. Missions Make Trade. Long-sighted kings of commerce should realize that they could make no better investment of their funds, in the way of preparing uncivilized countries for the entrance of their agents and the admission of their wares, than by endowing mission workers. Here, as elsewhere, not only is it right, but it "pays" in material results to "seek first the kingdom of God." Years ago President Angell, of Michigan University, said, in speaking to a gathering of capitalists: "The great empire of China will not receive and keep your locomotives and telegraphs, until she has bowed her knee to your Christ. She will not yield her ancient civilization until she has surrendered her ancient religion."

3370. Missions, Medical. A remark of

a native of India shows the quiet power of medical missions: "We are not afraid of your books, for we need not read them; we are not afraid of your schools, for we need not send our children to them; we are not afraid of your preaching, for we need not listen. But your Zenana workers get at our homes, and your doctors get at our hearts, and when you have got our hearts and our homes, you have got all." Peter's house was the first free Christian dispensary; "All they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them." Here is the record of the first medical missionary tour: "Jesus went about . . . teaching . . . preaching . . . healing all manner of disease."—GEORGE W. MARTIN.

3371. Missions, Ministering to Christ. Dr. W. H. Jeffreys, a physician for many years in Shanghai, said that brother doctors here at home scoff at the idea of his treating four hundred and fifty patients in a single day, because the work would be so inadequate. "Very true," he remarked, "but which patient shall I refuse to help?" So he pictured typical cases, and made a dramatic close by describing a pitiable wreck of humanity for whom it seemed impossible to make room in the hospital. But finally he was brought in, and the first step was to register his name. Here Dr. Jeffreys paused, then said slowly, "That man's name was Jesus."

3372. Missions, Motive to. A celebrated Japanese statesman said, "We do not worship our emperor, we only love him utterly. The commander before Port Arthur called one day for volunteers to cut the barbed wire entanglements. 'You will never come back,' he said. 'Nor can you carry a gun. You will take a pair of pliers and cut one or two wires and fall dead; another will take your place and cut one or two wires more. But you will know that upon your dead bodies the armies of your emperor will march to victory.' Whole regiments volunteered for these 'sure death' parties. If your Christians loved your God as we love our emperor, they would have long since taken the world for him."—R. WILBUR BABCOCK.

3373. Missions and Outlook. A noted general once said that he never looked out over a stretch of country without considering its facilities as a place of battle. Even so should God's generals look into the future. Battles there will

be wherever there is evil. Opportunities also there will be wherever there is good. Success is as dependent upon our equipment as upon our foresight.

3374. Missions, Power of. A tablet on the wall of a Presbyterian church in Aneityum, in the New Hebrides, contains the following inscription: "When the Rev. John Geddie, D.D., came here in 1846 there were no Christians, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen."—*Sunday School Times*.

3375. Missions Providential. One of the last speeches that I heard the late Archbishop of Canterbury make was in Exeter Hall, when, speaking to a great gathering of students, he said that one of the most marvelous things in Christianity, to him, was in the way in which God had been willing to place in the control of his people the fulfillment of his own great command, and in which the Lord Jesus Christ, who died adequately to save the whole world, had made the communication of the knowledge of that fact to the world, not a matter of his own will, but of the will of those who loved him, and who called him Lord.—ROBERT E. SPEER.

3376. Missions, Results from One Life. A Moravian missionary named George Smith went to Africa. He had been there but a short time and had only one convert, a poor woman, when he was driven from the country. They found this man dead one day. He had died praying for the Dark Continent. Failure? And yet when they celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of that mission, they learned that a company, accidentally stumbling upon a place where he had prayed, had found the copy of the Scriptures he had left. They also found one aged woman who was his convert. They sought to sum up his brief life, and reckoned more than thirteen thousand living converts that had sprung from that life which seemed such a failure.—A. J. GORDON.

3377. Missions, Results of. Not long ago, says *Christian Work*, in a public address a man spoke slurringly of foreign missions, whereupon a Jew arose and said: "Some years ago my bank sent me to look at some land in Porto Rico. The village I visited was the nastiest, vilest little hell I ever saw. Two years ago I was sent to the same town. It was a beautiful little place, with neat houses and yards, clean streets, a pretty school for children, no vice or drunkenness in evidence, good gardens, and a

church. What did it? A missionary had come there from the United States. I sought him out and gave him my check because I had never seen so much civilization accomplished in so short a time. And now, when I hear such speeches as these, I say, 'How ignorant and provincial such men are!'"

3378. Missions Too Slow. "How long is it," asked an old Mohammedan woman in Bengal, "since Jesus died for sinful people? Look at me; I am old, I have prayed, given alms, gone to the holy shrines, become as dust from fasting, and all this is useless. Where have you been all this time?"

That cry was echoed from the icy shores of the farthest northwest territory. "You have been many moons in this land," said an old Eskimo to the Bishop of Selkirk. "Did you know this good news then? Since you were a boy? And your father knew? Then why did you not come sooner?"

It was heard in the snowy heights of the Andes. "How is it," asked a Peruvian, "that during all the years of my life I have never before heard that Jesus Christ spoke those precious words?"

It was repeated in the white streets of Casablanca, North Africa. "Why," cried a Moor to a Bible-seller, "have you not run everywhere with this Book? Why do so many of my people not know of the Jesus whom it proclaims? Why have you hoarded it to yourselves? Shame on you!"

It is the cry of the four winds. How shall we answer it? Read Proverbs 24: 11, 12.

3379. Missions, Using Every Talent. The parents of Alexander Mackay intended him for the ministry, and were disappointed that he cared more for machinery than for theology. He offered himself as a missionary, but the proposition met with little favor, for how, it was asked, could he combine missions and engineering? He wrote: "I hope to connect Christianity with modern civilization, . . . I expect to execute public works, as railways, mines, etc. . . . It is more to help the missionaries already there that I go, than to supplant them; also to prepare the way by which others more readily can go there and stay." When the king of Uganda wanted a flag-staff, Mackay set it up. "I have no wish to spend time over such baubles, but when work of the kind helps, in ever so small a degree, to remove prejudice and promote good feeling toward the

mission, I do not regard the time as lost. All our feeble powers can be turned to account in the Master's work." He lived to see Uganda a Christian nation, largely the result of his labors. His last message to England was an appeal to prepare the way of the Lord in Africa by the building of railroads, and other means of transportation and communication.—F. M. T. CRITCHLOW.

3380. Missions Transform. When I arrived at the Fiji group, my first duty was to bury the hands, arms, feet and heads of eighty victims whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a Cannibal feast. I lived to see those very Cannibals, who had taken part in that inhuman feast, gathered about the Lord's table.—REV. JAMES CALVERT.

3381. Missions, Value of. Diamonds found in the mud of Africa now adorn the diadems of princes and merchants, but the workmen who found them are unknown. Stanley, Livingstone, and Bishop Tucker never found a diamond all the time they were in Africa, but the immortal souls they rescued from heathenism have transfigured them before the whole world. God honors his workmen.

3382. Missions Urged. China, the youngest and largest republic in the world, has 1,558 walled cities in 18 provinces. Only about 400 of these cities have resident missionaries, thus leaving more than 1,100 without such workers. And this is the nineteenth century of the Christian era—and China is only one of just such needy nations! Somebody somewhere somehow has missed his "opportunity . . . to do good." Is it you? Is it I?—Gal. 6: 6-10.

3383. Missions, Zeal for. We listen with awe to the heart-revealing words of Robert Moffat, the African missionary, "I felt as though I could die as I do now at this moment for Christ's sake and the salvation of the heathen around me."

3384. Money. See Giving. See Missionary Sunday and Missions.

3385. Money. Mammon is the largest slaveholder in the world.—FREDERIC SAUNDERS.

3386. Money. If you make money your god, it will plague you like the devil.—FIELDING.

3387. Money. The Romans worshiped their standard; and the Roman standard happened to be an eagle. Our standard is only one-tenth of an eagle,—a dollar,—but we make all even by adoring it with tenfold devotion.—E. A. POLE.

3388. Money Box Christians. The other day I was at a beautiful little place called Rhosilly, down on the Gower peninsula," said the Rev. Harrington C. Lees, "and I was looking about, as I always do in an old church, to see what interesting things I could find. In the belfry vestry I found a ship's bell hanging, and I looked at it; I tapped it, and it was dead and dull, and I looked, and the whole bottom of the bell was plugged with a disc of wood right up; and then in the side of the bell they had cut a door, and there was a hinge and a padlock. They were using that old ship's bell for a strong-box. Very useful, but it was not what the bell was made for. Christians are made by the Lord to be bells, to sound out the notes of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and tell what they are. But many such are just strong-boxes, and you cannot get any sound out of them. They take all in and they give nothing out, and they pride themselves on being saints."—*Christian Herald*.

3389. Money and the Church Collection. The following is one of Theodore Roosevelt's favorite stories. When he was police commissioner of New York he was examining an Irish applicant for the police force, and asked, "Well, if a mob were to gather and you were ordered to disperse it, what would you do?" "Begorra," replied Pat, promptly, "I'd pass around the hat for a collection, sir."

3390. Money, Danger from.

"It is well to be prudent
And thrifty—who wouldn't?
And quite self-supporting, 'tis true;
But in getting your money
(Now this may sound funny),
Oh, don't let your money get you!"

—NIXON WATERMAN.

3391. Money Held Too Tight. In Algeria when a peasant wants to catch a monkey he attaches a gourd to a tree. Having made an opening large enough for the monkey's hand, some nuts or rice are placed inside. In the night the monkey goes to the gourd, thrusts in his hand and grabs the delicacy, but cannot withdraw his clenched hand. As he will not let go his booty he remains until captured.—*Source unknown*.

3392. Money, Love of. In a certain book the line in the hymn: "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah," which should read: "Land me safe on Canaan's shore"; was printed: "Land my safe on Canaan's shore." That revised version might be

acceptable to many.—*London Sunday School Times*.

3393. Money Mad. When Captain John Smith and his crew of adventurers landed in Virginia they found a land so fruitful that, as it was said, "if it were tickled with a hoe it would laugh with a harvest." What a prospect of fruitful industry and prosperity was before them! But unfortunately as they pushed into the interior they found some glittering particles among the sand which led them to forget all thoughts of agriculture. They became money-mad. One of their ships was despatched to England to announce that they had discovered gold. Captain Newport presently sailed with a cargo of the shining dust and was received in England with a blare of trumpets and waving of flags. But it was a short lived joy. The supposed auriferous sands, on being assayed, were found to contain nothing but iron pyrites. The colonists had only their labor for their pains. Alas for us if we land on the farther shore with a cargo like that! The children who chase butterflies are wiser than we, since a little of the yellow dust lingers on their fingers though a breath will blow it off: but the gold seekers have nothing in the long run to show for it. Chasing the wind!—Rev. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.

3394. Money and Religion. An old Methodist preacher once offered this prayer in a meeting: "Lord, help us to trust thee with our souls." Many voices responded "Amen!" He went on: "Lord, help us to trust thee with our bodies." The response was vociferous, "Amen!" Then with still more warmth he said, "and, Lord, help us to trust thee with our money." Not an amen was heard in the house, except that of an old and poor lady. Is it not strange that when religion touches the pocketbooks of some people it seals their lips?

3395. Money a Great Responsibility. When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, etc., at Hampton Court, what ideas did they awaken in the mind of that great man? Instead of a flattering compliment which was expected, "Ah, David, David," said the doctor, "these are the things which make a death-bed terrible!"—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

3396. Money, Seek Not Supremely. An American missionary in Japan, making a hasty exclamation in English in a crowded train, was surprised to have his Japanese neighbor comment in idiomatic

American speech. He discovered that the man had been in America some years in business, but had returned to Japan to represent the firm there, and was then in charge of a factory a few miles from the missionary's station. He told the missionary that although he had a fine commercial education (reserved for the favored few in Japan) and his company wanted him to live in a big city, he longed for something better than money and so had asked the company to let him superintend this smaller rural factory. Here, he explained, he could have time to study his own people, their literature, their history and their lives. "It is a dog's life to make money all the time, and there are better things than business," he finished quietly, just as he left me.—*The Baptist*.

3397. Money, Stewardship of. Mr. and Mrs. Marshman opened a boarding-school for children of Europeans and Eurasians, which yielded quite an income for the mission. Mr. Ward superintended the press, and Carey, with the help of native assistants, went on with the work of translating the Scriptures, establishing vernacular schools for native children, and a college for higher education. A few years later, Carey was, by Lord Wellesley, appointed professor of Sanskrit and other Oriental languages, in the Calcutta College of Fort William, on a salary of \$3,000 a year. The three families lived together very simply, dining at a common table, at an expense of about \$500 a year, while all other funds privately raised by them were devoted to carrying on and extending the work of the mission.—*Mrs. W. W. SCUDDER*.

3398. Money, How it Talks. A young man who might have posed for a "Gents' Clothing Emporium" ad was talking with an elderly man, his father's friend.

"Oh, yes, money talks all right," said the young man flippantly; "but all it ever says to me is 'Good-by!'"

"Well, George, it is up to you to decide in what language it shall address you," said the older man. "Now, see here, George," he continued; "if you will make up your mind that each week a certain per cent. of the money in your pay-envelope is to go into the bank, you will find that it will say, 'Auf wiedersehen!' and you will surely meet it again, interest and all, just when you most need it."

That advice was the making of the young man. He faced straight around. He acquired the bank habit. A respon-

sible business position was offered him when this became known, and he made good. To-day he has a home of his own, which is paid for, furnishings and all; and he has a tidy sum in the bank besides.—*L. A. WALLINGFORD*.

3399. Money, Tainted. Bishop McConnell, speaking in Cleveland not long ago, referred to a recent action of the faculty of Union Theological Seminary. They asked the board of directors to scrutinize their endowments. If any of their income came from slum tenements, or any place where the money was coined from the life-blood of women and children, or from factories in which safety devices are missing because of the cost, the faculty asked that these investments be changed. They promised to stand a reduction of salaries if a decreased income on this account made it necessary.

3400. Moods. "Do you wait until you are just in the right mood for your work and find yourself full of your subject?" inquired a curious lady of the author whose writings she had often read and admired. "Do you just write from inspiration?"

"No; it's from desperation, chiefly," was the answer—a truthful answer, though given with smiling lips and twinkling eyes.

There is little of the world's work of any sort done by those who wait for "moods." Special moods and illuminations do come, indeed, but they are seldom vouchsafed to those who stand waiting for them; they come instead to the busy worker already pushing forward at his best pace with the light and ability he has. It is wonderful, too, how many good things are born of desperation, of the urgent necessity that must find a way that dare not fail. The inventions, the enterprises, the great movements that have blessed mankind have come not from waiting for moods, but from some pressing need that would not wait.

3401. Morality. Morality is the vestibule of religion.—*CHAPIN*.

3402. Mother. See Mother's Day.

3403. Mother. I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on their children, as well as the sins of fathers.—*DICKENS*.

3404. Mother. Heaven is at the feet of mothers.—*ROEBUCK*.

3405. Mother. All that I am, my mother made me.—*J. Q. ADAMS*.

3406. Mother.

They say that man is mighty,
 He governs land and sea,
 He wields a mighty scepter
 O'er lesser powers that be;
 But a mightier power and stronger
 Man from his throne has hurled,
 For the hand that rocks the cradle
 Is the hand that rules the world.

—WM. ROSS WALLACE.

3407. Mother, Heathenish.

There was a widow woman at Fort Yukon, since the establishment of St. Stephen's hospital and the institution of periodic examinations of all the children of the village, who had a twelve-year-old boy with incipient tuberculosis. Dr. Burke found a pulmonary lesion, and insisted that he come at once out of the close dirty cabin, which was his home, into the tuberculosis ward of the hospital with its fresh-air regimen. The boy gained weight and improved remarkably, but when he was strong enough to work again, though not free of danger of relapse, the mother demanded his return and was deaf to the doctor's remonstrances. So it came to me as the native court of last resort, and I sent for the woman. Deliberately and clearly, I laid before her that if the boy went back to the irregular meals and hours, and the crowded dirty cabin where he had contracted the infection, he would almost certainly grow sick again, and would probably die. She made an answer that I have often thought of since. She said: "That's all right; quick go to heaven."

It came with something of a shock, and non-plussed me for a moment. Then my indignation having gained momentum, I told her that the boy might go to heaven, but that she would not; for, if she took him away and he died, I would stand before God's judgment seat and denounce her as the murderer of her child, and that she would be sent to a very different place. The boy stayed, and is well and strong to-day, and now returned to his mother.—HUDSON STUCK.

3408. Mother, Honoring.

The greatest men of our country have honored their parents.
 When George Washington was sixteen years old he determined to leave home and be a midshipman in the Colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk he went in to bid his mother good-by. She wept so bitterly because he was going away that he said to his waiting servant, "Bring back my trunk; I will not make my mother suffer so by leav-

ing her." He remained at home to please his mother. This decision led him to become a surveyor, and afterward a soldier. His whole glorious career in life turned on this one simple act of trying to make his mother happy.—KRAMER.

3409. Mother, Lincoln's Love of. Lincoln loved his mother dearly. She died when he was only nine years old, but she had taught him many useful lessons. He said in his mature years, "All I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother. I can remember her prayers, and they have always followed me." His step-mother was also very precious to him, filling a mother's place, and after the death of his father, Lincoln made provision for her support.—J. T. HOBSON, D.D.

3410. Mother, Longing for. At the zenith of his fame, while the continent was applauding his deliverances as orator and editor, Henry Grady left the Atlantic Constitution office and took the train one afternoon for his widowed mother's home. "Mother," he said, "I want to be a little boy again to-night. I want to sit by your side with my head on your knee and have you tell me stories like you used to do. I want you to make me some of those little cakes you used to cook for us for supper. Then mother, get out my old trundle bed and after I have knelt at your knee and said, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' you must come in and tuck me in that little bed and say a prayer over me like you used to do way back in the past.' Ah, who has not felt that way? Who has not cried out sometimes:

"Mother, come back from the echoless shore.

Take me again to your heart as of yore.
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

I have grown weary of toils and of tears;

Toils without recompense; tears all in vain;

Take them and give me my childhood again."

3411. Mother-love. J. M. Taylor, president of the Marble Dealers' Association of Chicago, was glad to get to work for the Y.M.C.A. in Ireland because it was close to his home in Scotland, where lives his 84-year-old mother, whom Taylor had not seen for many years.

He got a leave of absence and went over to Glasgow to surprise her. Arriving before her cottage quite early in the morning, he waited until he saw smoke coming from the chimney and knew somebody was up and about.

Mr. Taylor hadn't forgotten his boyhood days in old Glasgow, and just to have things in keeping with the olden days he picked up a handful of small gravel and threw it against the window.

Mrs. Taylor had no possible intimation of a visit from her son, yet when she heard the gravel she turned to her other son and said:

"That's Jimmy." And it was.

3412. Mothers' Comfort. The old mother's face twitched with emotion and her hands fumbled nervously as she unfolded the telegram that told of the death of her son in France.

The minister spoke of eternal hope, but she shook her head. He assured her of his sympathy, and, in her mother tongue, she thanked him, but listlessly.

He was silent. He did not know what to say.

"They tell me," she broke the pause, "that my boy was buried with military honors, and that is my comfort."

Back of the seemingly shallow remark lay the realization that her son died nobly, bravely doing his duty. He gave his life to protect women and children from unspeakable barbarity, to save a world from tyranny. And the military honors were the public recognition of the greatness of his sacrifice. All this she felt, though she could not put it into words.

3413. Mothers, Good. One mother I redeemed from her fifth term of slavery. . . . Five times she had sold herself into slavery because her little boy who changed bondmasters was a slave. Each time she followed up her son, gladly enduring bondage under five slave-owners to be near her boy. This was time number five when I broke her chains! And all for maternal love. That lad grew up to be one of our earliest converts on Lake Mweru, many of his best natural qualities coming from his slave-mother. Somebody was right, surely, when he said so eagerly: "I think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of the mothers shall occasionally be visited on their children as well as the sins of the fathers."—DAN CRAWFORD.

3414. Mothers' Influence. At the bedside of a dying mother, in the hour when watching hearts dread both speech and

silence, a son whispered: "Don't worry, Mother; we'll all be good." And the wan lips answered feebly: "Yes, my son; just be good; be good; nothing else counts."

3415. Mothers, Influence of. A little boy, after reading Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," asked his mother which of the characters she liked best. She replied, "Christian, of course; he is the hero of the story." The child responded, "Mother, I like Christiana best, because when Christian set out on his pilgrimage he went alone, but when Christiana started, she took the children with her."

3416. Mothers, Influence of. Another suggestion as to the value of Christian nurture in Sabbath-school work is found in the remark made by that very successful lay missionary among the depraved classes in New York City, Jerry McAuley. He made the statement more than once, that he never knew a man permanently converted unless he had a good mother. We are not called upon to accept that remark as stating a rule in the history of conversions. But that Jerry McAuley should have made it as a result of close observation of his converts is a sufficient reason why Sabbath-school officers and teachers should give close attention to the scholars who have good mothers.—W. H. ROBERTS, D.D.

3417. Mothers, Responsibility of. In the Indiana Penitentiary I was told of a man who had come there under an assumed name. His mother heard where he was. She was too poor to ride there, so she walked. Upon her arrival at the prison she did not at first recognize her son in his prison suit and short hair, but when she did see who it was that mother threw her arms about that boy, and said: "I am to blame for this; if I had only taught you to obey God and keep the Sabbath you would not have been here." How many mothers, if they were honest, could attribute the ruin of their children to the early training!

3418. Mother's Day. See *Mother*. See *Mothers*.

3419. Mother's Day: "Mother."

Her arms, my cradle undergirt with tireless care;

Her ears, the open door to every sigh and cry;

Her brow, deep-furrowed with the toil of years gone by;

Her lips, the first to kiss, to call, to bless in prayer;

Her hair, with silvered threads, agleam with radiance rare;

Her eyes, the depthless well of love
that cannot die;

Her face, uplit with light of heaven's
highest sky;

Her heart, the throbbing life of God:
Mother, who bare!

My mother, thou art all of this and
more

Than tongue can ever tell or ears re-
ceive or heart.

Thou art my mother! That is more
than all on earth

Besides. What though I said farewell to
thee, a score

Of years ago? I love thee still. Death
does not part.

Deathless in love and life—Mother,
who gav'st me birth!

—W. H. FOULKES.

3420. Mother's Day: Mother of Augustine. Among the mothers of history of whose lives we know, a high place is forever assured to Monica, the mother of Augustine. Augustine in his early manhood was a brilliant but dissolute teacher of rhetoric. His mother was an earnest Christian, and ever grieved over her son's sinful career, but never did she cease to pray for him, never did she cease to hope that he would eventually become a Christian.

That religious classic, "The Confessions of Saint Augustine," while it is the record of his own inner life, is also a noble appreciation of the faithfulness of his mother, which was eventually rewarded by seeing her son led to Christ. Augustine, in the judgment of historians, is one of the most influential men the Christian church has ever known. In fact, a recent careful writer says, "Since the Apostle Paul no equal name has arisen in the Christian church." And this leader we owe under God to his mother's example and prayers.

3421. Mother's Day: The Bible and Motherhood. The literature of all ages has paid tribute to mother, the chronicles of all nations acknowledge their debt to her. And the sacred Word is full of the highest homage to mothers. "The Lord could not be everywhere, so he made mothers," said a Jewish rabbi. "Mother in Israel!" has become a term of the highest regard. The Fifth Commandment, and the first with promise, says, "Honor thy mother."

Eve, the mother of the human race, as her name signified, is shown in her motherhood helping her children as gifts from God.

Sarah was promised to be "The mother

of nations," and manifested her motherhood in her solicitude for Isaac.

Rachel, the mother of Joseph and Benjamin, is held forth as the most lovable character and appearance, and her name used frequently in later history.

In the mother of Moses, recorded only as "A daughter of Levi," is a most beautiful presentation of unselfish motherhood. She crushed her own feelings, hid her wealth of love for her beautiful baby that his life might be spared. And what wonderful reward was hers when she saw in her boy God's deliverer for Israel.

In Naomi, made more famous by her daughter-in-law Ruth, is pictured a faithful mother.

There is no more beautiful mother in history than Hannah, the mother of Samuel. Consecrating her child before birth to God's work, she bravely fulfilled her vow. In quiet and faith she prepares him for the future. When the time came she took him to the temple and left him for God's service.

But it is in the New Testament that we find the culmination of the exaltation of motherhood in the life of Mary, the mother of Christ. From the time that the angel announced to her, "Blessed art thou among women," until the day that Jesus said from the cross to his beloved disciple, "Behold thy mother," she was ever the highest type of motherhood.—R. E. STEWART.

3422. Mother's Day: The Bible and Motherhood. Our Mothers—An Appreciation: "When Jesus therefore saw his mother," etc. John 19:26, 27.

Our Debt to Motherhood: "Render, therefore to all their dues, honor to whom honor." Rom. 13:7.

God and Motherhood: "For God commanded saying, Honor thy father and mother." Matt. 15:4.

A Holy Family: "Behold I and the children whom the Lord hath given me." Isa. 8:18.

A Mother's Wages: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." Ex. 2:9.

The Nobility of Motherhood: "The price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies," etc. Prov. 31:10-13.

An Utter Folly: "A foolish son despiseth his mother." Prov. 15:20.

The Law of Thy Mother: "My son, keep thy father's commandments, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Prov. 6:20.

3423. Mother's Day: Bright and Clean. It is a great thing to keep one's self so

clean, both inside and out, that we do not soil those with whom we come in contact. In some of our lighthouses the "bright work," that is, the lamps, lenses, and so on, and even the copper pans used in the house, are supposed to be kept absolutely clean. When the inspector comes he is given a white napkin, and he rubs the lamps with it. If they are quite clean the napkin is not soiled, and he enters in his record, "Service napkin not soiled." Do we defile our friends by our thought, word, or example? God wants His people to be bright and clean. This Mother's Day impels toward such purity and example.

3424. Mother's Day: Mothers As Evangelists. Christlike mothers are wonderful soul-winners. They are the most successful evangelists in the world. I have read of a young infidel who was contemplating the character of his mother. "I see," he said within himself, "two unquestionable facts. First, my mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body and mind, and I see that she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support she derives from constantly retreating to her closet and her Bible. Secondly, I see, that she has a secret spring of comfort of which I know nothing; while I, who give an unbounded loose rein to my appetites, and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If, however, there is any such secret in religion, why may not I attain it, as well as my mother? I will immediately seek it of God." Thus the influence of Christianity, exhibited in its loveliness by a living example before him daily in his mother, influenced Richard Cecil to find Jesus by himself, and to glorify that Saviour by a life of remarkable service. Every mother has such opportunities with her children.—WARREN G. PARTRIDGE.

3425. Mother's Day: Wear a Flower. The wearing of a white carnation or other white flower, the beautiful emblem of truth and purity, will be filial evidence that the wearer loves to honor his mother living, or her memory if dead.

If away from home on this day, write mother a love letter, send her a telegram, use the long-distance 'phone, or the special delivery of the post office.

The white carnation stands for purity; its form, beauty; its fragrance, love; its wide field of growth, charity; its lasting qualities, faithfulness—all virtues of a true motherhood.

3426. Mother's Day: Gives Herself. I

know of a mother who reared a large family of boys and girls, and was remarkably successful in her training. Would you like to hear her secret? Here are her words, "When my children were young I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk with them to teach them, to read to them, to pray with them, and thus to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house many times. I had no time to indulge myself in many things which I should have liked to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their hearts, best affections, that I could not adorn their bodies in fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the gospel, my grown-up daughter is a lovely Christian woman. I have plenty of time now to rest, plenty of time to keep my house in perfect order, plenty of time to indulge myself in many ways, besides going about my Master's business, whenever He has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world, I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do. I gave them the best I could, myself."—REV. WARREN G. PARTRIDGE.

3427. Mother's Day: Mother, God Bless Her.

The heart of her, that beat against my own,
The love of her, out-breathed in every tone,
The eyes of her, that saw my smallest grief,
The feet of her, that flew to my relief,
The hands of her, that mind and body fed,
The voice of her, that soothed and comforted,
The ears of her, that heard my childish plaint,
The face of her, with halo like a saint,
The lips of her, that smiled her motherhood,
The mind of her, my own that understood;
The prayers of her—oh, I would worthy be
Of all my mother was, and is, to me.

—IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

3428. Mother's Day: God's Gift of Mother. No love like mother-love ever

existed except in the bosom of the Great Giver of life who planted the mother-love in the heart of every good woman.

3429. Mother's Day: Mother Influence.

Orison Sweet Marden declared in *Success* that it is a strange fact that our mothers, the molders of the world, should get so little credit and should be so seldom mentioned among the world's achievers. The world sees only the successful son; the mother is but a round in the ladder upon which he climbed. Her name or face is never seen in the papers; only her son is lauded and held up to our admiration. Yet it was that sweet, pathetic face in the background that made his success possible.

"All that I am or hope to be," said Lincoln, after he had become President, "I owe to my angel mother."

"My mother was the making of me," said Thomas A. Edison recently. "She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had some one to live for; some one I must not disappoint."

"All that I have ever accomplished in life," declared Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, "I owe to my mother."

"To the man who has had a mother, all women are sacred for her sake," said Jean Paul Richter.

"A kiss from my mother made me a painter," said Benjamin West.

3430. Mother's Day: Mother Influence.

The story is told by a jailer how, one evening before the lights were out in the prison and the convicts had gone from the corridor to their cells for the night, a strong, sweet baritone voice was heard singing in a rear cell:

"Gold has its power, sages will say;
Riches in life hold a wonderful sway;
But there is a power hails from above,
Richer and grander—power of love.
There strolls a noble—money and land,
Lives in a mansion, costly and grand,
Yet he's unhappy, no one knows why;
Love's a great power no money can buy."

The voice of the singer was choked for a moment; then, clearing his throat, as with an effort he began the chorus:

"Love of a mother for her darling child;
Love for a son, though he's wayward
and wild."

The account goes on to tell how audible sobs were heard both in the cell of the singer and from other parts of the corridors. Recollections of the mother love had been stirred, and the flood-gates of

memory broken down. For a few moments it seemed as if some of them could not control their emotions; but finally all became still again, and the singer once more began:

"Love of a mother for her darling child;
Love for a son, though he's wayward
and wild;
Love that brings joy and tears to the
eye,
This love is something that money can't
buy."

As the song ceased, those in the corridors rushed to the singer's cell and hands were thrust through the bars to clasp his hand in greeting. Nearly every prisoner avowed his purpose to lead a better life. And when "Home, Sweet Home" was sung they all joined with new hearts, because of the noble resolves of that good hour.—REV. L. W. MADDEN.

3431. Mother's Day: Lesson. Faithful Hannah found her great reward in Samuel's great career. Moses on the Mount was the "wages" of the poor Hebrew mother who cradled him in her basket of rushes. Saint Augustine's mighty service for the gospel was the best reward that God could give Monica. Washington was God's splendid recompense to Washington's mother.—REV. J. W. CHAPMAN, D.D.

3432. Mother's Day: Letter to Mother.

The friendship of John Wesley and his mother, Susanna, is one of the noble traditions of Methodism. Their correspondence reveals their unity of spirit, and John's great indebtedness to his mother's ripe counsel, in many a critical situation. The letters of Abigail Adams, edited by her grandson, reveal a somewhat similar aspect of friendship between Abigail and her son John Quincy. To have been the wife of one President and the mother of another is a unique distinction. To have left such letters of wisdom and virtue, breathing incitement to all noble aims to her son, is a worthy hint of America's indebtedness, not only in this case, but in others not unlike, to the power behind the throne.

3433. Mother's Day: To Mother.

Mother! Dear, sacred name, and sweet!
How slow we are to prove
The height and depth and deathlessness
of perfect mother love.
We take her tender daily care, just as
the thoughtless flowers
Look up to God for daily light, because
we know 'tis ours.

But when we miss, from heart and life,
the comfort of her care,
Then we must learn to live without her
presence and her prayer.

'Tis then the name of mother is to us a
holy thing;

And, hovering low, we seem to feel the
shelter of a wing.

—LIZZIE HARDING UNDERWOOD.

3434. Mother's Day: My Mother.
"Thou shalt still bring forth fruit" (Psa.
92: 14).

I am thinking of an Elect Lady who
sat in her invalid chair at ninety-three,
with veiled eyes and palsied hands; but
superannuated? Oh, no! I hear her
now, singing in a quavering voice,

"On Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight!"

By the sweet influence of her over-
coming faith and patience she was un-
consciously bringing forth fruit in her
old age. It was more than thirty years
ago that she turned the bend in the road;
but many a time climbing the pulpit
stairs, I have felt her dear hand on my
shoulder and heard her saying just as
she used to, "My son, the Lord be with
you."

What a heritage! She being dead yet
speaketh. I wonder was this in the mind
of the Master when He said, "He that
liveth and believeth on me shall never
die"?—REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.

3435. Mother's Day: Now.

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit you down and write the letter
You put off from day to day.
Don't wait until her weary steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

—GEORGE B. GRIFFETH.

3436. Mother's Day: Observe. The
occasion of observing Mother's Day is
the necessity of reminding the young
how much they owe to the self-denial
and devotion of the mother who is the
presiding genius in the home. While
children honor the mother, they are not
to overlook the debt they owe to the
father who toils for them, sets them an
example of bravery and virtue, and hand

in hand with the mother leads them to
the throne of grace.

3437. Mother's Day: Only Our Mother. Well has it been said by Kate
Douglas Wiggin, "Most of all the other
beautiful things in life come by twos
and threes, by dozens and hundreds.
Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows,
brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins,
but only one mother in all the wide
world."

3437a. Mother's Day: Originator of.
The name of Miss Anna Jarvis, of Phila-
delphia, will be treasured long as the
originator of Mother's Day. No one
should have any greater affection or
esteem for his mother on the second
Sunday in May than on the first Sun-
day, or on the first day of December;
but, like Thanksgiving Day is to give
thanks, this is a time to give expression
to the affection and the esteem which
our lives hold.

3438. Mother's Day: To Sainted Mothers. A beautiful stained glass
window in a Methodist Episcopal church
in New York State bears the simple
and only inscription, "To a sainted
mother." This is pure eloquence.

When William Howard Taft was
President of the United States, he sent
a check to help a little church in Mil-
bury, Mass., with these words: "Just in
memory of my mother. I know she
would like to have me do something of
that sort." The words gave eloquence to
the check.

When the evangelistic-singer, F. A.
Mills, well known for years in central
New York, was called to part with his
mother he sang with deep feeling at her
funeral:

Oh, mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary,
Thy gentle hand upon my brow,
Is leading me to Jesus now.

That is the eloquence of a sainted
motherhood.

3439. Mother's Day: Somebody's Mother.

Somebody prays for a boy astray,
Afar from home, at close of day,
Somebody loves him, in spite of sin,
Somebody seeks his soul to win,
Would give her all, his soul to win;

That somebody is mother.

Somebody's heart is filled with joy,
To meet a penitent, erring boy,
To know her prayers were not in vain,
To welcome home her boy again,

In spite of every sin and stain;
That somebody is mother.

—RICHARD JONES.

3440. Mother's Day: Song. The "White Carnation" reminds us of the purity and beauty of Mother-love. Each one has only one Mother. Motherhood is more than womanhood, and more than wifehood. Two men listened to a prima donna; and one asked the other, "Did you ever hear anything like that?" "Yes, long ago a plain old woman with gray hair and tired face, the mother of many children, crooned over me, the youngest."—REV. A. W. LEWIS.

3441. Mother's Day: A Tribute. A great company had gathered in the auditorium for the evening service. There were men and women gray and bent, because the years had been long and full of care. There were young men and women with the morning glow upon their faces. Here and there sat a little child, and over all brooded the Sabbath hush. Then softly into the silence began to steal the notes of a song. Tenderly, yearningly, almost caressingly, it came:

"Oh, mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary."

The silence deepened into a solemn stillness, as all the love and the longing, the joy and the sorrow, the disappointment and the achievement of the years poured themselves into the singer's voice. Again it came:

"Oh, mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary,
Thy gentle hand is on my brow,
'Tis leading me to Jesus now."

Then, as if the audience were but one great, hungry heart, hungry for mother, heads bowed, eyes closed and song and singer were forgotten. The sweetest face in all the world came back and with that face, a life. The long years gave up their store, and a little child, a youth, a man was once again with mother. Then, the heart made answer, the common heart of the great, bowed audience made answer to the song:

"Yes, mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary."

and thence to Calvary's God.—A. B. LAMOREAUX.

3442. Motive, Love for Christ. An ungodly father beat his boy to keep the lad from going to church or Bible school.

The boy came to my class many times with marks of violence upon him, and finally I exclaimed, "I wonder that you do not run away from home." He looked up in surprise and said, "I ain't stood near as much as you said He did. If I stay home mebbe pa will believe some time." The boy had never heard of Christ's sacrifice for us until he joined the Sunday-school class.—MRS. G. B. SATTERWAITE.

3443. Motives, The Two. There are two motives for keeping commandments—one because they are commanded, and one because we love him that commands. The one is slavery, the other is liberty. The one is like the Arctic regions, cold and barren; the other is like tropical lands, full of warmth and sunshine, glorious and glad fertility.

3444. Mourning, Symbol of. Cyparissus was deeply grieved at having unintentionally killed a favorite deer. He begged Apollo to make his mourning perpetual. The god heard his prayer and turned him into a cypress, the branches of which tree were always used at funerals.

3445. Murmuring. See Grumbling. See Thanksgiving.

3446. Murmuring Hurts Us. I have read of Cæsar that, when the day appointed for a great feast proved to be gloomy, he was so enraged that he commanded all those who had bows to shoot up their arrows at Jupiter, their chief god, as in defiance of him for that rainy weather. Their arrows fell upon their own heads, and many were sorely wounded. So all our murmurings, which are so many arrows shot at God himself, will return upon our own heads.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

3447. Music. See Worship.

3448. Music. Although music appeals simply to the emotions, and represents no definite images in itself, we are justified in using any language which may serve to convey to others our musical expressions. Words will often pave the way for the more subtle operations of music, and unlock the treasures which sound alone can rifle, and hence the eternal popularity of song.—HUGH R. HAWES.

3448a. Music, Attraction of. A noted musician was invited to play at Baden-Baden, the great gambling resort. The hall in which he played was close by the gambling house. He played for one or two nights, and the gambling tables were altogether deserted. The owners protested against having music that destroyed their business, and finally hired

the hall out from under his patrons, and made him move further down the street. But that didn't do any good, for as long as he stayed there and played, the gambling was largely forsaken, that they might listen to the music, that their hearts and souls might be stirred to their depths, that they might be lifted above these mundane vices.

3449. Music, Heathenism Lacks.

Heathenism has no hymn books. Buddhism, Brahmanism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, and paganism do not break forth into songs of joy. How could this be expected of religions whose gods inspire only fear and dread? Charles E. Scott, of China, describes the Buddhist chants as "weird," with "a vein of sadness in them as of joy unattained, of hope unrealizable," and goes on to say, "they give many people a sense of unutterable homesickness."—*Sunday School Times*.

3450. Music, Inspiring Power of.

Christian song has not only a saving and soothing power, but also a wonderfully inspiring power. It arouses to action. A singing church is a triumphing church. It has been said that an inspiring air is sometimes worth thirty thousand men in a fighting army. The story is told that in the earliest part of our civil war the government proposed to economize on bands of music, and many of them were sent home. But the generals sent word to Washington, "You are making a great mistake. We are falling back repeatedly. We have not enough music." Then the government changed its mind; more bands were sent to the field, and the day of shameful retreat was ended.

There is a wonderful power in song. A singing church is a conquering church. The early Christians were singing Christians. The early church was a singing church. The great Reformation was largely an awakening of song. To this day the Germans say, "Luther conquered us by his songs." Let us sing. Let us all sing. Let us praise God everywhere we go. "Praise God in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts. . . . Praise him with the sound of the trumpet. Praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and dance. Praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise him with the loud cymbals. Praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord."—H.

3451. Music, Ministry of. The *Mayflower* put out to sea from Plymouth in England with the Pilgrims on board singing some of the psalms of David. Under the inspiration of the sacred music, they were made bold to venture upon the broad seas to reach an untried continent.

History tells us that the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell always approached their battles singing religious hymns and psalms. This made them invincible. At Marston Moor the army of Cromwell faced the cavaliers. After the first cannon was fired, the parliamentarians emerged from a cornfield singing a psalm, and they swept everything before them. It is impossible to stand against an army made bold by sacred music.

During the recent Great War there was evident everywhere the great importance our government attached to martial music. The soldiers were encouraged to sing, for a singing army is a conquering army; and the hearts of our men thrilled when they heard the inspiring strains of our national anthem. There are many who think the Marseillaise is the grandest of all martial airs, and one can very well understand its effect upon the French people when they are heard to sing, "Ye sons of France, awake to glory!" The hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," is the Marseillaise of the Christian soldier, and it would be a fine thing if we could be emboldened by it to do battle for our Lord and win victories of grace for him.

I always love to read of the days of the Covenant in Scotland, when the people were willing to lay down their lives for the sake of liberty of religion. I chanced upon an account of the martyrdom of Hugh McKail, who, while standing on the scaffold, waiting to be hanged, sang the musical version of the thirty-first psalm, "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed"; and, also, of two Scottish lassies who chanted on the scaffold a few minutes before their execution the sweet strains of the twenty-third psalm. The Huguenots made a great deal of music in their days of persecution, and their girls were said to go as gaily to their death as if they were going to their weddings.—W. J. HOWELL.

3452. Music, Ministry of. Music is a divine art, a universal language, a vehicle of worship, and a soothing, inspiring, and saving force. Old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, all alike acknowledge the strangely weird and fas-

cinating power of music. It is grateful and refreshing as the breezes of the mountains. It is stimulating as the breath of spring. It comes to the mind like an enchantment from the world of infinite harmonies where God himself is found. It blesses us.

Not only so, but if upon our minds there is exerted a soothing, elevating, inspiring influence by the rhythmic symphony of human voices or the masterly play of human hands, may we not conjecture that to God, who gave us these faculties of execution and appreciation, music is a pleasure? Why otherwise should he have asked us with such infinite repetition in his Word to sing and give praises—with our voices, with stringed instruments, with cymbals, with harps, with flutes, with organs? The very fact that music is in harmony with that which is highest and noblest in life is sufficient to assure us that it moves the heart of God. Music not only blesses us, but it pleases him.—H.

3453. Music, Power of. Christian song has not only a saving but also a comforting and soothing power. How often have you entered God's house all filled with worriments and anxieties and yet perhaps in the singing of the first hymn your faith was kindled and your troubles rolled away. Music is a medicine for many disorders. It soothes when perturbed. It cheers when disconsolate. Like with Saul in the hearing of David's harp, it softens the heart and drives away anger. We can never know how much suffering and sorrow music has assuaged and healed. It is balm to the soul and healing to the body. A soldier in our army told a friend that on the days the regimental band would play near the hospitals all the sick and wounded revived; and men who were so lame they could not walk before got up and went out and sat in the sunshine, and those so dispirited that they never expected to get home again began to pack their baggage and ask about time-tables on steamboats and railroad trains.—H.

3454. Music, Power of. Orpheus played so sweetly on the lyre, accompanying the music with his voice, that he tamed wild beasts, stayed the course of rivers, and drew the very trees around him as he sang.

3455. Music, Strange, Mysterious Power of. There is in Christian song some strange, mysterious power to voice the language of the heart. It contains suggestions of forms and powers of ut-

terance which may not find their perfect development in this life. It is a special power of utterance suited to holy themes. The heavenly hosts do not speak when they can help it. They sing. Singing is their natural utterance. So it would seem that our poor attempts to sing God's praise are our attempts to rise toward that angelic life in which song is more natural than speech. It is striving to share, as Dean Hook says, in "the unearthly work of praising God."

3456. Music Wins to Christ. One of the most powerful ways of preaching the gospel is to sing it. No one can estimate the power of truth in song. Many a hard rebellious heart has given way under the softening influence of consecrated song. God has given to some people just as much a mission to sing the gospel as he has to others to preach it. Let us not forget that there are uncounted thousands of saved souls in this land to-day that were literally sung into the kingdom.

We have read of a Grecian mother who saw her child on the brink of a precipice. To shout to it might only quicken its vagrant feet to wander closer to the edge, or so startle it with fear as to cause it to tottle over. She lifted her voice in a familiar hymn and lured the little one back to her side. So many a sinner has been led to Christ, won by the singer of some sweet song.—H.

3457. Musician, An Earnest. Jan Kubelik, the famous young violinist, was engaged to play at the residence of a rich New Yorker. Although his fee for a few moments' work was to be \$2,000, Kubelik refused to play when he learned that the entertainment was to be in the nature of a feast. "I will not play where the people are fidgeting with food," he said. The young Bohemian evidently valued an appreciative audience more than the big dollar.—*Advance*.

3458. Name, Known By. "I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine." In a hotel or a prison a man may be known by the number of his room or his cell, but at home we are called by our names. And God's house is neither a hotel nor a prison; it is a home. We murmur over the sleeping babe the name known only to love's whisper, and the feeling in our hearts interprets that in the heart of our Father when he looks down and remembers his own. It is the old pet name that, after all, stirs our hearts more than that name and fame that are uttered in the ear of a listening world. This is

the highest rapture of life, to know our lives in the hands of love by the power of the name which binds together the Eternal God and the human soul.

3459. Name, The Saving. "I have been thanking the good Lord all day long for that blessed word 'Which?'" said John to his friend.

"That blessed word 'Which?'" replied his astonished companion. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Well," explained John, "it's like this. For many years I gave way to drink. Our home was a poor sort of a place. My Mary hadn't a very nice life of it. And in those days I had no clothes except those I stood up in. But last year I started going to church with my Mary. And one night I was converted. And my, the difference it made! Why, last night my Mary was upstairs, and I called out to her to bring my clothes down when she came. And what do you think she called back? She shouted, 'Which?' And, oh, it made me feel good to have my Mary ask me that! And I've been thanking the good Lord all day for that blessed word 'Which?' . . . Which? Shall it be the gray suit or the black?—that is the all-absorbing question. . . . John's wardrobe, with its two suits, is a fitting emblem of the world in general, and of my own individual world in particular. John cannot wear both suits at once, but it is lovely to have them both to choose from. Life is full of margins, of surpluses, of overflows. . . . My butcher calls every morning for orders. . . . I cannot have everything he has in stock; I do not need everything; I do not like everything. But I like him to greet me every morning with that blessed word—'Which?' It makes me feel that I am living in a wealthy world. . . . Yes, a man dearly loves to choose. . . . In his infinite and inscrutable wisdom God has left room in human nature for the entertainment of fads and whims, foibles and fancies. . . . But to all this there are limits, and they are very stern and severe ones . . . there are things in which we may go wrong, and in which, therefore, we have no choice. The Ten Commandments, for example. . . . A man is not free to pick a duty or choose a god after that. . . . No man is free to choose his morals. . . . "There is none other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." . . . Jesus stands in splendid solitude as the one and only Saviour.

3460. Nation. See *Independence Day*,

Lincoln's Birthday, Patriotism, Washington's Birthday.

3461. Nation. Nations, as well as individuals, are mortal.—**OLIVER B. SEWARD.**

3462. Nation Needs God. I heard a little anecdote the other day which may not be true, but it illustrates our blindness to God's providences. It was said that a farmer was looking at his young, springing crop of oats, which promised well. Some one stepped up to him and said: "That is a fine crop," and the farmer said, "Yes, if God Almighty will only let it alone, it will be a fine crop." And, so the story goes, the crop stopped where it was. God Almighty had let it alone. I say that is a parable to us. The great bulk of the people are proposing that this Empire should be carried on without God, without thought of God; and their idea seems to be that if God will let us alone we shall flourish. If God lets us alone we shall perish.—**ROBERT F. HORTON.**

3463. Nations Healed. Pour the balm of the Gospel into the wounds of bleeding nations. Plant the tree of life in every soil, that suffering kingdoms may repose beneath its shade and feel the virtue of its healing leaves, till all the kindred of the human family shall be bound together in one common bond of amity and love, and the warrior shall be a character unknown but in the page of history.—**THOMAS RAFFLES.**

3464. National Greatness, Source of. Not long ago an intelligent Turk raised this question in the Turkish parliament: "Why is there always prosperity in America? Here we have wars and famines, conspiracies and revolutions. They have none of these things over there; why not?" None could answer. A Japanese visitor to this country several years before this question was asked answered it in these words: "I am no Christian. I do not believe in your Bible nor in your religion. I am what you call a heathen. Yet to me it is perfectly plain that Christianity is the spring of America's prosperity."—*Record of Christian Work.*

3465. Nature, God Revealed in. Rev. R. J. Campbell tells the story of a child sailing on the ocean. He kept asking his mother when he should see the sea. She would point to the water all around the ship and say, "That is the sea, my child," but the little one could not understand. To him that was only water. So the daisies, the brooks, the sunsets, to us are only nature, until Christ has so revealed

God to us that we see our Father in them.

3466. Nature, Revealing God. When the professor had spoken we stood for a moment silent, then he smiled and said briskly:

"I have been a botanist for fifty-four years. When I was a boy I believed implicitly in God. I prayed to him, having a vision of him—a person—before my eyes. As I grew older I concluded there was no God. I dismissed him from the universe. I believed only in what I could see, hear, or feel. I talked about Nature and Reality."

He paused, the smile still lighting his face, evidently recalling to himself the old days. I did not interrupt him. Finally he turned to me and said abruptly: "And now—it seems to me—there is nothing but God."—DAVID GRAYSON.

3467. Nature, Revealing God. A little bird alighted at sunset on the bough of a pear tree in Martin Luther's garden. Luther looked upon it, and said, "That little bird covers its head with wings, and will sleep there, so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces and the great blue depths of immensity. Yet it fears not: it is at home. The God that made it, too, is there." Coming home from Leipsic in the autumn season, he broke forth into living wonder at the fields of grain. "How it stands there," he said, "erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head with bread in it—the bread of man sent to him another year!"—H.

3468. Nature, Revealing God. "The undevout astronomer is mad." "What do you see?" was asked of a famous botanist. "I see God," was the reverent answer. "I am thinking God's thoughts after him," said a great astronomer. "I have found a universe worthy of God," said a Christian microscopist, turning from his instrument. The story is told of a great scientist, a naturalist, who one lovely summer day went out in the highlands of Scotland with his microscope to study the heather bell in all its native glory, and, in order that he might see it in its perfection, he got down on his knees without plucking the flower, adjusted his instrument, and was reveling in its color, its delicacy, its beauty, "lost in wonder, love and praise." How long he stayed there he does not know, but suddenly there was a shadow on him and his instrument. He waited for a time,

thinking it might be a passing cloud. But it stayed there. Presently he looked up over his shoulder and there was a fine specimen of a Highland shepherd watching him. Without saying a word, the naturalist plucked the heather bell and handed it with the microscope to the shepherd, that he, too, might see what he was beholding if he had vision. The old shepherd put the instrument up to his eyes, got the heather bell in place, and looked at it until the tears ran down his face. Then, handing back the little heather bell tenderly and the instrument, he said: "I wish you had never shown me that. I wish I had never seen it." "Why?" asked the scientist. "Because," he said, "mon, that rude foot has trodden on so many of them." How beautiful, indeed, are the things of God's out-of-doors. We would do well to look upon them more appreciatively.—H.

3469. Nature, Revealing God. A minister asked an old colored man his reasons for believing in the existence of a God. "Sir," said he, "I have been here going hard on fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the sun rise in the east and set in the west. The north star stands where it did the first time I ever saw it. The seven stars and Job's coffin keep on the same path in the sky, and never turn out. It ain't so with man's works. He makes clocks and watches. They may run well for a while; but they get out of fix and stand stock-still. But the sun and moon and stars keep on the same way all the while."—H.

3470. Nature, Teaching of God. A lady of wealth went to her summer home in northern Michigan. After she had left the railway station it was necessary to travel some distance through a forest. From the station they descended a very steep hill which spread the country for miles before her vision. On every hand there were trees, trees, trees. Not a village nor a dwelling in sight but only a mass of trees. She was immediately overcome by the greatness of God's universe and her own littleness. That vision could not leave her. She felt that she must henceforth make her little life count. It was her call to usefulness. She returned to her home and at once offered herself to her pastor for any work he had for her to do.

3471. Nearness to God. The Rev. Russell Conwell says: "When Professor Agassiz, the great naturalist, was about to take us students out from Harvard

College in the country to show us the wonderful marvels of creation, we were always advised to 'stay with our Professor.' 'Stay with him; he has much to tell you; he will show you something beautiful every minute. Stay with him, do not wander from him.' Even so I would say, 'Stay with God.'—*Sunday Circle*.

3472. Negations, Loving. An old-fashioned minister was once driving along a country road with one of his young parishioners, who, like many young men, liked to argue on matters of religion. The wise old minister listened to him without much comment as he expounded his views, merely saying bluntly: "So you object to the Ten Commandments?"

"N-no," stammered the young man, "not their purpose and object—but—well, hang it, a fellow hates to have a 'shall' and 'shan't' flung in his face every minute! They sound so sort of arbitrary!"

The old minister clucked to his horse and hid an involuntary sly smile as he bent to arrange the old chaise-boot. A few minutes after the boy caught hold of his arm suddenly.

"You've taken the wrong turn. That guide post said, 'This way to Holden!'"

"Oh, did it?" returned the other, carelessly. "Well, maybe it might be a better road, but I hate to be told to go this way and that by an arbitrary old sign post!"

An embarrassed laugh from his red-faced traveling companion told the old man that his shot had struck home. They were soon facing the other way and following the directions of the "arbitrary" sign post.—MRS. A. B. BRYANT.

3473. Neglect, Danger from. In a Pennsylvania coal mine a fire ate its way for years. Little attention was paid to it until it approached a great body of anthracite coal valued at two billion dollars. Then a great wall of concrete deep and long and thick enough was built at an enormous expense to arrest the progress of the fire.

We have been losing men and boys in the fires of sin. How long shall we delay taking every precaution to prevent the ravages that are going on?

3474. Negligence. The vestal virgins were severely punished for neglect of duty. If the sacred fire was extinguished through their negligence they were cruelly treated. If they infringed the rule which

forbade them to marry they were buried alive.

3475. Negroes, Help of. On the banks of the Mississippi there was a great flood. It swept through that section threatening to devastate millions of acres of land. The white men were throwing sacks of sand by the thousand in order to stay the rising flood. At one point their last bag of sand had been used and the water was still rising. There were 400 black men, and when the suggestion was made that these black men lay down and with their bodies keep back the inflowing water, almost without exception they lay there, and thus, for the time being, prevented the flooding of that great district. As by our bodies we kept back the danger there, as we continue to receive help and encouragement and protection, the time will come when, in all the larger and more important matters of life, with our bodies, minds and souls, we will keep out anything that may threaten our great civilization.—BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

3476. Neighbor, Love of. A farmer living near Des Lacs, N. D., was sick during the winter and spring. The time for sowing of wheat found him dangerously ill in bed. His neighbors got their heads together, set apart a day, and with twenty-two outfits of plows, harrows, drills and other agricultural implements, sowed one hundred acres with wheat on that single day. The women also helped by coming from their homes with baskets of lunch which they served to the men on the lawn. In these days, when to outrun and take advantage of a neighbor is a common failing, it is glorious to see such an act of brotherly love.—*The Christian Herald*.

3477. Neighbors, Making Your. "What kind of a place is Smithville, Major Green? Are there nice people there? Shall we find it a good place for a home?" "What kind of a place was the last one you lived in?" the Major would reply. "Oh, charming; the most social, pleasant people, so friendly and kind." "Well, you'll find them just so in Smithville." The next stranger would make a similar inquiry. "What kind of a place is Smithville? Shall we find pleasant people there?" "How was it in the place you came from?" "Oh, miserable! the most stuck-up, aristocratic folks; we were homesick the whole time." "Well, you'll find them just so in Smithville!"

3478. New Year. See *Time*. See *Happiness*.

3479. **New Year.**

The wave is breaking on the shore,—
The echo fading from the chime—
Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial-plate of time!

—WHITTIER.

3480. **New Year.**

A Flower unblown: a Book unread:
A Tree with fruit unharvested:
A Path untrod; a House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes:
A Landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies:
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed:
A Casket with its gifts concealed:—
This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond To-morrow's mystic gates.

—HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

3481. **New Year.** "A. D."—the world
writes the letters carelessly as it turns
the page to record for the first time the
new year; but in these letters is the
"open secret" of the ages, for this, too,
is a "year of our Lord," an "acceptable
year," a "year of grace."—JESSE B.
THOMAS, D.D.

3482. **New Year, and too Busy People.** There are a couple of verses
pretending to be the epitaph of a busy
woman, this being the title given them,
which have a sly moral for a good many
people. They may be quite ironical,
yet they may prove wholesome to a
good many people, and especially just
now, at the New Year season. They
read:

Here lies a poor woman who always was
busy;
She lived under pressure that rendered
her dizzy;
She belonged to ten clubs and read
Browning at sight,
Shone at luncheons and teas, and was out
every night.
She served on committees and went near
and far,
She golfed and she kodaked, and drove
her own car.

Liked "urges" and splurges, knew mi-
crobes by name;
Approved of Delsarte, was a "Daughter"
and "Dame."
Her children she saw only once in a
while,
Her husband signed checks and tried
hard to smile,
One day on her schedule she found an
hour free—
The shock was too much, and she died
instantlee.

But among women are not found the
only people who are too busy. Dr. Amos
R. Wells has some verses, more thought-
ful, about a too busy man—a man who
"never had time."

There was an old fellow who never had
time
For a fresh morning look at the Volume
sublime;
Who never had time for the soft hand of
prayer
To smooth out the wrinkles of labor and
care;
Who could not find time for that service
most sweet
At the altar of home where the dear ones
all meet;
And never found time with the people
of God
To learn the good way that the fathers
have trod;
But he found time to die;
Oh, yes!
He found time to die.

This busy old fellow, too busy was he
To linger at breakfast, at dinner or tea,
For the merry small chatter of children
and wife,
But led in his marriage a bachelor life.
Too busy for kisses, too busy for play,
No time to be loving, no time to be gay;
No time to replenish his vanishing health,
No time to enjoy his swift gathering
wealth,
But he found time to die;
Oh, yes!
He found time to die.

—H.

3483. **New Year, Begin With God.**
"Begin the year with God well," says Dr.
Robert E. Speer. "The beginning of the
Bible is the right beginning of time and
of all times. 'In the beginning God.'
If we begin with him, we shall the more
easily go on with him. Taking the first
step by his guidance, will make it easier
for us to take the next, and the next,
until we have the habit of walking with
him always."

Here is the secret for making this year
a year laden with possibilities of good, a
truly beautiful year.—H.

3484. **New Year Beginnings.** James
Buckham has written a poem which pic-
tures the joyous spirit in which we
should make our start in the new year—

"'Go, sin no more.' These are the
Saviour's words.

The past is past. True life is here and
now.

With seal of God's forgiveness on thy brow
Greet life's new morning, happy as the birds
That lift their songs when sunshine fills the air;
For God is love, and love is everywhere!"

3485. New Year Chance to Try Again.

We made a good many failures the past year. The new year is a chance to try again with the hope of doing better. Many a musician has desired, after a public performance, to play his parts over again, believing that he could have done them accurately and well but for a small misunderstanding of some little note. During this year the concert will be repeated. The chances of life are open anew.

A famous painter who was asked which of his pictures he considered his best, replied, "My next." Robert Browning tells of one known as the "Faultless Painter" who at the height of his fame pronounced himself a failure because he had ceased to feel any ambition to improve in his art.

Let us not forget it, that whether in the field of art, in the field of sport, or in the still more serious game of life, the secret of all excellence is to play the game better to-day than we did yesterday. "Better!" That is the key-word to the Epistle to the Hebrews. Let us take it as the key-word of this new year, and of all of life that remains to us. "Better!" "Better!" "Still better!"

"Brethren, the time is short. It is important to remember that "the opportunity of a lifetime must be grasped during the lifetime of the opportunity, which is generally brief." We must not think too lightly of the possibilities which present themselves as though it were a matter of little moment whether they are embraced or not. If they are allowed to pass by, they are lost—they never return again.

During this year we cannot have the same opportunities we had last year, but we shall have new opportunities. Some of them will be opportunities to try to do things we failed in last year. That is a gracious fact. Let us grasp the opportunity in the lifetime of the opportunity.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a year of grace,
There's a God to face,

There's another heat in the great world
race—
Speed! Speed with a song!

—H.

3486. New Year, Christ Accompanied.
Let us not fail to recall that one source of joy and peace and assurance that the year can be made beautiful is that Christ promises to be with us all the way. He says, "Lo, I am with you always."

I have heard of a little boy who was sent on an errand. He was not a big boy, but a really little boy. About to start, he paused uncertainly in the doorway. "Mother," he said, in troubled tones, "it's so far, and it's a new road to me; I—I'm not 'zactly afraid, but—couldn't you go a little way with me?" She caught the anxiousness of the childish appeal, and said quietly, "Mother'll go all the way with you, son." And so, his little brown hand in mother's, he walked the new way unafraid. As we stand at the beginning of the new, the unknown way, One stands at our side whose promise is: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end."

An untrodden way! But "He leadeth me." "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." But we do not go forward alone. So it becomes true that the new year is a golden gate of opportunity.—H.

3487. New Year, Cornering of Time.
Men have cornered the stock market. They have cornered the wheat market. They probably have done wrong in doing so. But it is a good thing for each man to do, to decide in these opening days of the year to corner the time market. An apostle once commanded, "Redeem the time." That means purchase it, buy it up. But we are to buy it up in order to set it free for service and in service.

We may redeem the time, for one thing, in gaining useful knowledge.

Elihu Burritt attributed his first success in self-improvement, not to genius, which he disclaimed, but simply to the careful employment of those invaluable fragments of time called "odd moments." While working and earning his living as a blacksmith, he mastered some eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two European dialects. Is not this suggestive of a valuable New Year lesson? Corner your new year time.—H.

3488. New Year of Grace. At the New Year season we may well recall the stirring words of William Herbert Hudnot and try to live up to their challenge:

Quit you like men, be strong;
 There's a burden to bear,
 There's a grief to share,
 There's a heart that breaks 'neath a
 load of care—
 But fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
 There's a battle to fight,
 There's a wrong to right,
 There's a God who blesses the good
 with might—
 So fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
 There's a work to do,
 There's a world to make new,
 There's a call for men who are brave
 and true—
 On! on with a song!

Quit you like men, be strong;
 There's a year of grace,
 There's a God to face,
 There's another heat in the great world
 race—
 Speed! speed with a song.

3489. New Year Growth. When Long-fellow was well along in years, his head as white as snow, but his cheeks as red as a rose, an ardent admirer asked him how it was that he was able to keep so vigorous and write so beautifully. Pointing to a blooming apple tree near by, the poet replied: "That apple tree is very old, but I never saw prettier blossoms upon it than those it now bears. The tree grows a little new wood every year, and I suppose it is out of that new wood that those blossoms come. Like the apple tree, I try to grow a little new wood every year." And what Long-fellow did we all ought to do. We cannot head off the one great event that happeneth to all; but we can keep on "growing new wood," and in that way keep on blossoming to the end.

3490. New Year, Happy Highway. The New Year is a new road. We are to journey over it. Can we know the way?

Clear across the continent there is a road marked with red, white, and blue signs. It is called the "Lincoln Highway." It is easy to follow, for we have but to watch for the signs. The spiritual road of life is just as clearly marked. In every page of God's Word we find its guide-posts. Verse after verse says, "This is the way, walk ye in it." But the red, white, and blue signs of the

great Lincoln Highway are of little use to men who fail to look at them or heed them. And some are strangely blind, or else heedless, in spiritual things. Prayer and the open Book, together with careful heed will make certain our steps through the coming year. Let us walk the great highway of truth and righteousness. Then shall the New Year be a very happy and blessed one.

There is a familiar story of a king, who, unlike most kings, was distinguished for his wise and philosophic view of life. He said: "I count that day lost in which I have done no good thing." The New Year gives us a chance to try over again.—H.

3491. New Year: Happiness In. A secret of New Year happiness may be found in cultivating the ambition to grow larger this year. In an old fable there was a magic skin the wearing of which would get a person everything he wished. But each wish that was granted shrank the skin; and by and by, when the wearer got what he wished, the skin squeezed his breath out. The fable is true. The magic skin is false ambition. Every time the false ambition is attained, the person shrinks. On the other hand, every time we promote a true ambition there is an expanding of the whole nature and an enriching of the whole being. There is happiness in it. Let us grow larger this year. Let us plan and resolve to do so.—H.

3492. New Year Impels to Time Economy. On the floor of the gold-working room in the United States Mint at Philadelphia there is a wooden lattice work which is taken up when the floor is swept, and the fine particles of gold-dust, thousands of dollars yearly, are thus saved.

So every successful man has a kind of network to catch "the raspings and parings of existence, those leavings of days and wee bits of hours" which most people sweep into the waste of life.

"While the students of Andover were waiting for breakfast at the boarding-house," said a lady, "the rest of the young men would stand chaffing each other; but Joseph Cook, if there were only a half-minute to spare, would turn to the big dictionary in the corner of the room, and learn the synonyms of a word, or search out its derivation." It is a cheap thing to say that Joseph Cook has evidently swallowed the dictionary, and cheap people often make the remark; but our age has not produced many

nobler geniuses, nor a more magnificent specimen of true self-culture. At this New Year season is a good time to resolve on utilizing the waste.

When Titus Vespasian, who conquered Jerusalem, returned to Rome, he was sitting one night at supper and suddenly remembered that he had done no good deed that day. "My friends," he said, "I have lost a day." We hate to lose anything—a dollar, a watch, anything—yet we lose, without thinking, time, which is more valuable than gold.—H.

3493. New Year, Importance of To-day. "Carpe diem." "Seize to-day," wrote the poet Horace many centuries ago.

A later poet has written:

"To-day is the only day we have,
Of to-morrow we can't be sure,
To seize the chance as it comes along
Is the way to make it secure.
For every year is a shorter year,
And this is a truth sublime:
A moment misspent is a jewel lost
From the treasury of time."

—J. Y. EWART, D.D.

3494. New Year Lessons.

The past is gone—gone forever—
Hereafter to return never.
To-day's sorrow, coming after
On the morrow may be laughter.
And hate and scorn, born of to-day,
On the morrow may pass away.
Sorrow and grief bear many tears,
Which pass away with coming years.
Looking backward, ever we see
Fair times that still we wish to be.
But in the past was toil and pain
We wish not to return again.
On through the past Time us has led;
We cannot turn, the past is dead.
And there is hope of greater things
Than looking back now ever brings.
Therefore in time that is before,
Strive on and on—look back no more,
Achieve above things that were lost;
Let NOW excel the fading Past.

—A. O. GOLDFINCH, JR.

3495. New Year, Looking Backward. Looking backward—that is all right and has its value—but the real duty is that of going forward. People talk about experience keeping a dear school, but it is not so dear after all when we come to consider the value of the lessons we learn and their wonderful help for the future. In the matter of Christian living all past experiences may be valuable as helps and guides in the "things that are before." "Tribulation worketh patience, and pa-

tience, experience, and experience, hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." The occasional backward glance is well and wise for us all, if we will but carefully learn the lessons that past teaches, and use them to guide our future course.

January ought to be but the beginning of a regular development of which December is the end, as regards any one year. Past victories ought to be the ends of battles, and the beginning of conquests. But past mistakes as well as victories may have their lessons. We should learn new year's wisdom from old year's failures. The crudities of earlier months ought to be lost in the maturity of later months. May carries its spray of blossoms, and October its basket of fruit, so early promises should become fulfillments as the days pass on. Standing on this summit "between the years," at the opening of the new year, let us not fail to pause a little and take a calm and thoughtful view of the way over which we have already come, and learn the lessons it teaches; and then make use of these lessons while we run the course upon which we enter, which lies before.—H.

3496. New Year, Make It Better. The tramp who claimed to be an Episcopalian on the ground that he had done those things which he ought not to have done, and had left undone those things which he ought to have done, is a ubiquitous person. His name is legion. He is a type. The most faithful servants of the Lord will not claim to have done any more than it was their duty to do, and many a heart is sad as the year closes because conscious of the multitude of unfinished tasks, and the many blemishes which have marred the year's record. It is well for us that to our God belong forgiveness, and tender mercies, and that our misery and need are passports to his grace rather than our attainments and good character.—*New York Observer.*

3497. New Year, Making It Beautiful. I have read of a young girl who on tacking up a new wall calendar, bearing the unfamiliar figures of the New Year upon it, said, with a prophetic tone of assurance in her voice, "It is going to be a beautiful year." A friend standing by heard the girl's prediction concerning the nature of the coming year, and, being curious to know what was in her mind, she asked, "How do you know it is going to be a beautiful year? A year is a long time." "Well," she said, "a day isn't a long time, and I know it is going to be

beautiful because I am going to take a day at a time to make it so. Years are only days, when you come right down to it, and I am going to see that every single one of these three hundred and sixty-five days gets at least one beautiful thing into it."

Of course, the girl prophesied out of the plan and purpose of her heart, which constitute the source and philosophy of each good day and year, and likewise the secret of every beautiful life. Moreover, the incident serves to suggest the fact that each human life can be made beautiful, no matter what its environment may be. It also includes the very essence of David's prayer for means and methods by which to achieve the goal: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The year ahead may not look very bright nor have prospect of being very happy. Yet it is possible to make it both beautiful and happy by taking each day at a time and making it so.—H.

3498. New Year, a New Way. The children of Israel were just going to cross the Jordan. It was then the message came to them: "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." We have not passed this new year's way heretofore. It was a prospect calculated to try the stoutest hearts among those Israelites; yet it was the opening up of many possibilities for noblest achievement. The ark, the symbol of God's own presence, was carried before them. God was their leader. He must be ours. If we will accept him as our guide in every path, if we will follow him always, we shall find that to us rivers will open wide and we shall be led into land of glorious promise. The reason the ark was to be carried before the people was that they might know the way. It was a new path to them. We, too, are constantly coming up to experiences that are altogether new to us. Indeed, all life is in a sense new and strange. Every day's path is an untried one. Each year's path is also an untried one. There are also many special times in life when it can truly be said to us, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." It is so of childhood, and to every happy-hearted youth the counsel well may come: "Keep the ark always before you, and keep in sight of it—for you have not passed this way heretofore." It is true when a young man goes out from his home to try the world for himself. It is true of the young woman who steps forth from her

father's door to go to the marriage altar. It is true when we are called to meet our first great sorrow. It is true when we first take up the serious responsibilities of mature life. It is true at the last when we are moving into the valley of the shadow of death.

But let us apply the thought just now more especially to the duties and privileges of the new year which lies just before. This new year is a golden gate of opportunity, especially in affording us new chance for coming into contact with Christ. And that is what can make this a beautiful year. In it we may learn to know him better than ever before. We may walk with him, and talk with him, and dwell "in the secret of his presence" as never before if we will embrace the opportunities for fellowship the new year brings.—H.

3499. New Year, Now or When. On the outer walls of one of the towers of Beverley Minster is a quaint old dial with the pregnant legend, "Now or when?" A simple question it asks, silently yet continuously—in the morning, at noon, at the setting of the sun—of all the dwellers in that place, of all the strangers that come there, of all the passers-by; a simple question, yet one deep in its suggestiveness.

Now or when? From how many directions the question may come to us at the closing of the old year or opening of the new! The things you have intended to do—now or when? Have you closed with Christ—yielded your heart to Him? Now or when? Have you broken with that bad habit? Have you carried out that good purpose you had? Now or when?

A venerable lady was once asked her age. "Ninety-three," was the reply. "The Judge of all the earth does not mean that I shall have any excuse for not being prepared to meet Him."

Now or when? You.—H.

3500. New Year, an Open Gate. I know of a minister who chose for his text on New Year Sunday morning these rather startling words from the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah (37:17): "Is there any word from the Lord? And Jeremiah said, There is."

On the first day of January, 1797, Nelson wrote to his father from his ship, *La Minerva*, on the Mediterranean: "My dear father, on this day I am certain you will send me a letter." On this New Year Day our heavenly Father sends us messages. We expect them. It is natu-

ral that we should. These messages do not all come to us directly. They come, most of them, providentially, circumstantially, many of them through the very fact that it is the New Year season.

We are standing at the beautiful gate of the year. It is a door of opportunity. The shortness of life is to many a spur to intelligent and enthusiastic effort. To others it is the excuse for dilatoriness and procrastination. During the war a soldier was tendered by the librarian of the camp a book and urged to learn to read it. He replied that he expected to be killed anyhow and "didn't want nothin' on his mind." This was an exceptional fellow, for most all of the men wanted to be at their best even when making a sacrifice for liberty. We may well pray: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." The divine tutorship through the year is needed. Christ conserved his hours and finished his work. He is our example. Let us think of the dawning new year as a door of opportunity—another chance.—H.

3501. New Year, Opportunity. In George Adam Smith's "Life of Henry Drummond," a story is told of an American student in attendance upon Edinburgh University. This student was a graduate of an American medical college, and was spending a year in post-graduate work in Edinburgh. At the close of his year, he called on Henry Drummond, then the recognized leader of the University, to bid him good-by. Drummond's parting words to him were, in essence, as follows:

"You have lost your opportunity at Edinburgh. You are a professing Christian. You have had as a side partner in the laboratory this year the most pronounced skeptic in the entire student body, yet you have done nothing by word or example to win him to the Christian faith. I am sorry for your sake."

The American student staggered under this unexpected blow. Nevertheless, he came to himself. He decided to forego the opening of his practice for a year, and to spend the next twelve months in Edinburgh, for the purpose of redeeming the lost opportunity referred to by Professor Drummond.

In the following autumn he met Mr. Drummond again. "Why," said Drummond, "I thought you were in America."

"No," replied the American, "I have decided to remain in Edinburgh and redeem the year I lost."

And he did. Near the close of the year, in one of the Sunday night meetings conducted by Henry Drummond at that time, the skeptic friend of the American student made open confession of his faith in Christ. He did more. At the same time he offered himself as a medical missionary in some needy field. The American student had won his man; had redeemed his lost opportunity, and had gained a wonderful new strength of character.

Not many persons have the chance to redeem lost opportunities. It behooves us, therefore, to improve our opportunities as they pass. The new year is a new opportunity; but it does not bring back past opportunities. Let this fact make us more faithful in making use of our chances to do good as we go along.—H.

3502. New Year, and Overcrowding of Time. It is a Japanese nobleman, a baron, of whom this Orient-and-Occident story is told. In a Western city the baron was riding on a street car which suddenly on reaching a transfer point was emptied of all its other passengers. He followed the crowd, and discovered that all were entering a through car, which was very crowded.

The nobleman, doing as he was urged, took his place in the through car, but then, rather plaintively, he inquired: "Tell me, please, why we left the comfortable car and got on this crowded car?"

"Oh, you see," was the reply, "we save two minutes on this trip."

"Ah," he ventured, "and what will we do with the two minutes?"

There is such a thing as being too much in a hurry. Here is a New Year lesson many of us need to learn.

Said an old merchant of seventy-five: "Don't work any harder any day than you can recover by sleep at night. Eat simple foods, walk to your business and walk home again. Exercise and sleep and take plenty of time for your recreation. With what time is left make as much money as you can and be content with it. Don't overdraw your nervous capital. You ought to sleep as . . . well when . . . seventy as . . . thirty."

Don't overcrowd time. Overcrowding may mean one's undoing; it may mean the loss of time. When the psalmist said, "The days of our years are three-score years and ten," it can be taken for granted that he did not say such words

for the man who burns the candle at both ends.—H.

3503. New Year Philosophy. Of the "good time coming" some merry-rhymer, member of "The Good Cheer Union," has wound off the following:

"When each man has a shovel to scoop
the gloom away
And every child is cheerful through
every busy day,
When all the songs are glad ones, and
all the women smile,
When no one's sighs are sad ones, and
high hopes are in style;
When people give up fretting for fool-
ish things they lack,
And no man stoops to cheating behind
another's back.
The lawyers will have little to say; the
doctors, too,
May sit around and whittle, with noth-
ing else to do."

We rather like that kind of philosophy; it rhymes well, and surely it can do no one any harm. A smile or a word of good cheer costs very little, and there is many a poor, discouraged soul whom such will help more than money.—*Religious Telescope*.

3504. New Year Presence. The year ahead may not look very bright, nor have prospect of being very happy. But let us not fail to recall that one great source of joy and peace and assurance—Christ's promise to be with us all the way. There is to be a New Year Presence—"Lo, I am with you alway."

I am reminded of an incident which is said to have happened on one of the battle fronts of the Great War. The incident shows the courage and sympathy of King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy. In the midst of shell fire a lieutenant who had fallen, mortally wounded, called a soldier, gave him a few keepsakes to convey to his family, and then ordered him to fly. But the soldier tried to carry the lieutenant to a place of safety. Some gunners called to him through the infernal fire, "Save yourself! Save yourself!" But still he remained. In the distance a motor horn could be heard, and the whisper went round that the King had left the field. The soldier still struggled with the officer's body, but the lieutenant died in his arms. Flinging himself on the corpse, the young fellow exclaimed with tears: "Even the King has gone away!" Then a hand touched his shoulder. He shook himself,

rose and stood at attention. "My dear boy," said the King, "the car has gone, but the King is still with you." And there they remained till the end of the day. The King is still with us! He promises to continue with us through this year and all the years.—H.

3505. New Year, Related to Time. The following incident is reported by the Rev. Dr. Thain Davidson. It has its lesson on the loss of time.

"You have made us lose a whole hour," said a gentleman to a lad as he came into a room where an important committee was meeting. "Beg pardon, sir, that is impossible," said the youth, taking out his watch; "I am only five minutes late." "Very true," replied the other, "but there are twelve of us here, and each one of us has lost five minutes; so that makes an hour."

"The time is short," or, as we might perhaps render it so as to give the full force of the metaphor, the time is pressed together. It is being squeezed into narrower compass, like a sponge in a strong hand. There is an old story of a prisoner in a cell with contractile walls. Day by day his space lessens—he saw the whole of that window yesterday, he sees only half of it to-day. Nearer and nearer the walls are drawn together till they meet and crush him between them. So the walls of time are closing in upon us.

But let us not think of time sadly. Another New Year, clean and bright, unused and inviting, is before us, and we enter upon the enjoyment of its promises with the power to make it the best year we have yet lived, so far as the highest values and achievements of life are concerned, no matter how well and widely we may have prospered in those respects during the past, nor how utterly we may have failed. In the former case, if we have wrought well and prospered in every good word and work, those advantages will prove stepping-stones to higher grades of life and service; and if the past has been characterized by faults and failures, whether light or grievous, there's the uplift of an alluring opportunity—a chance to write a better life upon the white page of the new year.—H.

3506. New Year Reminder. There was an ancient custom of putting an hour-glass into the hand of every living man, and show them the grains gliding steadily out. Soon all will be gone.

3507. New Year Reminder.

First thing a fellow knows at morn

He's born;

Then, say, at 10 o'clock, the next

He's vexed

By readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic,

Till sick.

At noon he has to go to work,

Or shirk.

Then, 'round 'bout two, he takes "for
life"

A wife.

From two till time to bring in lights

He fights

And struggles with his fellow-men,

And then

He sits around awhile and thinks,

And blinks,

And when at last it's time for bed,

He's dead.

—*New York Times.*

3508. New Year Resolve. Some one asked Thorwaldsen, the noted Danish sculptor, "Which is your greatest statue?" He promptly replied, "The next one!" Wasn't that answer clever and up-to-date? It was vastly more than that—it was present purpose and hope translated into future achievement. Indeed, it was still better than that, for in it was the grit and grace of final perfection, the attainment of which is realized in our resemblance to Jesus Christ, in body and mind and character, when we see Him as He is.

With you and me, another year has passed away. Was it a good one for you? If so, in what sense was it good—in spiritual attainment and service?

Whatever the year may have meant to us let us make the New Year a definite improvement on the old. God will give us the grace to accomplish this if we will seek that grace and use it.—H.

3509. New Year: Resolutions. By general consent the opening of the New Year is the time when everybody looks over his moral accounts, and, discovering that he has lacked a good deal of what he should have been, balances his books with a set of good resolutions. I read a little poem the other day. It was by Miss Laura E. Richards, and began thus:

"Now, what is that noise?" said the glad
New Year,

"Now, what is that singular sound I
hear?

As if all the paper in all the world
Were rattled and shaken and twisted and
twirled."

"Oh! that," said the jolly old Earth,
"is the noise

Of all my children, both girls and boys,

A-turning over their leaves so new
And all to do honor, New Year, to you."

This was followed by quite a list, in rhyme, of what the leaves said, various and valuable resolutions.—H.

3510. New Year Resolutions. When Joan of Arc was asked the secret of the invincibility of her white banner, she said, "I send my banner forward against the enemy, and then I follow it myself." Let us send the white banner of our new resolutions forward into the new year, as a challenge to the foes that have menaced and discomfited us during the past year, and then let us steadily and persistently follow them ourselves.—H.

3511. New Year Riches. Part of the rich heritage that God has planned for you in the New Year is suffering. He will permit in the life of each child of his a portion—just the right portion—of difficulty and trial and temptation. What we see in those trials and temptations will largely determine the riches that will be ours in this year. A Christian layman recently wrote to a friend: "How fine it would be to go out in the opening year so yielded that every fresh circumstance or trial or temptation would prove to have the sweet face of Christ concealed in it, or bursting like a flood of glory through some rift in the cloud and filling with radiance our uplifted faces; so that each new obedience should be but the parting of the curtain, ushering us into new wonders and experiences of his inexhaustible riches and fullness. Old things would then be continually passing away, all things constantly becoming new." What glories of abounding grace,—that the worst that Satan can do against the child of God in this New Year only furnishes a fresh opportunity for God to pour out the treasures of his unspeakable Gift!—*Sunday School Times.*

3512. New Year, Road to Happy. A marked highway—the Lincoln Highway to a happy New Year: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom." "Wisdom's ways are pleasantness and all her paths are peace." So says the wise Solomon. And he means that wisdom of which he speaks again when he says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." If you are not a Christian, then yours may become a happy New Year by your becoming one. Then, too, happiness is won by conquest over sin. The more sin is triumphed over in the coming year the happier we will be. Happiness is found

also in doing good to others. The more unselfish we are, the more useful, the more active in doing good, the happier our New Year will be. Selfish people are ever seeking and never finding happiness; unselfish people are finding happiness ever without seeking. It is to be obtained indirectly. Try giving away in order to become rich. Try Christian unselfishness as the road to happiness and heaven. Coupled with a restful faith in God, try it, and you will soon agree that you have been truly told how to have a happy New Year—how to keep on the marked highway for a happy New Year.—H.

3513. New Year Says Redeem the Time. Redeem the time. We may redeem our time, first, in gaining useful knowledge; second, in doing good to others; third, in employing it for the purpose of gaining an honest livelihood for ourselves and family; fourth, in prayer and self-examination to make the heart better; fifth, in seeking to redeem time from all who would waste it.

There is time enough wasted to secure the salvation of souls that are now in sin and away from God, when, if it had been improved in the right way, they would have been saved. Time enough is wasted to do all that is needful to be done to spread religion around the world and save the race. We should endeavor to redeem our time for the same reasons that are suggested by the apostle: "Because the days are evil." Because the need is great. Because time can be used to such valuable ends.

Dr. Amos R. Wells well says: "Time is a wonderful thing. All men have it, and all have precisely the same amount of it. The gift is given you a little at a time. You must use it at once or it is withdrawn. And if you use it wisely as it is given you, you will soon be marvelously rich—rich with the only wealth that lasts."

"Time has two wings and flies away;
One wing is night, and one is day.
We scarcely note its rapid flight,
Bewildered by the radiant light
Upon its wings of golden bars,
And the illuminating stars."

—H.

3514. New Year Sets Value on Time. A clergyman said that a special sermon which he preached cost him more than a year of hard work in its preparation. He had to read more than a score of

volumes in the line of this sermon study, and he examined several scores of volumes besides those that he read more thoroughly. Yet this clergyman was by no means waiting for time to do this work. He preached other sermons meantime. He did much other work day by day. He never refrained from attending to any other service desired of him because of this particular work in progress, which was for a year his special study and endeavor. He did this work the better because he did not neglect other writing or reading or doing.—*Sunday School Times*.

3515. New Year, Spirit of. New Year's suggests many questions. Have we been fools or wise? Have we seized opportunities, redeeming the time, or missed our chances? Have we learned in any measure at all what God's will is? Have we put away material exaltation and been filled with the joy and uplift of the Spirit? Have our hearts made music? Have they wailed? Have we been grateful to God? Have we been humble?

How are we to make the next year better than the past one has been? We can make next year better by concentrating our powers on some great and worthwhile purpose. Too many allow themselves to drift along, taking life as it comes, enjoying its good things and doing nothing to better the condition of the unfortunate or to help on the world's great movements. There are so many interests to occupy one's time and ability that there is no excuse for any one being simply a piece of driftwood floating aimlessly along. When Christian, in Pilgrim's Progress, started on the road towards heaven, he took a friend with him, and he would have taken all his family along but they would not go. A great temperance movement a few years ago had for its watchword, "Catch-Your-Pal" and the results were marvelous. Cannot we adopt some such slogan as this and get new members for the Church, or win fellow pilgrims on the way toward the heavenly city?

"Dear Master, as the old year dieth soon
Take thou my harp,
And prove if any string be out of tune.
Or flat, or sharp!

Correct thou, Lord, for me
What ringeth harsh to thee,
That heart and life may sing, the new
year long,
Thy perfect song!"

The unknown writer of this had the right spirit for entering the New Year—an attitude most likely to result in a useful and happy new year—happy because useful.

3516. New Year Start. "Let us not be afraid to start this new year because the beginnings must be small. When Booker T. Washington made his start at Tuskegee the school was held in a vacant henhouse, and the roof leaked so that a scholar had to hold an umbrella over his head when it rained. Now it costs \$82,000 a year just for the necessary expenses of running that school. God will see to the rest of it, if we only make a good start."

3517. New Year, A New Start. When William Lloyd Garrison became a Christian he wanted his Christianity to reach into all details of his life. His handwriting, for instance, was very poor, and he set out to better it, making every letter with care, so that before long his penmanship became remarkable for its distinctness and beauty. A new start like this even in small things would make us better Christians.

Let us resolve to do things better in the New Year that lies just ahead.—H.

3518. New Year, The. The New Year is before us. We stand, as Abraham stood upon the banks of the Euphrates, looking off towards an unknown country. "Carry us not up hence except Thou go with us!" If He be guide and counselor, all's well. Let us, therefore, lay aside every weight and set forth bravely, like Walter Raleigh, singing:

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to lean upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I take my pilgrimage."

—REV. DAVID J. BURRELL, D.D.

3519. New Year Teaching. Chilo, one of the seven sages, was asked to say what is the hardest thing for a man to do. He replied: "To use and employ a man's time well."

Upon the pulpit of the Metropolitan Church at Washington lies the Bible from which John Wesley read his text to crowds and mobs, and in later years to more orderly congregations. It was printed in 1655, and is still in a good state of preservation. Upon the fly-leaf, in Mr. Wesley's handwriting, are the words, "Live to-day." Suggestive words, good New Year motto.—H.

3520. New Year and Time. A well-known author told of being fifteen years writing one of his books. Yet he did not wait for time to do that work, nor did he plan to take that time, or one-third or one-fifth of that time. He simply used that time, and used it well, having that as his chief special business while attending to his crowding daily business, and taking time to keep up with needful reading, and being ever ready to turn aside for important new books, or to attend to any subject where his aid was sought.

Having time for a special piece of work is rarely an aid to doing that work. It more frequently relieves a man of that pressure that makes him feel that his work must be done, and done now, time or no time.—*Sunday School Times.*

3521. New Year, Time "Cornered." Men have cornered the stock market. They have cornered the wheat market. They probably have done wrong in doing so. But it is a good thing for each man to do, to decide in these opening days of the year, to corner the time market. An apostle once commended, "Redeem the time." That means purchase it, buy it up. But we are to buy it up in order to set it free for service and in service.

We may redeem the time, for one thing, in gaining useful knowledge.

Elihu Burritt attributed his first success in self-improvement, not to genius, which he disclaimed, but simply to the careful employment of those invaluable fragments of time called "odd moments." While working and earning his living as a blacksmith, he mastered some eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two European dialects. Is not this suggestive of a valuable new year lesson? Corner your new year time.

3522. New Year and Time Utilized. On his way to Marengo Napoleon stopped at the door of the barber's shop and asked his former hostess if she remembered a young officer named Bonaparte once quartered in her family. "Indeed I do, and a very disagreeable inmate he was. He was always either shut up in his room (at study) or if he walked out he never condescended to speak to any one." "Ah, my good woman," Napoleon rejoined, "had I passed my time as you wished to have me, I should not now have been in command of the army of Italy."—ABBOTT.

3523. New Year, Value of Time. The value of time; that is one of the first

the New Year suggests. Says an unknown writer:

I have just a little minute,
Only sixty seconds in it,
Forced upon me, can't refuse it.
Didn't seek it, didn't choose it,
But it's up to me to use it.
I must suffer if I abuse it;
Just a tiny, little minute,
But eternity is in it.

January is the month of beginnings. Janua in Latin means a door. From this came the name of Janus, ancient Roman god of all beginnings. Janus had two faces, that he might look both forward and back at the same time, and he presided over gateways, bridges, doors, and entrances of every kind. In his honor the first month of the year was called January by Numa Pompilius in the seventh century before Christ.

Thus January is the month of beginnings, the door of the year. Through it we enter into twelve months of new dreams and new endeavors and through it also we may look back on things already passed.—H.

3524. New Year, Valuing of Time. Said Frederick W. Robertson: "Time is the solemn inheritance to which every man is born heir, who has a life-rent of this world—a little section cut out of eternity and given us to do our work in; an eternity before; an eternity behind; and the small stream between floating swiftly from one into the vast bosom of the other. He must be careless and thoughtless, indeed, for whom the swiftly passing years have no deep and solemn meaning."

There was an ancient custom of putting an hour-glass into the coffin of the dead to signify that their time had run out, a useless notification to them. Better put the hour-glass into the hand of every living man, and show them the grains gliding steadily out. Soon all will be gone.

The learned Grotius had for his motto *Hora ruit*. By it he lived, improving every moment; yet so great was his sense of non-improvement, that at his death he cried, "I have wasted my life in incessant toil, and have done nothing."

Napoleon Bonaparte defeated 50,000 Austrians at the Battle of Rivoli, with 30,000 men. He said concerning the conflict, "The Austrians maneuvered admirably, and failed only because they are incapable of calculating the value of minutes."—H.

3525. New Year Wisdom from Old Year Failures. Some famous engine builders in this country were once asked if they ever had an explosion of one of their engines. They replied, "No, we have not. We wish we could, if no one were hurt. For we should like to know where the weakest part is." In great chain factories power machines are especially designed to make chains fail, so that the makers may know how and why and where the chain's weakest portions are. It is sometimes in the Christian life a distinct advantage to have learned by a failure. At least we may learn new year's wisdom from old year failures; we may get new year help from old year mistakes.—H.

3526. New Year Wish. My New Year's wish for you all is that you may find the true way of life.

They say that whenever a deed of pure kindness is done in the world, God's angels catch it in a lily-cup and carry it to heaven. And when God has gathered enough of them, He makes them into a star, a new star that shines in the sky forever. Thank God there are so many stars!

I give you my best wishes for a Happy New Year, and I want you to help to make it happy for others. God bless you and all whom you love!

"Speak a shade more kindly than the year before,
Pray a little oftener, love a little more;
Cling a little closer to the Father's love:
Thus life below shall liker grow to life above.

"The past is settled, the future is come,
Therefore for the present,
Walk lighter,
Look brighter,
Gird up tighter,
For 'the Father Himself loveth' us."
—REV. BERNARD J. SNELL.

3527. New Year with God. Like Enoch, walk with God this new year. But remember that to walk with God you must walk in the direction in which God goes. You must not thwart his plans nor attempt to cross his purposes. Two can not walk together unless they be agreed. Remember that God will not change. You can safely follow him.

God will not change; the restless years may bring—
Sunlight and shade; the glories of the spring,

And silent gloom of sunless winter hours,
 Joy mixed with grief—sharp thorns with
 fragrant flowers;
 Earth-lights may shine awhile, and then
 grow dim,
 But God is true; there is no change in
 him.

3528. Noah's Carpenters. A lady who took part regularly in the activities of the church with which she was connected as Sunday school teacher, choir member, etc., was one day traveling in a train where she got into conversation with an earnest Christian worker, and as they talked about these things the good man, realizing some lack in the lady's character, suddenly put the question, "Can you tell me what became of Noah's carpenters?" "No," was her reply, "I cannot say." "Well," said her friend, "they helped to build the ark, and they were not saved in the ark." All at once it dawned on her that this had been her position,—seeking to bring others to Christ while she herself had no experimental knowledge of him as Saviour. This incident resulted in her conversion.
 —REV. W. L. COADE.

3529. Nonconformity. Col. W. S. Crittenden, a soldier of twenty-eight, while filibustering in Cuba many years ago, was captured and ordered to be shot. As he stood against the wall where he was to be executed he was ordered to kneel, to which he replied: "An American kneels only to God!" The next instant he fell forward, his face riddled with bullets. He was indeed a brave soldier, but just as brave is the young man who in these days, when ordered to conform and kneel to the life of the flesh and sin, says: "A Christian kneels only to God!"

3530. Now. See Decision and Indecision.

3531. Now, Importance of. The Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, England, in a sermon to the junior members of the University, gave them this suggestive motto: "Plan your life as if you had long to live; live it as if you had expected to die soon." Christian workers may well heed these words. In planning for service for Christ, there should be breadth and depth of purpose. In carrying out the plans made there should be intensity of execution. No Christian should be satisfied with a haphazard, desultory service for the Master. Seek the help of the Spirit in planning for Christian work, and then work out the plan in the strength that will be given

from on high. Above all, remember that now is the golden time. The best time to toil for the Master is at the present moment. No regrets can atone for past time wasted. No future time is promised in which we may make up for the neglect of present opportunities. The call is now. Blessed are they that hear and answer the call of the Master to labor in his vineyard.

3532. Now, Importance of. A newspaper dispatch says influenza not only caused the death of Richmond Levering, wealthy oil operator, at his home here early to-day, but deprived his estate of \$700,000 insurance, because of his failure to sign and pay premiums on policies for that amount, which he had contracted for before he was stricken.

When the agent went to Mr. Levering's office last Friday afternoon with the policies, he was told that Mr. Levering had become ill earlier in the day. There could be no tender of the policies, as Mr. Levering was not there to sign them, so they were returned to the agent's office.

Death followed before Mr. Levering had an opportunity to complete the transaction.

Failure to declare the great "I will" to the appealing Christ is costing many an ungodly "flu" patient his soul.

3533. Obedience. See God, Obeying.

3534. Obedience. A child was forbidden by her father to go to the shore of a lake. But some fascination drew her to the forbidden place. She gathered a number of beautiful shells, of which he was a great admirer, and carried them to him. But when she put them in his hands, he dashed them away from him, simply saying in explanation, "My child, to obey is better than to sacrifice." The lesson was never forgotten.—*C. E. World.*

3535. Obedience. I remember seeing somewhere, "Don'ts for machinists." I have forgotten all but this one: "Don't argue with your boss." It is a good rule for every shop and office. It is a good rule in religion.—REV. E. B. BAGBY.

3536. Obedience Defined. Suppose a mother gives her child a beautiful flower-plant in bloom, and tells her to carry it to a sick friend. The child takes the plant away, and when she reaches the friend's door she plucks off one leaf and gives it to her, keeping the plant herself. Then afterwards, once a week, she plucks off another leaf, or a bud, or a flower, and takes it to the friend, still

retaining the plant. Has she obeyed? Nothing but the giving of the whole plant would be obedience. Yet God asks for all our life—heart, soul, mind, and strength; and we pluck off a little leaf of love now and then, or a flower of affection, and give these little things to him, keeping the life itself. Shall we not say, "Let him take all"?

3537. Obedience to God. In the public schools of Switzerland each student is taught this patriotic slogan: "My duty is to obey and work for God and my native land." This motto is repeated daily, and does much to mold the character of those who repeat it, and is a good one for any nationality to adopt as their own.

The real point in this slogan is the fact that God is placed first in the matter of obedience. Our duty to our native land will be properly fulfilled only when we first render obedience to God. Would the dreadful war have been possible had God been first obeyed?

3538. Obedience, Habitual. A successful Christian worker lay dying, and some one asked him the secret of his life. He answered, "The secret of my life is that I have never said No to Christ."

3539. Obedience, Highest Service. A great captain after a battle was talking over the events of the day with his officers, and he asked them who had done the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought bravely, and some of another. "No," he said, "you are all mistaken. The best man in the field to-day was a soldier who was just lifting up his arm to strike an enemy, but when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, checked himself and dropped his arm without striking the blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of the General is the noblest thing that has been done to-day."

3540. Obedience, Immediate. A Sunday school teacher asked her class what they thought was meant by the expression in the prayer Jesus taught his disciples, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." After several answers the teacher asked, "How do you think our Father's will is done in heaven?" A little girl quickly responded, "It is done right away."—MARY E. WATSON.

3541. Obedience, Importance of. Years ago a famous children's specialist said to me: "When it comes to a serious illness, the child who has been taught to obey stands four times the chance of recovery that the spoiled and undisciplined

child does." Those words made a lasting impression upon me. Up to that time I had been taught that one of the Ten Commandments was for children to obey their parents. Never had it entered my mind that a question of obedience might mean the saving or losing of a child's life.

3542. Obedience, Without Understanding. In the Memorial Hall at Harvard University are some beautiful sentences frescoed on the walls in Latin. But as the workmen painted them, they could only put the colors and letters as they were told, without understanding the wonderful meaning wrapped up in them. So we often write our lives in an unknown tongue; we can only do as we are bidden, but in God's good time there will be read out in some heavenly language a life-story we never dreamed of, full of glory and blessing.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

3543. Obey, Don't Fret. Some cattle were being driven through a long dark wooden bridge in whose sides were knot-holes. Rays of light came through those knot-holes and terrified the cattle, which tried madly to get by them, so that they came to the end of the bridge quite exhausted with their panic. God's commands are just such rays of light, intended to illuminate our journey and help us over the dark places; and yet how often we try to avoid them, and treat them as hindrances and annoyances!

3544. Objective, A Definite. The largest problem before leaders of the world's life to-day is to decide what they want to do, what they would do if they had their way. A touring car was waiting at a fork in the road when a farmer came by. The travelers asked which road they should take. "Where do you want to go?" the farmer asked. They said they did not know exactly. "Well, then, it doesn't matter," and the busy man drove on. If reformers or constructors do not know what they want to get done, it does not matter what course they adopt.—*The Continent*.

3545. Offering, Thank. "Why does she constantly rub her left arm?" asked one member of an audience of another, as she looked up at the medical missionary who was speaking. "Rheumatism," whispered her friend, laconically. "She made a five-hundred-dollar thank offering for it. One day she was operating in India. She was very tired and very hot, but an urgent call came to her from the village. She rushed out to meet it

and afterwards developed rheumatism in her left arm. She was so thankful that it was not in her right arm and so did not prevent her from operating, that she made the five-hundred-dollar thank offering.

"Her salary is only \$700 a year, and she can not give the entire \$500 in one year, but that is the amount she has determined to give."

The friend was silent as she looked at her own two strong arms, and wondered how she could express her gratitude in terms of thanksgiving.—*Missionary Review of the World*.

3546. Offerings for the Heathen. One Sunday, when the collection was for foreign missions, the collection-bag was taken to Mr. Dives, who shook his head and whispered, "I never give to missions." "Then take something out of the bag," the elder whispered in reply: "the money is for the heathen."—*Presbyterian Record*.

3547. Office Evangelism. Passing a big department store one morning, I obeyed an unpremeditated impulse to go in and speak to the proprietor on the subject of personal religion. Finding him, I said: "Mr. T., I've talked beds and carpets and bookcases with you, but I've never talked my business with you. Would you give me a few minutes to do so?" He led me into his private office, and I took my Testament from my pocket and showed him passage after passage, bringing his duty to accept Jesus Christ plainly before him. Finally the tears began to roll down his cheeks, and he said to me: "I'm seventy years of age. I was born in this city, and more than a hundred ministers, and more than five hundred church officers, have known me as you have, to do business with, but in all those years you are the only man who ever spoke to me about my soul." Why not have "office evangelism"? Meet a man by appointment in his office, and go without apology as you "bear witness of the light."—REV. BOWLEY GREEN.

3548. Old Age. Old age is an incurable disease.—SENECA.

3549. Old Age. Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

3550. Old Age. An aged Christian with the snow of time on his head may remind us that those points of earth are whitest that are nearest heaven.—E. H. CHAPIN.

3550a. Old Age.

Days of my age,

Ye will shortly be past;

Pains of my age,

Yet a while ye can last;

Joys of my age,

In true wisdom delight;

Eyes of my age,

Be religion your light;

Thought of my age,

Dread ye not the cold sod;

Hopes of my age,

Be ye fixed on your God.

—ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

3551. Old Age. I came across the following a few years ago: "When John Quincy Adams was eighty years of age, he met in the streets of Boston an old friend, who shook his trembling hand and said: 'Good morning, and how is John Quincy Adams to-day?'"

"'Thank you,' was the ex-president's answer, 'John Quincy Adams himself is well, quite well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon. But he, himself, is quite well, quite well!'"

It is good to see old people with an unconquerable spirit. When their earthly course is almost run how often they fearlessly look into the future. It is well when they have such vital faith in God that they think of the worn body, shaken by every wind, as only becoming "uninhabitable," that soon they must "move out of it," as expressed by the venerable ex-President of the United States.

Generally speaking, there are two kinds of old age. One represents an attitude of mind that has become mistrustful or cynical after participating in the great adventure of life. This sort has not laid hold on that restful confidence in "the eternal goodness" that Whittier sang of. It relinquishes its uncertain hold on this life with doubtfulness or dismay. God pity such—but let these remember that He ever loves them! The other kind of old age reviews its career as a wonderful school in which sweet and bitter lessons have been learned, but during which preparation has been made for the

mellow years and for the triumphant life beyond.—W. C. ALLEN.

3552. Old Age, Beauties of. The majority of lives are like the ordinary trees we see. First, the bud, then the blossom, and last the fruit, but the fig tree holds out to us a lesson of the beautiful life that comes on down through the years, having accomplished its full mission. The fig tree has its flower after the fruit has ripened, instead of the flower and then the fruit, like other trees. Isn't it so with a beautiful life? It bears its fruit and then spreads before the world the beautiful old age, the flower, and from it comes fragrance that sweetens all life that comes in contact with it.

3553. Old Age, Happy. A dear old nurse, who had become deaf and nearly blind, said to one who pitied her, "You are mourning for me, my dear, and there's no need; I am as happy as a child. I sometimes think I am a child whom the Lord is hush-a-byeing to my long sleep. For when I was a nurse-girl my missus always told me to speak very soft and low, to darken the room, that her little one might go to sleep; and now all noises are hushed and still to me, and the bonny earth seems dim and dark, and I know it's my Father lulling me away to my long sleep. I am very well content, and you mustn't fret for me." Old age is the Father's lullaby.

3554. Old Age and Love. We forget that the inward craving of old age conceives of no analogies and knows no reason why the old-time cares and fondling should be things of the past. It transmutes everything into neglect. Age softens the heart, and the soul pines for the touch of the hand that would stroke the golden locks of a prattling child. Let's love them more than by mere sentiment! What would we do without these saints? Amid these reveries, we recall the lines of Elizabeth Gould:

"Put your arms around me—

There, like that;

I want a little petting

At life's setting,

For 'tis harder to be brave

When feeble age comes creeping

And finds me weeping

Dear ones gone.

Just a little petting

At life's setting:

For I'm old, alone, and tired

And my long life's work is done."

3555. Old Age, Slowing Down for Junction. Dr. John Brown, for many years minister of "Bunyan Meeting," Bedford, England, has recently passed away.

Dr. Shillito says that some years ago on meeting Dr. Brown he inquired how he was. With a happy smile Dr. Brown answered, "Slowing down for the junction." He has passed the junction now! It was one of those homely parables of speech which would have delighted the soul of John Bunyan himself. It is perfectly natural that a Christian man should speak after this fashion of the event we call death. It is only the door through which we enter into the other room of our Father's house. It is the meeting-point of earth and heaven. It is a uniting of the richest things of earth with the nobler things of heaven. And we must never forget Browning's noble challenge in "Rabbi Ben Ezra,"

"Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made;

Our times are in His hand

Who saith, 'A whole I planned;

Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid.'"

—*Christian Endeavor World*.

3556. Old Age, Sunny. An old man who evidently had the right sort of faith was asked: "You are on the shady side of seventy, I suppose?" "No," he replied, "I am on the sunny side, for I am on the side nearest to glory."

It is said that the entrance of Charles Dickens into a room was like the sudden kindling of a big fire, so genial was his disposition, so cheery was his presence.

3557. Old Life Cast Off. "Don't tell me what your professor used to tell you," said a famous teacher of music to a new pupil imperatively. "Forget you ever had a teacher. I am about to introduce you to the piano. Please consider that you never saw one before. Ah, we shall make progress when you have forgotten enough." The hopes of the new life will never be fulfilled, its promises never realized, or its goals reached, unless we break with the old life and cease recalling its mistakes and sins.—*Christian Age*.

3558. Old Year.

Old Year! the tried, the true, I hold you close,

Though fast your moments fleet;
For yours has been the gracious gift to
know

Our sainted ones, whose feet
Will come this way no more. For this
your boon,

Through many a pang and tear,
Blended with tender, patient memories,
I love you, good Old Year!

Not that your days unclouded came and
went,

Not that the light was sweet,
But that the darkness drew us close to
Christ

In following His feet.
Hallowed by fires of pain—God's proof
of love,

Pure, infinite, and free—
You helped us gauge the cost and weigh
the worth

Of human sympathy.

—M. K. A. STONE.

3559. Old Year.

Thy life is ebbing fast, thou aged Year!
This night that wintry sun of thine will
set

To rise no more. Thy days are told: and
yet

It seems but yesterday thou didst appear!
But yesternight we watched, all silent
here,

The Old Year's dying hours, while back-
ward rolled

Its story, page by page; and now, behold!
Thy course is run. Even now thy mo-
ments wear

The fading hue of death. Farewell, old
Friend!

Fain would we linger by thy side a while,
And gather up thy mem'ries one by one,
While, in the vacant chairs, dear faces
smile

Upon us, as of old. But ever on,
Life's current bears us—swifter to the
end!

—M. C. C.

3560. Older, Growing. What is grow-
ing older, anyhow? When young people
think of it crudely, physically, it seems
to them the wearing out of the body,
baldness, wrinkles, obesity, a hardening
of the arteries, a general stiffening of the
members and the faculties, making re-
sponsiveness to life difficult or impos-
sible.

Viewing it on a less material plane,
they see in it a wearing-down of ideals,
a crushing-out of the dreams, a loss of
the glory.

As I see it, growing older is the

process of the reconciliation of the spirit
to life. Living is simply getting ac-
quainted with the world we live in. The
real purpose of a body is that it shall be
used up, worn out—and then thrown
away—in feeding the spirit. Whatever
happens to you in the outer world trans-
lates itself, finally, into such sustenance.
That is what it is for, just as the pur-
pose of food is not to look pretty on
china plates, but to be transformed into
blood and muscle. It is in the natural
order of things that the body should be
thus used and exhausted; the unnatural
and horrible thing is that the body should
be worn out and yet the spirit remain
unnourished.—CORNELIA A. P. COMER.

3561. Omniscience. "Aren't you afraid,
John?" said the wife of a Cornish miner,
as he was dying. "Afraid, lass! why
should I fear? I ken Jesus, and Jesus
kens me."

3562. Omniscience of Christ. General
Foch was a visitor in New York. At
that time one of the daily papers of that
city published a very telling picture; a
young soldier standing in an upper win-
dow looking down on a crowded street,
watching Foch pass in a car. The re-
turned man was leaning on crutches and
one leg was off at the knee. Below the
picture was written, "His first view of
Foch." He had been "over across" and
fought with the rest till a shell found
him. But war is so tremendous a thing
that though he had done his full duty
he had never in any way come in touch
with his Commander-in-chief.

Some people talk of God and of his
Son as though they were so mighty that
we could never know them personally.
Foch was not to blame for not knowing
our hero. His heart was all right, but he
was only human. The heart of Jesus is
wonderful and he is more than human.
So much more! He is the infinite Christ
that can be known by every son of man.

3563. Omniscience of God. One day a
poor woman was watching an army pass-
ing through a town—a stream of men,
thousands upon thousands, and she said
in wonder, "I reckon all these ain't got
names." But she was wrong, for every
soldier had his name, and loved ones
who cared for him. And the Good Shep-
herd knows each name, for he calleth his
sheep by name.—*Sunday Circle*.

3564. Onward. At Camp Mills a man
said to a colored soldier, "Well, I sup-
pose you will soon be going to France."
He replied, "Oh, no, I am going to Ber-
lin. I may stop in France for a few

days, but I am going to Berlin." We will get out of our missionary work this year just what we put into it.

The only order that is known in the Army or Navy is "Forward." It is the only order that the Church should know.—*Assembly Herald*.

3565. Onward. A Chinese officer was interested in a bicycle that he saw standing on the veranda of the missionary's house, and inquired what kind of a cart it might be. "How do you ride it?" he asked. The missionary explained, and rode around the compound several times. But the mystery was not solved to the mind of the Chinese. "It has only two wheels!" he exclaimed. "Why does it not fall down?" "When a thing is moving, it can't fall down," said the missionary.

And the principle he announced may well be applied to many things. There are useful movements started in our churches and societies, and in our individual activities, that, for a time, promise fine results. Then, in common parlance, they "fall down." The wheels will not move of themselves, and when interest and enthusiasm begins to lag, and the running grows careless and intermittent, they fail. The way to keep up is to keep moving.—*Forward*.

3566. Opportunity. See *Decision and Decision Day*. See *Now*. See *Time*. See *New Year*.

3567. Opportunity. You will never "find" time for anything. If you want time, you must make it.—CHARLES BUXTON.

3568. Opportunity. An opportunity to do good is tantamount to a command to undertake the work.

3569. Opportunity. Many do with opportunities as children do at the seashore; they fill their little hands with sand, and then let the grains fall through, one by one, till all are gone.—REV. T. JONES.

3570. Opportunity. In one of the old Greek cities there stood long ago a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now. But there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it, and as we read the words we can surely discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passer-by. The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveler and the statue:

"I am called Opportunity."

"Who made thee?"

"Lysippus."

"Why art thou on thy toes?"

"To show how quickly I pass by."

"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"

"To show that, when I have once passed, I cannot be caught."—*Christian Press*.

3571. Opportunity. Rev. Frank Fox tells of a foggy day spent on the ocean on one of the great liners. Cautiously, throughout the entire day they crept along to the mournful sounding of the fog-horn, until 6 P.M. At that hour the fog lifted for just three minutes and the captain found that they were exactly opposite the port, but some of the men were not at their posts and before they reported for duty the fog had again fallen and a whole night of peril followed just outside the harbor.

3572. Opportunity. There are a great many Micawbers in the world always waiting for something to turn up; but when it does turn up, they are often not ready for it. If we take no share in the manufacture of opportunity, we cannot expect opportunity of its own accord to manufacture us. It is not a nurse that carries mankind in its arms. It may exist in a certain sense apart from us, like a substance held in solution, or a negative in a dark camera; but we are the artists who must develop it.

And in order to do this, we must abstract our gaze from an imagined future which is going to give us a better chance, and learn to see more in the present moment. If we are for crossing bridges before we get to them, however beautiful the fields may look on the other side, we take so much away from the energy which is required of us now. We know what road is said to be paved with good intentions. But the real need is good performance, the best possible performance day by day. It is that which by its magic changes opportunity from an inert being into a lovely goddess full of benediction. But the goddess is invisible except to those who are doing their immediate duty.—W. T. HERRIDGE.

3573. Opportunity, Immediate. An artist solicited permission to paint a portrait of Queen Victoria. The favor was

"What is thy name, O statue?"

granted; it would make the fortune of the man. A place was fixed and a time. At the fixed place and time the Queen was present, but the artist was not there; he was not ready yet. When he did arrive the Queen had left, leaving this message for him that she would not return. God gives us every opportunity for greatness of character. He never fails of an appointment, but if we delay we cannot blame any but ourselves. There is no way to any blessing but by putting ourselves in touch with the time and place God gives.

3574. Opportunity Cannot Be Recalled. Dr. F. W. Robertson presented a startling picture of the lost opportunity when he said:

"Have you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden which art has so finished into a perennial fountain that through the lips or through the hands the clear water flows in a perpetual stream on and on forever: and the marble stands there passive, cold, making no effort to arrest the gliding water? It is so that time flows through the hands of men, swift, never pausing till it has run itself out; and there is the man petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away forever."

3575. Opportunity, Let Slip. In a town where I lived there resided a man of avowed atheistic principles. He was possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, was well educated, and a very entertaining talker. His influence was far-reaching, as he was a man of good morals and free heart, always willing to extend a helping hand to those in need.

He became ill and was likely to die. Then he found his principles were not sufficient to his need. A message was sent asking me to call. Not knowing the serious nature of his illness, I told the messenger I would call next day.

On calling next day I found to my horror that he had watched nearly all day for my coming; but his strength had failed, and he could not talk or listen. His extremity was my opportunity, but lost.—A. E. MICHENER.

3576. Opportunity, A Lost. After a fruitful meeting we were trying to deepen impressions and, if possible, persuade others to become Christians. Standing in the aisle was one who rarely attended religious services, a man with a large family, but one of whom was a Christian. He seemed to be waiting for some one to speak to him, and I felt I ought

to do it, but hesitated because my husband usually dealt with the men. So I passed on.

Upon reaching our stopping-place the man of the house said to me: "I wish you had spoken to Mr. Allen this evening"—the very one I had neglected! "Coming down the road he said to me: 'I wish Mrs. Gray had spoken to me to-night. Somehow I felt as though I could have become a Christian if she had!'" How I regretted the awful mistake! He is still unsaved. My lost opportunity has never returned.—W. E. G.

3577. Opportunity Missed. Felix missed his opportunity when he said to Paul: "When I have a more convenient season I will call for thee." The blind men wisely improved it when they cried out: "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon us"; for immediately they received their sight.

The Blue Grotto at Naples can only be entered at a favoring tide. Strong arms must bear you there and all natures, exquisite designs and colors are revealed to you. Failing the right tide, we fail to behold its beauties. Heaven with all its beauty and grandeur is possible. But the favoring tide must be improved. Behold, now is the accepted time! Delay is forfeit. Now is the opportunity to add jewels to our crown; now to insure for us the welcome encomium from the Master himself.—REV. G. WYCKOFF.

3578. Opportunity Now. Many of us are like a number of men in the Arctic regions. They have been frozen up for a long time, and the ship is high in great masses of ice. The thaw comes on; they see a split in the ice. They set to work with their saws. There is a long and very narrow lane of water. If they can get the ship along it before it freezes they may get home; but if not they are frozen in for another winter, perhaps forever. So with our opportunity; it may be now or never.—SPURGEON.

3579. Opportunity Passes. Would-be passenger (out of breath from running): "When does the half-past five train leave?"

Porter: "Five-thirty."

Passenger: "Well, the church clock is twenty-seven minutes past, the postoffice clock is twenty-five minutes past, and your clock is thirty-two minutes. Now which clock am I to go by?"

Porter: "Yer can go by any clock yer like, but yer can't go by the train, for it's gone."

3580. Opportunity, Prepared for. Ed-

ward Johnston Porter, a young boy, shipped on the merchant vessel *Annie B.* as messenger and servant. He desired to fit himself to be a captain. He did not spend a single moment in idleness, but worked and studied hard. Beginning with the furnaces and engines, he extended his inquiries for knowledge to the very pilot-house, until there was not a thing about the ship which he did not understand. On February 12, 1913, a sudden gale struck the *Annie B.* The two pilots were instantly killed; the captain and five seamen were washed overboard. For two or three minutes the steamer drifted hopelessly. Then young Porter ran to the wheel and in ten minutes he had the ship under control. For over seven hours he stood at the wheel and kept the vessel in a safe course with the track of the storm. When the life-saving crew from Cape Charles finally boarded the ship the boy saluted their captain and fainted. He had studied faithfully, and was ready when the emergency came. His ability called him to action and enabled him to prove his worth. Talent is both a call and an opportunity.—*The Boy's World.*

3581. Opportunity, Present. "Oh, if I could live my life over again," says one, "how differently I would act." But you cannot live it over again. The only thing you can do is to live to-day as well as you can, to straighten your lines of action, and see that they all point upward, away from the wrong, toward the right. Time spent in mere idle regret is worse than wasted.

3582. Opportunity Seized. A Jewish rabbi says Goliath lost his life because, when he saw the ruddy youth, the shepherd David, coming to kill him with only a sling, he laughed long and loud, throwing back his head in his mirth so that his helmet fell back and left a place for David's sling-stone to strike his forehead.—*Peloubet's Notes.*

3583. Opportunity for Soul Winning. "I ought to have been yours," said a bright, happy girl to Miss Havergal. "What do you mean?" was the reply. "When I was seeking the Saviour, I put myself in your way several times, hoping that you would speak to me about this matter, but you did not speak to me, and another led me to the Saviour." Miss Havergal never forgot that lesson.—*Joyful News.*

3584. Opportunity, Watchful for. In a yacht race in New England waters, the boats were running against a very strong

tide before a light wind. The tide was stronger than the wind. The captain of one of the racing boats, studying the shore, became convinced that, though the white-winged vessels appeared to those on deck to be going forward, they were in fact drifting backward all the time. The shrewd captain suddenly conceived a brilliant idea, and threw over his anchor, which, while it would not let the boat go forward, held it steadfast so that it could not drift backward. After a while, when the tide turned, so that the boats found it possible to make progress, the other boats were a mile and a half in the rear, and the captain who had been wise enough to anchor won the race. So in the voyage of life we need an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast. The captain's anchor would have done him no good if he had not kept his sails in splendid trim, ready to fill with the breeze on the first opportunity. So the man who waits before the Lord wants to wait on his tiptoes, with alert watchfulness, ready to use the power gained in worship in running in the way of God's commandments, and walking through the heat where other men faint.

3585. Opposition. A sailor dreads not contrary winds as much as he dreads a calm. However the wind blows, he can adjust the sail so as to take advantage of it. We need not be disheartened by opposition, for we can turn our sails so that the winds of opposition will aid our progress.

3586. Oratory and Conviction. "In hearing orations," says Cicero, "the people admire my intellect and my art, and interrupt me with applause"; and Demosthenes replies: "True, indeed! You employ the audience for yourself; I occupy it only with the things of which I speak. Your hearers admire you. My hearers forget me, attentive to my purpose. They praise you, they are too absorbed in what I say to praise me. You are ornate, but there is little ornament in my speeches. They are composed of precise, strong, clear reasons which are irresistible. You make the audience cry out, 'Ah, how eloquently he speaks!' I make my audience exclaim, 'Come on and let us march against Philip!'"

3587. Orders, Awaiting. A friend said to a mother whose son had been appointed as a foreign missionary, "I hope that you will be able to give him up to the work." "Oh," said she, "I gave him up to God in his infancy, but never knew until now where God wants him."

Parents, are we holding our children as only awaiting orders? Young people, is the same your attitude?

3588. Organization. The keeper of an insane asylum on being asked, "Are you not afraid that these insane people will unite some time and hurt you and the other attendants?" replied: "No. Crazy people never unite on anything."

3589. Organization, Importance of. A friend of mine was driving along the road with a farmer one dark night when all of a sudden the latter stopped the team.

"What's the matter?" asked my friend.

"One tug's undone," was the reply.

"How could you tell in the dark?"

"By the way they pulled."

You can tell the unorganized church and Sunday school by the same rule. Ever watch the intermittent one-sided "pull" when the tugs are loose?

3590. Organization and Power. "What we need is not organization but power," was the querulous criticism addressed to a speaker at the close of his speech before a Sunday School convention. In reply the speaker answered, "Brother, I came to this city from Chicago, pulled by a great Baldwin locomotive. Did I need steam or engine?"

"Well," answered the critic with hesitating embarrassment, "I guess you needed both."

Organization without power is hopelessness. Organization with power is victory.

3591. Organization and Power. The story is told of an old Assiniboin Indian, who was delighted with the electric lights which he saw in town. After carefully observing them, he purchased some bulbs, and took them home with him to the reservation. There he strung them up in his house and waited for the light to shine, like those he had seen in the city. He waited vainly, however, and was much disappointed. The next day he returned them to the store where he had bought them with the gruff remark, "No good." This is an apt illustration of a church which is trusting in its machinery but fails to connect the machinery with the power. Only as the Holy Spirit energizes the whole equipment, the people and their organization, can any church accomplish the work for which Christ founded his Church.—H.

3592. Organization, Power of. A planter down in Kentucky had just employed a strange negro as a mule driver. He handed him a brand-new blacksnake

whip, climbed up on a seat behind a pair of mules, and asked the dorky if he could use the whip. Without a word the mule driver drew the black lash between his fingers, swung it over his head, and flicked a beautiful butterfly from a clover blossom alongside the road over which they were traveling. "That isn't so bad," remarked the planter. "Can you hit that honey bee over there?" Again the negro swung the whip, and the honey bee fell dead. Noting a pair of bumble bees on still another blossom, the negro switched them out of existence with the cracker of his new blacksnake, and drew further admiration from his new employer. A little farther along the planter spied a hornets' nest in a bush beside the highway. Two or three hornets were assembled at the entrance to the nest. "Can you hit them, Sam?" he inquired, pointing to the hornets. "Yes, sah, I kin," replied the negro, "but I aint a-goin' to; dey's organized."

It pays to organize for good. It pays to organize against evil. It is easy to pick individuals or votes or influence off, one by one, but it is not easy to win out against effective organization.

3593. Organization in Sunday School Work. There were twelve mules harnessed tandem to a heavy log truck. There was not a line or whip in the driver's hands. His voice and the lead mule were the only means used to secure united pulling. Yet it was a sight to watch those twelve mules, when the wheels got into a mudhole, or a grade had to be made, strain their muscles in unison with the leader, at the driver's voice, and pull the heavy log steadily along. A well-organized class, or school, or church, with the right morale, ought to pull like a well-broken team.

3594. Others, Helping. "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Luke 22: 32. A man in Scotland gave a sick eagle its freedom, and watched to see what would happen. Soon another eagle swept down from the sky, passed over the sick eagle, fanning it with its mighty wings, and finally lifted it up on its own broad pinions until the sick bird, gathering strength by its contact with the messenger from the sky, spread its wings and soared away. That eagle, says one who tells the story, could bring life and invigoration down here, because it came from the upper air.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

3595. Outlet, Need of. Of a lake in Central Africa, Rev. R. Stewart Wright

says: "When this lake was first discovered there was no outlet, and the water was brackish. When Cameron and Stanley visited the lake it was commencing to dribble into the Lukuga, and thence into the Congo. Shortly afterwards it burst the barrier and flowed out in a full stream, which it has maintained ever since. Eighteen years ago, when I first lived on the shore, the water was still slightly mineral; to-day, however, it is pure and wholesome. Fish abound, and afford sustenance to many of the people, as well as to innumerable birds."

Many lives are suffering for want of an outlet. Beneficence to others reacts upon the quality and happiness of our own lives.

3596. Over-confidence. Over-confidence is one of the greatest dangers that confronts us in the struggles of life. In the ancient Grecian stadium stood three pillars, one at the starting point of the race, one midway and one at the goal. On the first was carved the inscription, "Show thyself a man." On the middle pillar were cut the words, "Speed you." On the goal pillar were the words, "Stop here." The most important pillar was the midway pillar. The head runner very often became over-confident. A glance at the inscription on the middle pillar would show the racer or the contestant that the race did not depend upon fortune. Life's great race, the goal for which we are striving, is not to be reached through chance.

3597. Pain. See Affliction.

3598. Pain. Pain is an outcry of sin.—*SOUTH.*

3598a. Pain, Singing It Away. A party of tourists were driving along the country road leading to Killarney, that fine old town among the Irish lakes. As they came within sight of a cottage standing back from the road there reached them the sound of singing. The voice was full of sweetness, rich and strong, now and then rising into such lofty strains it seemed like an angel's song, then dropping to the mellow softness of a mother soothing her babe to sleep. A young girl came out of the garden gate toward them. She had a basket on her arm as if going to market. As she was passing, dropping a slight courtesy as she did so, one of the tourists asked, "Will you please tell me who is singing so sweetly in the cottage?" "Yes, indeed," said the girl. "It is only my Uncle Tim, sir; he's after having a bad turn with his leg, and so he's just singing the pain away the

while." For an instant the company was speechless; then a young man asked, "Is he young? Can he ever get over the trouble?" "Oh, he is getting a bit old now," was the answer. "No, the doctors say he'll never be the better of it in this world, but"—and her voice dropped into tender pathos—"he's that heavenly good, it would come nigh to making you cry sometimes to see him, with the tears running down his cheeks with pain, and then it is that he sings the loudest." "Amen," said the young man, reverently; and with a "Thank you, dear," from the ladies, they drove slowly on.—*The Christian Life.*

3599. Palm Sunday. See Lent.

3600. Palm Sunday. "Nobody seems to want me," said the youngest girl of a large family. "I'm a cripple and in everybody's way." As she spoke she was passing a bookseller's shop, and her eyes fell on the words, "The Lord hath need of him." She carefully remembered the reference and searched it out at home. "Jesus once needed a donkey," she said, "so perhaps He wants me—a cripple—I'll ask Him." Forty years afterwards a lame Bible woman died, beloved by hundreds, and blessed by God in her work. That Bible woman was once the crippled girl.—*Biblical Teacher.*

3601. Palm Sunday. A missionary who had returned from the foreign field broken in health and exhausted the remainder of her strength in assisting home workers, lay one Sunday in the hospital, where she had been for weeks confined to her bed, observing many people going to church. Thinking of the numbers of Christian workers as her physician entered the room with his usual cheery greeting, she looked up, saying: "Oh, doctor, I'm not needed here; I'm needed in China!" Looking straight into her eyes with meaning emphasis, he replied: "You are needed wherever you are." And his patient, comprehending the kindly rebuke, responded with a grateful smile; for well she knew that it is for the commander of his forces alone to choose the spot where each soldier shall be on duty. Ere long she learned many reasons why others needed her in that hospital. In another city the same lady lay helpless, wondering why God preserved a life that seemed so useless. Picking up a little Testament, her eyes fell on the story of Jesus' need at Bethphage, and she thought, "If the Lord needed that little dumb beast, surely he needs me. So I'll just be content and wait." In due

time she was enabled to carry messages of cheer to thousands addressed from the public platform, and to bring comfort to suffering and dying, to whom she could never have so ministered without having herself passed through the school of suffering.

3602. Palm Sunday. "Took the branches of the palm trees, and went forth to meet Him." More than two centuries before the events of Palm Sunday, Simon Macabaeus, having compelled the submission of the enemy which held the fortress of Jerusalem, "entered into it . . . with thanksgiving, and branches of palm trees, and with harps and cymbals, and with viols, and hymns, and songs."—HOWIE.

3603. Palm Sunday Appeal. The triumphal entrance of Jesus into the city of Jerusalem makes a powerful appeal to the imagination. The picturesque description written long afterwards by each of the four Gospel writers shows how vivid was the impression made upon the minds of those who witnessed or who took part in the events described, an impression indelibly stamped upon the memory because of the contrast between the display of popular enthusiasm and the crucifixion which so quickly followed.

By his entry into the Holy City, Jesus at length assumed, frankly and practically, the rank of a monarch. We listen to him as he requisitions the colt, and we are aware of a change in his tones. This is royalty issuing its decree. This is the Golden Prince asserting his proper powers. And if the procession afterwards is lowly, it is nevertheless the progress of a sovereign. The garments laid on the ass; the branches strewn in the path; the singing of the great Psalm, which tells how the Stone rejected of the builders has become the Head of the corner: it is the King lifting his rightful scepter, and setting the coronet on his brow. Once, in his life of condescension, Christ deliberately invested himself with the dignities which are his.

Thus he challenged the citizens of Jerusalem, and with equal definiteness he challenges us. One reason why Christianity has achieved far too little in the world is that Christians themselves subordinate it to other interests. Our place of residence, our success in business, our friendships, even our amusements come first; and Christ is secondary. He is compromised; and "compromise," it has been said, "is close to surrender." We need to ask forgiveness of our King that

our allegiance has been broken, unreflective, wanting in abandonment.

3604. Palm Sunday: Casting Garments. Monier saw the way of a Persian ruler strewn with roses for three miles; while the glass vessels filled with sugar were broken under his horse's feet,—the sugar being symbolical of prosperity.—PROF. ISAAC HALL. "When Mordecai issued from the palace of Ahasuerus the streets (Targum on Esther) were strewn with myrtle." We are informed by Robinson in his Biblical Researches that "the Bethlehemiters threw their garments under the feet of the English consul's horses at Damascus when they had come to implore his aid."—PROF. F. F. GIVEN.

We should cast our garments, wealth, talents, character, deeds of love before Jesus, our king. He would ride through Africa and India and China,—shall we lend him our aid? The people praised Jesus for his wonderful works, but asked nothing for themselves.—P.

3605. Palm Sunday: Christ Is King. "Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord."—John 12: 13.

This is the greeting that Jesus receives on His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. He who repelled this acknowledgment when made by those who had eaten of the loaves and the fishes, now accepts the acclaims of the multitude. He had readily achieved the name of prophet. He now lays claim to the title of king.

What a triumphal procession! In 61 B.C., Pompey entered Rome in triumph, declaring himself the conqueror of the world. He brought trophies of cruel war and many chained captives in his train. His conquests had spilled the blood of all but Pompey. At the close of the Franco-Prussian war, the German Emperor led his conquering army with splendor and display into Paris. Back along the line of march festering bodies of the dead lay. Trenches of the killed, tearful processions of widows and orphans, desolated homes and lingering death, untold agonies, filled up a waste of suffering that lay unseen behind the glory and the triumph of arms.

As we look at this joyous procession accompanying Jesus into Zion, there is brought into view a brighter, more gratifying and justifying perspective. Women receive their dead raised to life again, the lame leap for joy, the impotent arise in strength, the lepers are

cleansed, the sick are healed, and the possessed are clothed and in their right minds. This Conqueror comes to shed His own blood, in order that forever behind His cross there should appear the bound and the dead as restored unto liberty and life.—ELMER A. DENT, D.D.

3606. Palm Sunday: Christ's Triumphal March. Jesus rising in this triumphal procession was an object lesson, a living parable, setting forth in triumphal march down the ages. Commerce, railroads, printing presses, inventions, wealth, civilization, are aiding his triumph, paving his way, and advancing his glory. All are cast down before him in his onward march.

But all this is possible, because one week after the triumphal procession at Jerusalem, Jesus having made atonement for the sin of the world, rose again from the dead and is the ever-living Saviour, with all power and wisdom, guiding and inspiring his people. Only Easter Sunday can make Palm Sunday a true symbol and an eternal success.—P.

3607. Palm Sunday: A City Stirred. A dramatic picture, that; the entrance of the King, the Son of David, into His royal city. Salvation was drawing nigh unto the daughter of Zion, and for once, the only time in all Christ's history, she "lifted up her voice, was not afraid" to greet her liberator. "All the city was stirred," says Matthew, asking "Who is this?" The Jewish populace, when "stirred," were noisy, excitable. There was running to and fro of men and women in the streets; there were cries of "Hosanna in the highest"; there was a surging of the throng of Passover pilgrims up to the Temple gates and through its courts, and everywhere the cry was on the lips of the newcomers to Jerusalem, from Egypt, or from Greece, or from far-away Persia, "Who is this, after whom all the people flock?" And everywhere the answer came, from those who had seen Christ in their streets before, though never in like triumph, "This is Jesus, the prophet."

The picture is a parable. Toward the gate of your city draws near the Christ. Into its streets He comes, "just and having salvation" and withal in meek humility.—R. S. HOLMES.

3608. Palm Sunday Decision. The first Palm Sunday was the first great Decision Day in the history of the church. Up to that time individuals here and there, brought within the immediate circle of his personal influence, had sur-

rendered themselves to our Lord's leadership; but there had been no great movement of considerable numbers in his favor. A few fishermen, a tax gatherer or two, certain families in whose homes wonderful cures had been wrought, seem until then to have constituted the bulk of his discipleship.

3609. Palm Sunday: Decision Day. The week preceding the anniversary of our Saviour's resurrection is coming to be more and more generally observed as a special season of humiliation, prayer and seeking of God, in view of the solemn events of which it is the anniversary. In its observance special note should be taken of the day with which the week opens. In the Church year this is known as Palm Sunday, and is the anniversary of Jesus' triumphal entrance into Jerusalem. It may well be, and indeed should be, hallowed as decision day, and be marked by acceptance of the King who cometh in the name of the Lord, and by solemn consecration to His service.

3610. Palm Sunday: Echoing Hosannas. The priests were angry, of course. How dare any one come into the sacred house and assume such authority! In certain parts of the Alps, where the people live scattered about as shepherds, there is a beautiful and touching custom, which softens somewhat the dreary loneliness of their solitary life. Just as the sun leaves the valleys, and his last rays faintly gild the snowcapped summits of the mountains, the shepherd whose hut is situated on the highest peak takes his alpine horn, and, with trumpet voice, cries, "Praise the Lord!" Instantly all the other shepherds, standing at the thresholds of their cabins, repeat, one after the other, the same appeal until the echo resounds far and wide, from rock to rock, and deep to deep, "Praise the Lord!"

And here in Jerusalem the hosannas of the entrance were echoed back by the hosannas of the children in the temple. It is but a faint picture of what will be when all the ransomed shall sing,

"Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all."

3611. Palm Sunday Enthusiasm. I have a peculiar pleasure in standing at the end of the rear car of a train, and in watching the scenery and receding track as the train moves away. But I have seldom done this without thinking of this experience of Christ, and the

temporary excitement of the multitude, because as the train moves away you will notice many particles of paper or leaves that are carried a short distance, then drop down as before, simply temporarily excited by the motion of the train. So with the unthinking multitude, carried away by the excitement of the moment. One must be on the train, be really part of it, to be carried away through to the end.—C. W. COGGINS.

3612. Palm Sunday: The Greeks. Multitudes of Greeks accepted the Jewish religion and attended feasts of the Jews, and to-day the official representatives of ancient Christianity in the East are Greeks. For example, the patriarchs of Antioch were Greeks. The most important works on Christology are either in Greek or translations from the Greek language.

3613. Palm Sunday: The Kingly Christ. Dear to the Christian world is the story of Christ's one day of triumph, Palm Sunday. The church rejoices because even for one brief day he was hailed as a King.

It was the Sunday before the Passover. A great multitude were approaching Jerusalem on pilgrimage. Many were Galileans, and many of them believers in the Christ. On their part the demonstration was unpremeditated. They suddenly realized that the Messiah was entering the Holy City, and they began to sing snatches of the Messianic Psalms. In a few moments the stream of Passover visitors was transformed into the heralding procession of a conquering King.

3614. Palm Sunday: The Kingly Christ. Because of the distance of time and the difference of customs it is not easy for us to grasp how perfectly Jesus made plain his claims to be the appointed Messiah and King of the Jews. "This thing was not done in a corner"; it was perfectly plain to every intelligent Jew, and so plain to the men in positions of authority that they were compelled to "do something about it." He claimed to be nothing less than Almighty God's chosen person to effect the salvation of the individual soul and the salvation of the Hebrew people, and the transformation and salvation of human society. There can be no mistake about it. It is folly to argue that Jesus is something less than the Messiah. We cannot do that and avoid showing that he was either self-deceived, as Renan says, or else an open hypocrite. Jesus Christ claims to be the only Saviour of us all,

and that triumphal entry is absolutely typical of the response that we each must make to his claim. Will he look round about and find us treating him as king, or frigidly looking upon him as a pretender to be speedily disposed of? Will we crown him or crucify him afresh?—*Sunday School Times*.

3615. Palm Sunday Lesson in Obedience. For six months Jesus had set his mind steadfastly on going to Jerusalem to proclaim himself king. That was his rightful place, and he intended to assert his rights, even at the cost of life. Long before this the people had tried to take him by force in order to put a crown on his head. He refused, because to comply would have meant to bring the kingdom down to their ideal. At this time he goes forth boldly to announce his own ideal kingdom, with an effort to lift the people up.

It was Peter and John who went on the Lord's errand to secure the beast on which he should ride. Peter had declared that they had left all and followed him. During the three years of their discipleship they must have learned that it was best to obey him implicitly, and offered no objection when told to take the other man's ass.

When they reached the owner they said just what they had been instructed to say. Too often we compromise ourselves and our callings by apologizing for what we say in the name of the Lord.

"I'll go where you want me to go,
I'll say what you want me to say,
I'll do what you want me to do."

—*Religious Telescope*.

3616. Palm Sunday: Love-king. He was not a force-king. He was a love-king. He was God's sort of king. That is, he would reign only by the consent of the reigned-over. He would not force himself upon the people by dint of the power he could exercise. He wanted their glad, gracious acceptance.

3617. Palm Sunday a Preparation. Through this proclamation of himself as King, this foregleam and prophecy of His exaltation as Messiah, Christ made this Sunday a decision day for all gathered at the feast. To the eleven and many another disciple it confirmed a faith which might falter at the Cross, but would not fail. While to Judas, the letting slip of this opportunity to set up an earthly kingdom only made more irrevocable the purpose to betray him. To

the people, the nation and the city it brought the heavy condemnation of not knowing the day of their visitation, of rejecting their Messiah and blindly putting to death the Holy One and the just.

How much influence the events of this day had in preparing for the wondrous turning to the Lord on the day of Pentecost we may not know, but when the resurrection and the descent of the Holy Spirit had made clear not only to the disciples, but to the people what was the real meaning of this foreshadowing of royalty it could not have been without its effect. The offense was that he did not come as an earthly King, and until the Spirit revealed the true nature of his kingdom of peace and righteousness men who would have hailed with gladness an Alexander or a Cæsar withheld allegiance from one who came "meek and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass." Under Peter's preaching and the Spirit's influence, however, thousands came to see their mistake and the more easily became his subjects.

3618. Palm Sunday: Reverses of Feeling. The human heart is a strange thing. How it can love, and how it can hate, and sometimes, oh, sometimes, that which it loves to-day it comes to hate to-morrow. It ought not to be like that in this world. The "Hosanna" song, if sung from any life, should never be forgotten; its echoes should never cease to sound. Love ought to last, devotion ought to endure; constancy is a rare jewel.

Palm Sunday was the day of overflowing emotionalism. It was a wild, unbalanced crowd that surged over Olivet from Bethany and out to Olivet from Jerusalem. Emotionalism wins no battles, subdues no passions, checks no evils, rights no wrongs. The emotions that can be excited to wild cries of Hosanna, Hallelujah, can also be excited to cursings and maledictions. The figure that emotion sets upon the colt to-day, it will hang upon the cross to-morrow. The lips that to-day will cry "Hosanna to our King" will cry to-morrow, "We have no king but Cæsar."

3619. Palm Sunday: Reverses of Feeling. A week is only a little time. Its days pass swiftly. But they cannot pass more quickly than do the emotions of changeful human hearts. Between the hours of that procession of mighty exultation and the morning of the seventh day to come was to be enacted the most fearsome tragedy of the whole

world. Against the man for whom they cried on the one day "Hosanna" they were to cry "Away with him, crucify him," before the seven days had passed. Between the morning of the Palms and that of the Resurrection was Calvary and the open tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. It did not take a seven days' round to make exultant voices sounding the praises of the King change to the awful note "Crucify him."—R. S. H.

3620. Palm Sunday: He Is "Rex." Jesus Christ is the mightiest moral personality in the universe. He is "Rex." And what men need more than anything else this very day is a sense of God in and ruling the world.

They tell us that human nature has changed, and that men are no longer susceptible to the immanence of God in life, that they are no longer moved by the old influences. And there always comes with that view a sense of discouragement and pessimism. We are wondering what new force, then, can be brought to bear on men, what new revelation of Christ will have to be made to stir the world profoundly. Then suddenly, weary with much misgivings and wonderings, we discover that just under the surface of human life there is still the power to respond to Christ that was evidenced by these men who strewed the way before Him with their garments and palms, and filled the air with hosannas.—JOHN F. COWAN, D.D.

3621. Palm Sunday Sacred. Palm Sunday was the last secular Sunday in human history. Easter made it a sacred day one week afterwards.

3622. Palm Sunday: Songs or Silence? Jesus was the King of the Jews. His Hebrew lineage was royal, without flaw or break. He was announced to the shepherds, by the heavenly hosts, at birth, as a King. He was heralded to the Hebrew nation as King by the man of acknowledged greatest spiritual leadership the nation had known for long centuries. He claimed to be a king. He had all the personal graciousness and power of a king.

Here is the great climax. The prophecies of centuries come to a head. The King, long promised and looked for, has come, and is now riding into the royal city. How will he be received? The hearts of the upper world beat faster as all eyes are turned intently down on the little land on the edge of the Middle-of-the-Earth Sea. All heaven stops to look. Can there be any question how the

King, the rightful King, and such a King, will be received? Yes. Say softly in distress, "yes"; for the kingdom has been in revolt against the King.

There's no doubt about the reception by the multitudes. A great throng gathers about Jesus. They break branches from the trees, and strew the roadway for his coming. This old road isn't good enough. They line it with a choice carpet of living green. Then one man pulls off his garment and adds it to the green, and another, and others, till the King's colt is walking over a carpet of nature's beauty and man's woven love combined. Then they begin singing in great volume, "Hosanna. Blessed be the King!"

Then a great crowd comes out of the city to meet and greet Jesus. And they likewise carpet the road, and pick up the song. And the two crowds sing back and forth, answering each other, joyous antiphonal music, a truly Hebrew and a truly royal scene. And the great wealth of sweet music tingles the air, and gladdens the watchers and listeners in the unseen overhanging gallery of heaven. This is the answer of the common crowd to the King's claim.

But—but, as they come to the city, an ominous silence greets him. The leaders look. They take it all in. They know what it all means. They are the nation. They hold the national lines. They hold them tight and hard. They have control. These leaders are the nation, technically, officially, and practically. Leaders have the responsibility. Now they look at Jesus. They understand perfectly the meaning of his action in so riding into the nation's capital. And they understand the crowd's action, too; and more, they understand Jesus' acceptance of the crowd's homage. All this is clear.

But their own resolution was as set, in a rigid cold, the other way. Their silence was their answer, their rejection as positive and absolute as rejection could be. It really began in the silent contemptuous rejection of John's testimony to their official deputation at the beginning (John 1: 19-28). They would not accept this Jesus. The King is rejected by the nation.—S. D. GORDON, D.D.

3623. Palm Sunday Supplication. Strictly speaking the word hosanna is not an acclamation, but a supplication, meaning "save now." It was originally a passionate cry for deliverance. But soon it passed over into the sense of

exultation over deliverance afforded. And the one hundred and eighteenth psalm in which it is enshrined was for a long period most closely associated with the national hope of Israel. It was used repeatedly in the celebration of some great occasions in the history of the people. During the period of the second temple the twenty-fifth verse was repeated once on each of the first six days of the joyous feast of the tabernacles in the course of the procession around the altar of burnt sacrifice, and seven times on the seventh day.

Thus the seventh day came itself to be called the "Great Hosanna." Thence the name was transferred to the prayers which were offered on the occasion, and finally even to the branches of palm trees and willows (Lev. 23:40), which were carried and waved at that feast. The word hosanna thus came to carry with it a glad, triumphal sense, and became used on various occasions of jubilation, such as the feast of dedication, and even the feast of passover. The sentence was a word of greeting used by one pilgrim to another as they met together in the sacred enclosure.

3624. Palm Sunday: In the Temple.

Now near and nearer draws the throng, Redoubling as it moves along. It climbs the steep; the "Golden gate" It passes, pleased to celebrate That meek prince riding to His throne— While rings, in ever rising tone, "Hosanna!"

Still the same motley groups appear, Blind, lame and poor are ever near; Still venal traders plot for greed; Stalk priest and scribe of slippery creed. Oh, for the Christ, and Christ-like men; While sweet child-voices plead again—"Hosanna!"

3625. Palm Sunday: Throne a Cross. Palm Sunday heralded the King, but his throne was to be a cross. Jesus was a young man, apparently with his lifework before him. There seemed to be the beginning of response to his leadership. Yet he must die a shameful death or adopt the old doomed methods of politics and force. "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour! But for this cause came I unto this hour. Father, glorify thy name."

He deliberately put aside the promise of Palm Sunday. Not in the shouting multitudes but in the inquiring Gentiles before the temple he saw the promise

of victory. Not in the outward demonstrations but in the heart-hunger of humanity to-day he has his hope for a redeemed universe.

"We would see Jesus." The real Jesus, not the interpretation of him that is current or popular. We would learn of him. "Lord, what wouldst thou have us to do?"

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there also shall my servant be."—REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.
3626. Palm Sunday: Triumphal Entry. Jesus Christ is the true king, and is riding triumphantly through the ages.

As these people cast their garments before Jesus as he rode in triumph, so we should cast our talents, our money, our time, all that we have, before him, and do all that we can to aid his cause, and hasten his success. It is a great privilege to have part in his triumph.

Enthusiasm is a good thing for every one, for any cause that is worthy of enthusiasm. A noble enthusiasm uplifts the soul. Christianity is not dull, lifeless, insipid. There never has been anything on God's earth so adapted to kindle all the enthusiasm of the soul, and to make it an enduring flame.

It should be the desire of every heart to have a more personal, intimate acquaintance with Jesus.

We become acquainted with Jesus by loving him, by working with him for his cause, by becoming like him in character, by studying his life and words.

We should welcome every chance to make others acquainted with our Master.—F. N. P.

3627. Palm Sunday: Other Triumphal Processions. There are not lacking many historic events that will illustrate honors paid to heroes of days long gone by; but we do well to impress the fact that the triumphant entrance of Christ into Jerusalem is but a mere shadow of His coming when all the nations of the earth shall bow before Him to acknowledge Him "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," and hail Him "Prince of Peace"!

Herodotus pictures Xerxes passing over the bridge of the Hellespont with the air filled with fragrance from burning perfumes and his pathway strewn with branches of myrtle.

Only about thirty years after Christ's triumphal entry history records the magnificent honor paid to Pompey in Rome. For two days there was a great procession of captives, with many trophies, moving into the city along the Via Sacra.

The brazen tablets bore the names of conquered nations, castles and cities taken.

As Alexander the Great entered Babylon flowers were scattered before him. Later the way of a Persian ruler was strewn with flowers for three miles, and glass vessels filled with sugar were broken beneath his horses' feet, the sugar being the symbol of prosperity. Yet will all this be insignificant when Christ comes to be proclaimed "chiefest among ten thousand," and the One "altogether lovely."

3628. Panic, Origin of the Word. When the Gauls invaded Greece and were about to plunder the temple of Apollo at Delphi, Pan suddenly showed himself and so terrified them that they fled in disorder. Hence any sudden terror which spreads through an assembly is called a panic.

3629. Parables, Why. "Why did God not make the Bible so plain that every one could understand?" said one. "If God made coal as fuel, why did he not put it on the top of the ground instead of burying it deep underneath the surface?" was the reply.

3630. Pardon. See *Forgiveness*. See *Grace*.

3631. Pardon of Enemies. A Union soldier, bitter in his hatred of the Confederacy, lay wounded at Gettysburg. At the close of the battle General Lee rode by, and the soldier, though faint from exposure and loss of blood, raised his hands, looked Lee in the face, and shouted as loud as he could, "Hurrah for the Union!" The General heard him, dismounted, and went toward him, and the soldier confesses: "I thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up, he looked at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and looking right into my eyes, said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.' If I live a thousand years, I shall never forget the expression of General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the General had left me I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

3632. Pardon Delayed. Eighteen years after a man had completed his one-year

sentence in the Ohio penitentiary for violating the United States pension laws a full and complete pardon arrived signed by Benjamin Harrison, then President of the United States. The letter had probably been lying in some post office for years. By not receiving the pardon the full year's sentence had to be carried out. Nearly twenty centuries ago a full and free pardon was purchased, sealed and given to every son of Adam. Thousands there are to-day who do not know it, through ignorance. The promise of the pardon has been lying in God's book all these ages, but they do not read it. Through ignorance of God's word they have missed the blessed pardon granted to them.

3633. Pardon, A Full. You remember how, a few years ago, when Adolf Beck was in prison because he was confounded with another man—you remember how, when his innocence was confirmed, the Government tried to make some amends for the disgrace and shame that had come to him and his family. Mr. Beck received from His Majesty a free pardon, the effect of which is much greater than can be conveyed by the word "pardon" in the ordinary sense. This comes from the Secretary of the Interior, as we should call him—your Home Secretary; and what does he say. Hear his words: "A free pardon issued by the King, not only forgives crime, but wipes out the whole conviction, and obliterates every stain which the law had attached to the alleged offense." That is what God says to you now, as he offers you a free pardon—not only forgiveness, but something more; all that appertains to the past wiped out, every stain of guilt obliterated.—DR. A. T. PIERSON.

3634. Pardon Held Back. One of the best governors of the Isle of Man was impeached for treason in the civil wars, and sentenced to death. The king granted a pardon, but it fell into the hands of a bitter enemy of the governor, who never delivered it, and the governor was executed. We hold in our hands the pardon of the world: shall we hold it back?—D. M. PANTON.

3635. Pardon, Joy of. Charles Wesley, when speaking to a Moravian friend about the sense of pardon which had come to him, said, "I suppose I had better keep silent about it." "Oh, no, my brother," was the reply; "if you had a thousand tongues, go and use them all for Jesus." And Wesley went home and wrote the hymn—

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise."

3636. Pardon Brings Peace. When Leonardo da Vinci was painting that great picture, "The Last Supper," he had a bitter quarrel with one of his contemporaries. Leonardo determined he would hold him up to scorn forever, for his face should be painted as that of Judas. That being done he worked on his picture until he came to the central figure, that of the Lord. Day by day his hand tried to limn the unearthly beauty of that face, only to be possessed by the haunting sense of dissatisfaction. Meanwhile there had been growing in his heart a sense of shame at the way he had treated his enemy, so taking a brush he wiped out the face of Judas. Then he saw the look for which he had hungered, and when he began to paint it could set out in its exquisite beauty the face which his unembittered soul had seen.—*Sunday at Home.*

3637. Pardoned Already. In Queen Victoria's Jubilee year, 1887, I was in Edinburgh. One day I saw a picturesque procession of civic dignitaries going to the old Cross near St. Giles' Cathedral. There was a great crowd, and I turned and followed them. After a great fanfare of trumpets, a royal proclamation was read, declaring the queen's forgiveness of all deserters from the army and navy. I was not near enough to hear the terms of the proclamation, but I understood that all the deserters now pardoned should report themselves within so many days at the nearest military or naval depot. I afterwards met two of them going to the castle. What were they going for? To be pardoned? Nay, they were pardoned already. It had been publicly proclaimed. They went simply to claim the certificate of their pardon; not to beg for it, but to claim it. Is that too strong a word to use of the sinner's forgiveness? Let John answer: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—S. CHADWICK.

3638. Parent, Influence of. A public school teacher in southern Illinois asked all the children in her room, one afternoon, to write on a piece of paper what they would like to be when they grew up, then sign their names and hand in the papers.

She found that almost every boy wanted to follow the same calling as

his father. And one little fellow whose father was a saloonkeeper, expressed his highest ambition thus, "Tend bar in pop's saloon."

3639. Parents, Responsibility of. In one of the Greek islands it is believed by the shepherds that there is a kind of grass growing in the mountains, of which if their flocks eat they straightway forget their young. It is called the grass of denial.

3640. Passions. See Sin.

3641. Passions, Unsatisfied. There is said to be a strange plant in South America which finds a moist place and sends its roots down and becomes green for a little while until the place becomes dry, when it draws itself out and rolls itself up and is blown along by the wind until it comes to another moist place, where it repeats the same process. On and on the plant goes, stopping wherever it finds a little water, until the spot is dry; then in the end, after all its wanderings, it is nothing but a bundle of dry roots and leaves. It is the same with those who drink only of this world's springs. They drink and thirst again, and go on from spring to spring, blown by the winds of passion and desire, and at last their souls are nothing but bundles of unsatisfied desires and burning thirsts.—*Sunday at Home.*

3642. Pastor, Aid to. I have heard a good story of a worthy deacon in a country chapel, upon whose heart was laid the burden of his minister's success, prayed: "Lord, shove him on!" The phrase is quaint enough, but a true spirit underlies it. Many a toiling pastor suffers from the lack of a "shove on" from a critical congregation or an unsympathetic official board. In church life, we can do much to answer our own prayers on our minister's behalf. A belated word of thanks, a hearty hand-grip, a look of appreciation, will do much to "shove him on"! There is much force in Saint Peter's exhortation, "We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake."

3643. Pastoral Calling. After long and intimate association with ministers and church people, I am prepared to express the belief that a minister can do far more effective work and get much closer to the heart of his people through his visitations than through his pulpit ministrations.

The following incident will serve, in a measure, to illustrate and emphasize this position:

I once lived near a great metropolitan church of above 3,000 members, which had at least two brilliant ministers who preached, and two or three other ministers who looked after mission stations. The church also employed one minister who devoted almost his entire time to visiting the congregation.

One day I met a little girl on the street, and, stopping to speak to her, asked: "Where do you go to church?" With a note of pride in her voice, she replied: "I go to —," mentioning the popular church of which I have been speaking.

"Oh," I exclaimed banteringly, "that is the church where there are as many ministers as there are people!"

She evidently appreciated the jesting remark, and replied laughingly: "No, we haven't that many; but we do have quite a number."

"And which one do you like the best?" I naturally asked. Her reply was direct and convincing, and had a world of suggestiveness in it: "Oh, we all love dear Mr. — best" (mentioning the minister whose special duty it was to visit the congregation). "He's the one who comes to see us!"

3644. Path, End of. "Not long ago," said a minister, "I was visiting a friend in the country. On the second morning I started for a walk, taking my host's little boy with me. We chose an inviting path through the pastures, fringed with clover blooms and buttercups; but the lad held back. 'Why don't you want to come along this path?' I asked. 'That path was made by the pigs,' he replied, 'and before you get far you'll get into the awfulest patch of mire and weeds you ever saw.'" It is well for us all when bent upon pleasure to ask, Where does this pleasure lead to?

3645. Patience. See Fidelity. See Persistence.

3646. Patience. John Wesley's father once asked his wife, "How could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?" "Why," she replied, "if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor."

3647. Patience. A judge whose circuit took him through a certain Western town was somewhat annoyed by the sneering remarks of a lawyer who lived in that town. Some one asked the judge one day

why he didn't come down strong on the fellow. "Up in our town," said the judge, "there lives a widow, who has a dog which whenever the moon shines, goes out on the steps and barks and barks away at it all night." A pause followed the story, then the questioner said, "Well, judge, what about the dog and the moon?" "Oh," said the judge, "the moon keeps on shining, that's all." Then let your patience shine on, for among the virtues it is like the pearl among the gems, its quiet radiance heightens every other human grace.

3648. Patience and Faithfulness. A niece of Clara Barton writes this of her aunt: "I think my aunt's idea of life lies in what she once said to me, when, with feverish haste and impatience of youth, I was longing for great things to do. 'Keep yourself quiet and in restraint,' she said, 'reserve your energies, doing those little things that lie in your way, each one as well as you can, saving your strength, so that when God does call you to do something good and great, you will not have wasted your force and strength with useless strivings, but will be ready to do the work quickly and well.'"

This is the patient faithfulness that not only wins the crown of life, but also wins in this life a greater, higher, better and more blessed service.

3648a. Patience, Secret of. A certain lady had met with a serious accident, which necessitated a painful operation and many months of confinement in her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was taking his leave, the patient asked: "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here, helpless?" "Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "only one day at a time," come back with its quieting influence.

3649. Patriotism. *See Independence Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Thanksgiving Day, Election Day.*

3650. Patriotism.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

3651. Patriotism. I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.—NATHAN HALE.

3652. Patriotism. Patriotism is the vital condition of national permanence.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

3653. Patriotism. Ollie Jones, a Metho-

dist doughboy of Company I, Fortieth Infantry, had been taken desperately sick with pneumonia while doing guard duty on a stormy night at Camp Sherman, Ohio. After a struggle of many months with several complications, the time came when the doctors gave up hope. Everything possible had been done to save the life. The commanding general or his wife had visited the bedside frequently and offered suggestions to ease the suffering of the stricken soldier. But it became evident that nothing could save him. One night at nine o'clock the regimental chaplain came to the bedside for the usual evening call. He bent over the pallid face of the weakened lad and asked if there was anything that could be done to make him more comfortable. Ollie replied, "Yes, those letters U. S. that you wear on your collar—would you be willing to pin them on my pillow?" The chaplain's coat came off, the letters were unpinned and placed over the head of the dying boy. He had been a faithful soldier while he lived, and his last thought in the final hour was of the great country for which he had made the supreme sacrifice.

The lad might have had his own insignia, but he wished the chaplain's, who presented to him the Saviour in whom he believed.

3654. Patriotism for the Kingdom. In the war between China and Japan, on a warship, one of the soldiers was found sobbing over a woman's letter. His officer found him, and accused him of being a coward, sobbing there when he ought to be fighting. The story continues that the soldier handed the letter to his officer, who saw that it was from his mother, and contained words somewhat like these: 'I am so sorry to hear you did not join in the battle of the Yellow Sea, and you could not distinguish yourself at Waihaiwai. My dearest wish for you is that you may die for your country. Remember, if you do not brave this fight, or die, it will bring disgrace on our family.'

"He was asked whether he belonged to the nobility, and his answer was: 'No, my father was a fisherman, and has died, and I am the only son of my mother!' Such is Japanese sacrifice for love of country. Shall we show less spirit of patriotism for His Kingdom?"—S. M. ZWEMER, D.D.

3655. Patriotism, Temperance. *The Stars and Stripes*, the official publication of the United States army, edited by an

army officer, published an outrageous cartoon reflecting on the prohibition amendment to the constitution, which he had sworn to defend with his life. A red-blooded Y.M.C.A. secretary dumped the bundle of papers intended for his hut into a canal, and instead of meekly submitting when charges were brought against him, he brought charges against the editor of the paper on the ground that he had attacked the constitution he was sworn to uphold. The tribunal in the case took this common sense American view of it and the officer lost his place as editor, and the Y.M.C.A. secretary was exonerated.

3656. Paul Before Agrippa. Some tourists were visiting one of the great galleries in Europe, and as they looked at those wonderful, priceless masterpieces on the wall, one of them said somewhat contemptuously to his friends and in the hearing of the curator, "I do not think much of these pictures." The curator said, "Excuse me, sir, but it is not the pictures here which are on trial. It is the visitors." It wasn't really Paul who was on trial that day, but those before whom he appeared.—REV. J. STUART HOLDEN.

3657. Peace. See **Forgiveness.** See **Pardon.**

3658. Peace. Let us have peace.—U. S. GRANT.

3658a. Peace. There are interests by the sacrifice of which peace is too dearly purchased. One should never be at peace to the shame of his own soul—to the violation of his integrity or of his allegiance to God.—CHAPIN.

3659. Peace. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever.—CHARLES SUMNER.

3660. Peace, Christ the Prince of. A missionary once said: "I have been laboring among a people who once delighted in war, but since Christianity has prevailed there war has ceased altogether. The last Sabbath I spent with them I went into one of their chapels and preached to a congregation of fifteen hundred persons. A rude sort of pulpit was erected with stairs leading up to it, the railings of which, smooth and polished, were literally made of the handles of warriors' spears by those who had transferred themselves, with their weapons of war, to a nobler and better purpose—the service of the Lord."

3661. Peace in Facing Christ. D. L. Moody once said that he used to race with his shadow in his boyhood days,

and he wondered why the shadow always kept ahead of him. But one day he was running with his face toward the sunlight, and, chancing to glance back, he saw his shadow coming behind, and staying there. To keep shadows from darkening the heart we must always face toward Jesus Christ.

3662. Peace Found in Christ. Once when I was crossing the mountains I met a girl of good family. She was on pilgrimage, and her bare feet were bleeding. In answer to my question she said, "I am looking for rest and peace, and I hope to get them before I get to the end of this pilgrimage. If I do not, I shall drown myself." I saw she was in earnest. I thought how strange it is that people who are born Christians and have these great gifts without taking all this trouble, should care so little for them, while this wealthy girl had given up her home and all she cared most for to seek salvation. She did not find peace on that pilgrimage, but she met a missionary who told her about Christ. I saw her afterwards and she told me that she had found all and more than she had sought, adding, "Men may kill me if they like. I have found that better part that shall never be taken away from me."—SADHU SUNDAR SINGH.

3663. Peace, Kept in. Mr. Gladstone had, for forty years, on the wall of his bedroom this text: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." These were the first words on which the great statesman's eyes opened every morning, and they were one of the sources of his calm strength.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

3664. Peace of Pardon. Dr. Torrey tells of a time when he was greatly distressed because certain prayers of his had not been answered. Then, he says, he asked God to show him if there was anything wrong in his own life. Something came to his mind which he had often thought of before, but had not confessed as a sin. Finally he said: "This is wrong. I have sinned. I will give it up." Peace came at once.

3665. Peace, Picture of. Two painters were asked to paint a picture illustrating peace. The first painted a beautiful evening scene and in the foreground there was a lake, its surface absolutely calm and unruffled, trees surrounded it, meadows stretched away to the distant cattle gently browsing, a little cottage, the setting sun, and all spoke of perfect rest.

The second painter drew a wild, stormy scene. Heavy black clouds hung overhead, in the center of the picture an immense waterfall poured over huge volumes of water covered with foam. One could almost hear its unceasing roar, yet almost the first thing to strike the eye was a small bird, perched in a cleft of the great rock, absolutely sheltered from all around, pouring forth its sweet notes of joy.

This is what we should know, perfect peace in the storms of life, God's peace.

3666. Peace Within. "My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you" (John 14:27). In some old castles are found deep wells meant to supply the garrison in time of siege. An aqueduct bringing water from without would be at the enemy's mercy; but over the well inside the foe has no power. The peace the world seeks depends on one's surroundings; in time of trouble its sources are cut off, like a spring outside the castle walls. But the peace Christ gives is that of the spring within, most precious in hours of need.

3667. Peacemakers, Blessed Are. Philip Henry would often quote Luther's story of the "two goats that met upon a narrow bridge over a deep water. They could not go back; they durst not fight. After a short parley one of them lay down and let the other go over him, and so no harm was done. The moral," he would say, "is easy: be content if thy person be trod upon for peace's sake. Thy person, I say, not thy conscience."—*Sunday School Teacher*.

3668. Peacemaker by Unspoken Word. A story has been told of a little girl who said to her mother one evening, "I was a peacemaker to-day." "How was that?" asked her mother. "I knew something that I didn't tell," was the unexpected reply.—*The American Messenger*.

3669. Peacemaker, Useful. Prebendary Sanford, at the funeral of a country clergyman, inquired of a farmer the secret of his popularity. The farmer replied that he was not much of a parson, but he was such a wonderful man to make peace between neighbors.—*FREEMAN*.

3670. Pearls Undervalued. When the army of Galerius sacked the army of the routed Persians, a bag of shining leather, filled with pearls, fell into the hand of a private soldier; he carefully preserved the bag, but he threw away the contents, being ignorant of their value. We make a similar mistake when

we throw aside the opportunities God gives to us.—*Christian Endeavor World*.
3671. Pearls Valued. About Christmas time the following advertisement, displayed in bold-face type, appeared in one of the Philadelphia newspapers:

"It will be to the advantage of the well-dressed man who assisted another man in picking up pearls outside the Lincoln Building, Broad Street above Chestnut, Tuesday, the 18th, if he will communicate with — (signed by the name and address of one of the best-known jewelry houses in the city)."

It was a very unusual advertisement; and it suggests all sorts of interesting possibilities as to what may have happened in the Christmas-time incident it evidently refers to. But there are other men who, during the centuries as to-day, have assisted another Man in picking up pearls—that man being also God, the man Christ Jesus. Christ is the "man that is a merchant seeking goodly pearls"; and for the "one pearl of great price," his church, "he went and sold all that he had, and bought it." There were four men one day long ago who helped Christ to find one of the pearls that belonged to him, and that was lost. Let us believe that those four also did not lose their reward.—*S. S. Times*.

3672. Penalty. One Sunday evening Dr. Alexander Whyte of Edinburgh took for the lesson the seventh chapter of Proverbs, about the tempted youth and the "strange woman." He read as far as the end of verse 9,—"He went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night." Then, without warning to the congregation, he overleaped the intervening verses and resumed at verse 23, "Till a dart strike through his liver, as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life." Suddenly his hand was raised in a passionate gesture of appeal, and his voice rang out in a cry that penetrated to every corner of the church: "Stand up, some young man, and say Amen!"

The thrill that went through the congregation could almost be heard.—*Record of Christian Work*.

3673. Penalties, Merits of. Two rabbis coming near Jerusalem saw a fox running upon the hill of Zion. The older wept, but Rabbi Eliezer laughed. "Wherefore dost thou mourn?" he said. "I mourn because I see the threat fulfilled, 'Because of the mountain of Zion, which is desolate, the foxes fall upon

it." "And that is why I laugh," said Rabbi Eliezer, "for where I see God fulfilling his threatenings with my own eyes I have a sure pledge that not one of his promises shall fail, for he delights in mercy rather than chastisement."

3674. Penalty Overlooked. "Father Hawley," of Hartford, was telling the scholars in a mission school of a boy in that city who had stolen money from his employer's drawer, and been sent to prison for his crime. "When he opened that drawer so stealthily," said Father Hawley, "and looked down on the pile of banknotes there, if only he could have seen written on top of them, in letters of fire, 'Ten Years in State Prison!' wouldn't he have slammed that drawer to again?"

3675. Penitence. See Repentance.

3676. Penitence. Mr. Moody used to tell this story. He said that at a revival meeting a little lad, who was used to Methodist ways, went home to his mother and said: "Mother, John So-and-So is under conviction and seeking for peace, but he will not find it to-night." "Why not, William?" said she. "Because he is only down on one knee, mother; and he will never get peace until he is down on both knees." Until conviction of sin brings us down on both knees, until we are completely humbled, until we have no hope left in ourselves, we cannot find the Saviour.—*Sunday School Times.*

3677. Penitence. Are you in the depths of sin, my friend? Look up. It is not what man is that tests him but what he wants to be. We do not belong to the place where we are—else why do we hate it? We belong to the heights, else why do we seek them? Why am I not at peace in my sin? In the solitude of my sin I cry out to my Father. And if fathers hear their children will not God hear me? Blessed be his name, it is possible to touch bottom and then with a Hallelujah shout begin to rise.

Oscar Wilde was one of the most brilliant writers of comedy that the Victorian era produced. He made a tour of the United States and lectured more than one hundred times on the philosophy of the esthetic. But morally the man was a degenerate. He could write English of silken delicacy, but he could also write the coarsest stuff. He sowed great fields of literary wheat oats. He was sentenced at last to two years' imprisonment for the gravest moral offenses, and during his confinement he wrote a little book

called "Out of the Depths." Let me give you the preface:

"The gods had given me everything, but I allowed myself to be lured into sensualism. I amused myself with being a flâneur, a dandy, a man of fashion. Then tired of the heights, I became a malady and a madness. There is only one thing left for me now, absolute humility. I have lain in prison for nearly two years. Out of my nature have come despair, scorn, bitterness, rage, anguish, sorrow."

The man cried out to God in penitence. Whether his penitence was sincere or not, is not clear. Judging from his behavior in prison, according to the testimony of the warden, it was. Let us hope it was.—McLEOD.

3678. Penitence and Pride. A youth whose heart was black with sin, appeared before the cell of a dervish, where he began to lament the depth of his sin and to implore pardon. The proud monk indignantly demanded how he presumed to appear in the presence of God's holy prophet, and declared that it was vain for the youth to seek forgiveness, adding, "May God grant that I may stand far from thee on the judgment day!" At this Jesus spoke, saying, "It shall be so. The prayer of both is granted; this sinner, a penitent, shall enter Paradise. But the monk's prayer is also granted; he shall be far from the youth in that day, even in torment."—*A Persian Parable.*

3679. Perfection Aimed At. Burton Holmes also relates, that when the Nikko temple was almost completed, the builders realized that so painstaking and consecrated had been their work that the resulting structure was about to become a perfect temple. Believing that only the gods could be allowed to create that which was perfect they at last determined to deliberately mar the perfection of the structure, and so keep from offending the gods. So, to-day, on one of the pillars, otherwise perfect, the carved pattern is seen upside down.

The Christian has no such fear, for has he not the command of the perfect Master, "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

3680. Perfection. See Consecration. See Grace, Growth in.

3681. Perfection, Christian. Some people are great on "Christian perfection" and sometimes become a perfect nuisance. Probably some will always retain the word, "perfection" to express

the high attainments of the Christian life. We confess, however, to a preference for such words as growth, maturity and full age, in expressing that same sentiment, inasmuch as they are free from any attempt to reach the unattainable. For there is a constant strife and struggle going on in the breast of people. The new nature is struggling against the old nature. It is a contest between the butterfly and spider nature. Nelson, one of John Wesley's helpers, found this: for a while in the army into which he had been forced, an ignorant man sorely tried him. He says, "It caused a sore temptation to arise in me to think that an ignorant, wicked man should thus torment me, and I able to tie his head and heels together. I found an old man's bone in me." Ah, there's a bit of that bone in almost every one, no matter how loud his profession.—REV. B. H. STAUFFER.

3682. Perfectionism. "A saint, when overborne by indwelling sin, ought to comfort himself with the thought that a prisoner of war is not a deserter." "There's nobody perfect; that's the believer's bed of thorns; it's the hypocrite's couch of ease."

3683. Perfectionism. To obey a command we must at least set out upon the road it sets before us. If God were to order any one to walk all the way to the Pacific coast, it would be obedience for him to make the start. He would be obeying as truly in going the first mile as when he was getting to the end of his journey. So the command to go on to perfection is obeyed in every honest struggle with our own imperfections, in every earnest effort after a higher life. Disobedience to the command is not in our being imperfect, but in our resting in our imperfection and being content with it.

3684. Perfectionism. *The Northwestern Christian Advocate* gives account of the weaving of Navajo rugs and points a moral as follows: "The genuineness of the Navajo rugs is proved by their imperfections. A rug that reveals absolute evenness of design indicates that it issued from a machine, and folks do not want a machine-woven rug; they want the hand-woven, with the little imperfections worked in as proof of their genuineness. Is it not so with human lives? We are inclined to shy at folks who claim a perfection admitting of no slightest fault. The little human touches running through the transformed life—

just enough to reveal kinship—are comforting and reassuring."

To claim perfection is itself a fault. People who are sanctified do not regard their goodness as a thing to boast of. A hearer who claimed to be perfectly holy asked Henry Ward Beecher whether he had sanctification. Beecher answered, "None to speak of." One may rejoice in the Spirit's work in his heart, but without boasting.

3685. Perfectionism. Some years ago, after a convention in Scotland, a man came to me making objection to things said in the meeting. "It is all very well for you men to preach holiness," he said, "but I have got all this in Christ." He spoke in rather a pompous strain, and I said to him: "Yes, but have you got it in Glasgow?" The answer was not quite so ready.—J. S. HOLDEN.

3686. Perils, Danger of Small. One of the men who accompanied Commodore Peary to the North Pole has since been drowned in a canoe in some waters near his home. After escaping the perils of cracks in the Polar ice, and giving the most human account of the dash to the north, George Borup lost his life in what he must have considered quite a negligible peril, compared with those he had passed through. It is so in the moral life. Souls that can brave successfully the big, outstanding perils, are often the victims of the small ones. A temptation to be dishonorable in a big matter is easily overcome; but many yield to the temptation to be unduly angry over small things.—*Sunday at Home.*

3687. Perjury.

When perjury, that heaven-defying vice,
Sells oaths by tale, and at the lowest price,
Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,

To turn a penny in the way of trade.

—COWPER.

3688. Persecution. See **Difficulties.**
See **Discipline.**

3689. Persecution. Christianity has made martyrdom sublime, and sorrow triumphant.—CHAPIN.

3690 Persecution. Persecution is disobeying the most solemn injunction of Christianity, under the sham plea of upholding it.—CHATFIELD.

3691. Persecution. Wherever you see persecution, there is more than a probability that truth lies on the persecuted side.—LATIMER.

3692. Persecution. A religion which

requires persecution to sustain it is of the devil's propagation.—HOSEA BALLOU.
3693. Persecution. About 1559 the Duke of Guise, leading an armed band of his followers through the village of Vassy, heard the singing of hymns by a party of Huguenots in a barn. They surrounded the barn, the signal was given, and they slew sixty of the worshippers dead, and sorely wounded two hundred others. When the Duke reached Paris the bells were rung in his honor, and the clergy greeted him with *Te Deums*.

3694. Persecution, Calmness Under. A clergyman was dining in a hotel with some commercial travelers, who made jokes about him. He moved not a muscle of his face, and after dinner one of them approached him, saying: "How can you sit quiet and hear all that has been said without uttering a rebuke?" "My dear sir," said the cleric, "I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum."

3695. Perseverance. *See Faithfulness. See Persistence.*

3696. Perseverance. Perseverance was well illustrated by a venturesome little six-year-old boy who ran into the forest after a team and rode home upon the load of wood. When asked by his mother if he was not frightened when the team came down a very steep hill, he said: "Yes, a little; but I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver."

3697. Perseverance. By gnawing through a dyke even a rat may drown a nation.—EDWARD BURKE.

3698. Perseverance. "Do you want a boy?" he asked of the magnate of the office, standing before him cap in hand. "Nobody wants a boy," replied the magnate. "Do you need a boy?" asked the applicant, nowise abashed. "Nobody needs a boy." The boy would not give up. "Well, say, mister," he inquired, "do you have to have a boy?" The magnate collapsed. "I'm sorry to say we do," he said, "and I guess you're about what we want."

3699. Perseverance. It is said that Matthew Poole, an English divine of the seventeenth century, spent four years compiling his *Synopsis of Biblical Criticism*. During that time he rose at five, and never dined out once. Having finished the work, he went away to enjoy a little rest. His wife, in a fit of bad temper, destroyed some of the manuscripts. On his return, he said, "My dear, thou hast done very wrong." The

next morning he rose at four, and continued to labor until he had finished the task a second time.

3700. Perseverance. She was only a little tot. I was hurrying to catch a train, but the lesson learned that morning was one I cannot soon forget. This wee lassie was toddling along the icy walk as fast as her little legs would carry her when she slipped and fell. Up she got and trotted along, only to fall again soon. I came to her as she was rising the second time. She raised her blue eyes to me and said:

"Me fell down; hurt some; me try some more."

Dear little preacher of good cheer! Only the night before I had fallen down. My desires had been utterly trampled upon, and my cherished wishes were lying under a storm of protest. I had no intention of trying "some more."

This message went straight to my heart. I was "hurt some," but it might be well to "try some more." And I did try, with the reward which might be expected.

And since then the message of the little lassie has often come to me with meaning:

"Me fell down; hurt some; me try some more!"—*Record of Christian Work*.

3701. Perseverance. A loyal Salvation Army captain, explaining the motive power of that unique division of militant Christianity, declared that the supreme essential to success in fighting the devil is to "never let up." In every spiritual movement to hesitate is to stagnate, and stagnation is death.

3702. Perseverance. Two graduates, classmates and roommates, secured positions. The first work assigned them was putting garden seeds in little bags. One of them revolted. He said, "This sort of work is not appropriate for an educated man. What would the people say if they knew that I was engaged in such menial labor? I was awarded the Greek oration upon my graduation." He left the place disgusted. Twenty years later, he was drawing a salary of \$600 a year. His classmate put the seeds in the bags. Drew \$5 a week for a while. Was promoted as he learned the business. He is now the managing partner of one of the largest seed establishments in the world, with a salary of \$15,000 a year, and a quarter interest in the business.

3703. Perseverance. After a chase which lasted an entire year, Hercules

captured a famous stag which was sacred to Diana.

3704. Perseverance. What are some of the things for which men receive the meed of glory? One thing is bravery. The soldier on the field of battle or the officer on the deck of a warship in action is a typical example. These instances excite our admiration and adulation and sometimes drive us almost heroic. Mr. Carnegie created a well-endowed Hero Fund for rewarding brave deeds, and agents are scouring the country for those who have made themselves worthy of a medal or money. But there is a field for such bravery in patient continuance in well doing. To be faithful to one's work in hard circumstances, to bear up under discouragement, to stand up against a temptation and beat it down in the solitude of one's own heart, to be calm and strong in loss and sorrow,—these try the mettle of the soul. It doubtless often takes more real grit and bravery of soul to stand faithful in one's humble hidden place of work and trial than it does to face shot and shell on the battlefield. So one may be as brave in patient continuing in well doing as amidst the rattle and crash of arms, and thereby he wins this element of glory.—REV. JAMES H. SNOWDEN, D.D.

3705. Perseverance. "Patient continuance in well doing" is not the way men usually "seek for glory and honor and immortality." They seek these bright crowns in things great and costly, brave and brilliant, or spectacular and sensational. A good fortune acquired, a great station attained, a great book written or picture painted, a great battle won,—on these steps do men seek to rise to glory and honor and immortality. But in "patient continuance in well doing," simply in doing good, the obscure, colorless, unexciting, monotonous humdrum of daily routine and drudgery,—how can there be any glory in such a life?—JAMES H. SNOWDEN, D.D.

3706. Perseverance. The monkeys in the treetops, as portrayed in "The Jungle Book," are forever beginning things and never finishing them. The same peculiarity is found in most little children. The quality of perseverance belongs to maturity. Resolution is required to carry on to completion every undertaking. It takes will and purpose to stand behind a task until it is done. Perseverance is a virtue of grown-ups.

3707. Perseverance. An old colored preacher was asked to define "Christian

perseverance." He answered: "It means, firstly, to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly and lastly, to nebbber leave go."

3708. Perseverance.

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,

But only crow-bars loose the bull-dog's lip;

Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields,

Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

—O. W. HOLMES.

3709. Perseverance, Christian. The real test of both patience and faithfulness is in trifles. And do not the compensations of either come also through trifling circumstances? A poor Macedonian was one day driving before him a mule laden with gold for the king's use. The mule became so tired he dropped by the roadside. Then the mule driver took up the golden burden, and with great difficulty carried it onward. Finally he, too, being exhausted, was about to lay the burden down, when the king, who had been watching him, said, "Friend, do not weary yet; try to carry it quite through to thy tent, for it is all thine own." Labor on, Christian. God is watching. Do not lay your burden down, do not shirk life's responsibilities, for one false move, one day's shirking might lose you the crown.

3710. Perseverance, Christian. A soldier lay dying in the hospital. A visitor asked him, "What church are you of?" "Of the church of Christ," he replied. "I mean of what persuasion are you?" then inquired the visitor. "Persuasion!" said the dying man, as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Saviour: "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

3711. Perseverance, Christian. There are many who are almost persuaded to enter upon the Christian pilgrimage, yet as they cast their eyes about them, here and there they see a Pliable who has started on his journey to the celestial city, but gets no farther than the Slough of Despond when he returns to the city of destruction only to become a laughing stock to his companions and a stumbling block in the way of others. All such, when they behold the backsliders from

the Christian rank, join in this one cry:
"I fear I shall not hold out."

Now turn to some of Christ's own promises. "My sheep hear my voice and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Ponder well that last clause and add to it, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Remembering that these are Christ's own words do not any longer fear that you will not hold out.—A. B.

3712. Perseverance, Christian. It is easy to begin things. Almost always it has a pleasure in it. But the test of character comes in the steadfastness with which one perseveres in the good thing begun. Paul is obliged to say to the Galatians, "Ye did run well; who did hinder you?" The same word might be said to a good many of us even now. We begin cheerfully. And then, as we so often say, we do not "hold out." This is the place for our further Scripture word, "Be not weary in well doing."

3713. Perseverance of Saints. Mr. Spurgeon, preaching on the perseverance of the saints, after affirming that the Christian may lapse many times from his integrity without being ultimately lost, says: "The believer, like a man on ship-board, may fall again and again on the deck, but he will never fall overboard."

3714. Perseverance Wins. Some years ago a model of one of the great English cathedrals, made of cork, was exhibited in England and attracted considerable interest. The maker was a common workman, and his tools were a penknife and old corks which he picked up from the street. On a card in front of the model he had written:

"Perseverance, corks, and glue.
Eighteen hundred and sixty-two."

3715. Persistence. See **Perseverance.**
See **Patience.**

3716. Persistence.
Hang on! cling on! No matter what they say,
Push on! sing on! Things will come your way;
Sitting down and whining never helps a bit;
Best way to get there is by keeping up your grit.

Don't give up hoping when the ship goes down;

Grab a spar or something—just refuse to drown;

Don't think you're dying just because you're hit;
Smile in the face of danger, and hang to your grit.

Folks die too easy—they sort of fade away;

Make a little error and give up in dismay;
Kind of man that's needed is the man of ready wit

To laugh at pain and trouble, and keep his grit.

—L. E. THAYER.

3717. Persistence. Every once in a while I am told that such and such a brilliant young man or woman has come into our congregation, and that he or she will be likely to prove a great acquisition. I confess that it is a bait at which I nibble less than I used to. If I want a light to read by, I would rather have a good long tallow dip than a streak of lightning. A very small river will carry a good deal of water to the sea if it keeps running.—DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

3718. Persistence. In the city of Minneapolis there lived a few years ago a young man who had spent nine years getting ready for his profession. He was ready to take up his work when a call on a physician put an end forever to his hope. He was told that the condition of his heart made an absolute barrier to work in his chosen profession. His heart, with quiet work, might serve him for a few years, but not longer. He disappeared from the circle of his friends. Three years later a professor from the University of Minnesota was dining in a restaurant in Chicago, and found this man serving as a waiter. He was not downcast, not discouraged. His eyes had the light of battle in them. "I'm buying a little farm," he confided to his friend. "If this old heart of mine holds out until next May I'll have a home for Mary and the kids paid for!"

3719. Persistence.
The man who once most wisely said,
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead,"
Might well have added this, to wit:
"Be sure you're wrong before you quit."

3720. Persistence. A boy who was reading Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent" was asked what he thought of it. He was a truthful boy, and he answered honestly: "I keep thinking how often I would have turned back if I'd been Stanley." Any heroic record, any great biography, makes most readers feel the same way, whether they own it or

not. The terminal facilities along every road to great deeds are numberless—and most of us take them, instead of pressing on. We need the determination that persists in the utterness of fatigue,—that is unconscious of all but the goal.—*Forward.*

3721. Persistence, Christian. As two friends were together on the St. Lawrence River among the Thousand Islands, one remarked: "Have you thought that all these islands are hindrances and interruptions to the flow of this river? They are really in the way. The river had to make its channel around them. But the result is that we have such beauty as has made this place one of the attractive spots of the world." Are we making our way around the hindrances and difficulties that beset our path in such a spirit that our characters are being strengthened and beautified?—*New Century.*

3722. Persistence, Christian. Did you ever try pronouncing the word p-e-r-s-i-s-t-e-n-c-y with your teeth gritted, every muscle tense, every nerve strained, standing stiffly upright, and with your head erect? Try it, and the experience will give you a new respect for the virility and power of a great word. It is one of many good words that scarcely need to be defined after they are properly pronounced.

If there were no doctrine of the perseverance of the saints, the daily experience of any Christian would invent one. Nor is this an advocacy of anybody's highly technical theological view of this form of words. It is merely a recognition of a universal conviction that patient effort and determined loyalty and everlastingly-at-itiveness wins in religion as in business and politics and everywhere else. This is why suddenly grown Christian character is weak, as quickly grown wood is soft and hothouse vegetables poor. Time is as indispensable an element in spirituality as in intellectuality. Distrust as we may the "get-rich-quick" man, he is often as worthy of dependence as is the "get-grown-quick" Christian.—REV. IRA LANDRITH.

3723. Persistence in Good. "Did you ever notice," said an old lady, smiling into the troubled face before her, "that when the Lord told the discouraged fishermen to cast their nets again it was right in that same old place where they had been working all night and had caught nothing? If we could only go off to some new place every time we get

discouraged, trying again would be an easier thing. If we could be somebody else, or go somewhere else, or do something else, it might not be hard to have fresh faith and courage; but it is the same old net in the same old pond for most of us. The old faults to be conquered, the old trials and discouragements before which we failed yesterday to be faced again to-day. We must win success where we are if we win it at all, and it is the Master Himself who, after all these toilful, disheartening efforts that we call failures, bids us 'Try again.' However it seems to us, nothing can be really failure which is obedient to His command, and some bright morning 'the great draught' of reward will come."—*The Wellspring.*

3724. Persistence of the Good. We hear frequently, and truly, of the persistence of evil and its almost omnipresent power, but do not forget that it is just as true that good is even more persistent, that "where sin aboundeth, grace doth much more abound." Illustrating this a speaker said recently: "Have you ever noticed how hard it is to 'kill off' some of the commonest plants and trees? Take, for example, the willows that grow so profusely along the banks of our creeks and rivers. You may chop one of them down and it will immediately repair the damage by sending forth a multitude of shoots and grow into a strong tree with its original shape alone modified. Many of the smaller branches that fall to the ground will also begin the fight to perpetuate its species, and as it were, to 'avenge the insult' by developing roots that will seek out the faintest excuse for soil and growing into a robust representative of the parent willow." God has fairly blockaded the road to ruin with things that help and inspire. The Christian fights with the universe on his side.

3725. Persistence, Importance of. What good are soldiers that make one desperate charge, then give up and lose the campaign?

3726. Persistence, Importance of. J. H. Jowett, D.D., in a sermon, said: "Lady Jeune once asked Mr. Joseph Chamberlain why, in his opinion, so many men fall short of their ambition. And Mr. Chamberlain answered: 'They come to the place where they turn back. They may have killed the dragon at the first bridge, and at the second, perhaps even at the third; but the dragons are always more formidable the farther we go.

Many turn back disheartened, and very few will meet the monsters to the end, but those who do have won for ever.”—*Christian Herald*.

3727. Persistence, Importance of. The divine mission of sick people is to get well if they can and as soon as they can, or, failing in this, to be as cheerful and hopeful as they can. The real heroes, particularly the real heroines, of life are those of invalidism. He who bears pain, the dull, nagging, gnawing pain of body from which some of our friends are never free, the while he smiles cheerily into the faces of other men who in their ruggedness know nothing of his fortitude—he it is who will one day win more than health; he will receive the Master's “Well done!” But let the shut-ins, blessed teachers of patience and persistency, take this consolation: They have nothing else quite so consequential to do—and nobody else on earth has any diviner task than theirs—as just to recover, or, if that be impossible, then to live on cheerfully and blessedly for the sake of those who love and need them. The Father may have merely called them down to the gate for His farewell counsel and to send through them messages to the rest of us.

3728. Persistence, Importance of. Abraham Lincoln said: “I never was in New Hampshire but once, and that was in the fall of the year—a cold, rough day, and a high wind was blowing. Just outside the city, I noticed a big bull-thistle, and on this thistle was a bumble-bee trying to extract honey from the blossom. The wind blew the thistle every which way, but the bumblebee stuck. I have come to the conclusion that persistence is characteristic of everything in New Hampshire, whether men or bumblebees.”

3729. Persistence, Missionary. Kuwait, in Arabia, is a strategic city in that great Mohammedan stronghold. Dr. Zwemer, Dr. Thomas, and Rev. Van Ess, of the Arabian Mission, each tried to gain a foothold. They were refused entrance again and again, and after fifteen years they almost despaired of ever occupying it. When Rev. Van Ess was ordered out of the city he went to a little hill just on the border of the town, and there he prayed fervently that Kuwait might be opened to the Gospel.

Two years after Dr. Bennett met the sheik of Kuwait in another city. He gradually won his confidence, so that the white doctor was called in when the

Mohammedan ruler's daughter fell sick, and a surgical operation restored her to health. In gratitude the sheik opened Kuwait unto the Christian missionaries, rented a Bible-shop to them, and finally sold them a plot of ground for missionary buildings. It was the little hill where Rev. Van Ess had prayed that God would open the city to the preaching of the Gospel.

3730. Persistence, Parable of. Once upon a time two frogs that had been living in comfort and ease in a cool pond of water were accidentally scooped up by a milkman in a bucket of water, which he poured into his can in order to give his milk more body and thereby increase his revenue. The frogs were astonished to find themselves in an unknown element, in which it was not possible to support life, and they had to kick vigorously in order to keep their heads above the milk. One of them, being disheartened by being shut up in the dark, in an element entirely new to him, said: “Let's give it up and go to the bottom; it's no use kicking any longer.” The other said: “Oh, no, let's keep kicking as long as we can, and see what the outcome will be. Maybe things will change presently.” So one frog gave it up and went to the bottom. The other kept kicking, and when the milkman got to town and opened his can, behold the frog had kicked out a lump of butter large enough to float him and he was sitting on it comfortably. Moral: Keep kicking.

3731. Persistence, Postage Stamp. The postage stamp teaches a lesson of persistency by the fact that it sticks. It is meant to stick, and it fulfills its function. When we are given a task to perform do we cleave to it as the stamp cleaves to the paper? Or do we say: “Oh, no, I can't do that kind of work. Apply to So-and-so”? And if we accept the duty put upon us, do we then grasp it with all the power of our intelligence and will and try to fulfill that duty, or do we drop off? Grasp your task firmly, cleave to it, fill your place in the world or the society; never let go when you once have taken hold.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

3732. Persistence and Prayer. There is a saying of Sancho Panza, “Pray to God and keep hammering away!” Both lines of action are important. Some of us pray easily, and some of us hammer away steadily, but it takes both to make either really successful. Prayer is not meant to be a shield for inactivity; it is

not a polite form of laziness. When we say we have left a thing entirely to God, we must be sure that He has not given it back to us to be attended to for Him. On the other hand, struggling and straining to get something done often wears us out when prayer would so stimulate us that we should do better work. We pray best when we hammer away, and we hammer away most effectively when we pray.—CLELAND B. MCAFEE, D.D.

3733. Persistence Brings Success. While young Theodore Edison was recently experimenting with a "glass bottle bomb" in his father's laboratory, says an exchange, the contrivance exploded, and a few bits of the broken glass were embedded in the hand of the youthful investigator. "Some of your first inventions blew up, didn't they, father?" inquired the boy. "Yes, they did," admitted the famous inventor, "but I went at them again."—*Onward.*

3734. Persistence in Saving Work. An officer of the Salvation Army was recently asked to explain their great success with drunkards. The officer said he believed it was because "once they got hold of a man they never let him go." Ah, what a great thing that is, "Never let him go!" Some churches are good at getting, but poor at keeping sinners in the fold. It is very important to keep our hands on the man we reclaim or lead to Christ, and help him to become established and confirmed in the Christian life, so that there is no lapse into the old life.—*Expositor.*

3735. Persistence Succeeds.

No rock so hard
But that a little wave might beat
Admission in a thousand years.

—TENNYSON.

3736. Persistence, Success in. Professor Drummond saw at a fair a glass model of a famous mine. The owner drove a tunnel a mile long through the strata he thought contained gold, spent a hundred thousand dollars on it, and in a year and a half had failed to find the gold. Another company drove the tunnel a yard farther and struck the ore. So the gold of life may be to us only a yard away. Thousands have been failures in life because they did not go quite far enough.

The promise is to those who overcome, to those who by patient continuance in well doing obtain eternal life.—H.

3737. Persistence Wins. Mrs. Benson had sought her rector. "I wish you could put a little more heart into my boy,

doctor," she said earnestly. "When he had that chance in the bank he began with such enthusiasm and determination to succeed! After a year in the same position I can see he is becoming discouraged. He seems to feel that there is no future for him."

A few evenings later, as Frank Benson was sitting on his front steps, Doctor Brown came into the yard and sat down beside him. After a few moments' casual conversation the clergyman turned to the young man.

"Frank," he said, "suppose I needed to dig an inch hole into this stone step, but had only my fingers to work with?"

"You'd find it a pretty hopeless task, doctor," Frank said with a laugh.

"And yet," returned the doctor, "that very thing can be done. If you notice the little marble slab in front of the ticket-seller's window at the elevated stations, you will see where people's thumbs have worn deep holes in the marble. Often, in caves, a drop of water has fallen slowly but regularly on the same spot for years, and it has worn a very deep hole into the solid rock. A copper roof was put over the train shed in a large railway station a few years ago. In six months' time the smoke from the locomotives had literally eaten it away."

The young man did not seem greatly interested.

"Do you know what I'm getting at?" asked the doctor.

"I can't imagine," said Frank.

"It's just this," returned the doctor; "those and many other surprising results never could have been achieved by one or two or two hundred attempts. They all were the result of persistently keeping at it. A soft finger plus persistency can wear away a stone! It doesn't matter much how hard the thing is that is to be worn down and conquered. It doesn't matter much how feeble the instrument we have to work with. It does matter supremely how great and how tireless our persistence is. I have heard that the stupendously strong Sandow began taking physical exercises because he was an abnormally frail child. Demosthenes, the world's greatest orator in history, couldn't speak at first without exciting contemptuous laughter. Those men started below normal. Each ended supreme in his field. It was keeping at it, continued and unending keeping at it, that did the thing. Almost any one of us can do nearly

anything he wants to—if he wants to try hard enough and if he continues to want to. The experience of the race bears witness that if a normal person wants anything so much that he never ceases to strive for it, he will usually gain his desire. You can apply the rule to goodness, or learning, or business success, or anything else. 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one . . . that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.'—*Youth's Companion*.

3737a. Persistence Wins. The Atlantic cable cost Cyrus W. Field nearly nineteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil. He said: "Often my heart has been ready to sink. Many times when wandering in the forests of Newfoundland, in the pelting rain, or on the decks of ships stormy nights alone, far from home, I have accused myself of madness and folly."

3738. Persistency. See *Success in Life*.

3739. Persistency. The fellow who will not be put off generally gets what he wants. Heaven and earth seem to be built on the importunity plan. The reason that many men have little in this world and nothing in the next is because they have never wanted good things bad enough "ter jest keep a hollerin' fer 'em," as Sam Echoff says (Luke 11:8,9; 18:6,7). I was in a line at the railroad ticket-office in Buffalo last night while the young Canadian ahead of me was trying to get a reservation to Chicago. The agent said he had nothing. "Sold out," he snapped. But the man persisted, "You are a public carrier with certain privileges." "No, I won't move on. You must provide for me." And there they wrangled while a string of us waited. Finally, the agent got busy on the telephone, and at last said to Mr. Persistency, "Guess I can fix you up now." The blind man kept on crying and he was "fixed up" too. And you will be fixed up if you keep crying. The volume of your cry will indicate the pressure of your need. The fellow who gets up is the fellow who never "lets up." (Jer. 29:12,13.)

3740. Personality Honored. "Don't work to a caliper that has been set by another man; set it yourself." That means that our temperaments are different. Our sense of touch varies. The temperature of men's hands may make a difference in the expansion or contraction

of a sensitive gauge. There's an individuality about every man which influences every job that he tackles. But here's the point—every fellow must make good in his own way. We can't fight in another man's armor. We can't do our best work with another's tools. If we do, they must be given the test of our own experience, and that practically makes them our own."—REV. CHAS. STELZLE.

3741. Personality, Power of. Julius Cæsar, a captive on a pirate ship, won the heart of the captain. The first day he dined with him. The second day he was made first mate. On the following day he won the men and made the captain prisoner, and on the fourth day he sailed the ship into a Roman port, a prize. There is in each of us the same kind of power. Great men are simply common men capitalized.

3742. Pessimist, A Young. Young James was disturbed by the almost incessant yells of his baby brother.

"What is the baby crying for?" asked a kind-faced, motherly woman, bending over the perambulator.

"Oh, I dunno; he's always crying. I never knew any one wot looks upon the dark side of things as he does," rejoined James, bitterly.

3743. Philanthropy. The lower philanthropy tries to put right what social conditions have put wrong. The higher philanthropy tries to put right the social conditions.—*Social Studies*.

3744. Philanthropy and Religion. Hold fast upon God with one hand, and open wide the other to your neighbor. That is religion; that is the law and the prophets, and the true way to all better things that are yet to come.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

3745. Philosophy, Some. I sometimes think of this and that

And then of that and this;

But what I am arriving at

I always seem to miss.

I muse about the why and how

Of other facts than these,

But it appears that up to now

They still are mysteries.

Some things in certain lights are seen,

And some the other way;

But as to what they chance to mean,

I wouldn't care to say.

If others take another view

Quite different from such,

It's one that they're entitled to

And doesn't matter much.

You take it any way you like
 And study it, and yet
 You probably will never strike
 The answer that I get.
 For which is which and what is what,
 And wherefore they are so,
 Is something else again, and not
 For you and me to know.

So when I think of this and that,
 Of where and when and why,
 You don't know what I'm driving at—
 And neither, sir, do I!

—BERTON BRAYLEY.

3746. Pictures. A room without pictures is like a room without windows. Pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading to other scenes and other spheres. Pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are books, they are histories and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.—DOWNING.

3747. Pilot, Christ Our. A Berlin cable some days ago told of a Greek commander of a vessel who refused to procure a map or a pilot while cruising in unknown waters in the Baltic. Finally after nearly wrecking his vessel several times he was compelled to order a boat ashore and telegraph for help. Fortunately he was to have thus easily escaped. Voyager on Life's sea, don't disdain the only Pilot and the Chart. "Many a noble bark, my brother, has been shipwrecked" without Him.

3748. Pioneering for Christ. She was a new "settler" in the Black Hills. The frontier homes were scattered and roads not yet built; but there were children, and need of religious education to keep the next generation of citizens from growing up wild and godless. Many felt the need, but one woman acted. She became the John Baptist to arouse the rest. Mounting her pony she rode ten miles this way, and five miles that, spreading the announcement that next Sunday there would be a gathering of all the people to organize a Sunday School. And through years of discouragement she stuck at her post when others wanted to give up. But to-day there is a neat church, well-attended and prosperous, a godly, clean, patriotic community. That is the history of thousands of places where a little Sunday School was John the Baptist to a church.

3749. Pity. See Kindness.

3750. Pity. Pity melts the mind to love.—DRYDEN.

3751. Pity, Heathen Lack. Athens had an altar to Pity but that altar had no worshippers. A recent traveler says that there are no ruins of hospitals or asylums at Pompeii. Philanthropy was kindled by Christ.

3752. Pity of Self, Deliverance from. A young Canadian friend, at the very threshold of a promising career, was suddenly stricken down with tuberculosis. He was obliged to go at once to the Adirondacks, severing abruptly all the ties to the work with which he was united, as he thought, for life. It seemed a hard and stunning blow. After spending about eight months in the mountains, he recovered partially, and I met him in the city one day. I said to him, "What did you learn up there in the mountains?" He answered, "I learned one great lesson, I freed myself from self-pity."

We need to examine at times the root-reason for self-pity. If we trace it back far enough we shall find it lodged in a more or less morbid self-love. We say, "We are not appreciated," or "My friends do not understand me," or "My lot is harder than that of other people." The more we keep such thoughts in mind and gloat over them, the more abnormal we become in our feelings, and more and more do our comparatively small ailments appear to be the center of the universe.—*Christian Herald.*

3753. Plans, Building Toward. The engineer of the Brooklyn bridge was confined to his bed when it was in process of construction. Day after day looking from his window, he saw its piers rise and the spider's web of cables cunningly formed. It had all been planned and held in his mind's eye. And when it was finished, being asked how it looked he said, "It is precisely what I expected it to be." Oh, would that Christ might be able to say the same of us; that our life and character are according to his plans and purposes!

3754. Plans of Life. At a time when the prairies of South Dakota were dotted with claim shacks, made of rough boards, and often covered with tar-paper, one large, two-story, white house was a landmark. It had been planned back in the eastern home. It was to be a home, not a temporary staying place. Some lives are like the claim shacks, built without a plan, and with no thought of the future. We build our lives better when we make long plans.

3755. Plans not Seen. A gentleman who was walking near an unoccupied

building one day saw a stonemason chiseling patiently at a block of stone in front of him. The gentleman went up to him. "Still chiseling?" he remarked pleasantly. "Yes, still chiseling," replied the workman, still going on with the work. "In what part of the building does this stone belong?" asked the gentleman. "I don't know," replied the stonemason; "I haven't seen the plans." But he went on chiseling.

3756. Play. See *Amusements*.

3757. Play Instinct, Misunderstanding. "Bishop Potter once noticed two bright youngsters, twins, on Randall's Island. He asked what they were doing there, and was told that their mother had had them committed to the Island because they had tied two Chinamen's queues together. "The woman is a fool!" exclaimed Bishop Potter, impatiently. "That is simply a larky spirit which ought to be directed into a right channel!"

3758. Pleasantness, Duty of. A lady once, when she was a little girl, learned a good lesson, which she tells for the benefit of whom it may concern: "One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farmyard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt she happened to hit her next neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed, and said: 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears on some frosty morning.' Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the farmyard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourselves and others a great deal of trouble.'"—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

3759. Pleasure. See *Amusements*. See *Happiness*.

3760. Pleasure, Debauched by. A French naturalist writes: "I saw the other day a tame eagle in a butcher's shop. Growing fat, he cares no longer for the plains of heaven. His eyes, no longer fixed on the sun, watch the fire on the hearth. The golden plumes, once stretched above the clouds, are dragged in the ashes. That royal bird in the

shambles, forgetful of sun, sea and sky, is a close image of thousands of men who, debauched by the grossest pleasures of the lower life, have forgotten the glory of the upper universe. They content themselves with picking fleshly morsels out of the ashes."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

3761. Pleasure, Deceitful. A few years ago a policeman shouted to a boy in the Canal at Preston, England, "Hello! Why are you bathing there?" "Please, sir, I'm not. I'm drowning," was the boy's answer, and he sank almost immediately. The policeman dived and rescued him. Many persons who are supposed to be having a good time in the world are really losing their lives. It is the duty and privilege of Christ's followers to rescue them.—*Living Water*.

3762. Pleasure, Enchantment of. When Ulysses reached the country of the Lotus-eaters, he sent some of his companions on shore. They kindly entertained them and fed them with their own favorite food, the lotus plant. All who partook of it forgot home and friends, and were filled with indolent contentment, so that they had no desire to go away. Ulysses was obliged to have his companions dragged away by force, and even then it was necessary to bind them with ropes to the benches of the ships.

3763. Pleasure, Sensual. Circe was a skilled enchantress. She presented to all travelers an enchanted cup, and after they had drunk, transformed them into wolves, swine, or other animals. The poets endeavored to teach by this story that when men drink of the cup of sensual pleasure they soon become degraded to the level of the beasts.

3764. Pledge of Protection. The monks of the Greek Church monastery at the base of Mt. Sinai sought Mahomet's protection from wandering tribes which infested that region. He gave them a pledge. He could not write, but dipping his open hand in blood gave the imprint of his palm. It is said that original is still in Constantinople.—*DR. H. M. FIELD*.

3765. Pluck. A large piece of cloth had been thrown on the grass to dry, and had been forgotten. One morning Jimmy came running in, calling, "Oh, mother, just come out here and see how the grass must have wanted to grow very much"; for all over the cloth little green blades had made their way through, and were nodding above it, as if to say: "We don't give up when things are hard."—*The Friend*.

3766. Policy. Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled: Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and again; and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill."—BACON.

3767. Politeness. Politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

3768. Politeness. The father of Charles Sumner was a sheriff. We are told that once by accident he stepped on the foot of a condemned man. He apologized at once. The man replied: "Sheriff Sumner, you are the politest man I ever knew; and if I am to be hanged, I had rather be hanged by you than by any one else."

3769. Politeness. It is because gold is rare that gilding has been invented, which, without having its solidity, has all its brilliancy. Thus, to replace the kindness we lack, we have devised politeness which has all its appearance.—DE LÉVIS.

3770. Politeness. A Chicago woman was traveling in the Orient. On a trip she was carried by four stalwart Arabs in a chair suspended on poles. The natives started out with great cheer, but as the journey progressed and the sun beat down upon them they began to chant a prayer to Allah.

It was melodious though a bit mournful. Its constant repetition was soothing and the lady dozed. On awakening the prayer, grown more mournful, almost despairing, was still being intoned.

Turning to her interpreter, she asked the meaning of the mysterious words. The interpreter pretended not to hear, but being pressed for an answer finally bowed low and said:

"Madam, since you insist, they pray that the great Allah may make you less fat."

3771. Politics. See Patriotism.

3772. Politics. He serves his party best, who serves the country best.—RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

3773. Politics, Debaters of. James B. Weaver, the populist candidate for president in 1892, and Senator Dolliver of Iowa once held a joint debate.

The details of the debate were arranged after much correspondence and it was announced that it was to be held "on the highest plane possible."

What the "highest plane possible" was

did not develop until a short time ago, when Dolliver was talking about the debate.

"It was very simple," said Dolliver. "Weaver promised not to tell any lies about me and I promised not to tell the truth about Weaver."

3774. Poor, Among the. Nellie had two children: a nursing baby "none so well," and a lad. John, her husband, was "fortunately" in the hospital with a broken leg, "for there were no jobs around loose anyway." When we called later in the day to see the baby, we found that Nellie was stopping with her cousin, a widower who "held his job down." There were also his children, the widow of a friend, "who would have done as much by me," and the wife and two small children of a total stranger who lived in the rear tenement and were invited in to meals because the father had been seen starting every morning on his hunt for work, and "it was plain for any one with eyes to see that he never did get it." So this one man, fortunate in having work, was taking care of himself and his children, the widow of his friend, Nellie and her children, and was feeding the strangers.—LILLIAN D. WALD.

3775. Poor Considered. Very suggestive is one recorded remark of the critic Ruskin: "You know," says he, "that to bestow alms is nothing unless you bestow thought also; and therefore it is written, not 'Blessed is he that feedeth the poor,' but 'Blessed is he that considereth.'"

3776. Poor Forgotten. A little boy, living in the most poverty-stricken section of a great city, found his way into a mission Sunday-school and became a Christian. One day not long after, some one tried to shake the child's faith by asking him some puzzling questions: "If God really loves you, why doesn't he take better care of you? Why doesn't he tell somebody to send you a pair of shoes, or else coal enough so that you can keep warm this winter?" The boy thought a moment, and then said, as the tears rushed to his eyes: "I guess he does tell somebody, and somebody forgets." The saddest thing about the answer is its truth.—*Epworth Herald*.

3777. Posterity. The love of posterity is the consequence of the necessity of death. If a man were sure of living forever here, he would not care about his offspring.—HAWTHORNE.

3778. Poverty. Poverty is the step-mother of genius.—H. W. SHAW.

3779. Power, Appropriated. Dr. C. H.

Tyndall, in his book, "Electricity and Its Similitudes," writes: "There was as much electrical energy in the world one hundred years ago as there is to-day, but then men limited it by their ignorance. And hence they appropriated very little of that force which was all about them waiting to be harnessed into willing service." Just so man limits himself by his ignorance of God.

3780. Power Drawn from Christ. Do not hesitate to enlarge your work because your powers are slight and your talents are small. A few years ago a large grain elevator, having a floor of concrete twelve inches thick, was built in one of our western cities. For eighteen months one-half million bushels of wheat rested on that floor. When the wheat was removed the laborers saw that the floor in a particular spot had risen a number of inches. They removed the concrete and found that a growing plant had lifted up that solid concrete floor and all the grain upon it. Whence came this powerful life of the plant? From the sun, which gives life to all vegetation. Thus, may we, without any special gift or accomplishment, draw enough life and power from the Son of Righteousness to lift his kingdom higher, even when it seems impossible. Faith lets Christ do for us and with us what we could never do alone.—*Record of Christian Work.*

3781. Power, God's Lifting. Sometimes, in the great wheat lands, the grain will be standing, rank and tall, in a few weeks to be ready for the harvest, when a storm will sweep over the land, and the wheat will be as if a roller had passed over it. Millions of dollars can be lost in a storm of thirty minutes' duration. The wheat, rolled to the ground is too low for the harvester. Its loss will be a tragedy to the farmer. Then a miracle takes place. The sun shines and its warm rays begin to caress the broken wheat. A soft, drying wind stirs over the land and the wheat stalks begin to lift up the heavy heads. Literally millions of pounds are lifted up by the soft influence of sun and wind. Within the third day the wheat's glorious banner is again flung to the breeze. As the sun's light lifts the broken wheat, so the miracle of God's Spirit lifting broken lives is daily taking place.

3782. Power, Hidden. Professor Huxley tells us that in the soil of England there lie buried tropical seeds in bewildering variety. They have been

brought by birds, by winds, by many agencies. There they lie deeply buried, these tropical potencies waiting for what? Huxley said that if for twelve months we could have in England tropical heat we should be amazed by the coming out of strange seeds, and our little gardens would bloom with tropical luxuriance. Oh! I think that powers we have never conceived lie buried in your life and mine (if we have Christ)—powers put there by God, and waiting for their proper atmosphere! Our lives are too chill, and so the seeds are non-germinant. But if the heat of heaven would come, I think those powers would troop out of their graves, and we should be amazed to see how rich we were in Christ Jesus our Lord.—REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

3783. Power, Increased. What has been called by one scientist at least, "the most important electrical device that has been developed during the twentieth century," consists of a little vacuum tube amplifier not more than an inch and a half long and a little more than half an inch in diameter, or about as large as a fair sized Georgia peanut.

Already, through its perfectly marvelous amplification of power, as well as sound, it has enabled us to talk around the world without wires, saves ships in fogs, guides aeroplanes, magnifies the human voice a million times so that it can be heard in a perfectly enormous crowd, as was the case when President Harding delivered his inaugural address, brings sound to the deaf, locates ore and oil deposits, improves the work of X-rays, and promises to do a number of other marvelous things. And all this through the increasing of electrical power which passes through its simple construction.

How suggestive that is of what the power of Christ, through his Holy Spirit, has accomplished and is working in the world! Each simple, consecrated life permitting him to increase his power; each generation amplifying it and passing it on to the following generation: what Light, Liberty and Love shall not this old world yet witness. The single issue with your life and mine is: "Will you let my power, unhindered by self, flow through you?" Let the answer be clear and without fear.

3784. Power, Undeveloped. Two captains of industry were standing at the bridge at Niagara Falls looking at those falls and one of them turned and said, "Behold the greatest source of unde-

veloped power in America." The other turned and said, "No. The greatest source of undeveloped power in America is the soul of man."

I was talking with a large manufacturer the other day and he told me that he was supporting a scholarship in four universities to study the raw materials which he is using in his plant. I asked him if he was supplying any scholarships to study the human element in his plant and he said no. Yet when I asked him for further figures I was surprised to learn that 80 per cent. of every dollar which he spent went to labor and only 20 per cent. to the material, and he was endowing four scholarships to study the 20 per cent. and was not doing a thing to study the 80 per cent. Oh, friends, the greatest undeveloped resources in America are not our mines or our forests or our streams but rather the human souls of the men and women who work and who walk our streets.—ROGER BABSON.

3785. Power, Unused. A Chautauqua lecturer made this statement that attracted my attention: "At the World's Exposition in Philadelphia there was practically no electrical exhibit. The power was in existence, but we were not *taking it!*" The illustration is an old one, but if we are not to-day taking the Power of God it but increases our guilt.

3786. Power, Waited for. In front of a store that I pass I have frequently noticed an electric automobile being "charged" from a convenient switch. Ever so often this fine piece of machinery and perfected storage batteries must wait for the propelling power to make it effective.

It is a strikingly true picture of the Christian. Effective power to do the will of God can come only by tarrying each day until we be endued.—MERLIN FAIRFAX.

3787. Power Through Touch. A soldier was once commanded to do a difficult and dangerous piece of work. His heart failed him. Rushing up to his general he said, "Only give me a grip of your right hand." The soldier received what he asked for, and at once, with a strength greater than his own, he did what he was commanded to do. But we receive infinitely more from Christ than any one can receive from his fellow man.—ANDREW M'QUEEN.

3788. Powerless. If an electric car stands motionless on the tracks, it is nothing against the power of electricity.

If an invalid has no appetite, and cannot go out of doors at night, it is no argument against things to eat and the joy of starlit air. If a man does not know a flower by name, or a poem by heart, it is no indictment of the beauty of a rose, or the charm of poetry. If we bear the name of Christ but give no other sign of him, if we go through the forms of godliness, but live powerless lives, it is a thousand reproaches to us. To be powerless when Christ has all power, and we can have all we want, is an arraignment to which we can make no answer that is not self-incriminating.—MALTBIE BABCOCK.

3789. Praise. Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity. It becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raise expectation or animate enterprise.—JOHNSON.

3790. Praise. See **Thanksgiving Day. See Worship.**

3791. Praise a Commendation. A little while ago I saw a half-dozen sandwich men walking through the streets of London, looking thoroughly pinched and starved and wretched, and their boards carried the advertisement as to where the onlookers could get "the best dinners in London"! Famished wretches advertising the best dinners! Cheerless men and women advertising "the joy of the Lord"! Heralds in whom there is no buoyancy advertising the Light of life! No, it is the cheery spirit, the praiseful spirit, that offers the best commendation of the grace of God!—J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

3792. Praise, Common. "All things are yours."

Who would like to have a hymn book with only Presbyterian hymns? Who would like to have an organ with only one stop? Who would like to have a hymn book with only Episcopal hymns? Who would like to have an orchestra with only trombones? Who would like to have a hymn book with only Baptist hymns? Who would like to have pictures of only one tint? Who would like to have singing birds of only one hue and song? All the songsters are yours and it is just amazing what strong and lovely singers we can gather together in the small garden of our common worship. "Common Praise" we call our garden.—DR. J. H. JOWETT.

3793. Praise, The Inspiration of. The power of a hearty, sincere word of commendation and appreciation to turn the tide of discouragement is illustrated in

a little story which comes from one of Chicago's large department stores. In this store's employ was a young German girl whose only assets seemed to be a large, full face, coarse, unmanageable black hair and an impenetrable stolidity. She made no friends and was almost a complete failure as a saleswoman. The department manager was on the point of discharging her when he remembered the store's sympathetic matron and sent the girl up to her, hoping that she might be able to get at her difficulties.

The girl burst into the matron's office. "I hate myself!" she cried. "I hate my ugly Dutch face and my stiff, greasy hair. I don't see why I'm not like the other girls. They're all pretty, and stylish, and—and—" The rest was lost in sobs as the girl cried her heart out beside the matron's desk.

"Why," said the matron, looking at her in honest surprise, "I don't think you're ugly. You have such a beautiful complexion and such fine teeth. Look at yourself and see if I'm not right." She threw back the door of a closet and drew her in front of a mirror that hung inside.

The girl surveyed herself earnestly for a moment. Then, "Do you really think I'm not ugly?" she asked.

"Yes," returned the matron, "I really think so. And, moreover, if I had such beautiful teeth as you have, I'd want to smile and show them. Why don't you try it?"

The girl stood silent, still critically regarding her reflected self. Then suddenly she smiled. "I will," she said.

It took her some time to cultivate the pleasant-look habit, but she kept at it. As her face gradually brightened it lost its sullen, repellent look, and even the refractory hair seemed to respond to the working of the cheer leaven. Soon her fellow workers began, too, to feel it, then her sales picked up. To make a long story short, the girl who narrowly missed being a failure became one of the best liked and most capable clerks in the store just because of the encouraging word at the despairing moment.

Merited praise is never flattery, nor, properly given, does it make for vanity. Instead, it is an unfailing stimulus to endeavor. And—it is one of the few things within the power of each of us to give.—S. C. R.

3794. Prayer and Work. Carl Metz, the captain of industry and friend of the workmen in South Germany, once went

by the ruins of a Carthusian monastery with a friend to whom he said: "Do you know why this monastery went to pieces the way it did?" The man gave different reasons, none of which was satisfactory. Metz then said: "I will tell you the reason with few words: in the monastery they finally prayed, but no longer worked; therefore it went to pieces. The factories will fare no better if master and men work, but do not pray." *Ora et labora*, pray and work! **3795. Prayer.** See *Radio Illustrations*. **3796. Prayer.** Prayer is the voice of faith.—HORNE.

3797. Prayer. Prayer is an offering up of our desires unto God, for things agreeable to His will, in the name of Christ, with confession of our sins, and thankful acknowledgment of His mercies.—*Westminster Catechism*.

3798. Prayer. Prayer is a powerful thing; for God has bound and tied himself thereunto.—MARTIN LUTHER.

3799. Prayer. Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

3800. Prayer.

Pray thou for me. The common air
Will stronger, purer seem to be,
And all the world will grow more fair,—
Pray thou for me.

—MARY CLEMMER.

3801. Prayer. A prayer, in its simplest definition, is merely a wish turned heavenward.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

3802. Prayer.

We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full
of power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,

Or others—that we are not always strong,

That we are ever overborne with care,

That we should ever weak or heartless be,

Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,

And joy and strength and courage are
with Thee?

—TRENCH.

3803. Prayer. It is said that in a newly invented vacuum furnace everything in a log of wood that is destructible can be conserved, leaving only an irreducible minimum that man's skill is not yet great enough to burn. And we are told that that indestructible remainder is pure carbon, every bit of which the tree took from the sunlight through the leaves. Many may think of prayer as a strange way of gaining power to endure, but the

indestructible elements of the soul, that cannot be crushed or consumed by adversity, do come from our fellowship with God."—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

3804. Prayer. Sadhu Sundar Singh, an Oriental Christian who has been attracting such large attention from the whole Western Christian world during the last few months, was speaking in St. Bride's Church, London, on "Prayer," when he used this novel and interesting illustration. He said that sometimes when he had been sitting beside a river he had seen fish come to the surface as if to breathe, and that he had been told that they could not live near the bottom of the river without coming up now and again to breathe. So he said it was in the world where we were working hard and with many affairs. It was necessary for the soul to breathe. It must come up into a spiritual atmosphere of prayer and communion with God or it would die in the depths.—*The Expositor*.

3805. Prayer Answered. Within an hour of the first click of "Jack Binns" key of the wireless instrument on the ill-fated *Republic*, a number of vessels turned their prows in his direction, and with the utmost speed possible in the blackness of the fog, set out to find the ship in distress. All the world now knows how long the search continued, one or more vessels failing completely to find the *Republic*, and the others only succeeding after long and trying hours.

But let one human wreck, or a child of God in distress utter the first word of his call for help, and instantly, no matter how dense the darkness, nor how far distant he may be, his answer is instantaneous. "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

3806. Prayer Answers Not Awaited. We do not wait on the Lord enough in day-and-night praying. The story is told of a woman who dreamed that she died and went to heaven. As one of the angels was showing her about the rooms of that glorious place, she was brought to a large room where many bundles were piled in a corner. Finding her name on several bundles, she asked for an explanation, saying as she did so, "I remember praying for those very things when I was down on the earth." The angel replied, "Yes, when any of God's children make requests to him, preparations are made to give the answer, but the angels are told if the petitioner is not waiting for the answer to return

with it, and store it in this room." Does not this account for our failure many times to receive answers to our prayers?—MRS. A. R. STRATHIE.

3807. Prayer, Benefit of. The ancients say that Hercules was once contending with two giants. When his arrows became exhausted, he prayed to Jupiter for aid. The god sent a shower of great stones with which Hercules put the giants to flight.

3808. Prayer, A Business. The Earl of Hopetown, in Scotland, has an old brass-bound, leather-covered ledger which he prizes very highly.

It belonged to John Hope, the founder of the family, who kept a shop in Edinburgh two hundred years ago.

The first entry in that ledger reads as follows: "O Lord, keep me and this buik honest!"

If every merchant since had adopted John Hope's practice there would certainly be a much higher standard of commercial morality than at present exists in the business world.—*The Lutheran*.

3809. Prayer, Not Too Busy for. "I never am tired of praying," said one man, "because I always have a definite errand when I pray."—CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

3810. Prayer Before Operation. All powerful Lord of Heavens, this thy child is sick. We, thy servants, ask thee for skillful hands and for wisdom to relieve his pain and cure his body, in order that some day he may understand the love and mercy of his heavenly Father and return thanks to thee and come to serve thee. We ask it all in the name of Jesus Christ the Saviour. Amen.—*Used in St. Luke's Hospital, Shanghai*.

3811. Prayer, A Child's. There was a lassie in a certain home, and one day nearly every one she heard speak said something was going wrong. Father said business was not right; mother was worried, and spoke about it; her big brother felt the world was too full of lessons, and told her what he thought. All this made the little girl very miserable, and she began to be afraid that something would go wrong in heaven next. So when she knelt down to say her prayers that night, she went through her ordinary ones and then added an extra one quite on her own account. It was this: "And, O dear God, do take care of yourself, for if anything was to happen to you, what would happen to us?"

3812. Prayer, Christ's, for Us. The Lord Jesus is still praying. He ever lives to pray us through. Thirty years of living; three years of serving; one tremendous act of dying; nineteen hundred years of praying! What an emphasis on prayer!—S. D. GORDON.

3813. Prayer in Church. If when the minister says, "Let us pray," your thoughts immediately rush off in all secular directions, it is your duty to run after them, and bring them back, and compel them to prostrate themselves before God's throne. If the minister is sent to be your leader in prayer, how can he lead unless you follow? How can you profit by public prayer? By deciding once for all that you will let your leader lead you. Fall in with his mood. Take his point of view. Compel your mind to keep step with him. Drive off all foreign thoughts which attempt to break into the circle of his petitions. At the close of his every thanksgiving, doxology, adoration, confession, and petition, say in your heart, "Amen"—which, being interpreted, means, "So let it be." These silent "Amens," like chains of gold, will bind you to your leader's soul, and along with him you will pass into the light and joy and peace of the Eternal.—CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D.D.

3814. Prayer, The Church Needs. George Adam Smith, the quiet, dynamic man, in one of his sermons tells how he climbed to the top of the Weisshorn. When he all but reached the top he leaped up in his enthusiasm and was preparing to stand erect and view the scene he had conquered. His faithful guide seized him, drew him down, and said, "On your knees at a place like this."

We are at a mournful hour in history. What desolations have been wrought or may be wrought we cannot tell. The sadness of the world at the end of the war may surpass that of Israel's tribes over their slain brothers. The call is "Back to God, back to your knees, back to the inner chambers of intercession."

If our church this year would hear this cry and enter into this experience it would come forth more democratic, surer in its grip of the essentials, and more appreciative of its Master's cross and intercession. Such a year would be memorable.—*The Expositor*.

3815. Prayer, Comfort of. "Haydn, the composer, was talking with two friends once on the subject of sorrow and depression. One said, 'When I feel down, I take to my wine, and that cheers me

up.' The other said, 'I take to my music, and that cheers me up and comforts me, and I feel lifted out of my sorrow and heaviness.' Haydn said, 'When I feel sad, I take to prayer. It is my Lord that cheers and comforts me as nothing else can do.' And I find that," said Dr. Dixon, "sweeter than any melody that any great composer ever wrote."—W. R. CLARK.

3816. Prayer, Constant in. It is by ever and anon ascending up to God, by rising through prayer into a loftier, purer region for supplies of Divine grace that man maintains his spiritual life. Prevent these animals from rising to the surface, and they die for want of breath; prevent him from rising to God and he dies from want of prayer. "Let me breathe," says a man, gasping, "or else I die." "Let me pray," says the Christian, "or else I die."—T. GUTHRIE.

3817. Prayer, Definite. Nailed on the vestry door of an Episcopalian church I saw a list of names and above them this memorandum: "People whom I wish to pray for in this day's service." Are you as definite as that in your prayers? God wants us to be very definite.—DR. W. J. DAWSON.

3818. Prayer, Danger of Ceasing. For the home, or the church, or society beyond them, prayer is a prerequisite. One of the saddest testimonies ever borne by one man of another was this in my hearing, "He let his hand slip out of God's." A minister who sinned against his high embassy later made this confession, "My soul-life raveled at the point where I ceased to pray, because there were some things of which I could not speak to God."

3819. Prayer, Direct. The Rev. John Octoby, "Praying Johnny," as he was called, one of the early Wesleyan preachers once preached from the text, "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Among other things he said: "Some people, in praying, go round and round the throne, and never come up to it; but I go right up, and reach out my hand, and take what I want." Hearing a man pray in a roundabout fashion, Octoby said, "Man, thou art a mile off God."—*Primitive Methodist*.

3820. Prayer, Delayed Answer Not Denial. Amid the turmoil and excitement and hurry of this busy world we need to learn the lesson of patient waiting on God, who is never in haste. An incident recorded by Dr. Wayland Hoyt

illustrates this thought. "They have preserved in Bedford, England, the door of the gaol which was locked upon John Bunyan. I looked at it long and earnestly. I thought of the many prayers which Bunyan must have pleaded behind it that that gaol door might swing open for him. Yet for twelve years the bolts of that door stood undrawn. But the delay was how affluently fruitful. Dreams were going on behind that door, and the world needed them. When 'The Pilgrims' Progress' of which Bunyan dreamed had taken shape and tangibility, Bunyan's Lord, who had never for an instant forgotten him while the slow years passed, swung that gaol door wide. Let us give God time. Let us trust His wisdom. Sometimes quick answer would be worst answer. Let us learn Adam Slowman's so needed lesson for our impatient hearts, that 'delays are not denials.'"

3821. Prayer, Earnest. A little boy, one of the Sunday school children in Jamaica, called upon the missionary and stated that he had lately been very ill, and in his sickness had often wished his minister had been present to pray with him. "But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself." "Oh, yes, sir; I did." "Did you repeat any of the prayers I taught you?" "No, sir." "Well, how did you pray then?" "Why, sir, I just begged."—REV. KAZLITT ARVINE.

3822. Prayer Echoes from Heart of God. Dr. Prime of New York, in his beautiful book entitled, "Around the World," describes a mausoleum in India which it took twenty thousand men twenty-two years to build, and he says, "Standing in that mausoleum, and uttering a word, it echoed back from a height of one hundred and fifty feet; not an ordinary echo, but a prolonged music, as though there were angels hovering in the air." And every word of earnest prayer we utter has an echo, not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but from the heart of God, and from the wings of angels as they hover, crying, "Behold, he prayeth."—*Christian Herald*.

3823. Prayer and Effort. Prayer and work must go together. William E. Russell, who became governor of Massachusetts, was out boating when he was a boy. The boat capsized a mile from the shore, and the boy swam all the way back to safety. His mother asked him about his struggle to reach land. "I thought of

you," said he, "and prayed to God, and kept my arms and legs in stroke." The prayer alone would not have saved him. He had to pray, and try.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

3824. Prayer and Not Expecting. A Christian worker had reached the end of the week, well wearied with service. The sunshine and rippling river were luring him to an hour's rowing. Boarding a passing car, he was soon on his way to the river bank. As he neared it he remembered that it was late in the season, and there was a likelihood of the boathouse being closed. But the outing seemed a clear need. So he lifted his heart quietly in prayer that if it were the Lord's will He might send along the caretaker of the boathouse to furnish the boat. Reaching the spot he found the boathouse closed. Turning to leave under the impulse of the moment, the thought flashed in, "It has only been a moment or two since you prayed the Lord to send along the boatman, and now you are going away without even waiting long enough for him to get here. Why don't you give God a chance?" He sat down to wait. In ten minutes the boatkeeper came strolling along, and the boat was secured.—JAMES H. MCCONKEY.

3825. Prayer, Faith in. Keo's request to accompany Miss Fleson back to her school being denied (no funds even to feed and house such a poor little bit of humanity), she was told to pray to our God. The half day's journey over, Miss Fleson found in her mail ten dollars.

"Now Keo shall come to school." And a man was dispatched to bring the poor little orphan. Starting in the morning, he should be back at night, but at midday he returned, and brought Keo with him.

"How is this?" asked Miss Fleson. "Oh, Keo will tell you," he replied. "Well, Nai, you know you said we must pray. So I thought I would better be ready," and she had walked half way to meet the answer to her prayer.

"Before they call I will answer." I have marked that verse in my Bible with Keo's name.—*Miss. Review of the World*.

3826. Prayer Given Up. Hillel, the great Jewish rabbi, said to a younger rabbi: "I have a friend who is a farmer, and hitherto he has cultivated his farm carefully, but now he has thrown away his plow and hoe, saying that God who can do all things is able to supply all his wants, so that he need not work for bread." The young rabbi asked, "But

is that not tempting God?" "Yes, I have told him so, and you are the friend I mean. You tell me that you have given up prayer, believing that God can give you all you need without your asking him. But are you not tempting God? Is prayer less than work? He who tells you to stoop your head and work for earthly fruit tells you also to lift your head to heaven to receive heavenly blessings."—*Source unknown.*

3827. Prayer, Instant in. When a pump is frequently used, the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high; but, if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low, and when you want it you must pump a long while; and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer. If we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desire and words are always ready; but, if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray, for the water in the well gets low.—**FELIX NEFF.**

3828. Prayer, Lincoln on. I have been driven many times to my knees, by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.—**ABRAHAM LINCOLN.**

3829. Prayer, Without Faith. Some years ago, a number of people met together to pray for rain. Showers had not fallen for weeks, and the fields were parched and dry. When they came to the church to pray, only one—a little girl—had an umbrella. "Why did you bring that umbrella?" She said, "Why, I thought we had come to pray for rain." Before that prayer service ended, the showers fell.—**ROBERT P. WILDER.**

3830. Prayer, Faithless. Too often we are like the woman whose view from her home was obstructed by a hill, and so one night she prayed that the hill might be removed. On looking out of the window the next morning she exclaimed, "There it is, just as I expected!"

3831. Prayer, A Foolish. King Midas hospitably entertained Silenus. In return Bacchus bade him choose any recompense he pleased. He demanded that whatever he touched might turn into gold. This prayer was granted. He was delighted at first, but he soon perceived his folly. Famished in the midst of plenty, he prayed the god to withdraw the fatal gift. His prayer was granted.

3832. Prayer and Greatness. A Western rancher had asked the district superintendent that a pastor be assigned to

his community. "How big a man do you want?" the D. S. asked. "Well, Elder," the wiry man of tan replied, "we're not overly particular, but when he's on his knees we'd like to have him reach heaven."—*Epworth Herald.*

3833. Prayer, Habits of. When General Gordon was with his army in Khar-toum, Africa, it is said that there was an hour every day when a white handkerchief lay before his tent door. While that signal was there, no one, however high his rank, ever approached the tent. The most urgent business waited outside. Every one knew that Gordon was at prayer that hour within the tent, and not a man nor an officer came near until the handkerchief was lifted away.

There is always a sacredness about prayer. We are awed into reverence when we see any one, however humble, bowing in prayer. But the sight of Christ at prayer touches us with still deeper awe. We uncover our heads, and take off our shoes, and stand afar off in reverent hush while he bows before his Father and communes with him. Yet no figure is more familiar in the Gospels than the Master at prayer.—**J. R. MILLER.**

3834. Prayer, Heard. It was not a great while ago that the headlines in the newspapers announced that wireless messages had been sent from Washington to Paris, and that points 8,000 miles apart picked up a part of the message.

That is not a new thing in the Kingdom of Heaven, for God has been hearing the prayers of his children through all the ages past and answering with unmistakable clearness.

3835. Prayer Is Heard. The story has lately been told in the papers of how the captain of a small vessel was one night taken very ill, and though the cure might be in his ship's medicine chest, he had no skill to choose or compound it. Only one hope came to his mind—to find a doctor. He set the wireless telegraph to work. North, south, east, and west went the call for a doctor; and lo, across hundreds of miles came the answer. The physician had been found, the prescription was given, and the captain's life was saved. The newspapers called it a parable of prayer. There is a striking difference between the operator of the wireless and the man who prays to God. The former sends out his message over the broad seas, hoping somewhere his call will find an instrument to receive it. He who prays, however, knows who will

hear. He knows that his cry will come to his Father's ear.—J. R.

3836. Prayer Hindered. The actual time required to send a cablegram around the world is only a fraction of a second, in fact, the current that sends it does the job nearly ten times in the wink of an eye, but on account of various delays—relays and repetitions—it takes about an hour to get a message across the ocean. If our prayers are hindered in their results it is not on account of the tardiness of the God who created the swift-moving electric currents but because of our delays in sending and receiving. More quickly than thought itself he works. "Closer is he than breathing. Nearer than hands and feet." Before they call he answers.

3837. Prayer Hindered. It is said of the serpent that he casts up all his poison before he drinks. It were to be much desired that herein we had so much serpentine wisdom as to disgorge our malice before we pray, to cast up all the bitterness of our spirits before we come to the sacrament of reconciliation.—SPENCER.

3838. Prayer Hindered by Sin. "I know a boy whose father was so prosperous financially that he could afford to give him anything that money could buy. This boy wanted a bicycle but he didn't dare ask for it. Why? Because the report card from school showed nothing but low marks; a great pile of wood that he had been told to look after remained unstacked, and there were several questionable actions with which he knew his mother was acquainted. Is that the reason we receive nothing from God—we do not dare ask it because of the hateful, unconfessed, unforsaken sin?"

3839. Prayer, A Good Hold. I am a suburbanite—a man of bundles. One evening I was trudging home with a particularly awkward parcel. As I left the last store the clerk said: "Don't you want me to fix it?" Making my chief foe the basis, he attached to it all the smaller parcels and hooked on a handle. I walked off a new man. It was a much heavier load, for my purchases there had been many, yet I bore it easily, for I had an easy hold. And throughout life there is everything in the way you take hold of what you have to do. Some days go rasping, dragging, from fretful morn to headachy eve, while other days, with the same tasks, go easily. The first day had no handle, the second had. The first tasks were grasped by the strings that cut; the second were fitted with an at-

tachment for ease. What is the handle for days and for works? Ah, you do not need to be told that it is prayer.—AMOS R. WELLS.

3840. Prayer, How Answered. A mission worker who was accustomed to pray much over the places he visited was one night praying for a saloon-keeper whom he felt led to visit next day. Although rudely treated he was not discouraged. At last the man turned to him and said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you can tell me how often the word girl occurs in the Bible I will go to your meeting." He took his Bible and in a moment found the place, to the man's great astonishment. "How did you know?" he said. "I have asked hundreds of ministers and not one could tell me." The visitor then told of his prayer and of God's directing him to that house. Just after resolving to go he took down a concordance to look for some word, and he noticed the word girl and was struck by the fact that it was only found once in the Bible, so he marked the place in his mind. The man was so deeply impressed with the hand of God in it, that it led to his conversion.

3841. Prayer, Meeting the Answer. What mighty works might be accomplished by prayer if we all used the faith of the orphan girl Kara, in India. Fearing slavery and worse, she appealed to a missionary—a teacher from an adjoining village—to take her home with her. The teacher said, "We have no vacant room and no money to build more." Kara's sad look, although too proud to cry, appealed to the teacher. She said, "You pray to God to enable us to take you. I, too, will pray." On reaching home that night the missionary found a letter from America containing ten dollars. With this encouragement a messenger was sent early next morning for Kara. It was a long day's journey, but at noon he returned with Kara. The girl said simply: "Why, we both prayed to God, so I thought I might as well start." She was half way there when the messenger met her.—MARY S. STELSON.

3842. Prayer, Prayerless. The speaker at a Brotherhood meeting related this story. Some time ago a young man was very much worried over his love affairs. He thought he would take it to God in prayer, there being two young women who thought such a lot about him he did not know which to propose to. He started by asking God's guidance, so that

he might decide aright, and finished by saying, "O Lord, let it be Betsy!" Too often the case is that of praying to God and deciding yourself.

3843. Prayer Meeting, A Great. The Korean pastor of the Pyeng Yang Church that has had a prayer meeting with an average attendance of over a thousand for the past three years, felt that his church was growing cold and a bit indifferent. So each morning at four he went to the church to pray till six. A few of his members observed what he was doing and joined him. On Sunday morning the pastor told his people what he was doing and asked any who wished to join him. Monday morning over a hundred were present, and by Saturday morning nearly six hundred, many of them busy business men, were spending the time from four to six at the church in prayer getting right with each other and with God. The next month more than three thousand souls were added to the Pyeng Yang churches. —REV. E. W. WILLIAMS.

3844. Prayer, For Ministers. Prayer will bring power to our ministers. Our ministers are what we make them by our prayer or our neglect of prayer for them. We are responsible for the kind of preaching they do. After we have listened to our minister preach we may say, "That was a fine sermon," or "I guess we will have to get a new minister." Who is responsible for the kind of preaching you don't like? You are responsible. Have you a minister you do not like? Do you want a new minister? I will tell you how to get one. Pray for the one you have until you have made him over by your prayers. Right here in New England there was a minister, a very brilliant and highly gifted man, but he did not know the truth. There were three godly men in his church who did know it, and they knew that their minister was not preaching it. What did they do? Stir up a clique and have him put out of the church? No; these three godly men covenanted together to pray for their minister, and to pray him into orthodoxy and power. One Sunday morning, as that minister was preaching, they knew that their prayers were answered, and a mighty revival broke out in that New England city. Have you a minister whom you do like? Most of us have. Do you want him even better than he is? Pray for him.—REV. R. A. TORREY.

3845. Prayer, Model. A prayer that

brings the answer I consider a model prayer. Here is one, "Have mercy on me." A square prayer of four words. Here is a triangular one just as good, "Lord, remember me." (Luke 23:42.) Some of you blind "thieves" try these some day. This day. You don't need a vocabulary, a grammar, or a dictionary to reach heaven. Christ is more sensitive to the movings of a human soul than that little earthquake instrument down at Washington is to the tremors of the earth. Everybody knows Jesus never refused a single cry from the needy suffering children of men. But thousands do not seem to realize he is the same Jesus to-day with the same ear open to the same cry (Heb. 13:8). In these days do the blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak? They surely do. Helen Keller with all these afflictions in one poor frail little body. To-day she knows more and is doing more than thousands of you who never sat in darkness and silence with no language but a touch. Who did it? Get her autobiography and let her tell how God did it.—W. H. RIDGEWAY.

3846. Prayer, The Mystery of. It is sometimes urged that prayer is mysterious. So is everything, if we stop to think about it. Matter is a mystery. Nobody knows what matter is. Force is a mystery. Nobody knows what force is. Gravitation is a mystery. Nobody knows what gravitation is.

Nobody knows what takes place when we drop a lump of sugar into a cup of coffee. Whether the change is mechanical or chemical the very wisest men are not able to say. We know just one thing, that by dropping sugar into the coffee the coffee is sweetened. For most of us that is enough.

We know that by dropping a prayer into a day we sweeten the day. How this is brought about we do not know. Who has sight so keen and strong that it can follow the flight of song or flight of prayer? Why should we not be as reasonable and practical in our religion as we are at the dinner-table?—CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D.D.

3847. Prayer, Objection to, Answered. It is sometimes asked: Why does God require that we ask him for those things which he knows we need and which he desires to bestow upon us?

There is more than one answer to this question. Our Lord did not appear to have this difficulty, for (see Matthew, sixth chapter) he took this knowledge of

God and his disposition to give as encouragement to pray.

We have lately found the following beautiful illustration from Sir Thomas More, who wrote in reply to his daughter's request thus:

"You ask, my dear Margaret, for money with too much bashfulness and timidity, since you are asking from a father who is eager to give; and since you have written to me a letter such that I would not only repay each line of it with a golden philippine, as Alexander did the verses of Cherilos, but if my means were as great as my desire, I would reward each syllable with two gold unciæ. As it is, I send you only what you have asked, but would have added more, only that as I am eager to give, so I am desirous to be asked and coaxed by my daughter, especially by you, whom virtue and learning have made so dear to my soul. So the sooner you spend this money well, as you are wont to do, and the sooner you ask for more, the more you will be sure of pleasing your father."

3848. Prayer, Persistence in. Sometimes in their early stages our prayers labor and seem to be in vain. If we persevere we win the victory. I learned a lesson once from a bird which battled with the storm. . . . It was blown backward and downward, and as I gazed I said, "Little bird, you are too frail for the storm. You will have to fly in another direction." I was mistaken; presently the bird taught me a lesson. Instead of flying against the wind it turned its flight upward until it had risen above the storm, and then facing in the direction it had been trying to fly, it sped onward, swift as an arrow, without encountering resistance of any kind. Even so may the child of God win through the storms of life, rising to blessed heights of communion through prayer.—E. Y. MULLINS, D.D.

3849. Prayer, A Priceless Opportunity. There is said to be a chapel in St. Peter's at Rome the door of which is opened only once in twenty-five years. One can imagine the gathering of pilgrims as the time approaches, all of them eager to pray, after the long interval, in a place considered to be of special sanctity. Suppose our prayers could only be offered, or would only be heard, once in a quarter of a century. How eagerly we should anticipate the time! How we should wait for it, and long for it, and prepare for it! But because the

door is always open we fail to enter. **3850. Prayer, Perseverance in.** Lord Palmerston was once speaking to a famous French statesman on the comparative merits of European soldiers. "French soldiers are the bravest in the world," claimed the Frenchman. "Ours are not the bravest in the world," replied Palmerston, "but they are brave for a quarter of an hour longer than any others." It is that extra quarter of an hour that tells. Many men can wrestle in prayer, but they fail because they don't hold on long enough.—*Christian Endeavor Times*.

3851. Prayer and Power. The dweller in Toronto wakes up in the morning and wants a light to dress by. He presses a little switch and his whole room is light as day, and it is Niagara which does it for him. He goes to his bathroom and wants to heat some water for washing or shaving; he presses another switch, and once again Niagara supplies his need. He wants to talk to some one in Montreal or Chicago, cities hundreds of miles away; he rings a bell, and Niagara carries his messages for him. He boards one of the trolley cars, and Niagara carries him quickly and safely to his office door. Niagara is an almost exhaustless source of power. There is another source of power we need if we are to get through life worthily, and that is moral power, and we have a Niagara of that kind of power in Christ. Look at what Paul says: "I can do all things through Christ."—J. D. JONES, D.D.

3852. Prayer, Power of United. An American scientist has invented a delicate machine which registers the lifting power of the brain. It shows that the average brain will lift three-fifths of a pound. The remarkable fact brought to light, however, is that when it registers the lifting power of two average brains at the same time, the result is six pounds, while three reinforce one another so that eighty-six pounds or more than fourteen times the power of two brains coördinated, is recorded.

In the distinctly spiritual field we received from Christ himself an intimation of the power of unified prayer when he said, "Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst." To the lifting power of the mind there is added the irresistible power of the Spirit.

3853. Prayer, Practiced. Thomas à Kempis said, "It is a great art to commune with God." You cannot pick up

an instrument like a violin now and then and expect to be a great player; neither can you pray now and then and be a great pray-er.—*Epworth Herald*.

3854. Prayer, Proverbs on. "Life in prayer brings death to care." Fretting never goes with faith. The more prayer, the less care, which carks, cankers, curses.

"Cease not to pray and hammer away." Faith, however firm, cannot take the place of works. Trust in God will not keep the powder dry. With wet powder the gun will do no execution, however blessed by priest or supplication.

"Strength is better than length in prayer."

"You cannot wrestle with God and wrangle with your neighbor."

"See the face of God before you see the face of man." A mere formal sentence or two of hurried supplication is not seeing the face of God.

"Empty your bucket before you draw from the well." God fills the empty. Most people are too full of self to get much from the Lord.

"Prayer should be pillared on promises and pinnacled with praises."—*Christian Standard*.

3855. Prayer, Secret. In many senses the root of a plant is the most important part of it. Men do not see it. It is hidden away down under the ground. Yet in the dark it works away, preparing the life that grows up into the plant, and shows itself in trunk and branches, leaves and fruit. So it is in the Christian life. It is not this secret prayer that men see. Yet it is in the closet that the roots of this life grow.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

3856. Prayer, Time for. Any man who is too busy to pray may depend upon it that he is busier than God ever intended he should be.—*Minute Men*.

3857. Prayer, Undefeatable. When David Brainerd had spent eight days in the heart of the forest, praying to God to pour out His life upon the benighted savages, among whom he was laboring, he came forth to speak the word of God. He did not know the language, and had therefore to speak through an interpreter. To his distress he found that this interpreter was intoxicated. And yet, through that drunken interpreter the power of God was so poured out through His anointed servant, that scores of those savages came to Jesus Christ under the power of his ministry.

3858. Prayer, Union in. Said a sur-

vivor of the *Titanic* catastrophe: "As we floated around on our capsized boat and I kept straining my eyes for a ship's lights somebody said, 'Don't the rest of you think we ought to pray?' The man who made the suggestion asked what the religion of the others was. Each man called out his religion. One was a Catholic, one a Methodist, one a Presbyterian.

"It was decided the most appropriate prayer for all was the Lord's Prayer. We spoke it over in chorus with the man who first suggested that we pray as the leader."

3859. Prayer, Answer Unnoted. An old beggar in the far East sat in the sunshine by a gateway. The day was warm, his position comfortable, and he fell asleep as he sat there, never noticing when a kindly disposed passer-by dropped a coin in his outstretched hand. Another pedestrian, less generous and with no scruples of honesty, soon discovered the ungrasped gift. Glibly assuring himself that the old man could not well lose what he never knew he had, the newcomer deftly transferred the money to his own palm, and went his way. A little later, the beggar awoke, glanced toward the setting sun, and with a sigh for the luckless day that had brought him nothing, wended wearily homeward.

Is it not in such a fashion that we do much of our asking at heaven's gate? Day by day we offer our petitions; we want the things for which we ask, indeed, but we scarce expect their coming. The outstretched hands have become a matter of custom; we do not notice how often they are filled, nor how swiftly and in what strange ways the answers often come. The granting of many a petition comes easily within our reach, but we fail in our listlessness to recognize and grasp it.

3860. Prayer and Vision. Those whose business it is to detect the presence of a submarine lying below the surface of the water tell us that this cannot be done so long as the observer himself is only on the surface. However much he may peer down into the waters below him, he can only see to the depth of a few feet. In order to see the submarines he must rise above the water in an airship, and circle around the suspected area. As he rises up, the depth below water which is visible to him increases, until, in the shallower waters, he can see the bottom itself. If we would learn of the deep mysteries below us, we

must look down upon them from the heights of prayer. We shall never fathom them so long as we stay on the surface.—*Sunday at Home*.

3861. Prayer, Vital. Mr. Spurgeon said, "Whether we like it or not, asking is the rule of the Kingdom; a rule never to be altered in any one's case. God has not relaxed that rule for Jesus Christ, the elder brother. If the Royal and Divine Son of God can not be exempted from this rule of asking that he may have, you and I can not expect the rule to be relaxed in our favor. Why should it be? If you may have everything by asking, and nothing without asking, I beg you to see how absolutely vital prayer is."

3862. Prayer and Work. On the front page of the *Endeavor World* for May 10, 1923, is the picture of an engineer about to mount the engine, and underneath this is what it says: "George Bemis, of Indianapolis, Ind., is here shown boarding his engine for his last run after fifty-three years' service with the Big Four Railroad. In all that time he has not had a single accident. But then the quality of his service may be judged from the fact that he never made a run without first kneeling in the cab of his engine and praying that the Lord might help him to bring the passengers safely to their journey's end. He was seventy years old when he retired with this unique record."

3863. Prayer as Work Method. It is said of Pastor Ding Li Mei, of China, that "he has influenced more men to go into the ministry and other forms of Christian service than any other man of modern times in Asia," and when he was asked by some who marveled at the results of his work what his method was, he replied simply, "I have no method but prayer."

3864. Prayerfulness. A writer in *The Christian Advocate* tells this incident: "One day at noon I called to see a man at his place of business. 'He is in, but you cannot see him for twenty minutes,' I was told. I urged that my card should be sent to him, for it was important. The clerk replied, 'I cannot do it; come with me.' He led me through the basement till we were beneath the sidewalk of Broadway. He bade me look quietly down a long corridor, at the other end of which I saw my friend upon his knees. The dim light revealed an open Bible upon a chair before him. The clerk then said, 'He spends thirty minutes of

the noon hour there each day, and there is not a man in the house who would dare to interrupt him.'"

3865. Prayerfulness. Oliver Cromwell was once lodging in Knaresborough. A young maiden of the house was ordered to take a pan of coals and air his bed. When she went out she stopped and peeped through the keyhole, having a natural curiosity to see what so great a man would do. She saw him rise from his seat, advance towards the bed, and fall on his knees, in which attitude he remained some time. After a while she went away, but again returned, finding him in the same position. How many of us could stand the keyhole test?

3866. Prayers Hindered. The actual time required to send a cablegram around the world is only a fraction of a second, in fact, the current that sends it does the job nearly ten times in the wink of an eye, but on account of various delays—relays and repetitions—it takes about an hour to get a message across the ocean. If our prayers are hindered in their results it is not on account of the tardiness of the God who created the swift moving electric currents but because of our delays in sending and receiving. More quickly than thought itself he works. Closer is he than breathing. Nearer than hands and feet. Before they call he answers.

3867. Prayers, Mere Words. A man once dreamed that he found himself in a church with the old sexton, who was going round with a lighted taper, seeing all was right before locking up. Looking up into the dim recesses of the roof, he was just able to distinguish a number of handsome birds hopelessly floundering about and apparently trying to get through the roof, while a number of others seemed to have fallen asleep on the beams and rafters. "What are these?" he asked in amazement. "Oh!" said the sexton, "these are some of the prayers said here to-day. Only a few have gone up to God. These will never reach him, for they were mere words." Only the prayers of the heart are heard by the Father in heaven.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

3868. Prayers, One-way. Back in some sections of the country some people will remember they have what is known as the "one-way" phone. You can always call up central, but central cannot call you up. How many of our lives are the same way? We are forever calling up God, for this thing and

that, and we only call when we want a favor, not for a friendly heart to heart talk. He wants to get our ear so much and tell us how we can enlarge our lives, how we can be of greater power in the world, but we are too busy with our own pet schemes to hear the call.

3869. Prayers, Sensible. Let us aim to pray sensible prayers. Some one illustrates the methods of praying in these ways, and he is not far from right: A little boy, almost in one breath, asks his father for a knife, a pencil, a story, a sled, and if he can go over to see Willie, and when the chestnuts will be ripe. Another time the boy asks for a knife. He asks for it in six different ways, and asks for nothing but the knife. Finally, he climbs into his father's lap, clasps his hands, and begs for the knife. Then, in despair, with tears in his eyes, he tells his father he wants the knife to mend the linch-pin of his cart so that he can draw kindlings for his mother. He gets the knife, for he has got to the place where he is definite and unselfish in his request.

3870. Prayer Meeting, The. When people do not love the house of prayer it is a certain sign of declining spiritual life. I saw the other day the story of a preacher who found nobody at his prayer meeting and began to toll the bell. A dozen people came running in, and one said: "Who is dead?" "The church," replied the preacher, as he pulled away at the rope.

3871. Prayer Meeting Essential. A minister who had been very popular found his church gradually getting empty, and at last he called a meeting of the deacons to discover the reason. After some discussion, one old man said: "God's house is a house of prayer, and yet we never have prayer meetings now. Your sermons are still good, sir, but the people must pray, or they will drift away." So prayer meetings were once more resumed, with the result that the minister now preaches to a crowded church of praying people.—*Sunday Circle*.

3872. Preachers, Humble. The meanness of the earthen vessel, which conveys to others the gospel treasure, takes nothing from the value of the treasure. A dying hand may sign a deed of gift of incalculable value. A shepherd's boy may point out the way to a philosopher. A beggar may be the bearer of an invaluable present.—*CECIL*.

3873. Preaching. See Gospel. See Missions.

3874. Preaching. The pulpit is clergyman's parade; the parish is his field of active service.—*SOUTHEY*.

3875. Preaching. A divine ought to calculate his sermons as an astrologer does his almanac—to the meridian of the place and people where he lives.—*HUGHES*.

3876. Preaching. Tell men that God is love; that right is right, and wrong, wrong; let them cease to admire philanthropy, and begin to love men; cease to pant for heaven, and begin to love God; then the spirit of liberty begins.—*F. W. ROBERTSON*.

3877. Preaching.
Skillful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.

—*LONGFELLOW*.

3878. Preaching Christ. Preaching Jesus is the great remedy for the world's woe. The *S. S. Lesson Illustrator* tells of a dying infidel who sent for the English evangelist, Mr. Birch, and said: "I have not sent for you to talk about religion, but to thank you for your great kindness." The infidel was poor, and had been ill a long time, and the evangelist had generously provided for his wants. Mr. Birch said: "Will you answer me one question?" "Yes," said the dying man, "provided it is not about religion." Lifting his heart in prayer to God, the evangelist said: "You know I have to preach to-night. Many will be there to hear me, mostly poor people, who, like you, will soon have to face death; I ask you, What shall I preach about?" There was a long silence. Then, with tear-dimmed eye and trembling voice, the dying infidel said: "Mr. Birch, preach Christ to them, preach Christ." Then, utterly broken down, he was ready to let the evangelist preach Jesus to him.

3879. Preaching After Prayer. Dr. J. A. Duncan had, on an important occasion, delivered a sermon of wonderful intellectual and spiritual power. He was asked, "What is the secret of such a sermon as that?" He replied, "The secret of that sermon is thirteen hours of prayer."

Charles H. Spurgeon, when asked for the explanation of his success, said, "Knee work, knee work!"

David Livingstone on two occasions preached a sermon of wonderful power.

At each time five hundred persons were converted. Both sermons were preceded by a whole night spent in prayer.

C. G. Finney, after spending a whole day in fasting and praying, preached at night to a phenomenally irreligious congregation. The sermon was accompanied by such divine power that the whole congregation except one man, an elder in the church, fell prostrate on the floor and voiced their agony under conviction in such loud cries that the preacher was forced to stop.

The Rev. Daniel Steele said: "Down upon your knees. I wish I had the power to reach every Methodist on the round earth. I would say, 'Cease living on the heroism of your fathers; quit glorifying in numbers, sacrificing to statistics, and burning incense to the General Minutes; down upon your knees, and seek and find yourself the secret of the power of the fathers—a clean heart and the endowment of power from on high; and then rise and unfurl the banner of salvation full and free, and a common sense theology.'"—*The Way of Faith*.

3880. Preaching, Guiding Others. I was going West one time during the winter. The train had two engines plowing along. There was a woman, with a little baby in her arms, who wanted to leave the train at a certain little station, where they stop the train if you come from a certain distance. The brakeman came in and called the name of the station when we were getting near. The woman said, "Don't forget me," and he replied, "Sure." There was a man there who said, "Lady, I will see that the brakeman doesn't forget you—don't worry." A while later he said, "Here's your station." She hopped out of the train—into the storm. The train had gone on about three-quarters of an hour, when the brakeman came in and said, "Where's that woman?" The traveling man said, "She got off." The brakeman said, "Then she's gone to her death; we only stopped the train yonder because there was something the matter with the engine." They called for volunteers and went back and looked for her. They searched for hours, and finally found her out on the prairies, covered with a shroud of ice and snow woven about her by the pitiless storm, and with the little babe folded to her breast. She followed the man's directions, but they were wrong.

She followed the wrong directions, and they led to her death and the death of her little one. How great the responsi-

bility of the man who sent her into the night and the raging storm! Greater still is the responsibility of the men who stand up as preachers and teachers of Christianity and who give to lost men and women and to their children the wrong directions.

3881. Preaching, Nobility of. The Christian ministry is the worst of all trades, but the best of all professions.—NEWTON.

3882. Preaching, Object of. The object of preaching is constantly to remind mankind of what mankind is constantly forgetting; not to supply the defects of human intelligence, but to fortify the feebleness of human resolutions.—SYDNEY SMITH.

3883. Preaching, Short. I would not have preachers torment their hearers, and detain them with long and tedious preaching.—LUTHER.

3884. Preaching, Unheeded.

He was a shrewd and sound divine

Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;

And when, by dint of page and line,

He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,

The Baptist found him far too deep,

The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,

And the lean Levite went to sleep

And dreamt of eating pork to-morrow.

—PRAED.

3885. Preaching, The Value of. "The preacher must catch the spirit of the age." God forgive him if he does. Your business is never to catch, but by eternal truth to correct, the spirit of the age. This is not narrow. Nothing can happen in New York to-day to which the truth of God has not something to say. Your preaching will touch life at every point. You do not go to discuss a situation, but to deliver a message. The preacher must forevermore stand in the presence of men and conditions, thinking in his own soul, if the formula is not often upon his lips, "Thus saith the Lord." Here is the truth, the truth that men never have been able to discover by all the exercise, honest and sincere, and persistent, of their intellectual activity, but the truth that God has spoken, revealed, made known.—REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.

3886. Preaching, Women. Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog standing on his hinder legs. It is not done well, but you wonder to see it done at all.—JOHNSON.

3887. Preacher, A Rejected. There is a world of difference between the beginning of the life of Livingstone and the end of it. Blaikie writes thus: "He was

sent to preach one Sabbath evening at a place called Stanford Rivers. He took his text, read it very deliberately, and then—then—his sermon had fled. Midnight darkness came upon him, and he abruptly said, 'Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say,' and, hurrying out of the pulpit, left the chapel. He never became a preacher, and in the first letter that I received from him from Elizabeth Town in Africa he says, 'I am a very poor preacher, having a bad delivery, and some of them said if they knew that I was to preach again they would not enter the chapel.'" This was at the beginning—notice what *Punch* writes at the close:

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman,
chief and sage,

The missionary come of weaver-kin,

But great by work that brooks no
lower wage.

He needs no epitaph to guard a name

Which men shall prize while worthy
work is known;

He lived and died for good—be that
his fame:

Let marble crumble: this is Living-
stone."

—*Blackie's Life of Livingstone.*

3888. Prejudice. Reasoning against a prejudice is like fighting against a shadow; it exhausts the reasoner, without visibly affecting the prejudice. Argument cannot do the work of instruction any more than blows can take the place of sunlight.—CHARLES MILDMAY.

3889. Premonition. In the "Life of Robert Carter" an incident showing how God warned that Christian publisher of danger is recorded. Mr. Carter and his party "had sailed to Europe on the *Pacific*, one of the Collins line of steamers. On the voyage Mr. Carter had noticed some little incident which he thought betokened negligence in the arrangements of the vessel. He had almost forgotten the circumstance, and while in London went to the Collins office, and chose staterooms on the *Arctic*, doing everything but actually engaging his passage. Suddenly there flashed into his mind a recollection of the incident, and he decided to take passage on the Cunarder *Europa*, which sailed on the same day. The *Arctic* was lost on that voyage and a large number of passengers were lost."—REV. JOHN T. FARIS.

3890. Preparation, Extended. The verses of the Druid bards were never

committed to writing. A long and severe course of oral instruction was necessary before a candidate could be admitted to this influential class. According to Cæsar, twenty years.

3891. Present, Importance of the. One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly, until he knows that every day is Doomsday.—EMERSON.

3892. Pretense, Detected. Ulysses hearing that Palamedes had come to summon him to the battlefield, pretended to be insane. He yoked a horse and a bull together, and plowed the sands of the seashore, sowing salt instead of grain. But when his infant son was laid before the plow his pretense was immediately detected.

3893. Pretensions, Christian. Judge Rooney of Chicago fined a man \$100 and costs and sentenced him to jail for ninety days for impersonating a doctor and practicing medicine without a license. I wonder how many professing Christians, ministers, and laymen would be "hit" by a law fining those who pretended to be Christians and were not. Are we leading or misleading people by our pretensions?—*The Expositor.*

3894. Pretensions, Foolish. A little boy was on the scales, and being very anxious to outweigh his playmate he puffed out his cheeks and swelled like a frog. But the playmate was a wiser boy. "Oho!" he cried in scorn, "that doesn't do any good; you can only weigh what you are!" How true this is of us bigger children who try to impress ourselves—and, yes, sometimes God Almighty—by the virtues we should like to have! It doesn't do any good. "You can only weigh what you are."—*Well-spring.*

3895. Prevention. Fred B. Smith relates this incident: "During the World's Fair in Chicago I became so interested in the 'Guardian Angel' in the art gallery that I revisited it several times to enjoy it. The picture is that of a child crossing a dangerous stream on a narrow foot-bridge while an angel holds its hands at a place where the hand-rail is broken. As I stood there looking at the picture an old farmer came up, and, glancing at it for a few moments, turned to his wife and said: 'Ann, I wonder why that fool angel don't nail up that broken board and go home!'"

3896. Pride. As Plato entertained some

friends in a room where there was a couch richly ornamented, Diogenes came in very dirty, as usual, and getting upon the couch, and trampling on it, said, "I trample upon the pride of Plato." Plato mildly answered, "But with greater pride, Diogenes!"—ERASMUS.

3897. Pride. Though Diogenes lived in a tub, there might be, for aught I know, as much pride under his rags as in the fine-spun garments of the divine Plato.—SWIFT.

3898. Pride. *See Humility.*

3899. Pride. The never-failing vice of fools.—POPE.

3900. Pride, Beware of. Let us beware of pride. Some are proud of their lace, others of their race, others of place, others of their face, others of grace. I have met people who were proud of their humility; and I rather think I was proud once of a sermon on the "Grace of Lowliness."

Nothing shows more truly when a nature is out of union with Christ than the obtrusion of the self-life and the boast of vain-glory. For such a state of mind chastisement is inevitable, and who would not rather trust himself to God than man? David knew that God's mercies were many and tender, and cast himself into His hands. Why do we dread God so much as not to trust him with our lives, that he may do according to his good pleasure?—*The Christian*.

3901. Pride, Dangers of. Pride is a virtue. Pride is also a vice. Without pride as a principle a man cannot be virtuous. The pride that is a vice is the overvaluing of oneself for some real or imagined superiority, producing haughty bearing and arrogance of manner. It is related of the French family of the Duke de Levis that they have a picture of their pedigree, in which Noah is represented going into the ark and carrying a small trunk, on which is written, "Papers belonging to the Levis family." There are many men whose reputation hangs upon their having had a grandfather, and the only thing they do is talk about their noble ancestry.

"What is pride? A whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star."

Solomon says, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." When once a philosopher was asked what the great God was doing, he replied, "His whole employment is to lift up the humble and to cast down the proud."

Pride is the offspring of want of merit. Humility is the child of wisdom. Solomon says, "Before honor is humility," and Christ says, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The stalks of wheat that hold up their heads so high are empty-headed, and those which hang down their heads modestly are full of precious grain. The people who hold their heads so high do so because they have not sense enough to weigh them down.

3902. Pride Defeats Itself. In Dr. Joseph Parker's famous lecture on "Clocks and Watches," he told the following story: A little watch, so delicately strung, dissatisfied with its little sphere in a lady's pocket, envied Big Ben, the great tower clock, as one day it passed with her ladyship over Westminster Bridge. "I wish I could be up there," said the little watch so delicately strung, "I could then serve the multitude." "You shall have your opportunity, little watch," said the lecturer, and he dramatically described the little watch drawn up the tower by a slender thread. When it reached the top, the lecturer said, "Where are you, little watch? I cannot see you." Then, pausing in his dramatic style, he said, "Its elevation has become its annihilation."—*British Weekly*.

3903. Pride, Harmful. Bellerophon might have ended his days in happiness and prosperity if he had not irritated the gods with his pride. He conceived the project of mounting to heaven on his winged steed, Pegasus. Jupiter was indignant and sent a gad-fly which stung the horse, and caused him to throw the presumptuous rider. Bellerophon, lame and blind from his fall, wandered in lonely places until death came to relieve him of his misery.

3904. Pride, Illustrations on. Pride is like a fever, which misleads at the start by a brilliant flush as of unusual health.

Pride is like a building raised several stories higher than the strength of the foundations will allow. Pride always has a fall.

Uniformly the ambassadors and rulers of smaller nations are resplendent in gold lace and glittering uniforms; but the representatives and monarchs of the great nations are distinguished by their less assuming attire.

3905. Pride, or Puffed-up People. It is said that at the Centennial Exhibition held in Philadelphia a certain member of the City Council arrived on the morning of the opening day in elegant attire.

With a capacious chest, which displayed white vest, spotless linen, and heavy gold watch-chain, the newcomer evidently intended to impress everybody with the importance of his civic dignity. Addressing the keeper of the turnstile, who evidently had taken stock of the elaborate "get-up" of the official, he remarked, "I am Councillor Thompson." Quietly eyeing the man of aldermanic girth from head to foot, the gatekeeper replied, "Ah, well, you'll do. Pay your dollar; you may pass in."

3906. Pride, Spiritual. Spiritual pride is the most dangerous and the most arrogant of all sorts of pride.—RICHARDSON.

3907. Pride, Unconscious. A husband, finding his wife adjusting some frills at the looking-glass, exclaimed: "How conceited you are, my dear. You're always looking at yourself in the glass." Quickly replied the wife: "I'm sure I am not conceited. I don't think I'm half as pretty as I really am."

3908. Pride, Unconscious. Many a professing Christian would be surprised to see his life as it appears to others who come in contact with him. He might repeat the experience related in the following from *The Tatler* (London): "An Oxford don, more highly esteemed for intellectual activity than modesty, was asked to speak into a phonograph. A little later the machine was turned on again, and he was requested to listen to his own voice. He listened in silence, then turned to the company. 'It is very strange!' he said, in a tone of mingled surprise and resentment. 'I can't understand it, but through this machine I am made to speak in a peculiarly bump-tious and affected manner!'"

3909. Pride and Vanity. Vanity and pride sustain so close an alliance as to be often mistaken for each other.—GLADSTONE.

3910. Pride and Vanity. A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud. "Madam," said he, "when you see the fox's tail peeping out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is within."—*Clerical Library*.

3911. Principle. Principle is a passion for truth.—HAZLITT.

3912. Privations, With Purpose. Luther Burbank found steady work at last at a mere pittance, cleaning out chicken-coops on a chicken ranch. The work was disagreeable in the extreme, but he was willing to do anything that

was honorable. At this time he had no place to sleep nights, and for months made his bed in the chicken-coop, unable to get enough money ahead to pay for regular lodgings. Occasionally, when work altogether failed, he was reduced to absolute want. It was his habit at such times to go to the village meat market, secure the refuse bones saved for dogs, and get from them what meat he could.

He found steady employment at last in a small nursery at a beggarly wage. Not being able to hire lodgings, he slept in a bare, damp, unwholesome room, above the steaming hothouse, where for days and nights at a time his clothing was never dry. He was passing through such privations as those through which, in a strange allotment of fortune, many another great man has passed.

3913. Procrastination. See Indecision. See Decision Day.

3914. Procrastination. The man who procrastinates struggles with ruin.—HESIOD.

3915. Procrastination. A little seed lay in the ground. The spring winds breathed upon the spot, and the welcome sun smiled upon it, and the earliest rains fell and kissed it, and all of them whispered to it, "Burst into life!" But to their invitation the sluggish seed responded: "Not yet—to-morrow; to-morrow." So the days passed, and August came with its dry sky and parching sun, and the little seed, awaking, cried, "Now, I will burst into life." But there was no longer a spring sun to smile upon it, or a spring wind to breathe upon it, or spring rains to kiss it, and it died in the coffin which should have been its cradle, murmuring, "Too late! too late!"

3916. Procrastination. An angel passed over the earth one morning and met a little child in a sunny field. "Little one," said he, "do you love the Master?"

The child looked up with bright eyes and said, "Yes, I am one of his lambs."

"Then," said the angel, "there is work for you to do; go do it."

"Yes, I will do it after a while," said the child; "it's only morning now; the day will be so long, and I do love to play."

And the child ran after the butterflies and flowers. The angel on his way murmured, "The day will end, the night come, and it will be too late."

3917. Procrastination. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow creeps in this petty pace, from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time; and all our

yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death.—SHAKESPEARE.

3918. Procrastination. Procrastination has been called a thief,—the thief of time. I wish it were no worse than a thief. It is a murderer; and that which it kills is not time merely, but the immortal soul.—NEVINS.

3919. Procrastination, Fatal. "A Christian man, whose name I have just now forgotten, while en route to Houston, Texas, finding that he had forty-five minutes between trains, called at the home of a friend and found him seriously ill. In a little while he was talking with his sick friend, who was not a Christian, about the needs of his soul and urging him to immediately accept Christ as his Saviour.

"I have only a few minutes to wait and then I must catch my train. Won't you decide before I go?" he pleaded.

"No," replied the sick man. "Stop and see me on your way north and I'll let you know."

"But you are a very sick man. Take my Saviour before I leave."

"Oh, I'll get well and be around in a few days," answered the procrastinator.

"No, no! Decide now. I plead with you not to delay." But he could not prevail upon his friend, though he remained so long that he was compelled to go to the station on a run in order to catch his train.

On reaching Houston the Christian man received this telegram: "Five minutes after you left your friend died."

The poor, foolish soul was that near the brink and still saying "To-morrow."

3920. Prodigal, Returned. Out in one of the cemeteries of Winnipeg is a tombstone marking the grave of a man who not until late in life became a Christian, and on the stone is this inscription: "Here lies the son of ————.

He was a poor, wandering boy, but he came home at last."

3921. Profanity. Profaneness is a brutal vice. He who indulges in it is no gentleman, I care not what his stamp may be in society; I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts.—CHAPIN.

3922. Profanity, Evil of. "I have never yet seen a good-mannered horse," said an owner of fine horses, "that was sworn at all the time. It hurts the feelings of a sensitive horse, and I'll keep my word to discharge any man if I catch him swearing within the hearing of any horse in this stable."

3923. Profanity Punished. A certain Elector of Cologne, who was at the same time Archbishop, had one day made use of profane words and then said to a farmer, who could not conceal his astonishment: "Why do you look so surprised?" The farmer replied: "Because an Archbishop can be so profane." "I do not swear as Archbishop," replied that person, "but as prince." "But, your Highness," answered the farmer, "when the prince goes to hell, what will become of the Archbishop?" The reply of the latter was not reported.

3924. Profanity Rebuked. Swearers work cheap. "What does Satan pay you for swearing?" said a gentleman to one whom he heard using profane language. "He don't pay me anything," was the reply. "Well, you certainly work cheap to lay aside the character of a gentleman to inflict so much pain on your friends and on civil people to risk losing your own soul and all for nothing. You certainly work cheap, very cheap, indeed." Swearing is the violation of God's law, the laws of the state and of good society. I am neither a good citizen nor a gentleman if I swear.—W. H. BUCKHEISTER.

3925. Profanity Rebuked. A pompous bishop, according to the San Francisco *Argonaut*, was passing along a street in London when he heard three costermongers engaged in a wordy warfare. "My good man," he said to one in tones of gentle rebuke, "where did you learn to swear like that?" "Lor' luv yer, guv'nor," replied the hawker, "yer can't learn it. It's a bloomin' gift."

3926. Profanity Rebuked. One day a clergyman riding near a river saw two men fishing on the bank. One of these was very profane. The minister dismounted, sat down beside the swearer and began a conversation.

First, he asked what kind of bait he used to catch his fish, whereupon the fisherman replied: "That depends entirely upon the kind of fish I desire to catch." "But," said the minister, "can you catch fish without bait of any kind?" "No," said the angler, "the fish are not so foolish as to take the hook empty." "But I know of a fisherman who catches large quantities of fish without bait of any kind." "That's the first time I heard that," said the man, quite interested.

The pastor replied very earnestly: "It is Satan! He catches every user of profanity in that way. For every other kind of sin he requires bait of some kind,

that is, he draws the people on by promises to make them take his hook, but the swearer is foolish enough to bite without bait. He has nothing for his profanity, but Satan has him and the swearer keeps on fastening himself onto the hook more and more securely!"

3927. Profiteers. John Spafford, one of the early Puritan settlers of Massachusetts, would know what to do and say if he were living in these days of sugar profiteers. There was a great scarcity of corn in his day. He and his neighbors were suffering for lack of it. He heard that a shipload of corn had come to Salem and he made a long journey to get some for his family. The owner refused to sell him any; he was holding it for a higher price. John pleaded for a little for his hungry family. The merchant was obdurate and would sell him none. Then John cursed him to his face. The merchant had him arrested for profane swearing. Brought before the justice, he owned up to the swearing, but denied that it was profane, and quoted in his defense Proverbs 11:26: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him." The justice discharged him and ordered the merchant to sell him all the corn he needed, at the regular price.

Surely no one should envy the profiteers their unrighteous gains if with those gains there go the uttered or unexpressed curses of the people.—R. T. CROSS.

3928. Profits, Share of. Joel Chandler Harris, who has made "Uncle Remus" famous, was approached by an old negro, who said:

"Boss, dey tells me dat you'se wrote a book about us all. Am dat a fac'?"

"It am," replied the author solemnly.

"Well, den, boss, Ah wants to know how much kingdom we gets for lettin' ourselves be put in de book—huh?"

"Kingdom?" repeated the author, puzzled. "I'm afraid you won't get a kingdom for that just yet."

The old negro shuffled away, grumbling in a dissatisfied manner, and it did not dawn on Mr. Harris till some time later that he had been trying to collect a royalty in behalf of his race who furnished the material for the book.

3929. Progress.

Move to the fore,

Men whom God hath named fit for fray;
Not yours to shrink as the feeble ones
may;

Not yours to parley and quibble and
shirk,

Ill for the world if ye do not God's work.
Move to the fore!

—JAMES BUCKHAM.

3930. Progress, Christian. One of our evangelists in the earlier days was accustomed to tell a story of an old farmer who, in the prayer meetings of his church, was wont, in describing his Christian experience, to use the phrase, "Well, I'm not making much progress, but I am established." One springtime when the farmer was getting out some logs, his wagon sank in the mud in a soft place in the road and he could not get out. As he sat on top of the logs reviewing the situation, a neighbor who had never accepted the principle of the old man's religious experience came along and greeted him: "Well, Brother Jones, I see you are not making much progress, but you're established." To be stuck on the road is not a very satisfactory type of establishment, but it is not uncommon.—ROBERT E. SPEER.

3931. Progress, Lack of. There are certain caterpillars called "procession caterpillars," because when they are going to turn into the chrysalis stage they form a procession to find a soft place. This peculiarity is not confined to caterpillars. Some schoolboys discovered this fact, and when they come across a procession of caterpillars they very gently deflect the head of the procession until it begins to go further round and touches the tail of the procession; the vicious circle is complete and they keep on going round and round. A great many of my fellow ministers and clergy have done that kind of thing, until they have got their congregations into well-drilled order, and it is not a procession onward, but round and round.—CHAMBERS.

3932. Progress Necessary. Two Irishmen were walking from New York to Yonkers. After traveling a great distance they inquired from a man they met, "How far is it to Yonkers?" "Five miles," he replied. After walking on for some time they inquired again from a second passer-by. "Five miles," he also answered. They pursued their journey, and after a time asked a third man. "It's just five miles," was the third reply. "Well," said one Irishman to the other, "we're holding our own, anyway." But they were not really holding their own, for while they were getting no nearer, they were all the time using up strength. So it is in life; we must do more than just hold our own, if we would really make progress.

3933. Promise, A Timely. Dr. Horton had to undergo months of treatment by an oculist. One day he was waiting in the oculist's consulting room, not knowing whether or not the remainder of his life was to be passed in darkness, when he put his hand into his pocket and drew out his little Bible—not to read it, but to see if he could. As he opened it his eyes fell on the text in second Samuel: "For thou art my lamp, O Lord; and the Lord will lighten my darkness." "I had not been aware of the very existence of this text," he said, "and I do not know who but an angel can have led me to it; but I felt that whether I received my sight or not those words were enough for me, and from that time I seemed to know that I should not die, but live to proclaim the word of this life."

3934. Promises. See **God and Grace.**

3935. Promises, Clinging to. A drummer boy lay dying in the City Point hospital. The words, "Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," etc., were read to him. He asked that they be repeated again and again. Blindness came to him. He asked that his hand might be placed on those words. Then he wanted the promise laid close to his breast, so that he could press it close to his heart. And thus clinging to the promise he entered into his rest.

3936. Promises, Depending on. A simple man who carried on his business in Manchester, about whose integrity certain rumors were abroad, was asked, "Do you never fear you will break?" "Ay," said the man emphatically, "I shall break when the Fiftieth Psalm breaks in the fifteenth verse, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee.'"—*Christian Herald.*

3937. Promises, God's. God's promises are ever on the ascending scale. One leads up to another, fuller and more blessed than itself. In Mesopotamia, God said, "I will show thee the land." Later, "I will give thee all the land, and children innumerable as the grains of sand." And even these promises were eclipsed. It is thus that God allures us to saintliness; not giving anything till we have dared to act—that he may test us; not giving everything at first—that he may not overwhelm us. And always keeping in hand an infinite reserve of blessing. Oh, the unexplored remainders of God! Who ever saw his last star?—F. B. MEYER, D.D.

3938. Promises, God's. On every pack-

age sent out by a certain printer in a large city is an impressive trademark. It is simply a circle within which is his name and the words, "I never disappoint." Every promise of the Lord ever made to his people might have borne that legend.

3939. Promises, God's. When I was a boy, and was sent out to water the garden, that garden filled with my mother's favorite flowers, I was accustomed to give myself pleasure by making rainbows. How did I make them? Why, I just turned the nozzle of the hose into the sunshine, and the rainbow would appear. I helped to do there on a small scale what the sun often does on a large scale, when behind the retreating shower he springs the iris bow of triumph. My youthful sport gave me a bit of philosophy for future use. We can make our own rainbows. How? By turning our disappointments into the light of God's promises. Look at the gorgeous colors that come into view beneath the brilliance of the text: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." That is one of the best rainbow-makers of the whole Bible.

3940. Promises, Implied. When a boy or a girl enters a school there is an implied promise of observing the rules of the school. When any one accepts a situation, there is an implied promise of being faithful in the duties of that situation. When we take up a task, we promise at least ourselves that we will finish the task. When we invite a guest to our home, we imply a promise to look out for the guest's comfort and happiness. When we give an order for work to be done, we imply a promise to pay for it, and with reasonable promptness. So it runs through all the relations of life. Most promises are implied and not made specifically, but they are none the less binding on that account.

3941. Promises, Keeping Our. It is a serious offense in business circles to draw a check on a bank with no money in the bank with which to pay the check. If the goods are obtained in return for the check it amounts to downright stealing. What but the passing of a worthless check is it if we promise anything to God or man and have back of our promise no determination or intention to fulfill it? Should we not be as careful of our honor when we speak a promise as when we write one?

3942. Promises Kept. A minister going to church one Lord's Day morning, when the weather was extremely cold and

stormy, was overtaken by one of his neighbors, who, shivering, said to him, "It's very cold, sir." "Oh," replied the minister, "God is as good as his word still." The other, not understanding his drift, asked him what he meant. "Mean," replied he, "why He promised about three thousand years ago, and still makes his word good, that 'while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, shall not cease.'"—WHITECROSS.

3943. Promises Accepted Literally. Edward Irving was once called to the bedside of a dying man. Presently he returned and beckoned one of his friends to accompany him. The reason was that he held literally to the Scriptural promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done."

3944. Promises to One's Self. We are likely to think that promises made to one's self are not binding, but that we may break them with impunity. On the contrary, we should be as punctilious regarding them as in the case of a promissory note. The story is told of Gladstone that one day he started out on a long walk in the pouring rain, and did not return for some hours. When asked why he did it, he replied that he had formed a plan to take that walk, and did not intend to weaken his will power by retreating from the purpose he had formed. That was perhaps carrying the matter a little too far, but who will doubt that the principle involved was what made and kept Gladstone the "grand old man" of Great Britain?

3945. Promises, Our Modified. There is a Persian fable to the effect that a peasant, seeing an egg floating in the river, tried to fish it out and fell in. The water was deep and he could not swim, so in his terror he prayed to Allah to help him out, promising that, if God did so, he himself would never eat another egg. Instantly a branch of a tree presented itself, which the man seized, and with its help pulled himself up on the bank. Thereupon he shook off the dripping water and remarked, "I suppose, O Allah, that of course you understood me to say raw eggs." That fable illustrates exactly the way in which many persons, on making a promise to either God or man, at once, instead of thinking how splendidly they can fulfill it, go about seeking to pare it down and render it meaningless.

3946. Promises, Political. It is well that our nation has come to watch with

more care the promises of party platforms and of candidates, to see how well they are kept when the party goes into power and the candidates are elected to office. A declaration of principles implies a promise to try to carry them out. If the party or the candidate fails in these without any good reason, a repudiation at the poles is the next thing in order. Pledge-keeping is as much an element of political success as of success in business.

3947. Promises Proved. The story is told of an old man who was visited by the minister. He was held fast to his chair with rheumatism, but he had his Bible open in front of him. The minister noticed that the word "proved" was written continually in the margin. He turned over a few pages and found: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." "Proved." And so it went on through the book. The dear old man had taken God's book and written his own experience on the margin. Beside each promise as he had found it come true in his own life he had written, "Proved."

3948. Promises, Testing God's. A new customer of a bank had just deposited \$100. A few minutes afterward he drew a check for \$10 and presented it to the cashier, who remarked, "You needed money quite quickly, didn't you?" "No," was the reply, "I didn't need it, but I just wanted to test the bank."

We profess confidence in God's promises and resources and many times treat him with suspicion. We sing, "God will take care of you," and then resort to sharp practices in business to meet our obligations.

3949. Promises Trusted. Spurgeon tells that when a certain negro was asked how he believed, he said, "Massa, dis is how I believe: I fall flat down on the promise; I can't fall no lower."

3950. Promises, Unkept. A furniture dealer promised to have some furniture for a summer camp at the dock at a certain hour, and added, "If it isn't there promptly at the hour, you may know that I am dead." It was not there at the time set, and the purchaser, going up to the village with a long face, said, "Too bad about Mr. Smith!" "Why, what about Mr. Smith?" "Don't you know he is dead?" was the answer. By and by along came Mr. Smith with the promised load of furniture. "What do you mean," he asked angrily, "telling every one that I am dead?" "You told

me so yourself," said the purchaser of the furniture, and reminded him of his words the day before. Many a man is as good as dead so far as keeping his promise is concerned.

3951. Promises, Value of God's. Mr. Spurgeon used to tell of a poor woman who framed a check for twelve thousand dollars, which had been given to her by a dying friend. She had no idea that it was of any immediate use, and retained it as a keepsake. Mr. Spurgeon soon turned it into cash for a comfortable competence for her. What a blessing it would be if we could translate God's love and power and promises into present possession!—*Sunday Circle*.

3952. Promises, Worth of. If a beggar should draw a check for a million dollars, people would laugh at him, and his check would be only waste paper; but if Rockefeller should draw such a check any bank would gladly accept it. It would be as good as gold, because every one knows that Rockefeller is worth many times that amount. So it is with a promise: It is worth no more than the man that makes it is worth. What is your promise worth? Do people laugh at it, toss it aside as worthless, or do they accept it at once at its face value? You can put back of every word you utter the value of a priceless character.

3953. Promptness. A manufacturer, about to establish an agency in a distant city, had in his employ two young men whom he regarded highly, and both of whom he would like to advance to the coveted position. As it could go to only one, he watched the men closely for some time, while trying to decide which he should send to represent his interests. One of the young men was an industrious plodder, always punctual to the minute. The other was a much more brilliant fellow, who did his work well and easily, made friends readily, and was universally popular; but he made promises carelessly, forgetting them almost as soon as they were made. Finally the employer invited both of these young men to dine with him on a certain evening at exactly seven o'clock. The plodder presented himself to his host as the clock was striking, and they two immediately sat down to dinner. Five minutes later the other guest appeared with a laughing apology for being late, which, he said, was entirely the fault of his watch. On the following day the appointment, with a large increase of salary, was given to him who had learned the business value

of promptness. The young man had learned that habit through "holding fast" against the stress of temptation, and it is so in every department of life.

3954. Propaganda, Value of Religious. A clergyman in England asked a dying Christian woman where she found the Saviour; and she gave him a piece of paper torn from an American journal containing part of one of Spurgeon's sermons. The scrap had been wrapped around a package that came to her from Australia. The words of Spurgeon were read by her and were the means of leading her to Christ.

Commenting on this incident, a writer says: "Think of it; a sermon preached in England, printed in America, in some way coming to Australia, a part of it used as wrapping paper there, coming back to England and being the means of converting this woman."

What an encouragement there is in such an incident for those who preach the Gospel by means of printer's ink! Tracts and religious papers have been wonderfully used of God in the salvation of souls.—T. DARLEY ALLEN.

3955. Prophet, A Modern. "A modern prophet" is what Bishop C. E. Locke terms Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler. When Bishop Locke was pastor in Brooklyn he knew Dr. Cuyler, then an old man, and he has recorded this incident as an illustration of Dr. Cuyler's prophetic vision: "The fine old church edifice which he erected about the beginning of the Civil War, and which in its imposing Gothic architecture is one of the most beautiful houses of worship in the metropolis, is furnished with two lofty spires. In one of these spires a brass plate was hidden in solid masonry which bore the inscription, 'When this is seen again there will not be a bondsman underneath the Stars and Stripes.' In the other twin spire another brass plate had engraved upon it, 'When this is seen again there will not be a drunkard underneath the Stars and Stripes'; and no man more heroically than he helped to bring about the glad consummation of his dreams."—*The Christian Century*.

3956. Prosperity. Prosperity lets go the bridle.—GEORGE HERBERT.

3957. Prosperity. It requires a strong constitution to withstand repeated attacks of prosperity.—J. L. BASFORD.

3958. Prosperity, Danger of. It is said that the south wall of Whitby Abbey is more dilapidated than the north wall; the heat of the sun has been more de-

structive than the angry tempests from the North Sea. The bright sunshine of prosperity has often proved more ruinous to human character than all the tempests of adversity.—DR. W. L. WATKINSON.

3959. Prosperity, Harmed by. The Arabs say, "All sunshine makes a desert." And they ought to know, for they are familiar with vast tracts of sand on which nothing grows. Eliphaz says, in Job 15:21, "In prosperity the destroyer shall come." And Solomon says even more pointedly, in Prov. 1:32, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." We need clouds and storms as well as sunshine.—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

3960. Prosperity, Smothered by. Too long a period of fair weather in the Italian valleys creates such a superabundance of dust that the traveler sighs for a shower. He is smothered, his clothes are white, his eyes smart, the grit even grates between his teeth and finds its way down his throat. Prosperity long continued breeds a plague of dust even more injurious, for it almost blinds the spirit and insinuates itself into the soul; a shower or two of grief proves a mighty blessing, for it deprives the things of earth of somewhat of their smothering power.—C. H. SPURGEON.

3961. Prosperity, Too Much. Prosperity too often has the same effect on a Christian that a calm at sea has on a Dutch mariner; who frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk, and goes to sleep.—BISHOP HORNE.

3962. Prosperity, Too Much. Wireless telegraphy, which played so great a part in the naval warfare, making communication possible between ships at a long distance from one another and also between ship and shore, has one disadvantage of which people are not aware. It is interfered with, not by rough weather, but by bright sunshine! It is, indeed, one of the most remarkable things about the Hertzian waves, upon which wireless telegraphy is based, that while fogs, clouds, and mists have no effect in the direction of absorbing them, they are so peculiarly susceptible to sunshine that on a bright sunny day the distance to which a message can be sent is much less than the distance possible at night. At the Marconi stations the power required during the daytime is in some cases several times that necessary during the hours of darkness, and, as far as possible, long distance messages are reserved for trans-

mission after sunset. So some characters are spoiled by the sunshine of prosperity, though the storms of adversity would be powerless to affect them.

3963. Prosperity, Soul. "Yes, I saw considerable of John," said the member of the family who had been away among friends. "John is getting on in the world." There was a moment's pause and then the gray-haired mother by the fireside asked, "Which world?"—*The Expositor*.

3964. Protection, God's. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." What child of God was ever permitted to fall lower than God's "underneath"?—H. GILL.

3965. Proverbs, Use of. John Stuart Blackie once in expressing a proper pride in the wisdom of the Scots people, their prudence, foresight, "canniness," declared that he believed those solid old-fashioned virtues were due to the long-time Scottish custom of printing the Book of Proverbs in separate form, which the plowman and the workingman carried in their pockets and read as they found moments of rest.—W. H. ROGERS.

3966. Providence. See God. See Thanksgiving Day.

3967. Providence. I asked a hermit once in Italy how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation. He replied that "Providence was his very next-door neighbor."—STERNE.

3968. Providence.

God smiles as He has always smiled;
Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled
The Heavens, God thought on me His child;

Ordained a life for me, arrayed
Its circumstances, every one
To the minutest; ay, God said
This head, this hand should rest upon
Thus, ere He fashioned star or sun.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

3969. Providence. We are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but if things go awry, then we think, if there is a God, he is in heaven, and not on earth.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

3970. Providence. In the quaint old English town of Chester there stands on one of the principal streets a house which is known as "God's Providence House," because of an inscription which was placed upon the front of it a long time ago. The inscription says, "God's providence is mine inheritance." Many thousands of persons have read that in-

scription, and every one of them might truly have said to himself, "I myself am really living in God's Providence House." For what else is the world?

3971. Providence. It is well known that the late President Roosevelt was very near-sighted and was compelled to carry with him two different pairs of glasses, one for near, the other for distant vision. On the evening that he was shot in the city of Milwaukee by Schrenk, the surgeon who was examining the wounded man handed the steel spectacle case to him with the remark that its presence in his pocket by breaking the force of the bullet and deflecting its course from his heart had undoubtedly saved his life. "Well, now, that's strange," said Mr. Roosevelt, as he took the case with the shattered spectacles. "I've always considered the burden and handicap of having to carry those two pairs of glasses, especially these heavy ones that were in this case, as a very sore one, and here at last they have been the means of saving my life." It is not always easy to trace the hand of God in the events of our lives, but often, as in this case, it is possible to do so to a large extent.

3972. Providence, A Favoring. Dan Crawford tells of an experience he and his party had while returning to his African mission field after a furlough. A stream to be crossed was in flood, and there were no boats. Haste in getting back was important. The missionaries camped and prayed. After a time a tall tree which had battled with the river for a century, perhaps, began to totter, and then fell—clear across the stream. "The Royal Engineers of Heaven," Mr. Crawford said, "had laid a pontoon bridge for God's servants."

3973. Providence and Man's Freedom. Every one knows the beautiful downy head that succeeds the gaudy yellow flower of the common dandelion. It is composed of the delicate feather-winged seeds which the wind carries from place to place, so as to spread the plant as widely as possible in situations suitable for its growth. To country children it often serves as a rustic clock. They blow away the little feathery seeds in order to find out the time of day from the number of those that remain behind on the cushioned summit of the stem. All the little folks think of is their own amusement, and yet in this trivial pastime they are fulfilling one of the most important purposes of Nature, viz., the

dispersion of the seed and the clothing of the earth with life and beauty. Are there not children of a larger growth who fulfill the great purposes of God while carrying out their own designs?

3974. Providence, Care of. A sparrow had built its nest in a freight car which had been ordered to the shops for repair; and when the car was in order and started again into service a nest of young sparrows seemed about to be robbed of a mother's care. But, though the car traveled several hundred miles, the mother-bird would not desert her young. The sympathy of the trainmen was touched, and they notified the division superintendent, who ordered the car out of commission until the little birds were able to care for themselves. If a great railroad system can be ordered so as to protect helpless sparrows, is it hard to believe that the great Superintendent of the universe orders all things for the good of his children?—*Christian Observer*.

3975. Providence, God's. "Would you not be afraid to ride in the kind of chariot Elijah had?" asked one child of another. "Not if God drove it," was the reply.—*Christian Advocate*.

3976. Providence, God's.
"Dis-appointment—His appointment:
Change one letter, then I see
That the thwarting of his purpose
Is God's better plan for me."

3977. Providence, God's Watchful. It is said that just before the batteries opened fire at the Battle of Gettysburg, an officer noticed a mother bird sitting beside her nest pouring forth a flood of song. Then the long day through, the cannon roared and the shell shrieked and the cries of wounded men were everywhere, but in the moments of occasional cessation from firing, the officer saw that the little bird took up its song. So it is that the children of God are given songs in the night of conflict and agony.

Once, a bird's nest was seen on a slender limb, hanging over the mighty Niagara. There the bird nested and sang amid the roar of the cataract, as joyous as though far away from danger. The birds do not worry about being protected amidst terrors, being fed in hunger, housed in storms or hanging over precipices of danger. They sing on, in beautiful faith and trust. Our Lord uses them as an illustration of what our faith should be. We should consider the birds, for they have neither storehouses nor

barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. How much better are ye than the fowls of the air?

The birds come and go, but we go forever. Should we not sing in the evening time with the robins, "He giveth His beloved sleep," and rise with the lark in the morning, chanting, "When I am awake, I am still with Thee"? The whole round world was created for us, with all its animal life; therefore we should not doubt God's providence. He that careth for the sparrow will watch over his children. We certainly need his providential care, for our journey is through deserts of drought, valleys of sorrow, perils of enemies.—REV. E. W. CASWELL, D.D.

3978. Providence of God. One of the three letters written by the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo was a brief note, which, having enumerated some who had fallen, ended thus: "I have escaped unhurt; the finger of Providence was on me."—*Biblical Museum*.

3979. Providence and Grace. Some one once said to Dr. Joseph Parker, "Why did Christ choose Judas?" and Dr. Parker replied, "I have a bigger mystery than that. Why did he choose me?"—J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

3980. Providence, A Parable of. A curious story is told of Raphael's famous picture, the "Sistine Madonna." The background of the picture is formed of clouds. For many years the masterpiece hung in its gallery uncleaned, until it was begrimed with dirt. The background of clouds had all the appearance of storm-clouds, dark and full of threatening. Then one day the picture was cleaned and the cleaning led to a discovery. The background, it was found, was "composed not of atmospheric clouds at all, but of multitudes of angel faces luminously massed together."

For years, because of their imperfect vision, men had misconceived the nature of the background. And there is much in the artistry of life subject to similar misconceptions. We imagine there are clouds full of threatening, where with clearer vision we should recognize angel faces. We see a "frowning Providence," whereas just behind there is a "smiling face." We turn what ought to be a place of quiet confidence into a place of manifold fear.

3981. Providence, Love In. I saw a mother force her fever-stricken child into a bath of cold water. He cried with

pain, but she was relentless. His teeth chattered, his frame shook with agony, but she was relentless. Oh, cruel mother, have you no love for your child? Have you no pity? Have you no chord of tenderness that vibrates at his helpless cry? I looked a second time, and lo, the fever had fled, and the child was resting quietly.

3982. Providence, Protecting. When I was in England a lady told me a sweet story illustrative of what it is to have Christ between us and everything else. She said she was wakened up by a very strange noise of pecking, or something of the kind, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window-pane in great fright, and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly was as safe as if it had been three miles away, because of the glass between it and the sparrow.

So it is with Christians who are abiding in Christ. His presence is between them and every danger. I do not believe that Satan understands about this mighty and invisible power that protects us, or else he would not waste his efforts by trying to get us. He must be like the sparrow—he does not see it; and Christians are like the butterfly—they do not see it, and so they are frightened, and flutter backward and forward in terror; but all the while Satan cannot touch the soul that has the Lord Jesus Christ between itself and him.

3983. Providence, Protection of. Three Sacred Men, sorcerers, who claimed the power of life and death, publicly affirmed their intention to kill Paton by "Nahok," or sorcery, before the next Sabbath. An essential of their black art was to get possession of any piece of any fruit or food the victim had eaten. Paton asked a near-by native to hand him three fruits, similar to our plums. Taking a bite out of each, he openly handed them to the Sacred Men, and publicly challenged them to kill him by sorcery, without arrow, spear, club, or musket. The next Sabbath dawned peacefully, and in more than his usual health Paton entered the village. The natives looked at each other in terror, as if it could not really be Paton spared and well. The three Sacred Men, on being asked, admitted that they had tried to kill Paton by "Nahok," but had failed, and being further questioned why they had failed they gave the acute and subtle reply that Paton also was himself a Sacred Man,

and that his God, being stronger, had protected him from their gods.—JOHN G. PATON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

3984. Providences, Remarkable. "I had a most remarkable preservation to-day," said one minister to another at a clerical gathering; "my horse stumbled, and it was by a special providence that I was not killed on the spot." The other minister replied: "I have still more reason to be thankful, for my horse never stumbled at all." How many of us awake in the morning after riding all night in a sleeping-car, and especially render thanks that the train did not shoot the track during the hours of darkness? But if the train had actually been pitched down an embankment, and we had escaped unhurt, we should throw ourselves down on our knees and pour out our thanks to God for a wonderful preservation. I suspect that when God said, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me," he had reference to the habitually thankful souls who recognize his loving kindness every hour and under every kind of providences.—T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

3985. Providence and Safety. Israel moved in safety because at God's command; the Egyptians going over the same ground, were destroyed because they were not with God. No place is so safe as the place of danger if we are there at God's command. At the Battle of Waterloo it is said that a rich Brussels merchant found his way to the headquarters of the Duke of Wellington and asked him if he were not afraid of his life with all the shot and shell flying around him. "You may well be afraid," replied the Duke, "for you have no business here; but I am doing my duty."—REV. W. HOUGHTON.

3986. Providence and Tests. A distinguished artist, lately speaking to some students on artistic composition, declared it to be a wrong thing pictorially to have a picture of woodland or forest without showing a path leading out of it. When the true artist paints a landscape he invariably gives some suggestion of a path which can carry the eye out of the picture. Otherwise the tangle of trees and undergrowth would suffocate us, or the wide trackless spaces dismay us. So God ever provides a way of escape for his children.—*Sunday at Home*.

3987. Providence Should Be Trusted. "Said the Robin to the Sparrow,

'I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so?'

"Said the Sparrow to the Robin,
'Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me.'"

—ELIZABETH CHENEY.

3988. Providence Working. A dear old saint who had seen much trouble, and was in dire need, was asked if she ever felt like murmuring. She replied, "When I do, I just ask the Lord to put me in the easy chair, and keep me quiet." The visitor, seeing no easy chair about, asked what she meant. "My easy chair," she said, "is Romans 8:28: 'All things work together for good to them that love God.'"—*Record of Christian Work*.

3989. Providential Plans. Nearly half a century ago, in October, a great city in the West was burning. Day after day the flames licked up stores and factories, churches and homes, until two hundred thousand people were shelterless. An old man, a Quaker, seemed not at all perturbed by the disaster. Some one said to him, "You don't seem to appreciate the fact that this is the last chapter for us." He smiled as he replied, "God begins to write anew when men lay down the pen."—*Christian Herald*.

3990. Provision, Secret of. It is said there is at a railroad station in Sweden a sign which says, "You will find good bread, and meat, and wine at Trocatia, if you take them with you." This is what Daniel did. He took his Deliverer with him into the lions' den, and the king knew it. Hence his assurance of deliverance for Daniel. What blessed security for the believer, "Your life is hid with Christ in God."—ROE FULKERSON.

3991. Pulpit and Preacher. The pulpit is a clergyman's parade; the parish is his field of active service.—SOUTHEY.

3992. Punctuality. I give it as my deliberate and solemn conviction that the individual who is habitually tardy in meeting an appointment will never be respected or successful in life.—REV. W. FISK.

3993. Punishment. The object of punishment is prevention from evil; it never can be made impulsive to good.—HORACE MANN.

3994. Punishment, Eternal. The Belides were fifty maidens, daughters of Danaus. They all murdered their husbands on their wedding night. For this crime they are obliged to draw water from a deep well until they have filled an immense sieve. Their punishment is therefore eternal.

3995. Punishment, Slow but Sure.

Nemesis was the goddess of just vengeance. It was her duty to follow and punish the guilty. She had wings, but generally went on foot. This signified that the punishment of crime, although sure, is generally slow. An ancient poet says:

"Vengeance divine to punish sin moves slow,
The slower is its pace, the surer is its blow."

3996. **Purity.** See **Impurity.**

3997. **Purity.** The smallest speck is seen on snow.—GAY.

3998. **Purity.** While our hearts are pure, our lives are happy and our peace is sure.—WILLIAM WINTER.

3999. **Purity.** Wickedness is not wit, and filthiness is not fun. Moral baseness in conversation is suggestive of mental barrenness. There are foul-mouthed specimens of animalism who are ready to tell you the best story they have ever heard. If you are so unwise as to listen, it usually turns out to be the worst story you have ever heard.

4000. **Purity.** There is many a man who would never tell a filthy story, but who, nevertheless, is prepared to listen to one. There are many people from whose lips there never proceeds a foul jest, but who are quite ready to laugh at one. It is recorded of King Arikur's knights that they neither spake scandal, "no, nor listened to it."—REV. J. H. JOWETT.

4001. **Purity.** "Can a man reach a point where he will not be tempted or yield to impurity?" asks Henry B. Wright. Then he answers: "The human mind is like a camera film. After exposure to an impure thought or suggestion it is possible to do one of two things, either to delay and develop the plate which fixes the picture permanently, or instantly to flood the plate with the Light of Jesus—then the picture is forever destroyed. This latter is what is meant by 'putting on' Jesus."—*The Expositor*.

4002. **Purity, Heart.** In one of the Virginia campaigns General Grant and his staff were gathered one evening in a country farm-house, the officers about the fire and Grant a little removed, with his chin on his breast, sitting in silence. The officers were telling stories. Presently one of them said, "I have a very good story to tell," and then to indicate what was coming he added, "I think there are no ladies here." There was an expectant ripple of laughter, in the midst

of which General Grant looked up and quietly remarked, "No, but there are gentlemen here." The story was not told. Do we need argument to show us that gentlemen must be of clean hearts?—ROBERT E. SPEER.

4003. **Purity, Heart.** A girl in Sunday School had read the beatitudes in Matthew and was asked which of the things mentioned there she would most like to have. She said: "A pure heart." When asked why she preferred that, she said: "If my heart were pure, I believe I would have all the other virtues mentioned in this chapter." And she was right.

4004. **Purity of Heart.** Ludwig Richter, the German painter, used to relate with considerable emotion, that his mother repeatedly told him, when he would meet temptation, to repeat the beatitudes. But the word she was wont to add: "Blessed are the pure in heart," you should repeat seven times. "How often," says Richter in his autobiography, "have I felt the power of these holy words, especially when I remembered that in my distant home mother was, perhaps in the hour of my temptation, raising her voice in intercession for her son."

This same man wrote in the space under his portrait the words of Goethe: "Great thoughts and a pure heart, these we should ask of God."

4005. **Purity, Lesson of.** In his lecture on Old Japan, Burton Holmes tells of a custom of the Japanese on approaching the sacred precincts of the temples of Nikko. Each man fastens a piece of clean, white paper over his mouth, that no breath of his may in any way contaminate the sacred buildings.

Jesus had no fear of contamination from those who came to him. Foul and unclean they might be, stained with every sin, outcast of men, but "he healed them all," and with his cleansing power washed their hearts, that as "the pure in heart" they "might see God."

4006. **Purity, Need of.** The human soul is a mirror on which the light of God shines, and only the pure mirror reflects the perfect image. Skillful artisans make the great object glasses with which the mysteries of the stars are disclosed. The slightest flaw or speck blurs the image, but with the perfect glass, stars unseen by any eye throughout the history of the world, are in our days to be discovered. It is a parable of the soul. Each film on the object glass of character obscures the heavenly vision, but to the pure life, truth undiscernible by

others breaks upon the reverent gaze, and the blessed vision is revealed to the pure in heart.

4007. Purity in Speech. An unclean incident is a reflection upon your mother, an insult to your sister, an indignity to your fair friend, and a dishonor to the magnificent manhood of America, of which you are a representative.

4008. Purity in Speech. The fact that some very good men sometimes tell stories that are not so good as they ought to be simply proves that such men are not as good as such men ought to be.

4009. Purpose. *See Success in Life. See Persistence.*

4010. Purpose. Purpose is what gives life a meaning.—CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

4011. Purpose. A man's longest purposes will be his best purposes. It is true, life is short and uncertain; but it is better to live on the short arc of a large circle than to describe the whole circumference of a small circle.—CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

4012. Purpose. Purpose directs energy, and purpose makes energy.—CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

4012. Purpose, Singleness of. It is said to be almost axiomatic with artists that you "can't work by two lights." If one expects to have the proper effect of light and shade he must have one definite, clear, strong light. Said an artist to me in his studio recently, "My studio is a northern exposure, the northern light always being the softest. I always work by one light." He sets his easel so that the light from the throne of God will be thrown upon his work. He paints the image of Christ on all that he does. God's first work of creation was to give light to the senses. His last was to enlighten the reason and his continuous work to-day is to enlighten the spiritual man. Man must do his work either in the light of God or in the artificial light of Satan. He cannot work by the natural and artificial light combined. The one hinders or eclipses the other. You cannot work by two lights any more than you can serve both God and mammon. Are you working by the light which giveth life or by the light that lures to destruction?

4013. Purpose, Unswerving. Adverse circumstances are not to be taken as an adverse Providence. A vessel has sometimes to sail against the very wind that is its only reliance for propulsion. To

do this, it pursues a zigzag course, or "tacks" from side to side. No mere onlooker could tell whether the sailor was heading for the shore, or whether his goal was a distant point down stream which must be reached in the teeth of the wind. Every one who has a well-defined purpose in life must make up his mind that the wind will often be against him. Shall he give up? Shall he reef his sails, lie idly in the bottom of his boat? A boy of fifteen made up his mind that he would be a professor of science. He started as a typesetter, ran a small grocery, obtained a clerkship, entered college for a scientific course, worked where he could during vacations, headed the college athletic association, became a tutor in a new and rising college, and was finally elected to a professorship. "Everybody blamed me," he says, "for not sticking at one thing, but I had my eye on this from the time I was fifteen." He had no money to start with. But he had a fixed purpose. He had to tack his vessel so that he was censured as unstable and fickle. But he knew that God's hand was in the opposing wind, and that God meant him to find out how to grasp that almighty hand and pull himself along by it. "It was a fortunate thing," he says, "that I had no money at the start."—*S. S. Times.*

4014. Purposeful Living. "A man may have noble aims and yet be a very poor shot," says a shrewd paragraph writer. Selecting a good mark is one thing, but acquiring the skill that enables one to hit it is a different and much more toilsome matter. Many persons seem to think that if only they have chosen a target which is above criticism, any amount of poor marksmanship may be condoned. "I aim to do about right," is a phrase frequently heard from persons whose careless, self-filled days seem to be flying very much at random.

A purposeless life is a life without value, but to have a worthy aim means far more than having some hazy ideas of goodness and usefulness, and firing an occasional arrow of effort in their direction. The marksman gains his skill by patient, tireless practice, and we need not flatter ourselves that we are really aiming at anything which we are not resolutely determined to reach—which we are not willing to give earnest effort to attain. We accomplish nothing by boasting of our target while we are indolently content to be "poor shots."

4015. Quarreling. In the *Washington*

Star appears the story of a friendly argument that arose between two young chaplains of different denominations, in which the senior chaplain rather cleverly got the better of his opponent.

"Let us bury the hatchet, my brother," he said. "After all, we are both doing the Lord's work, are we not?"

"We certainly are," said the junior chaplain, quite disarmed.

"Let us, then, do it to the best of our ability, you in your way, and I in his."—*Youth's Companion*.

4016. Quarrels, Church. Stonewall Jackson went out one night alone and in secrecy to observe his army. On his return to the camp there was a rattle of musketry and the hero-schoolmaster lay dying. He had been mistaken for a foe and had been slain by his friends. I have known in the church of God men as brave as Stonewall Jackson, fighting for God and truth. I have seen them shot down by friends through criticism, ostracism and rejection, because they did not believe in a certain system of theology or shout certain shibboleths or wear a certain form of ecclesiastical livery.—IRA LANDRITH, D.D.

4017. Quarrels, Ending.

"There is a cunning little proverb
From the sunny land of Spain,
But in northland or in southland,
Is its meaning true and plain;
Write it deep within your heart,
Neither lose nor lend it—

'Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.'"

4018. Quarrels, Religious. A man was seen hurrying along over the frozen ground in the direction of the church. An acquaintance called to him, "Where are you going?"

"To the parish meeting."

"What is to be done?"

"I don't know."

"Then what are you going for?"

"I am going to oppose 'em."

He belonged to the opposition. He did not propose anything, nor believe in anything, nor help to advance the business. His whole object in life was to combat those that did.

4019. Quarrels, Religious. Professor Drummond tells the following story of a couple of missionaries and their wives on one of the Pacific islands. The natives were a fierce set of cannibals. At one end of the island lived a missionary and his wife, at the other end another missionary and his wife. No tidings from the outside world reached them

except about once in six months. One would have thought that the two families would meet frequently for strength and solace; but they never spoke; they never met. They had quarreled, and now one never recognized the other. What had happened? In translating the New Testament together into the language of the natives, they had differed as to the word by which the name of God was to be rendered. And his name is *Love!*—*The Christian*.

4020. Radio Attunement. The radio teaches with compelling force the absolute necessity of being "in tune with the Infinite," if we are to hold any communication whatsoever with the Divine One who inhabiteth eternity. It is a commonplace of radio that two stations cannot communicate with each other except they be in tune; and the moment we apprehend this there rushes upon us a flood of spiritual applications, as to wherein consists the harmony which makes it possible for the human soul to hear God and communicate with him; as to what things destroy spiritual consonance and put the soul out of tune with God; and as to how it would be possible for a soul out of tune with God to recover that lost accord, or to get into tune with the Infinite for the first time. And so here is a surprising enlargement of the realm of religious symbolism, or teaching by true parable. Also the whole subject of prayer comes in here, and radio illustrations help much to light up the mysteries of this ever-appealing problem whether and how God does hear and answer prayer.—REV. R. C. HALLOCK, D.D.

4021. Radio and Attunement to God. Since all receiving stations must be attuned to the central broadcasting station, if we think of that great broadcasting station as representing God "who giveth to all life and breath and all things," at once a whole group of spiritual lessons come flocking. We are reminded that since the receiving station must be attuned to the broadcaster, and not vice versa, just so we must get our souls into tune with God, not expect him to be assimilated to our selfishness, folly and sin.—REV. R. C. HALLOCK, D.D.

4022. Radio and Attunement to God and Each Other. There is the beautiful suggestion in the study of radio that as all receiving stations attuned to the broadcasting station find that by virtue of such harmony they can each communicate with the others, just so all

Christian souls spiritually attuned to God find themselves in tune with each other, speak and understand the same spiritual language. Conversely, one who finds his own spirit out of tune with the spirit of the great body of fellow Christians may well seriously question whether he himself have not fallen out of tune with God. Many other such spiritual analogies there are in the radio.—REV. R. C. HALLOCK, D.D.

4023. Radio Brings the Invisible Near.

The radio has seemingly brought the invisible world near. It has made it much more real and apprehensible by our human mind. No thoughtful man can sit before a Magnavox, or even hearken into a receiver, hear the clear and natural tones of a human voice speaking to him out of absolute silence and void from two thousand miles away, and not have a solemn realization of the actuality of that viewless spiritual world and the inhabitants thereof, who somehow might speak to our souls across illimitable void spaces. And if the voice talking through that radio receiver suddenly proved to be the voice of a friend speaking in direct personal message to yourself, you would almost inevitably speak out in answer to your friend before you realized! He seemed so near, and to be listening for your reply! Is it any wonder, then, that sometimes it seems to us as though we might any hour chance to get into communication with unseen dwellers in "that outer infinite"? And so we find in this experience a wonderfully appealing illustration and analogy by which to make real the things which lie beyond our mortal ken, but which by faith may be brought into most intimate communion with our souls.—REV. R. C. HALLOCK, D.D.

4024. Radio Guiding Airships. Here's another score for the radio. It can now make for aircraft a pathway through the ether, which a ship can follow, just as a boy can run down a country lane. This promises a solution of one of the most difficult problems of aviation, as the use of a compass, due to the difficulty of neutralizing the pull of the ship, is all but impossible. According to tests already made, it apparently would be possible for a pilot to guide his plane blindfolded so far as his lateral course is concerned.

The most important test was made recently at Dayton, O., when a pilot guided his plane to a point 1,000 miles away with no other direction than the new radio

device. The method involves a new radio beacon, developed by the new United States bureau of standards, the department of commerce, the United States signal corps and the army air service. In the pilot's radio receiver the letters A and T are constantly repeated. If he is flying on the course for which the signals have been set, the letters are equal in sound. But if he swerves to the slightest degree to one side, one letter becomes louder and the other weaker, and he is directed back to his course. An ordinary airplane receiving set was used in the Dayton test.

The device consists of two coil antennæ, placed to cross each other at an angle of 135 degrees. Each is a single turn of wire, 100 feet long and fifty feet high. The transmitting set is automatically connected first with one and then with the other, one letter of the signal being sent over each. A receiving set located along the line, bisecting the angle between the coils, will therefore receive signals of equal intensity from both—as long as the ship keeps exactly in this angle. The pilot is thus made independent of conditions of visibility, and an airplane can be guided in a dense fog.

It brings back to memory the opening lines of the old hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

How foolish it seems to cavil at the wonders of God's answers to prayer, when man can thus speak through the great silent spaces by radio. Surely God who made man can and does speak to his child.

4025. Radio Illustrates Healing. A woman crept up behind Jesus. Though distressed of body her soul was full of hope and was keyed up to the wonderful reservoir of Christ's healing power. She did not touch him. She but touched the hem of his garment and lo! like a radio flash came her healing. Christ still lives and there is still healing for the sick soul that moment it tunes in with him.—REV. J. W. WHILANS.

4026. Radio, High Octaves. Alexander Graham Bell was a teacher of vocal physiology and knew that the vibration of the vocal cords make the sound of the human voice. He lived, moved, thought, and had his very being in vibrations, and he held that all our knowledge of the outside world comes to us through waves or vibrations.

Music is vibration of sound, the different colors are due to vibrations of light, heat comes to us in vibrations and so does cold. Bell made something of his theory and on that great day when he got an electric current to carry the vibrations of the human voice the telephone was born.

Science at present knows sixty-four octaves of vibration, an octave being here what it is in sound, the highest note having double the vibrations of the lowest note. Imagine a piano, instead of having only a few octaves, possessing sixty-four. Near the bottom of this long scale are the eleven octaves of sound which the unaided ear is capable of hearing. All the sounds you ever heard are on these octaves. Immediately above them are some eight radio octaves where vibration is higher. You cannot hear anything there because the ear is not sensitive enough. Now the new science of radio steps up the voice to these higher waves and sends it forth. It is received on an aerial, and by means of a delicate instrument you are able to hear what the ear alone could not catch.

"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them for they are spiritually discerned."—REV. J. W. WHILLANS.

4027. Radio—The Holy Spirit Parable.

After a time the wireless chief sent a specialist to repair the boy's outfit. Communication was reestablished and the boy was happy again. So our Father God sends the Holy Spirit, who repairs our spiritual organ of communication. We are once more in tune with the Infinite. We have spiritual communion with God, which is prayer. Has not the wireless parable helped us to understand?

4028. Radio Kinship, Or Neighborhood.

A visitor to one of our newspaper offices described the effect the possession and use of radio was having upon him and his family. Like most Americans who have traveled some and read a good deal he and his had a general notion of the land in which they live, of its cities and states and people. But now he said that to him Boston has become not a distant city, but a place from which direct evidence comes to his home of things that people are doing and saying that are of deep interest. Pittsburgh, Chicago, Iowa even, have of late had something to say to his home folk right in the home that has been a subject of discussion. There is sense of actual neighborliness, a sense of belonging to

the same wide community which was never experienced before.

This is typical of an influence which is unquestionably going to develop as radio becomes more and more an equipment throughout the land. It will exert an influence, and this influence will be sure to widen the interests of our people in one another; sure to extend the frontiers of personal environment to a degree never before possible.

Radio kinship is a social factor that has come so suddenly that it is likely to affect the social product almost before its force is truly estimated. And it is to be a force for unity of understanding and unity of interest. It has a bearing on "Who is my neighbor?" and "Love thy neighbor as thyself."—H.

4029. Radio, Lesson from. The wonders of wireless telegraphy are just beginning to dawn on us. To-day we read that communication has just been established between our west coast stations and Hawaii. Yesterday the marvel was the printing of a daily newspaper on ship-board in mid-ocean with news fresh to the very hour received by wireless. And the homecoming fleet of warships were in touch for days before their arrival off Hampton Roads, not only with each other, but with the naval stations on shore over a thousand miles distant. Yet these messages may be interrupted, and even lost, may conflict with each other, and many for whom they are not intended may receive them, for the instruments are yet far from perfect.

But our wireless communication with our Heavenly Father is nothing new, and through him we may touch with power not simply the friends in Hawaii, or in mid-ocean, but in farthest India and Africa. And wherever a heart is "in tune" with the Father the messages may come and go without interruption, or mistake.

4030. Radio and Prayer. One of the greatest inventions of the age is the radiophone. One can see the possibility of telegraphy, of dots and dashes being carried through a wire by electricity. One can conceive of the reasonableness of carrying voice vibrations over the telephone by means of electricity. But one stands perfectly amazed and astounded at the reality of picking up voice vibrations from the air by means of radio. If it has done anything for our faith, it has strengthened our belief in prayer. If men can speak with each other at a distance of hundreds of miles through the

air without intervening connections, why cannot the Almighty hear the prayers that we offer to him?

Jesus felt the need of prayer. He spent so much time in prayer. Even through entire nights he was in prayer with his Father. Prayer to him was such a natural thing. He was so spiritually minded that he loved it.

Jesus as our leader in prayer gave a blessed promise concerning prayer, "Ask and it shall be given; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Let us pray on, for our Father hears and answers prayer.—REV. JOHN Y. EWART, D.D.

4031. Radio and Prayer. Twenty years ago a boy in church opened his eyes during the prayer. He looked around on the silent congregation with bowed heads. Then he looked up at the minister. He saw the lips moving and heard the prayer. How foolish he thought for any one to imagine that petition could be heard beyond those walls. It begins here and it ends here. To-day that boy, as a man, tunes in on radio stations thousands of miles away. He thinks of people speaking into a horn and addressing invisible audiences scattered throughout the continent. He thinks how an instrument fine enough could pick up the voice among the stars, and to him now prayer seems the most natural thing in the whole world.—REV. J. W. WHILLANS.

4032. Radio Illustrating Prayer. Can radio help solve for us the puzzling problems whether God can or does really answer prayer, and how praying into an empty sky can possibly bring us the help we need?

The answer may be found in a wireless incident. The great steamer *Republic*, crowded with passengers, is far at sea in a fog at night. Suddenly out of the darkness another steamer rushes full speed, strikes the *Republic* amidships a fatal blow, backs off and rushes away. The *Republic's* engines are disabled, her lights out, and the vessel is filling.

Jack Binns, wireless operator, finds his way to the wireless and tests it. Injured, but, oh, joy! it still operates. Perhaps no help is within a thousand miles, yet Jack Binns sends broadcast the "SOS" call for succor. "Help! Help! We are sinking; help or we perish!" Over and over his call is flung out into empty space. And as Binns listens with strained ears into that awful dark, suddenly he hears an answering call: "We are coming! Cheer up, we'll

soon be there to save you! Keep calling us that we may know where you are. We are coming!" And there Jack Binns sat in the darkness hour after hour and flung out his call into the vast fog-filled spaces of the sea—until, at last, there came through the curtain of black night-fog a great splendid ship, all ablaze with electric lights, her decks crowded with brave men ready and eager to help! Saved! and just in time!

Jack Binns said that that ship was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen! Behold again the Parable of Prayer!

Yes, God can and does answer prayer; and the mystery of a man praying into an empty sky, God answering that prayer on earth, is no more "inexplicable" than that a wireless call flung out into darkness and void, should bring a great radiant ship to the exact place and time of need. Both happen according to their proper laws.—REV. R. C. HALLOCK, D.D.

4033. Radio, A Parable of Prayer. The wireless is a wonderful means of communication between man and man. Prayer is a marvelous means of communion between man and God. God has filled nature and life with spiritual parable; for only through symbol can man comprehend divine truths.

Jesus was and is the world's greatest Teacher because he best opened God's parable to man's vision, and in "interpreting spiritual things to spiritual men" (1 Cor. 2:13, R.V.) by parable, we are following the example of Jesus.

Prayer seems to many men a puzzling problem. They ask: "Can God answer prayer? Will he? Does he care? Or is the very possibility of prayer a vain imagining?" Why may not the wireless, wonderful as an invention, but even more inspiring as a spiritual lesson-book, help us to the answer?

What is the wireless and how does it operate? The old negro's quaint explanation of the telegraph, homely but lucid, may help us some. He stepped suddenly on the dog's tail. The dog gave a quick yelp. "Thar, I tromp on the dog's tail-end, he yap at his head-end. Ef I hab dog thousand miles long, and I tromp on his tail here in Virginy, he'd yap in New Orleans."

But the wireless has no connecting nerve cords. So we must go on to the wave-theory of impulse transmission. A rope lying on the floor will carry successive waves. A stone is thrown into a lake; waves radiate to furthest shores. The ether fills all the sky. Motion im-

pulses, electrically originated in it, vibrate to the outmost shores of finite being. These waves may carry messages to the ends of the earth if only there be sending and receiving instruments perfectly attuned to each other. Behold the Parable of Prayer!—REV. R. C. HALLOCK, D.D.

4034. Radio Preaching the Gospel. Politicians and singers and men of many types have been using the radio, and the Church of Jesus Christ feared at first that it might be an enemy. But now we have learned to use it to the glory of God. At Aba, in Northwestern Congo, a broadcasting station is being established that one missionary who has learned the language may speak at one time to half a million colored people. Trained natives will carry receiving sets to each village, and by the use of "loud speakers" it will be possible to preach the Gospel to a million of black people at one time. There is no reason why such a message may not be accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost that the black men may catch this message with joy: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—A. J. ARCHIBALD, D.D.

4035. Radio Promoting Sense of God. In the Old Testament we read of a man who was discouraged because the enemy opposing him was stronger than the force with him. "Fear not," came the message, and then, when his eyes were opened and he saw in a higher octave, behold! the bare mountain-side was full of chariots and horsemen! So with the wanderer who weary and lonely lay down in a barren spot to rest. About him were the great rocks and the bleak valley. There was nothing to inspire, but when his eyes were opened he saw angels ascending and descending upon a ladder that reached from heaven right down to the bare spot where he lay.

The boy Samuel heard a voice that others did not hear. The old priest to whom he went might have told him that he was foolish, but he was a wise man and recognized that God was calling on a higher octave than he himself could hear. So he told the lad to obey the voice. Of these higher octaves the Bible says, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things God hath prepared for them that love him."—REV. J. W. WHILLANS.

4036. Radio—Sky Full of Calls. First: Man was created in tune with the In-

finite (Gen. 1:27). God and man had perfect communion then, the One with the other.

Second: But man sinned, put himself out of tune with the Infinite, wrecked his spiritual organ for receiving Divine communications. It was as the case of a son of a Government wireless chief. The lad had an amateur outfit; he often talked to his father by it. One day in a fit of anger he struck his instrument and broke it. The father called and called from the great wireless, but the boy heard not; he was deaf to the wireless call.

So our Divine Father sends out the whole sky full of calls—calls of love, calls of mercy, calls of invitation, calls of pardon and of salvation. But man hears nothing. His spiritual wireless receiver has been wrecked and he is deaf. Prayer is then impossible because he is out of tune with God.—REV. R. C. HALLOCK, D.D.

4037. Radio Teaching About God. One can hardly even dabble in the study of this modern wonder, radio, without catching glimpses of God. Three thousand years ago the Psalmist spoke of God as the one "who only doeth wondrous things"; and even to David the heavens, the work of God's fingers, the moon and stars which he had ordained, gave full proof of God's wonder-working power. But the telescope and the microscope and much other marvelous mechanism have so pushed back the boundaries of the visible universe that the cosmos to-day is ten thousand times as extensive and intensive as it was to the eyes of King David. And every new branch of human learning, every new discovery unknown to David of old, chemistry with its miracles, bacteriology with its worlds beneath worlds, and now radio with its apocalyptic revealings, gives us a new and nobler conception of God, as marvelous Artisan, Artist, and Master-Workman in his great creative workshop!—REV. ROBERT C. HALLOCK, D.D.

4038. Radio and Touch With God. We want a new grip of the old truth that we can actually get into touch with God. The radio instrument is delicate but it is just a toy compared with the soul which has power to commune with God. We see how much our Lord depended upon this touch with the divine Father. Sometimes when we want a thing on the radio just right we ask those in the room to be still a minute. Our Lord was always in touch with God, but

when he wanted the finer adjustment he went off to the solitude of the hills, and there alone in the night-time he tuned in and caught God, coming back stronger to the stress and strain of life.

As in radio so in the spiritual sphere, the level on which we live is the level on which we receive. As the heart is so is the man. When sin and selfishness rule the life we cannot get anything higher. God sends nothing on that vibration, but we have a soul that can be tuned up to the level at which he sends, and it is by longing for God and prayer that we tune in with him. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—REV. J. W. WHILLANS.

4039. Radio, Tuning in. There is music, there is wisdom, in the air. They are as free as the medium through which they move. All you need is a receiving instrument, rightly tuned, and your life may be gladdened and strengthened by the messages they bring. The radio broadcasting stations are surely wonderful productions of a wonderful age. But there is something grander than these. Heavenly music, divine wisdom, even the wisdom that comes down from above, are constantly sent out from the great broadcasting station of heaven. If your heart is attuned to the Divine, you can receive these inspiring messages.

4040. Radio, Tune in Spiritually. Go out and look at the stars. You can see or hear nothing worthy of note. You satisfy yourself that there is nothing unusual. Then go into the house and tune in on your long distance receiving set. At once you hear sounds—you get a snatch of a song, a word of a speech, a few notes from a piano or the solemn tones of an organ. There is something uncanny about it. You realize that the air is filled with sounds the unaided senses know nothing of. When you look up at the sky again you ask what else is there about us of which we are unaware.

We hear in eleven octaves, but we must go away up the scale to the forty-ninth before we come to the only octave in which we can see. If our senses were more finely adjusted so that we could hear in more octaves than eleven and see in more octaves than one what marvelous things might be revealed to us.

I am not speaking thus in order that I might tell of radio, but in order that I may illustrate from this new branch of human knowledge the things to which the Bible has ever borne witness. The

new knowledge illuminates our old beliefs. The Bible tells us of a higher sphere and of the existence of things which cannot be seen or heard with the ordinary senses. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned.—REV. J. W. WHILLANS.

4041. Readiness, Lacking. A mother was seated at a table with her little son, a child about nine years old. She had been reading the Bible to him for some time. He had been very attentive to what she had said and seemingly a great deal impressed by it.

"It says in the Scripture," she said, "Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.' Now this may be said in respect to death as well as to the coming of the Saviour; for we cannot tell how suddenly we may be called away from the world. Are you ready, my love, if it should please God to take you to himself?"

The child replied, after a few minutes of silence, "I think, mamma, I am only about half ready."—*Lowell Messenger*.

4042. Readiness, Personal. Some one has told of the instructions of a colonel just before his men went into the battle of St. Mihiel. Among other things, he ordered every man to have an extra pair of shoe laces. Then he very tersely said to them, "Now apply this to your spiritual condition." What a lesson! No one could depend upon another's supply of shoe laces. Every one must have his own equipment. Just as necessary is it, when a man is going into any battle of life or any other test, that he should depend upon his own supplies. There is no time for getting the necessary article after the fight has begun. One must have it with him. The old story of the ten virgins, five of whom were wise and five of whom were foolish, demands application here. To be a good soldier one must "get a good ready."—*The Presbyterian Advance*.

4043. Readiness or Preparedness. "Have your feet shod with the preparedness of the gospel of peace" (Eph. 6:15). These are surely the feet of a herald, shod for swift and ready movement. This is a cheery courier, bright in his alertness, prompt and eager to carry abroad the good news of redeeming grace. He is like a man whose feet are nimble, whose shoes are exactly the right size and shape, fitting him like a glove, giving him comfort and freedom, enabling him to stride out on any road, and to

walk all day without fagging. Is there anything more harassing, more embarrassing than ill-fitting shoes, or shoes that are loosely tied? Is there anything more wearying than shoes that pinch and cripple you? They add dead weight to all your movement. But to have just the right shoes, wedded to your feet in perfect union—they almost add wings to your feet. And this is the simile which is used to describe the feet of the herald of the Lord. There is to be a comfort and a nimbleness about his feet, a preparedness and readiness of movement, an immediateness and a swiftness which will make him spring to the call of his Master, and speed upon his errand along any road, and not stumble. Such is the man who is now before us—a winged-footed man, ready for any charge. The sudden call finds him ready for the road. "How soon can you be ready?" said Mr. Gladstone to General Gordon, when he proposed to send him to the Soudan. "I am ready now," answered Gordon. His feet were shod with preparedness.—J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

4044. Ready for the Lord. There was a small, under-witted, but faith-filled lad in this country at the time of the great meteors in 1833. When, on every side, men and women were that night in terror at the thought that the hour of final doom had come, this lad's mother aroused him from his sleep with the cry, "Sandy, Sandy, get up, will you! The Day of Judgment has come." Instantly the boy was alive to the call and was on his feet shouting, "Glory to God! I'm ready!"—*Sunday Circle*.

4045. Realism. A boy was once taken to the Cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg by his grandfather, who, if I remember aright, had been in the famous bloody contest. The old man, anxious to see how his grandson would be affected by the scene, watched him closely, but was disappointed by his apparent indifference. At length the boy's eyes began to gleam with wonder and his nostrils to dilate with excitement. Turning to his grandfather he indignantly inquired, "Grandpa, why don't they fight?"

4046. Reaping as We Sow. There is a flower called heart's-ease, which flourisheth on the meanest soil when fed with good deeds and kindly thoughts, and 'tis worth a king's ransom to its possessor. That same flower hath its roots deep in the heart of God, and its fruit unto eternity, where every good shall reap its unfailing harvest of weal, and

every ill deed find its just meed of woe. We need not think to cheat ourselves with the fancy that God's law can fail. Here and hereafter, we shall reap as we have sown.—A. L. GLYN.

4047. Reception, Enthusiastic. It was at a public meeting in New York. One of two speakers, the Rev. Mr. R., had the misfortune when he tried to take a seat, to miss the chair and come down at full length on the platform. The accident occasioned a little subdued mirth, especially as the unfortunate divine was very tall, and seemed to cover the whole platform in his frantic efforts to rise. When at last it came his turn to speak, the presiding officer introduced him in these words: "The Rev. Mr. R. will again take the floor." Clapping, stamping and laughter reigned for several minutes. The reverend gentleman had never before met with so enthusiastic a reception.—*N. Y. Observer*.

4048. Recognition, Here and There. A certain minister preached on the recognition of friends in heaven, and during the following week this letter came to him: "Dear Sir.—I should be very much obliged if you could make it convenient to preach to your congregation on the recognition of friends on earth, as I have been coming to your church for nearly six months, and nobody has taken any notice of me yet."

4049. Record. Psychologists declare that every experience in life leaves an ineffaceable impression on the brain. Nothing is forgotten. The memory plays strange tricks and sometimes we cannot recall certain things; but the record of them is there. Can it be that in the judgment the book which the Lord will open will be our own memories with their complete record of every desire, word and act; that out of our minds he will judge us?

4050. Recreation. For the bow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature or human frailty subsist without some lawful recreation.—CERVANTES.

4051. Recreation and Religion. The classic games were closely connected with the religious observances of the Greeks. They were begun and ended with solemn sacrifices, and formed a part of the principal festivals held in honor of the gods. This is true also of the Greek drama.

4052. Redeemer, Christ as. Miss Mary Ford, a missionary in Syria, relates the following facts: In a certain village in Syria there is a large family of Jews,

who were living in discord,—brothers and sisters and their families at variance, some of them not speaking to or having anything to do with others. There was no peace or happiness among them. At length they decided that this state of things must come to an end, but no one would acknowledge himself in the wrong, or sacrifice his own interest for the sake of peace. They finally agreed to settle it in the following way by making one of them fidda, or "substitute," or "redeemer," and they selected the wife of the youngest son. She was forced to return to her husband whom she had left because of unkind treatment, and he was at liberty to vent upon her all his anger, not only against her, but against all the others. The rest of the family refrained from cursing and abusing each other, but relieved their feelings by heaping them all on her, as she was the fidda. Husbands and wives became reconciled, brothers and sisters controlled their bitter words after having spent them upon the poor substitute, who said to the missionary, "My life has become a burden more heavy than I can bear. I wish I were dead." And this was among the Jews to whom was first given the knowledge of the world's Redeemer, or Fidda.

4053. Redemption, Christ's. Some time ago an evangelist traveling on the cars was singing to himself the song, "I've Been Redeemed." A fellow-passenger, hearing, joined him in the song. After singing, the evangelist put the question to the stranger, "Have you been redeemed?" "Yes, praise the Lord," was the answer. "May I ask how long since?" "About nineteen hundred years ago." The astonished evangelist echoed in surprise, "Nineteen hundred years ago?" "Yes, sir," said the fellow-passenger, "but I'm sorry to say it's not much more than a year that I have known of it."

4054. Reformation. He who reforms, God assists.—CERVANTES.

4055. Refusal, The Great. A Mohammedan sheik once came to missionary Gobat to compare Koran and Bible. He was deeply moved by the beauty of the Scripture and said: "Missionary, I am convinced! What must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ!" was Gobat's answer,—and late in the night they parted, the sheik promising to return next morning for further instruction. The next morning came, but not the sheik. Three months later Gobat

met him in the turmoil of the street. "Where have you been, and why did you not return, as you had promised?" asked Gobat.

"Oh, Missionary," was the answer, "I felt that night how your word conquered my heart. I remembered that my people would kill me should I become a Christian and so I determined not to return to you until my heart had become hardened against the truth!" A terrible confession!

4056. Regeneration. See Conversion.

4057. Regeneration. Regeneration is, we know, instantaneous; but the steps that lead to it are often very gradual; and none of them, so far as we can see, can be spared.—T. W. CHAMBERS.

4058. Regeneration, Life Begun. Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor, was told that there was a dispute about the place and time of his birth, some saying he was born in Copenhagen in 1770, others in Brussels, and so on. He was asked to settle the question. "What matters it?" he asked. "I don't know. But I arrived in Rome on March 8, 1797." His meaning was that not until he came to Rome and began his studies there did he really begin to live. Many a Christian has felt so about his life. It was not real life that he spent before he was born again. His true life began at his conversion. Lord Lyndhurst, who was converted late in life, used to say in a voice broken by emotion, "My soul is saved, but my life is lost."—*The Christian Herald*.

4059. Regret. It is folly to shiver over last year's snow.—WHATELY.

4060. Rejections, Our. In the Cathedral of Lubeck, Germany, is the following inscription:

"Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us:
Ye call me Master, and obey me not;
Ye call me Light, and seek me not;
Ye call me Way, and walk me not;
Ye call me Life, and desire me not;
Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;
Ye call me Fair, and love me not;
Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;
Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;
Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;
Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;
Ye call me Just, and fear me not;
If I condemn you, blame me not."

—*The Christian Herald*.

4061. Rejoicing Alway. A saintly woman suffering for weary months in painful illness said to her pastor: "I

have such a lovely robin that sings outside my window. In the early morning, as I lie here, he serenades me." Then, as a smile brightened her thin features, she added, "I love him because he sings in the rain." That is the most beautiful thing about the robin. When the storm has silenced almost every other song bird, the robin sings on—sings in the rain. That is the way the Christian who is with Christ may do. Anybody can sing in the sunshine; you and I should sing on when the sun has gone down, or when clouds pour out their rains, for Christ is with us. We should sing in the rain.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

4062. Religion. See **Creed.** See **Doctrine.** See **Witness Bearing.**

4063. Religion. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together.—YOUNG.

4064. Religion, Abiding. A South Sea Islander, praying at the close of a meeting, said, "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes that we wear, soon to be taken off and folded up in a box till another Sabbath day comes round. Rather let thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies, that can never come off."—*Light and Life Evangel.*

4065. Religion, Advantage of. A man scoffingly asked, "What advantage has a religious man over any one like myself? Does not the sun shine on me as on him, this fine day?" "Yes," replied his companion, "but the religious man has two suns shining on him at once,—one on his body, the other on his soul."—SPURGEON.

4066. Religion, Artificial. Some years ago a Fenian found himself lodged in an Irish prison, of which a soldier was governor. According to the regulations the new prisoner was asked to what religious denomination he belonged. He replied that he was of no religion, and obstinately adhered to this statement until the governor made his appearance on the scene. "No religion?" quoth that official; "then you must choose one at once. There are three kinds—Protestant Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic. Which do you prefer? No nonsense." The prisoner elected for Rome.—*Echo.*

4067. Religion Artificially Adapted. A negro pastor called on a member of his church. He found him in the field plowing new ground with a yellow mule. As the pastor approached he was surprised to hear the man swearing. The pastor told his parishioner that it was sinful to

swear. The negro responded: "See here, parson, I ain't been a Christian only one year. I broke this ere mule with cussin' and he won't go without it. I don't call it cussin'. I call it drivin' the mule." Artificial adaptation of religion is one of the sins of the age.—IDA LANDRITH, D.D.

4068. Religion, The Best. A certain soap-maker having run out of superlatives to define the perfection of his product, hit upon a statement that said in a novel and compelling way the last word that could be said concerning it: "As we couldn't improve our product, we improved the box." We can't improve the content of religion, but we can improve the container—ourselves. Much has been said as to the kind of religion needed at the present day. There is but one sufficient religion and that is Christianity. It needs not to be changed or improved, though some methods of advocating it may be bettered. And the Christians who display it to the world may be improved. The "box" is what people see, make the box more attractive. It's a good slogan for the church—Improve the box!

4069. Religion Broadening. A few years ago a man fell into the water through the ice, and another man living on the shore (it was a cold and bitter night in winter) heard the cry for help. He said, "I feel pity for the fellow, but I don't want to be disturbed this cold night." The man who dropped into the water was drowned; and next day the mean and contemptible thing the other man had done was found out, and they hounded him out of town. They ought to have done it, ought they not? But we hear the cry of the poor—lots of wounded fellows lost for time and eternity—and we "pass by on the other side." "He doesn't belong to my parish." "He isn't a Methodist, and I'm a Methodist. I look after the Methodists, and the Baptists, let them look after theirs." Or the Baptist says: "He's a Congregationalist; let the Congregationalists look after him." I am so tired of these names! Let the Lord sweep them out of the way. A man says: "You don't want to help a Jew or Catholic, do you?" I say, if a man is in trouble, help him! Would to God we could be broadened out a little!—D. L. MOONY.

4070. Religion, No Cloak. "Religion is the best armor a man can wear, but it is the worst cloak."—BUNYAN.

4071. Religion, Counterfeit. "Look well to the money you receive for many

counterfeits are being circulated." This warning often appears in our newspapers and we do well to heed it. Counterfeiters reap their largest illegitimate harvests from the manufacture of gold coins containing a large amount of gold, but not as much as genuine coins contain. Sometimes alloy is added, while others work on genuine coins. They saw them through, remove the interior, fill up the space with base metal and unite the doctored coin by brazing. The outside in every case is real gold, the alloy hidden.

Something similar is being done to-day in deceiving the church. False teachers are removing the gold of the atonement from the gospel and substituting the alloy of reformation. Some are denying the divinity of Christ and proclaiming the divinity of man. "Look well to your religion," and do as we are so often told by manufacturers: "accept no substitutes!"

4072. Religion, Enjoying. "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God; and the prisoners heard them" (Acts 16:25).

A preacher, approaching his new appointment, asked a boy, "Do people at Millbrook enjoy religion?" "Them that has it does," was the reply.—BISHOP C. H. FOWLER.

4073. Religion, Every-day. "Well, have you got any religion to-day?" asked a Christian friend of a Vermont shoemaker, somewhat noted for the simple and joyous earnestness of his religion. "Just enough to make good shoes to the glory of God!" said he in reply, as with an extra pull he drew his thread firmly to its place. That's the kind of religion we want! A religion that makes each one faithful to his work; that rules behind the counter as well as in the church; that guides the poor cobbler as he patches the old shoe of his customer, as truly as the visitor of the "sick and in prison," and that never puts the big potatoes only on top, nor all the large apples in the last layer at the top of the barrel.

4074. Religion Exported in Missions. In the year 1812, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions asked the Massachusetts Legislature for a charter, and it was refused. The main objection was that this organization was designed to afford means of exporting religion, whereas there was none too much of that article to spare from amongst ourselves. To this the petitioners made the unanswerable reply that

religion was an article of which the more we exported, the more we had.

Finally their request was heeded, to the eternal benefit of the home field as well as the foreign. Neither churches nor men can live spiritually unless they export their religion. All the good we have must be kept moving. He may take of Christianity who will, but he that hoards it loses it, while he that gives it out has it the more abundantly.—*Sunday School Times*.

4075. Religion, Fire Escape. There are some who view religion as a sort of fire escape—nothing comfortable, desirable or of special value except in the last extremity, but very necessary then if one would avoid utter ruin. Alas! there are many buildings whose escapes, unthought of and neglected for years, grow rusty and out of order, and prove useless in an hour of need. The Bible idea of religion is not something attached to life's edifice, but something built into it—the very foundation stone on which it rests.—*Forward*.

4076. Religion, Habit in. Clockwork religion. That is what some are wont to denominate regular habits of worship. They say it is "formalism," and they object to formalism. It is better to be formal in worship than not to worship at all. It is better to pray evening, morning and at noon, in compliance with a habit, than not to pray at all. Daniel had formed the habit of praying "three times a day," before the king's decree was signed. Perhaps but for that habit he would have failed to pray with his windows open toward Jerusalem when he heard that the king had signed that decree. It was the force of a well-formed habit and the divine grace secured through adhering to that custom which carried him safely over that great testing time. The apostle says, "I will that men pray everywhere." The habit of praying at stated times does not hinder one from praying at other times also. The habit of regularity is of great advantage in special emergencies.

4077. Religion, Importance of. Dr. Hugh Black says that some time ago when he visited a certain state university where he was to speak at a convocation, he asked the chancellor what he should talk about to the students. The chancellor, though knowing well that Dr. Black's specialty was religion, answered, "Anything except religion." "Four years later," continued Dr. Black, "I was again on a visit to the same university,

where I was to address the student body. I asked the same chancellor the same question as to what I should talk about. He answered, "Talk about anything just so it is religion."

4078. Religion, Importance of. A Christian gentleman when blamed by his commercial partner for doing so much for the cause of God, made this reply: "Your fox-hounds cost more in one year than my religion ever cost in two."—WHITECROSS.

4079. Religion Known by Experience. I heard the other day two butterflies, on the edge of a flower, discussing. One said, "We cannot know there is any honey in the flower; no butterfly ever found it there, no butterfly ever will."

The other said, "Well, nevertheless, I think there must be some." And while they debated it, gnostic and agnostic, a humming-bird flew in and ran his long bill into the flower, and sipped the sweet and was gone.

To debate whether there is beauty and truth in the Word of God, whether there is beauty and truth in the Christ that came from God—this is not religion. "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good!"

4080. Religion Lived. When Diogenes heard Zeno with subtle arguments endeavoring to prove that there was no motion, he suddenly starts up, and walks. Zeno asking the cause thereof, said Diogenes, "Hereby I confute you, and prove that there is motion." Walking with God is the best way to confute them that think religion to be but a notion; living religion will prove that there is religion.—VENNING.

4081. Religion Should be Lived. "I suppose John Atkins is one of the best weavers," remarked a clergyman who had been shown through a great mill by a foreman. "Not much, he isn't," replied the foreman. "The trouble with John is that he stands around talking about his religion, when he ought to be attending to his loom. He is a good enough fellow and has the making of a fine weaver in him, but he hasn't learned yet that while he is in this weaving shed his religion ought to come out of his fingers and not out of his mouth."

4082. Religion Made Real. Sometimes we gain the chance to help the nominal Christian to reality in the spiritual life by making sure that we ring true in little things—in some of the very ways where one's genuine sincerity can best be shown. It is generally little things that show up

the chasm between the life that is genuine in its loyalty to Christ and the one that is nominal. At a summer-resort a girl slipped away each Sunday morning to a neglected little church for the service. Returning one day, she met a gay friend who said: "Where have you been?" "Over to the little church beyond the meadow," the girl replied simply. "To that poky little place on this hot day? You must be frightfully pious!" "Not at all, but I go because I couldn't get through the week without it. It helps to keep me reminded, and I need it." The society friend looked at her curiously and said slowly: "Why, your religion must be actually real to you. I wish mine were." Then a natural opening for a friendship started which led the society girl into a renewal of her Christian life which has blessed multitudes through her Christian philanthropy and the application of the principles of Jesus Christ to the social problems of her father's industrial community.—BERTHA CONDE.

4083. Religion, Need of. Just before his execution by hanging, the Chicago murderer, Danes, began pacing his cell, shivering as though chilled and asking repeatedly for "a shot at something." At length he prevailed upon the minister, Mr. Williams, to plead with Jailer Danes to allow the physician to administer a drug.

"It's cruel to let him suffer," the minister told the jailer. "Can't you let him have something?"

"Give him religion," Danes replied, "that is better than drugs."

There are multitudes without prison walls to whom that advice should be given. It would save many a bitter tear when the realization time arrives.

4084. Religion, Misunderstood. "I've stole chickens," testified the darkey, "and I've shot dice and told lies; but, bless the Lord, I's kept my religion in de heart!" Many people "follow" Jesus just this way. What are we holding on to while we think we have safely kept our religion in our heart?—ALBERT L. MC-RILL.

4085. Religion, Non-skid. So carefully have the makers of automobile tires studied the important matter of skidding that they have learned that a car skids in six different directions. Two kinds of tires resist these six directions of skidding. One type does it by raised treads, the raised portions being set at right angles to all six directions of skid. The other type does it by means of suc-

tion, the tire getting a hold on the road by means of cup-shaped depressions in which the weight of the car forms a partial vacuum.

In traveling along the road of life skidding frequently takes place in our human machines, but we are not so careful in regard to it as the automobile men are. How we wobble! How perilously we slide! How little pains we take to preserve the true direction! What poor use we make of the only spiritual non-skid, the voice of God in our hearts!

4086. Religion and Power. An officer of a Japanese liner was listening to an American companion talking about the Christian faith. With pathetic intensity he broke into the talk with the abrupt question, "But is there power to make a man live it?" An Imperial University man, with characteristic keenness, he touched the one critical spot. Happily he learned about the Man who died, and lived again, and lives, and gives power to live it. His face showed something new inside. For the rest of the voyage he kept bringing men to his friend to learn about the power, yes, the Man, that can help a man actually to live the thing. This is essentially Christianity, Christ is "the power of God unto salvation" and transforms lives.—S. D. GORDON.

4087. Religion Practical. The Bible knows nothing of an unpractical theology, but, on the other hand, it knows still less of an untheological morality.—ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

4088. Religion by Proxy. "Coagulated masses of piety." That is what Dr. Parkhurst calls religious apathy. He says: "I am tired almost to pieces of this everlasting preaching to saints. In my congregation are many saints top-heavy with gospel truth, and it has got to be wrung out of them by hard Christian work. Churches must be the centers of dispersion. We have got great, coagulated masses of piety in the churches without circulation. Money isn't going to convert the world. The church has never grown with such rapidity as in its time of extremest poverty. Remember the leper who approached Christ. Suppose Christ had said to Peter, his understrapper, 'Touch that fellow and I'll pay you for it!' Ah! but that is the way we do most of our missionary work. You can't reach the hearts of the masses by hiring people to go to them. You must go yourselves. Suppose Christ had come down to the world once a day and brought His luncheon and gone back to

heaven over night. Do you suppose He would have inspired the love of the people and instituted the greatest religion of the world? You can't hope to make the world Christian by doing your religious services entirely by proxy."

4089. Religion a Restraint. William Jennings Bryan, speaking of the work of foreign missions, says: "Religion puts a policeman inside of a man, makes him a safer, better citizen than could a dozen man-made policemen."

Real Christianity means the diminishing of the need for jails and policemen.

4090. Religion, Serving. Is religion narrowing? Well, so is the gun barrel that keeps the projectile in the rifling; so are the railway tracks that keep the express train from the ditch; so is the steering wheel that holds the car in the middle of the road; but they save from wreck and mean achievement.

4091. Religion and Social Service. I believe it is easier to reach the bodies of men through their souls than the souls of men through their bodies. Supply a man's physical need, which is the result of sin, and you will soon have to supply the need again; but let his heart be cleansed by the blood of Christ and a new nature created within him, the environment will change for the better and he will be a mighty force for righteousness in the world. The glad tidings of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ is the best remedy for all ills, spiritual and physical. And any sort of work that leaves this out is a makeshift.

4092. Religion, Stolen. The depth of depravity of the human heart was shown recently when robbers entered a church and stole the silver cross from the altar, emptied a bottle of communion wine and opened a package containing wafers intended also for the sacrament. A man who is ashamed to bear the cross of Christian principle in every walk of life must have stolen it or gotten it dishonestly. We are always ashamed of that which we get dishonestly. There are only three ways by which we get things in this world. We purchase them with money earned, they are given to us, or we have stolen them. Men get religion in the same way. The man who buys his religion usually does very little at it. The man who steals it is always ashamed of it. The man who realizes that it is the gift of grace is proud of it and uses it to help others to a better life.

4093. Religion, Supernatural. In Christianity we have "the supernatural

fact, which is God; the supernatural act, which is miracle; the supernatural Book, which is the revealed will of God; the supernatural redemption, which is the divine deed of the divine Christ; the supernatural salvation, which is the divine work of the divine Spirit."

4094. Religion, Tasting Good or Bad. In a former pastorate there was a man in my congregation who could talk very eloquently. He used excellent grammar, and seemed to know the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. He could quote Longfellow, Tennyson, and Whittier and a stranger would have been charmed by his eloquent utterances. And yet when he rose to talk in a prayer meeting, the crowd began to wither, and when his talk was over the prayer meeting was like a sweet potato patch on a frosty morning, flat and blue. The people knew that in his life there was something unsavory, that he would drink before the bar with worldly friends, and that he was not as honest as he might be. His good grammar and fluent utterances did not make amends for the unsavoriness of his character.

There was another man in the congregation who would sometimes come to prayer meeting with a circle of coal dust around his hair. He was a coal cart driver, and he was now and then so hurried to get to prayer meeting that he did not make his toilet with as much care as he ought. But the people leaned over to listen when he talked. And why? Because they knew that he lived every day for God. He would pick up a tramp on the road, give him a mile ride on his cart, that he might talk with him about Jesus. His religion tasted good. I would rather have good religion in bad grammar than good grammar in bad religion.—REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.

4095. Religion, Tested. A Japanese kindergartner says:

While the games were in progress we were interrupted by a knock at the door. As it opened who should be ushered in but a dignified Buddhist priest. He had come a long way to visit the American school. His unexpected appearance, with his priestly skirt, his Aaronlike beard, nearly two feet long, together with the Prince Albert coat, raised just a little ripple of excitement among scholars and teachers too. But something important was on his mind, and as he rose to speak there was silence. His message was this: "I have two daughters. One I am bringing up in the religion of her fathers, a

Buddhist. But I have heard much about Christianity, and now I have brought my other daughter, Ko Min. I wish to enter her in this school—to have her brought up as a Christian. Then can I judge which of these two religions is better!"

Would we in America pass that test which is also the one Jesus set up?—*Congregationalist*.

4096. Religion Undervalued. Some years since the managers of a Young Men's Christian Association missed a great opportunity by not knowing the value of a certain painting. A friend of the institution had given a picture for the walls of the building, not having suitable room for it in his own home. One day he offered to sell it to them, asking fifty dollars for it. When they declined the offer he said they might have it for twenty-five dollars; but they still declined to purchase it. Not long afterwards he died. In disposing of the estate his executors took the picture from the building and sent it to a picture-mart. There it was soon recognized as the work of a master, and finally identified. Thirty-five thousand dollars was offered for it, and later fifteen thousand more. Fifty thousand for a picture once offered for twenty-five dollars!

How forcibly that illustrates the way men underestimate the value of religion. They think it is good for the low, the poor, the weak, the dying, not realizing that it is needful to live by, that it is the greatest need of man and the most valuable gift of God.

4097. Remembrance. Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away.—RICHTER.

4098. Remorse.

Remorse, the fatal egg by pleasure laid,
In every bosom where her nest is made,
Hatched by the beams of truth, denies
him rest,
And proves a raging scorpion in his
breast.

—COWPER.

4099. Remorse, Punishment of. In the story of the Arabian Knight, as recorded in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, Habib, the hero, had just returned home where he had long been considered dead—and was recounting his exploits.

His father, when he had finished, asked him, "My son, have you not resolved to punish those treacherous knights who (by their desertion) so basely plotted your destruction?"

"Father," answered Habib, "I think it unnecessary. I leave them to the stings

of internal remorse." "Had Zimri peace who slew his master?"

4100. Rent, Collected. Heaven wants the rent. Fruits that grow on your life-farm. Obedience, love, honor, service (Gal. 5: 22, 23). God always sends his collector in some way or other. Send your check without the asking. Major George Dobson is the head of a large concern. A big, splendid, inspiring type of man. The best story-teller I ever knew or expect to know. I have been at him repeatedly to tell him what a superb Bible class leader he would make with his great gifts of person and talent. God has given him that magnificent "estate" to farm and has sent me to collect the "rent." But the major "drives" me away with a laugh and an excuse. Think what an ocean of happiness the major could embark upon every week if he would be honest with God and pay up. What a sail he would have. Love in every port and soft trade winds of blessing blowing all the time. And hundreds of successful men saying in the days to come, "The dear old major was the man who helped make me." The major will get old and lovelessly pass away. Who cares for the man who doesn't pay his debts of honor?—W. H. RIDGWAY.

4101. Reparation, Essential. Buddha lived about a thousand years before our era. He was the son of a king, and was the possessor of wisdom and virtue. He was so disgusted with the wickedness of men, that he retired into a desert place, where he spent six years in prayer and meditation. Then he began his career as a religious teacher. He lived to see his principles spread all over India.

4102. Repentance. See **Conviction.** See **Penitence.** See **Remorse.**

4103. Repentance. True repentance is to cease from sin.—ST. AMBROSE.

4104. Repentance.

I will to-morrow, that I will,

I will be sure to do it;

To-morrow comes, to-morrow goes,

And still thou art to do it.

Thus still repentance is deferred,

From one day to another:

Until the day of death is come,

And judgment is the other.

—DREXELIUS.

4105. Repentance Caused by Goodness. A lad began to learn the printer's trade at small wages. After he grew to manhood he bought a large printing business and gave his notes for nearly the entire amount. He worked hard and met

the notes as they became due. When the last note was paid he came home with a beaming face. He handed the receipted note to his wife and said: "God has been good to us. We owe it to him to spend the remainder of our lives in his service." The next evening the pastor of the church of their choice was invited to their home and they expressed their desire. The next Sabbath morning they were received into the church. That man has become a man of wealth and prominence in his state and is a stalwart Christian character. "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance."

4106. Repentance Not Conviction. Conviction is not repentance. It is one thing to be awakened at five o'clock in the morning and it is another thing to get up.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

4107. Repentance, Defined. A gentleman once asked a Sunday School what was meant by the word Repentance. A little boy raised his hand.

"Well, what is it, my lad?"

"Being sorry for your sins," was the answer. A little girl on the back seat raised her hand.

"Well, my little girl, what do you think?" asked the gentleman.

"I think," said the child, "it's being sorry enough to quit."

That is just where so many people fail. They are sorry enough at the time, but, as one man said, "I kept chopping off one sin at a time for weeks until I made up my mind that if I was ever to be a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ I must let him wash me inside and out. When I made this decision the Lord made a thorough job of it, and it has never had to be done over."

4108. Repentance, Insincere. History tells us that Louis XI "executed a solemn deed of ownership," conveying to the Virgin Mary the whole country of Boulogne in France; but reserved for himself all the revenues thereof. How much like this "solemn deed" is our repentance! We may say we are sorry, but if we reserve for self the control of our actions, how deep is that sorrow? God measures our repentance, not by our "exceeding" sorrow, but by the revenues of our lives that flow into his treasury.—*Record of Christian Work.*

4109. Repentance Not Popular. Many think they are too learned and wise to need to repent. Really if they knew more about themselves and if they were truly wise, they would see their great need of repentance.

4110. Repentance, A Sham. An example of sham repentance is furnished by the story of a man who was robbed of one hundred dollars. A long time afterward he receive this letter:

"Dear Sir: Five years ago I robbed you of one hundred dollars. I am filled with remorse that I could have done such a thing. I send you a dollar and a half to ease my conscience."

4111. Repentance Is Not Shame. Just being ashamed of one's self is not enough. It depends upon what one is ashamed of and before whom one is ashamed. Some are more ashamed of a breach of etiquette than of committing a terrible sin, and more ashamed of being found out by men than of doing evil in secret with God's eyes upon them.

4112. Repentance Is Not Sorrow. Mere sorrow for sin is not the whole of repentance, though it is part of it. Judas was sorry enough to kill himself, but that only showed that he was not truly repentant. Many persons are sorry enough that they are in prison, but that does not prove that they would not do the same thing again. They are sorry they got caught, but real repentance is sorrow for the deed.

4113. Reproof. Too much reproach "o'erleaps itself, and falls on t' other side." Pricked up too sharply, the delinquent, like a goaded bull, grows sullen and savage, and, the persecution continuing, ends in rushing madly on the spear that wounds him.—BOVEE.

4114. Reputation. There are two ways of establishing your reputation,—to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter.—COLTON.

4115. Rescue. See *Soul Saving*.

4116. Rescue Work, Example in. When an "ice gorge" in the Susquehanna River broke some winters ago, a dozen persons living on a little island above Columbia and Wrightsville, Pa., were in great peril. The late State Senator E. K. McConkey, of York, Pa., hastened to the scene, and in the goodness of a big heart made a tempting offer to the sturdy rivermen of the vicinity to rescue the endangered islanders. The rivermen shrank from the great risk. Every moment was precious. Senator McConkey in desperation finally offered to go himself, and lead a party to the rescue. Three or four men then volunteered, and, roped together after the fashion of Alpine climbers, they made the perilous trip to

the island. Leaping from one piece of floating ice to another, they steadied themselves from time to time in order to pull out of the water some one of the rescuers who had slipped and fallen into the stream. They came back with half the ice-imprisoned rivermen, the children being taken first. The brave leader was completely exhausted, but the rivermen, thrilled by his example, made a second trip, and completed the rescue.—*Sunday School Times*.

4117. Resignation.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied.

And pleased with favors given;—
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart

Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

—NATHANIEL COTTON.

4118. Resignation. Oliver Cromwell's secretary, despatched on important business to the continent, was detained over night at a seaport town, and tossed upon his bed unable to rest. At last he awoke his servant and said: "I am so afraid something will go wrong with the embassy." "Master," said the valet, "did God rule the world before we were born?" "Most assuredly." "Will He rule it after we are dead?" "Certainly." "Then why not let Him rule the present too?" The secretary put the government on God's shoulders and in a few moments was sleeping soundly.

4119. Responsibility. A Christian citizen of Chicago on learning that the car-barn bandits, who were guilty of such murderous outrages, were mere boys, was deeply moved. "To think," he said, with evident distress, "that they were brought up right here in my city and that I was responsible in any degree for conditions that could make such young criminals possible."

4120. Responsibility. Dr. W. H. Griffith Thomas gave a beautiful interpretation of the word "responsibility" to a few friends at Northfield, "response—ability." "Man's response to God's ability."

4121. Responsibility of Christians. A traveler remarked to a switchman on a railroad, "Yours must be a very responsible position." "Yes," was the reply, "but it is as nothing compared to yours as a Christian."—*From All Aboard*.

4122. Responsibility, Clerical. John Brown of Haddington, alleges C. H. Spurgeon, said to a young minister who complained of the smallness of his congregation. "It is as large a one as you

will want to give account for in the day of judgment."

4123. Responsibility Evaded. The other day a gentleman boarded a train and finding himself a seat-mate with an old soldier in the course of the conversation that followed, said, "I have always regretted that I did not join the army when the call was made, but I was just beginning business and I excused myself. However, my conscience has never given me rest for evading the responsibility." Am I my country's keeper? Without doubt. Am I my brother's keeper? Even more so and the issue involved is an eternal one. Remember Meroz!

4124. Responsibility of Refusing Work for God. I asked a young woman to teach a Sunday-school class, and she said, "I don't dare undertake such a responsible task." I answered her, "When God is so manifestly calling you, you should say, 'I don't dare not to undertake such a responsible task.'" We hear too much about the responsibility of working for God, but too little about the graver responsibility of refusing to work for him.—CHADWICK.

4125. Resolute, The. Last winter one of the Toronto ministers preached a series of sermons on the sons of Jacob. One of these was on "Gad, the Resolute." The subject was sent to the newspapers, one of which, by mistake, printed it "God, the Resolute." The following Sunday the pastor said he wished to thank the typesetter for his error, as it had given him a new thought. Gad's dogged perseverance was wholly due to God's faithfulness, to his unfailing purpose to perfect that which he had begun, in order that his servant might "overcome at the last."

4126. Resolution. See *New Year*.

4127. Resolution. A good resolve will make any port.—HORACE.

4128. Resolution, Saved By. I remember reading that the late Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull made it a rule of his life never to walk between the rails on a railway track. Once he was walking where there were a great many tracks, when suddenly he saw two trains rushing upon him from opposite directions. There was not a moment to think. He fell back on his previous resolution and stood still. His life was saved. The trains whizzed by him on either side. He was, according to his formerly made resolution, between the tracks and not between the rails. The earlier resolution it was that saved him when caught in

a sudden peril. Just so, many a soul has been saved in the midst of a sudden and terrible onslaught of temptation—just by some fixed resolution that was formed in an hour of calm or of spiritual exaltation. People do talk jestingly of making new resolutions of good at the beginning of the year. But they jest with a sacred thing—a great pledged privilege which is in the very constitution of the year God has vouchsafed His children.—H.

4129. Rest. See *Faith in God*.

4130. Rest, A Fatal. Hannibal lost Italy and Rome by resting and wintering his army at Cannæ. He had crossed the Alps and won great victories. Had he pressed on instead of resting and wintering, he could have taken and destroyed Rome and made himself complete master of all Italy.

4131. Rest in Christ. In some parts of India there are provided along the road resting-places for those who carry heavy loads on their heads. Such a resting-place is called a "Sumatanga." These rests have a shelf where the traveler can easily drop his burden. Beneath is a shady recessed seat where he can quietly rest. Referring to one of these resting-places a native Christian woman said, "Christ is my Sumatanga." Rest here, my friend, and be thankful.

4132. Rest in God. I remember once standing by the side of a little Highland loch, on a calm autumn day, when all the winds were still, and every birch tree stood unmoved, and every twig was reflected on the steadfast mirror, into the depths of which heaven's own blue seemed to have found its way. That is what our hearts may be, if we let Christ put his guarding hand around them to keep the storm off, and have him within us for our rest. But the man who does not trust Jesus is like the troubled sea which cannot rest, but goes moaning round half the world, homeless and hungry, rolling and heaving, monotonous, and yet changeful, salt and barren—the true emblem of every soul that has not listened to the merciful call, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—A. MACLAREN.

4133. Rest in God. I knew a man, since gone to his rest, who carried on an active service for his Master in the busiest of all cities, and who selected for himself a telegraphic address which might stand at the head of his notepaper. What do you think this busy man's address was? It was this: "Undisturbed,

London." And it always found him at home,—that is to say, in God,—so far as I could judge of his dwelling place in the days when I knew him, before he had run out his leasehold in the church militant and taken up his freehold in the church triumphant. Such a one, living at such an address, verifies the truth of Scripture which says of the good man that "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."—RENDEL HARRIS.

4134. Rest in the Lord. A father was nursing his little blind daughter on his knee. Just then a friend came in, and picking her up walked off with her down the garden. The little one expressed neither surprise nor fear, so her father said, "Aren't you afraid, darling?" "No," she said. "But you don't know who has got you?" "No," was the prompt reply, "but you do, father!" That was enough. "Our Father which art in heaven" is watching over us, and we need not fear. —*Sunday School Chronicle*.

4135. Rest, Illustrated. Two painters each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for this scene a still, lone lake among the far-off mountains. The second threw on his canvas a thundering waterfall, with a fragile birch tree bending over the foam. At the fork of the branch, almost wet with the cataract's spray, a robin sat on its nest.

The first was only "stagnation"; the last was "rest." Christ's life was outwardly one of the most troubled lives that was ever lived; tempest and tumult, tumult and tempest, the waves breaking over it all the time, till the worn body was laid in the grave.

But the inner life was a sea of glass. The great calm was always there. At any moment you might have gone to him and found rest. And even when his enemies were dogging him in the streets of Jerusalem, he turned to his disciples and offered them, as a last legacy, "My peace."—HENRY DRUMMOND.

4136. Restitution. See *Penitence and Repentance*.

4137. Restitution, Influence of. We sometimes see the richness of Christ's forgiveness and power in his children. In Leyton, England, there was a village blacksmith called "The Nabob," famous for his great strength and his hot temper. He had quarreled much with Elijah Mee, his next-door neighbor, a hard drinker and gambler, who retaliated in many ingenious ways, of which he was wont to

boast in his cups at the Red Lion Inn. Elijah went away and came back a changed man, in good clothes, a teetotaler, and a Christian. He called on the Nabob and said, "Good day, Mr. Stone, I've called to ask pardon for many a bad turn I've done you. Will you shake hands and tell me you forgive me?" "Never, never," said the Nabob. "I don't wonder you are angered, but I've come to make restitution." And with that he pulled out two sovereigns. "What is that for?" said the Nabob, astonished. "Some of it is for fencing," said Elijah, "and some of it is for vegetables that I killed by syringing them with poison." "Well," said the Nabob, "they told me you were a new man and I begin to believe it," and, taking the gold, he shook hands cordially. Years afterwards Elijah had the joy of leading to Christ his old enemy, who began on that day of restitution to believe there must be something in religion.—*Christian Herald*.

4138. Results. A friend of mine received a letter from a missionary on the West Coast of Africa, in which, as a curiosity, some serpents' eggs were contained. He laid them carefully aside, thinking to preserve them as they were; but one day, when he went to show them to a friend, he discovered, to his dismay, that the heat of the drawer had hatched them into serpents, and there was a heap of crawling things before his eyes.

4139. Results, Unmeasured. The story is told of a New England camp-meeting the net result of which was deprecatingly referred to as the conversion of "one tin-peddler." But that vender of kitchenware was John Dempster, who afterward planned the first theological school in the Methodist Church at Concord, N. H. Later he laid the foundations at Evanston, Ill., of the second Biblical Institute of his church.

God and angels knew, if men did not, how immeasurable were the gains in the conversion of the tin-peddler in the supposedly unsuccessful camp-meeting in New England a hundred years ago.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

4140. Resurrection. See *Easter and Easter Day*.

4141. Resurrection. Among the Pyramids of Egypt, Lord Lindsay, the English traveler, came across a mummy, the inscription upon which proved to be two thousand years old. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a small root. He took the little bulb from that

closed hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the dew and rains of heaven to descend upon it, and in a few weeks, to his astonishment, the root burst forth and blossomed in a beautiful flower.

4142. Resurrection, Faith in. "Jesus is not dead." These words were inscribed on a banner displayed at a heathen funeral in China on Easter Sunday. The funeral was that of Sung Chisojen, a prominent Chinese gentleman, whose assassination shocked all China. The great procession filled many streets, and numerous and gorgeous banners were displayed. The most remarkable of all, however, was the one that declared belief in the risen Jesus of Nazareth. It may be that these heathen mourners were not wholly conscious of all the words implied, but it is a significant fact that they bore this testimony to their faith, or at least to their hope, that death does not end all, and that Jesus is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."—*Missionary Review of the World*.

4143. Resurrection Hope. At all the military reviews of Peru they have a custom by which they pay honor to Admiral Grau, Peru's noblest naval hero, killed in battle off the coast of Chile. Always at roll-call, Admiral Grau's is the first name called. An orderly steps forward and pointing upward answers, "Absent but accounted for. He is with the heroes." So we may call the roll of the dead in Christ, and pointing upward say, "Absent, but accounted for; safe in the arms of Jesus."

4144. Resurrection Life. "I like to think," said D. L. Moody, "of the time when the dead shall rise from their graves. We read, at those last rites for the dead, what we call the 'burial service.' It is an unfortunate expression. Paul never talked of 'burial.' He said the body was 'sown'—'sown in corruption,' 'sown in weakness,' 'sown in dishonor,' 'sown a natural body.' If I bury a bushel of wheat, I never expect to see it again; but if I sow it, I expect results. Thank God, our friends are not buried; they are only sown!"—*Record of Christian Work*.

4145. Resurrection Life. I was showing a five-year-old boy the other Sunday afternoon William Hole's pictures of the life of Christ, and when we came to the picture of the raising of the dead son of the widow of Nain, the little fellow stopped and laid his hands on the page. "Yes," he said, "I can understand that. Jesus had the life. He had all the life inside himself."—ROBERT E. SPEER.

4146. Retaliation by Kindness. During one of McKinley's congressional campaigns, a shrewd, persistent, skilled reporter for a paper of opposite political belief followed him from place to place misrepresenting him. While this annoyed McKinley, he saw that the reporter was poor, ill-fed, and thinly clad, and admired his skill and persistence. One wretchedly cold, raw night, as McKinley was riding in a closed carriage to an appointment, he heard a familiar cough, and knew the reporter was outside on the driver's seat. Calling out to the driver to stop, he alighted and said, "Get down off that seat, young man." The reporter obeyed, thinking the time for the major's vengeance had come. "Here," said McKinley, taking off his overcoat, "you put on this overcoat and get into the carriage." "But, Major McKinley," said the reporter, "I guess you don't know who I am. I have been with you the whole campaign, giving it to you every time you spoke, and I am going over to-night to rip you to pieces if I can." "I know," said McKinley, "but you put on this coat, and get inside and get warm, so you can do a good job."—*Record of Christian Work*.

4147. Retribution. See Judgment. See Hell.

4148. Retribution. Nemesis is lame; but she is of colossal stature, like the gods, and sometimes, while her sword is not yet unsheathed, she stretches out her huge left arm and grasps her victim. The mighty hand is invisible, but the victim totters under the dire clutch.—GEORGE ELIOT.

4149. Retribution. Heaven never defaults. The wicked are sure of their wages, sooner or later.

4150. Retribution. Chaplain McCabe once talked with Admiral Schley in the harbor of Valparaiso. He asked him what he was thinking about during the battle of Santiago. Schley replied, "Well, you would hardly guess. In the midst of that thrilling engagement which resulted in the destruction of Cervera's fleet that Sunday morning, my mind was continually going back three hundred years when the Spaniards drove my ancestors out of Spain. I thought how strange it was that I was there to help to pay that debt by the humiliation of that wicked nation." Retribution! "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."—*The Evangel*.

4151. Retribution, Just. Hercules overcame Diomedes, tyrant of Thrace, who fed his horses with the flesh of his guests. Hercules caused him in turn to serve as food to these same horses.

4152. Retribution, Social. Society is like the echoing hills. It gives back to the speaker his words; groan for groan, song for song. Wouldst thou have thy social scenes to resound with music? Then speak ever in the melodious strains of truth and love. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

4153. Revenge. Orpheus was murdered during the orgies of Bacchus by the Thracian women, who were incensed at the coldness with which he had treated them.

4154. Revenge. "Do you know that fellow Moriarty that's always comin' up and thumpin' ye on the chest, and shoutin' 'How are ye?'"

"I know him, Pat."

"He's made me ache more than once—but I'll get even with him now!"

"How will you do it?"

"I'll tell ye. He always hits me over my right vest pocket. He'll hit me just once more. I've put a stick o' dynamite, d'ye mind, in that vest pocket!"

The story is good for a laugh; but behind the fun there's a tremendous truth in it. It is this, and is worth remembering. No revenge was ever planned and carried out that did not react upon the perpetrator and injure him more than his victim.—*The Way.*

4155. Revenge. Revenge commonly hurts both the offerer and sufferer; as we see in a foolish bee, which in her anger invenometh the flesh and loseth her sting, and so lives a drone ever after.—BISHOP HALL.

4156. Revenge. Revenge is a common passion: it is the sin of the uninstructed. The savage deems it noble; but Christ's religion, which is the sublime civilizer, emphatically condemns it. Why? Because religion ever seeks to ennoble man; and nothing so debases him as revenge.—BULWER-LYTTON.

4157. Revenge. Revenge is a cruel word: manhood some call it; but it is rather *doghood*. The manlier any man is the milder and more merciful.—JOHN TRAPP.

4158. Reverence, Superstitious. The Russian Church carries its reverence for pictures to the point of idolatry. In the war between Japan and Russia, every Russian regiment had its picture, or

"icon" as it is called, guarded by priests and deacons. General Kuropatkin's icon contained three larger and three smaller pictures of saints, and above them all a Russian cross. This icon, under the protection of a special guard, journeyed with him wherever he went.—*Tarbell's Teacher's Guide.*

4159. Reverses Reversed. A man recently visited his brother, the owner of a ranch in one of the arid regions of the West. As the guest was shown over the place, the owner told him of the difficulties and obstacles that he had overcome in making the desert bloom, and he also touched upon his plans for the future. "You amaze me, Bill," said the visitor. "Is it possible to make a living on such land as this, and in such a climate?" "It surely is. I have had a great deal more out of it than a mere living." "I am glad to hear that, for you must have laid by something for a rainy day." The owner smiled. "I've done better than that," he explained. "With the help of an occasional rainy day I have laid by something for the dry days!" God can bring us through all kinds of weather.—*Christian Age.*

4160. Revival. See *Evangelism.*

4161. Revival, Assurance of. Several years ago, near Portland, Maine, in Yorkmouth River, one noon at low tide, a stranded steamboat might have been seen in the mud. There is no water near steamer *Maud* for several hundred feet, but no one seems anxious; down in the engine room cleaning and repairing are going on. Out on the flats some of the crew are digging clams for a shore dinner, while the passengers on the decks are engaged in conversation and reading. They know that the tides of the sea never fail; by and by it will come back and lift steamer *Maud* and they will sail on.

Sometimes the world seems to be at spiritual low ebb, but God is faithful, and it only means that the great tides of the spiritual will come floating back and the world will be lifted to a yet higher plane of living and of thought.

4162. Revival, Desired. Dr. John Robertson tells of a Scotch village where, years ago, all the hearth fires had gone out. It was before the days of matches. The only way to rekindle the fires was to find some hearth where the fire was yet aglow. Their search was fruitless until at last they found a flaming hearth away on the hill. One by one they came to this hearth and lighted their peat, put

it carefully in a pan, shielding it from the wind, and the fires were soon burning again throughout the community.

Are the fires getting low in your country? Has the chill of worldliness settled down upon your church? Is your own heart cold or chill? It is revival we need and want. We desire this, would stress this and promote this in every way possible. We would bring fire for the Hill. We would gladly serve also as a kindling flame. God has plenty of fire on the Hill. Climb up into His presence through the path of surrender, and He will take the live coal from the altar and lay it upon your heart and upon your lips. This is the fullness of the Holy Ghost. This is the passion for souls.

But no Christian ought to be content to burn for Christ, he should kindle such a conflagration in his community that all the works of darkness would be consumed.—H.

4163. Revival, Evidences of. During the Chapman-Alexander meetings in Philadelphia, a librarian of the city stated that since the meetings began the men in his section of the city had begun to call for a better class of books than usual and that there was less confusion and disturbance about the reading rooms than usual.

4164. Revival, Fire. Said an old city fireman: "If you want to get the people in streets just let a fire start!" And if you want to get the people to Church just let the Christians get on fire and they'll come. You can't keep folks away where there's sympathy and help.

4165. Revival, Signs of. A number of years ago I was waiting the arrival of a train in a railway station in England. There were many present on the same errand, and while we were all in a state of expectation, some one said to me, pointing to a great bell: "In a little while you will hear that ring; for when the train is five miles off, it will run over a pneumatic valve and set that bell in motion." In a few minutes it began to ring violently, and in an instant the whole crowd was excited; the train was just five miles away. Christian workers are agreed that the world is on the threshold of a mighty spiritual awakening. The bell has been ringing clearly and graciously in many places of the Lord's vineyard.

4166. Revivals, Criticism of. A man once said to Mr. Dawson, "I like your sermons very much, but the after meetings I despise. When the prayer meet-

ing begins, I always go up into the gallery and look down, and am disgusted." "Well," said Mr. Dawson, "the reason is you go on the top of your neighbor's house and look down his chimney to examine his fire and of course you get only smoke in your eyes. Why don't you come in at the door and sit down and warm?"

4167. Reward, Future. The demigods were brave men who had made themselves famous by illustrious actions. After their death their countrymen believed they were admitted among the gods, and gave them divine honors.

4168. Reward, Future. Trophœus and his brother were the architects of the temple of Apollo at Delphi. According to one legend, when the edifice was finished, they asked the god to reward them for their labor. Apollo promised that he would recompense them on the seventh day, and bade them live happily during the interval. On the seventh day the brothers died in their sleep.

4169. Rich Do Not Laugh. A business man overtook a negro trudging through the snow, humming to himself. He talked with him and found that he was very poor. Finally he asked him if he didn't think he'd be happier if he were rich. "No, boss, all the rich men I work for nebber laugh." A man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

4170. Rich Have Season Ticket. The little boy who was seen asleep at the theater, night after night, explained toward the end of the season to the sympathetic and inquiring stranger who waked him: "Ah, but you see I have to come. I've got a season ticket!" Alas for wealth, which has season tickets for everything, and gets the full relish out of nothing! A man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

4171. Rich, but Poor. Walking along a street with a friend, one remarked of a man whom he passed, "That man has nothing in the world but forty thousand dollars." Now there are but few who would not regard him as rich, and possibly wish to change places with him. But if that is really the case with him, he is not to be envied.

4172. Riches. See Money.

4173. Riches, a Curse. Ovid was educated at Rome. He showed his taste for poetry at an early age. But at the request of his father, he applied himself exclusively to the study of eloquence. When through the death of an elder

brother he inherited an ample fortune, his natural inclinations prevailed. He was not content with the nobler pleasures of fame and friendship, but plunged without restraint into all the vices and follies of Rome. Because of this he was banished by Augustus.

4174. Riches, Smothered by. A tragic report once came from the diamond fields of South Africa, stating that several Europeans and a large number of native miners were entombed in the DeBeers pit at Kimberley. What empty mockery, in that hour of death, must have been the presence of the rich gems about them! But such accidents do not belong only to South Africa, nor to the diamond-pit alone; men may be smothered to death just as surely in a spiritual way.—

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

4175. Riches, Source of the World's. The world has been enriched more through the poverty of its saints than by the wealth of its millionaires. Francis of Assisi, Xavier, Thomas à Kempis and Luther; the men whose hymns and words and achievements are the priceless heritage of the ages; the martyrs, confessors, reformers, prophets, teachers and leaders of men, have all been classed in that noble brotherhood which Peter represented when he became the medium through which the wealth of paradise passed into the common coinage of earth. These men have given blood, tears, spiritual impulses, faith, hope, love. What have you to give?—*Golden Rule.*

4176. Riches, Real. When Jeremy Taylor's house had been plundered, all his worldly possessions squandered, and his family turned out of doors, he congratulated himself that his enemies had left him "the sun and the moon, a loving wife, many friends to pity and relieve, the providence of God, all the promises of the gospel, my religion, my hope of heaven, and my charity toward my enemies." A man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

4177. Riches, Snare of. A poor widow was remarkable for her liberality, but there came to her an unexpected legacy which made her rich. She soon underwent such a change that whereas she used to volunteer to give, now she had to be importuned, and then gave only the smallest amounts. Her pastor spoke of the matter to her. "Ah!" she said, "when day by day I looked to God for my bread I had enough to spare; now I have to look to my ample income, and

I am all the time haunted with the fear of losing it and coming to want. I had the guinea heart when I had the shilling means; now I have the guinea means and the shilling heart."—A. J. GORDON, D.D.

4178. Riches, Troublesome. There is a story about the original Astor to the effect that he was walking down Broadway one day and heard two men talking behind him.

"What would you take," said one, "to manage old Astor's business for him?"

"I wouldn't do it for less than ten thousand a year," was the reply.

"Well," rejoined the first speaker, "old Astor does it for nothing—just his board and clothes."

Whereupon it is said that Astor made use of the sentiment, "What's the use?" which has since grown much in vogue.

4179. Riches, Unused. Down in Southwest Virginia are the Pocahontas coal fields, the richest in many respects in the world. These coal fields were once owned by a farmer, who eked out a miserable existence for himself and his family. One day some men from the North went down there. They walked through the village, they examined the fields, and they became convinced that there were great coal pits there. They went to the old farmer and said, "We will give you a thousand dollars for this piece of ground," and he accepted it almost before the words were out of their mouths. They gave him his thousand dollars and he gave them the deed. He moved down into the valley, where he lived until a few years ago. And those men got possession of those coal fields, and you could not buy that same piece of ground to-day for millions of dollars. Now, that old farmer had all that when he got the deed from his father, but he did not know about it. My brethren, we have all that God has for us when Jesus Christ saves us, but for the most part we do not know it.—LEN BROUGHTON.

4180. Right.

For right is right, since God is God,

And right the day must win;

To doubt would be disloyalty,

To falter would be sin.

—F. W. FABER.

4181. Right, Nearly. One does not look for the teaching of absolute righteousness in an arithmetic textbook. But in the arithmetic which my little girl brought home from school I saw a note to the teacher, saying, "Impress upon the pupil the necessity of absolutely correct

solutions. There is no such thing as an answer nearly right. The answer is right or it is wrong."

Is not this what James said? "For whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."—T. G. SOARES.

4182. Rights, Too Careful of. A countryman came into a village store very angry. "Look here," he began sharply, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here yesterday and when I got home I found 'em more'n half walnuts. And there is the young villain I bought 'em of," he added, pointing to the proprietor's son.

"John," said the father, "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready response.

"You needn't lie about it."

"Now, look here," said John, with a good-natured smile. "If you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put the walnuts in extra."

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?" asked the man, in a somewhat mollified tone.

"Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children."

"Well, if you ain't a good one!" the man remarked, with restored good humor. "An' here I've been makin' an idiot of myself. Just put me up a pound of tea, will ye? I'll stop and weigh things next time."

Do not be so careful of your rights that you leap to the conclusion that some one is trying to wrong you. Stop and weigh things.—*Words of Cheer.*

4183. Righteousness Essential. A young lawyer negotiated a contract of which he was rather proud, and took it to an old and wise counselor for his examination. To his surprise the old man, as he read it slowly, shook his head. "That's a great contract, John. It is most skillfully drawn," he remarked, as he handed it back. "But, John, you have forgotten the other fellow. No contract is sound which neglects the rights or the equities of any party to it."—*Watertown Times.*

4184. Righteousness Provided. When a child travels in his father's company all is paid for, but the father himself carries the purse. So the expenses of the Christian's warfare and journey to heaven are paid for and discharged for him by the Lord in every stage and condition.—GURNALL.

4185. Road, the One to Take. "Teach me thy way, O Jehovah; and lead me in

a plain path." One day Dr. J. H. Jowett said: The *Manchester Guardian* came the other day; there was a picture in it. It was the picture of a stormy sky and a lonely road, wet from the recent storm, and there was just a break in the sky, and at one place the sun was shining upon the road. That's my road, and I wrote and asked the editor to send me an enlargement of it; there it is on the mantelpiece.—*The British Weekly.*

4186. Robber, Memorial to. In the little town of Forlimpopoli, near Bologna, there is a memorial tablet in the Municipal theater to the memory of a famous robber chieftain named Passatore. The reason why the theater is the home of his memorial is that in it was performed his most famous exploit. In September, 1854, while one of Rossini's operas was being performed in the presence of all the local beauty and fashion, Passatore and his band "held up" the audience and robbed them of all their valuables to the last penny.

4187. Roosevelt, Theodore. The most versatile man of all the Presidents was Theodore Roosevelt. He knew and could do more things well than any other President, perhaps than any other man of his time. Statesman, reformer, soldier, orator, preacher, historian, literary critic, naturalist, explorer, sportsman, athlete—in all these lines Roosevelt was an expert. His life ended hardly past its prime and yet into it was crowded so much of great thinking, great striving and great achieving that it should always be a stirring challenge and inspiration to real manhood. How rich and glorious a life may be when lived courageously and heartily for God and country, for righteousness and humanity, as Roosevelt's life was lived!—*The Christian Advocate.*

4188. Rule Versus Spirit. "Maeterlinck's book on 'The Life of the Bee' is full of interest from beginning to end. What he tells us reads like a fairy-tale. He describes the hive as a busy, busy city, governed by laws as fixed as those of the proverbial Medes and Persians. Above those laws there seems to be a great principle. I do not know if we can call it a principle—rather is it a spirit—an atmosphere. Let me explain what I mean. Once a girl was out spending an evening at a friend's house, and about eight o'clock she said to her hostess, 'I can not stay longer—I must go.' 'Why?' she was asked. 'There is no rule in the boarding school,' she answered, 'but there's an atmosphere, it's more binding

than a law," and she laughed. (The lady at the head of the school had a great power over her pupils.) Well, one of the chief things that the spirit or atmosphere of the hive says is that no bee must think simply of itself—self-interest must be sacrificed for the good of the whole. It is by frequent and careful watching that this has been found out."—*The Expository Times*.

4189. Sabbath. See Rest. See Worship.

4190. Sabbath. He who ordained the Sabbath loved the poor.—O. W. HOLMES.

4191. Sabbath. A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer without flowers, and like a homestead without a garden. It is the joyous day of the whole week.—BEECHER.

4192. Sabbath.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gates stand ope;
Blessings are plentiful and ripe,
More plentiful than hope.

—HERBERT.

4193. Sabbath. A French historian says that when the attempt was made, during the Revolution, to abolish the Sabbath, the peasants were accustomed to say, "Our oxen know when the Sabbath comes, and will not work on that day."

4194. Sabbath, Christian. "Your Joss is better than our Joss," said a Chinaman to a British officer some years ago; "He gives you one day rest in seven, while we get only one day in a year."

4195. Sabbath, Keeping the. In Funingsien the mandarin, in starting a girls' school, found that the only competent teacher to be obtained was the wife of the Methodist preacher. On engaging her at a salary considerably greater than her husband's, he observed: "Of course, you will teach on worship day?" Whereat this diminutive woman drew herself up till she seemed to add a cubit or two to her stature, and replied: "Not for a thousand taels a month." And the great man actually had to come to her terms.

4196. Sabbath, the Lord's Own Day. A little princess's recovery from a dangerous illness was the occasion of setting apart a special day of quiet thanksgiving by the king, in which none of the peasants were to stir from their homes. Slipping unobserved from the castle with a basket under her arm, the little princess went among the peasants, distributing her

gifts among the needy. A strange guard halted her and in a gruff voice said, "Don't you know this is the special thanksgiving day, when no one is allowed on the streets?" She turned in childish glee, exclaiming, "Yes, but I am the princess, and this is my day."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

4197. Sabbath Observance. A man passing some mines in Pennsylvania asked a little boy why the field was so full of mules. "The mules are worked in the mines through the week," replied the boy, "and they are brought up into the light on Sunday to keep them from going blind." Sunday answers the same purpose with men. A blind, dead, tired body and a blind, dead, starved soul are the results of Sundays ill spent.

4198. Sabbath, Observance of. It is said that the air of the famous Kentucky cave has a peculiar power of stimulating the senses. After a visitor has been in it for an hour or two, and returns to the open air, he can discern the scents of the flowers, trees, and grass in an extraordinary manner. So new perceptions of spiritual things will come if by suitable Sabbath observance we draw aside from the world and get into the quiet of God's presence.

4199. Sabbath, Observed. Hon. W. J. Bryan was one of our public men who, in his world-wide travels, had made himself known as a Sabbath-keeping and temperance man. He recently declined a dinner to be given in his honor on the Sabbath day, saying: "I am sorry, but it's Sunday, and I go to church. Won't you go with me?" Such a man does much to raise the Christian standard wherever he goes. Happy would it be for our nation if all our public men were actuated by such principles.

4200. Sabbath, Resting Place. "Lots of telegraph poles are going up," said Willie. "They are just so far apart from each other, and every time I go from our house to yours, grandpa, I stop and rest at each pole."

"There are lots of Sabbaths in my life," said grandpa, "and they are the same distance apart, and they are on the way to my Father's house. Every time I come to one I stop and rest, too."

4201. Sabbath, the Tuning-Day. There is a fine picture, says the *Gospel Messenger*, called "The Tuning of the Bell." The workman stands with his hammer, waiting on some one with a musical instrument, who is looking upward as he touches the strings, as if he

would bring the melody out of the very heavens. The great heavy mass, and the man who has molded it, have to wait on the eager, searching spirit of the tone-master, or the work when it is done will be out of tune and harsh. Each day of the week is a bell. The Lord's Day is the tuning-harp of the tone-master, and as the workman works the fine harmonies into the metal, even so we who are in the spirit on the Lord's Day can work the fine harmonies of the Lord's Day into the toils and avocations of each week-day.

4202. Sacrament, Meaning of. The word *sacrament* does not occur in the Bible. It is the old Latin word *sacramentum*, which expresses the oath of the soldier in the Roman army, by which he swore allegiance to Cæsar, declaring himself willing to go anywhere, to do anything and to die if necessary for the Emperor. And this sacramental service is really a renewal of the military oath of obedience and loyalty in which we declare that we will obey our Commander-in-chief, individually and collectively, at all hazards.—HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

4203. Sacrifice. See Atonement, The Cross, Good Friday.

4204. Sacrifice. It is what we give up, not what we lay up, that adds to our lasting store.—HOSEA BALLOU.

4205. Sacrifice, Loving. To help meet a \$312 quota, her share in the financial campaign established by Adelphi College, Brooklyn, N. Y., Grace Newman, an alumna, sold a pint and a half of her blood for \$50. Such sacrifice, recorded in the newspapers, indicates great love for one's alma mater.

4206. Sacrifice, Making for Christ. A man who was seeking to become a Christian bemoaned the lot that would come to him if he gave himself to Christ. "I shall have to give up so much," he said. "There are many things I can do now that I can't do then." "But," said a Christian brother, "there are many things that you can't do now. You cannot eat mud or drink it." "No," replied the man, "but I don't want to do a thing like that." "That's just it," was the reply. "And when you become a thorough-going Christian, all sin will become distasteful to you. You will not want to commit it." In accepting Christ we do not surrender our liberty but our slavery when we become free to do what we please, because we shall please to do God's will.—*Record of Christian Work.*

4207. Sacrifice, Personal. Said Lieutenant Cummings as Farragut swept up the Mississippi past Vicksburg batteries, one leg torn from his body: "Get the ship by the battery, boys; get by and they may have the other leg if they want it."

4208. Sacrifice for Sinners. A company of English soldiers were crossing "No Man's Land" when the Huns sent over a wave of gas. The sergeant was overcome by the noxious fumes, when the lieutenant ran to his aid. Just as help came to them, the young officer was himself overcome, falling backwards into a shell hole, and breaking his neck. When the sad news reached the parents in the north of England, the mother said, "I feel that the only thing that would console me for my loss would be to know that the man for whom my boy died was a good man." A week later the sergeant for whom the young officer died, came to that home hopelessly intoxicated. They soon saw that it was not the case of a man overcome by sudden temptation. They could have forgiven that. He was an utter waster, about as bad as a man could be.

When he had gone, the mother again spoke, "It almost breaks my heart to know my boy gave his precious life for a worthless life like that." But what of the young officer himself? Did he know the type of man for whom he risked his life? Of course he knew, the man was in his own platoon; yet, knowing him, he gave his life in the attempt to save him.

One cannot hear this story without recalling Paul's words: "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—*Romance of the Red Triangle.*

4209. Sacrifice Rewarded. Princess Eugenie of Sweden sold her diamonds that she might build a home for incurables. On one of her visits to the home she met a wicked sick woman, to whom she talked about Christ. She told the matron on leaving that she hoped special attention would be given to that poor creature, for the princess was anxious that before she died she would become a Christian. One day she found the invalid with bright face because her heart was radiant with hope, and with tears in her eyes the princess said to her husband on returning to the palace, "I saw the

glitter of my diamonds to-day in the tears of penitence."—A. C. DIXON, D.D.

4210. Sacrifice of Self. One of our sailing vessels suffered a bad break below the water line, and the pumps could not save the ship from sinking. Every effort was made to close the break, but in vain. All seemed lost, when a deck-hand asked them to give him some bagging and let him down to the fracture. He never came back, nor was it his purpose to do so. He deliberately corked himself into the hole, and thus stopped the rush of water into the ship.

4211. Sacrifice, Vicarious. Christ died on the Cross as a vicarious sacrifice for our redemption. The principle of vicarious sacrifice is woven into the whole web of the world. Nature itself is full of it. Everything is there laid on the altar of sacrifice that it may be transmuted into something higher. The rocks crumble into soil, the soil sprouts into plant and flower and fruit, the fruit passes into the life of the animal, and the animal into the life of man. Our human world is red with the baptism of sacrificial blood. We are members one of another so that all must suffer together and one for another. The strong must suffer for the weak, the good for the bad, and the innocent for the guilty. The mother suffers for the child, the righteous father for his wicked boy, and the soldier for his country. The blood of all the past generations has become our blessing, their battles are now our victories, and their pains our ease. We can rarely help another in need unless we are willing to suffer for him; and the degree of our suffering will measure our healing power. Vicarious suffering has a strange chemistry by which it inspires the weak and disheartened with courage, comforts the penitent and sorrowing, and melts hardness of heart into contrition and submission. Whoever would enter into other lives in healing ministry must carry with him and apply this balm. Life everywhere costs life, and whoever would redeem it must pay this price. God himself cannot escape this law, and its supreme manifestation is the Cross of his Son.—*Presbyterian Banner*.

4212. Sacrificial Death. During the World War seven children came to an American orphanage in Armenia. They were dirty, ragged, starving. They asked the director of the orphanage to take them in. "Children," they were told, "we have funds and room for just one more here. We would like to take

you in and feed you, clothe you, and educate you. What shall we do?" The children stood for a minute, their mouths quivering with disappointment. Then they walked slowly away a few yards and engaged in conversation. Presently they returned. They pointed at one of their number. "Here," they said, "is the strongest one among us. Take care of him. He will grow up to be a good Armenian, one who can make Armenia strong and great." They walked out of the door, waved a sad good-by at the comrade they had left behind them, and straggled out into the desert. Six died for one.—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

4213. Sacrificial Life Beautiful. Two plowshares were made from the same pig-iron. One was sold to a farmer, who used it constantly. The other remained on the shelf of the hardware store, unsold, until it was covered with rust. The farmer brought his wornout share to get another like it. The rusty share was brought out, and there was its brother shining like a silver mirror. "How is it," the rusty one asked, "that your life has been so wearing and yet made you so beautiful? Once we were alike. I have grown ugly in spite of my easy life." "That is it," replied the shining share, "the beautiful life is the sacrificial life."

4214. Safe, Comparatively. "So your boy, Josh, is in the army?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Cornstossel; "and we're mighty proud of him." "Suppose something happens to him?" "Well, we haven't thought much about that. When Josh gets into a mixup he 'most invariably ain't the one that something happens to."

4215. Safety, Christian. After the battle of Manassas, Captain Imboden called upon Stonewall Jackson, who was severely wounded. "How is it, general," asked the captain, "you can keep so cool in such a storm of shell and bullets?" He replied in low and earnest tones, "Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed."

4216. Safety in Danger. "I don't quite know what to do about it. It does not seem wrong—but—" and the hesitating young man or woman stands halting between two opinions, uncertain whether or not to do the thing that does not seem wrong, nor yet quite right.

"Better be safe than sorry," is a good rule to remember at such a time. If a thing does not seem all right, then be safe, and let it alone. It is what looks almost innocent—which makes you hesi-

tate a minute before you decide to do it—that leads after a while to what is plainly wrong. But if the decision is on the safe side, it leads in the other and better direction. Not only will that danger spot be safely passed, but it will be easier to pass the next one. Every right decision makes the next easier, and helps to fix the habit of deciding aright. Fixing the good habit of being safe is the very best way to avoid the opposite one, which will lead sooner than one realizes to the being sorry.—*East and West*.

4217. Safety, Price of. In overcoming temptation it may be often necessary to sacrifice many things which we esteem valuable. As Robert E. Speer says: "If the reading of certain books, the indulgence in certain amusements cause you to fall into temptation, forsake them."

When Sebastopol was besieged in the Anglo-Russian War, Prince Mentschikoff, commanding the Russian Navy, saw that the only way to keep the English out of the harbor was to sink all of the Russian ships of war in the roadstead, and so one hundred vessels were sunk. When, after the war was over, our American engineer Gowan descended to the depths in a diving-bell, it was an impressive spectacle. One hundred buried ships! Such sacrifices are deemed admirable by nations and accounted as acts of wisdom. Let not the victories of the spiritual life attained at great cost be accounted any the less valuable.

4218. Safety with God. There is great safety in the perils God chooses for us. "Is it safe to work among the lepers?" was asked of Sam Higginbottom, of India, whose missionary service has been so blessed to the outcasts whom Christ asked us specially to remember and heal. "Yes," was the answer, "it is safer to work among the lepers, if it's my job, than to work anywhere else." A place of safety outside of God's will is too risky a place for any child of God to contemplate.—*The Sunday School Times*.

4219. Sainthood. What is a saint? A person set apart for Christ. No earthly word can make a saint. The pope did not make that wild rake Francis of Assisi a saint. He came to sainthood along the way other Christians come (Zech. 3:2; 2 Pet. 3:18). This world, as I have said so many times, is just one big factory. Its fine product is saints. Now down at the shop we do not have golden candlesticks and tuneful harps and soft carpets and fine furnishings and marriage suppers. In the factory we sit on nail kegs.

The decorations are cobwebs. Roughed-out stuff hangs from the joists and walls. We cut and mash our fingers with our tools. We lunch from a tin pail and wash it down with warmed-up coffee. We are bossed around and told what to do and what not to do. But you just wait until the whistle blows and we go home to-night. Up there Mollie and the kids are waiting for us. Glad greeting, sweet music, soft cushions, fine supper, happy evening, white couches. Welcome thou into the joy of thy home. Do you understand what sainthood means?—W. H. RIDGWAY.

4220. Saint Making. Æneas never asked to be healed. Paul never asked to be converted. Of course Dorcas never asked to be raised. So here we are right back to the same old question again. A question you will have answered only in heaven. There were, no doubt, other cripples and other dead widows. Why select Æneas and Dorcas? In the factory there are operations the full why and wherefore of which is known only to "the boss." The workman doesn't know why the "old man is so particular about that fool thing." Why that stuff goes to the "bone yard" and that other stuff doesn't go to the junk pile is a constant wonder to the hands. "That batch he burned up was good enough for anybody," said Jake (Matt. 13:30; Isa. 55:8). It is the same way in the saint-making. Some ugly, twisted, knotty blocks make the most beautiful pieces after they are worked up and polished. Down at the mill the other day some stuff was sent to the furnace because it was "too good." Some folks are so built they want to get all the good things going. I am of that sort. I want to be so that if I am crippled Heaven can cure me. If I am wrong, Heaven can convert me. If I am "dead," Heaven can raise me.—W. H. RIDGWAY.

4221. Saints, Perseverance of the. I may be sure of the right road, sure I am on it, affirms Dr. P. S. Henson, and yet be in doubt whether I shall reach the goal. Unto such I commend the words of an old negro whom I once met. I asked him how long he had been serving the Lord. "Fifty years," he replied. "Well, uncle," I said, "after keeping the faith so long, you must feel pretty confident of holding out to the end?" "Ah, massa," he replied, "it's only a question of whether de Lord can hold on, and I reckon I can trust him."

4222. Salary, The Word. Many, many

years ago salt was so hard to obtain, but so necessary to have, that Roman soldiers were paid part of their wages in salt. Now the Latin word for salt is "sal," and from that came the word "salarium," meaning salt money. Finally, the soldiers were paid only in money, but the term "salarium" was still used to designate these wages. From this old Latin word comes our English word "salary." This is why we say of a worthless fellow that "he is not worth his salt."—*Central Christian Advocate*.

4223. Salvage Pays. A Boston plumber once bought a wreck for a few hundred dollars. It was a steamer which two wrecking companies had tried in vain to float. With a gang of men whom he hired, this plumber at last got the vessel off the rocks and into a near-by harbor. Then he spent considerable money in repairing the ship; but on the outbreak of the war, when vessels were in great demand, he sold his "wreck" for \$197,000.

Many a "hopeless" human wreck has been abandoned in similar fashion by his friends, but has fortunately come under the attention of some courageous Christian worker, has been pulled from the rocks, has been refitted for the storms of life, and has proved to be immensely valuable. Salvage pays. Salvage always pays.

4224. Salvation. See *Atonement*. See *Cross, The*. See *Decision Day*. See *Good Friday*.

4225. Salvation Accepted. A minister asked a humble, illiterate member of his congregation how he was converted. The man replied that it was through hearing, in the lesson read one morning, the words: "As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand." The clergyman remarked that they were striking words, but he did not see how they could have led to conversion. "Don't you see, sir," was the reply, "before whom I stand?"—I felt myself standing before God." That was the means for the Spirit's winning of the soul.

4226. Salvation Through Christ. "Plato! Plato!" said Socrates, "it may be that the gods can forgive deliberate sin, but how, I cannot tell!"

4227. Salvation, Condition of. At a prayer meeting "down East," a man noted for his failures to meet business obligations arose to speak. The subject was: "What shall I do to be saved?" He commenced slowly to quote the words: "What shall I do to be saved?" He

paused, looked around and said again, "What shall I do to be saved?" Again, with more solemn tone, he repeated the question of questions, when a voice from the assembly, in clear and distinct tones, replied, "Go and pay John Williams for that yoke of oxen."

The incident stirs up solemn thought. A great many people before they can be saved or guide others to the Saviour, will have to "go and pay John Williams" the money they honestly owe him. Shrewd tricksters in the marts of the world are not shrewd enough to be dishonest at heart and retain the favor of God, who "loves purity in the inward parts." Neither can a hope of the world to come be like a sheet-anchor to the soul of any one who robs God by being dishonest to his fellow-man.

Thousands read no other Bible than the lives of those who profess to be following its precepts in their daily lives. The greatest need of the Church is true, pure, upright living—"living epistles, known and read of all men." The square man is the best shape. The tree is known by its fruit. "Go and pay John Williams."—*Morning Star*.

4228. Salvation, Condition of. A woman who was speaking enthusiastically of a certain bath establishment which was not open to the public, but which received people only when sent there by physicians, explained, "You've got to have something the matter with you to get in." That is precisely the condition of entrance into the healing and joys of life in Christ.—*Sunday School Times*.

4229. Salvation, Its Cost. A collier came to me and said: "I would like to be a Christian, but I cannot receive what you said to-night." I asked him why not. He replied: "I would give anything to believe that God would forgive my sins, but I cannot believe that he will forgive me if I just turn to him. It is too cheap." I looked at him and said: "My dear friend, have you been working to-day?" He looked at me slightly astonished and said: "Yes, I was down in the pit, as usual." "How did you get out of the pit?" I asked. "The way I usually do. I got into the cage and was pulled to the top." "How much did you pay to come out of the pit?" He looked at me astonished, and said, "Pay? Of course I didn't pay anything." I asked him: "Were you not afraid to trust yourself in that cage? Was it not too cheap?" "Oh, no," he said; "it was cheap for me, but it cost the company a lot of money to

sink that shaft." And without another word the truth of that admission broke upon him and he saw that if he could have salvation without money and without price it had cost the infinite God a great price to sink the shaft and rescue lost men.—G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

4230. Salvation, Good News of. Frank Anderson was a "bell hop" in a Toledo, Ohio, hotel. One day while the boy was in his room two Indianapolis attorneys knocked at his door. Without trying to find out who his visitors were he ordered them to "git away from that door." However, they did not "git" until they had informed the lad that a deceased aunt of his had left him \$25,000 in her will.

Christ is seeking entrance into every life not only to impart the "good news" of salvation, but to take up his abiding place in the heart.

Isn't it strange that men will not welcome him in?

4231. Salvation, The How of. An evangelist told of a champion chess-player's criticism upon the celebrated painting called "The Lost Game," in which a boy plays a game of chess with the devil. The champion said the boy had not lost the game, and, to prove it, sat down and won the game from the same combination of men on the chess-board in the painting. He won the game in two moves. He pointed the moral: The devil always thinks the game of life is lost, but in two moves—repentance and faith—Christ wins it.

4232. Salvation Offered. A missionary sat in the midst of a little circle of South Sea Islanders. He read to them the third chapter of John's Gospel. Presently he came to the verse, "God so loved the world," etc. One of his hearers started from his seat and exclaimed: "What sounds were those I heard?" The missionary repeated the verse. The native again rose up from his seat, and earnestly asked his instructor: "Is that true? Can it be true that God so loved the world? God's own Son came to die that man might not die? Is it true?" The missionary assured him that it was the very message he had come so far to deliver, and that they were happy who would receive it. The man burst into tears, and turned from the little company into the bushes to think alone over the wonderful news.

4233. Salvation, by a Person, Not a Plan. We are not saved by a plan, but by a Man, the Man Christ Jesus, "God

manifested in flesh, justified in spirit, seen of angels, preached among the nations, believed on in the world, received up in glory." This is not true of any plan, even though God be the Designer of it. The plan of salvation did not die for us. It was the Son of God Himself, "the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His Person," who loved us and gave Himself for us. A man may backslide from an acquaintance, however accurate, with a plan or a system; but did any one ever backslide from a true heart-love to God in Christ? "This is life eternal, that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent."

4234. Salvation, Road to. A shrewd old countryman was being questioned by the vicar on his religious tenets. He had heard the old man was a Baptist, and although he had nothing to say against the beliefs of this sect, he implied that perhaps the Established Church was the better road to salvation. The old man, after listening to the vicar's fears on his belief, said: "From this village to the market town there are three roads. There's the straight road along the valley, the old coach road over the hills, the main road running alongside the park wall. When I get my wheat to the market town they don't say to me, 'Hullo, John, which road did you come by?' but 'What's your wheat like?'"—*London Chronicle*.

4235. Salvation, Way to. It is said that a man stopped a preacher on a street in London, and said: "I once heard you preach in Paris, and something you said was the means of my conversion." "What was it?" "You said the latch was on our side of the door. I had always thought God hard, and that we must do something to propitiate him. It was a new thought that Christ had done it all, and was waiting at the door for me to open to him."

Yes, and in prayer the asking-latch is also on our side the door, and it is the "faith of God," given to those who ask, that nerves the hand to open wide the door and to receive through Christ all that it is the Father's will that we should receive.

4236. Salvation, What It Is. An artist takes a piece of stone worth one hundred dollars and out of it carves a statue worth a thousand dollars—that is art. Jesus Christ takes a human life that is morally worthless, and out of it makes a priceless character, of surpass-

ing beauty in its godliness—that is salvation.—*Zion's Herald*.

4237. Salvation by Works. A man dreamed that he constructed a ladder from earth toward heaven, and when he did a good deed his ladder went up two feet. When he did an unusually good deed his ladder went still higher. When he gave large sums of money to the poor it went still higher. After a while it went out of sight, and as the years rolled on he expected at his death to step off that ladder into heaven. But in his dream he heard a voice thunder from the skies: "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." Down came the man, ladder and all, and he awoke. He realized then his mistake, and sought salvation in the only Way.—*Christian Age*.

4238. Sanctification. We do not get the image of our Father all at once, but grow into it a little at a time, like a boy who imitates the copy at the top of the page in his writing-book, each line he writes becoming more like it.

4239. Sanctification. A woman who had become an earnest Christian visited a worldly sister, at a distance, whom she had not met for years. When she returned she said, "I have been much cheered by my visit. While my sister is worldly, she said, 'I do not know what has happened to you, but you are a great deal easier to live with than you used to be.'" As Dr. Clarke says: "Sanctification is the Christianizing of Christians."

4240. Sanctification, Crisis and Process. Two men were arguing about sanctification. "Was it a crisis or a process?" asked one. The other man replied by asking a question:

"How did you come from London to Keswick?" "I came by train," his friend replied. "And did the train bring you by one sudden jump into Keswick?" "Oh, no! I came along more and more." "Yes, I see. But first you got into the carriage, and how did you do that? was it more and more?" "No, I just stepped in." "Exactly. That is the crisis; and you journeyed along more and more till you were at your destination; this was the process."—*Expository Times*.

4241. Sanctification, Gradual. "In the city of Florence stands the famous Church of San Giovanni, where for hundreds of years the children of Florence have been baptized. Now at the entrance of this church are two pairs of gates—the most beautiful gates in the world.

They are modeled in bronze, and are so lovely that Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, said they were fit to be the gates of heaven. These gates were made by a man called Ghiberti; and it took him forty-seven years, almost a lifetime, to complete them."

Beautiful things are formed little by little.

4242. Sanctification, Growth in. A plant which, when wild, has thorns or spines, often, when cultivated, loses these, or rather they become branches, bear fruit and are no longer stunted.

4243. Satan. See Temptation.

4244. Satan, Defied. One of Mr. Moody's favorite stories is about a converted miser to whom a neighbor in distress appealed for help. The miser decided to prove the genuineness of his conversion by giving him a ham. On his way to get it the tempter whispered, "Give him the smallest one you have." A mental struggle ensued, and finally the miser took down the largest ham he had. "You are a fool," the Devil said, and the farmer replied, "If you don't keep still I'll give him every ham in the smoke-house!"

4245. Satan, Foiled by Prayer. A man dreamed he was traveling and came to a little church, and on the cupola of that church there was a devil fast asleep. He went along farther, and came to a log cabin, and it was surrounded by devils all wide awake. He asked one of them what it meant. Said the devil, "I will tell you: the fact is that the whole church is asleep, and one devil can take care of all the people; but here are a man and woman who pray, and they have more power than the whole church."

4246. Satan, Type of. Jupiter was impressed with the beauty of Europa. He took the form of a snow-white bull, and mingled with the herd that grazed in the meadow where the young princess was gathering flowers. Attracted by his beauty and gentleness, she caressed him, crowned him with flowers, and fearlessly mounted on his back. He immediately plunged into the sea and carried her to the unknown shores of Europe, which was named from her.

4247. Satan Watches for First Chance. The chief enemy of the oyster is the star-fish, and a naturalist tells that fights between them are of frequent occurrence. They are pretty evenly matched, and the one that gets the first advantage wins.

The star-fish always tries to prevent

the oyster from nipping him by pressing the two shells tightly together. Then with its disengaged arm it works away at the hinge of the oyster, for if that is once loosened, the oyster is at his enemy's mercy. But if the oyster gets the first nip of the star-fish between his shells, the star-fish is doomed.

4248. Satisfaction in Christ. The Psalmist also said, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." A sheep lies down when it is satisfied. None but Christ *can* satisfy.

4249. Saved, as Saviours. See Wolf, Bell on.

4250. Saved by Silence. A young man sat chattering with some giddy girls. Among them was a sweet, quiet young woman known as a Christian. The young man, thinking to tease her, bantered her about her religion. The silly girls tittered, but the object of his mirth remained silent. Then, with the folly of youth, and the recklessness of impiety, he uttered many infidel objections to Christianity. She did not smile, nor seem to notice him. Then he continued his harangue, hoping to force her to refute something. But she maintained the same dignified silence. A vision of his own stupidity broke over the young man, and convicted him of sin. He said afterward, "That silence saved me."—*Christian Herald*.

4251. Saving. In one of the naval battles in the war between Japan and Russia a Japanese naval officer leaped from the deck of his ship into the sea, and at the peril of his life attempted to rescue two Russian soldiers who were drowning. The Japanese attempted to make him relinquish his attempt, but he answered, "I go down with them, or they come up with me." So all three were saved. "Why did you do this?" the Japanese officer was asked. "I am a Christian," he answered.—*Chatauquan Daily*.

4252. Saving and Extravagance Contrasted. Two years ago a Detroit millionaire (who had worked his own way from poverty) was ordering a dozen Madras shirts from his shirt-maker—at \$6.00 each.

A young automobile mechanic, known to the millionaire, swaggered up to the proprietor and asked to be measured for "a dozen silk"—at \$22 each.

Mr. Millionaire had been interestedly watching Mr. Mechanic ever since. The silk shirts are worn out; but they are still being worn, for Mr. Mechanic can-

not now afford new silk ones even at \$7.85.

The two met again recently. Mr. Mechanic was growling because of their different circumstances, and Mr. Millionaire said: "You see, I saved \$16 on every shirt I bought in 1919, hence I can afford new Madras shirts at \$4.50."

Mr. Mechanic pondered awhile and then slowly answered: "I guess you have shown me why some of us get to be millionaires and why some of us stay mechanics."—*The Christian Statesman*.

4253. Saving, Joy of. Some time ago a little boy, four years of age, wandered away from his home in the far West and got lost in the forest. Near the village was a mine where some five hundred men were employed, and, hearing of the loss of the child, they organized themselves into parties and searched for two whole days until they found the missing boy. He was only the child of a laborer, and these men must have lost in wages alone over \$1,500 in searching for the child; but do you think they reckoned up the loss? Not a bit of it; they were too happy in the thought that the child was saved.—MARION LAWRENCE.

4254. Saving, Joy of. Some one asked a lighthouse keeper at Amagansett, L. I., if he didn't get lonesome at his work. His eyes fairly danced as he answered, "No, indeed! I never get lonesome since I saved my man." How many had he saved? Just *one*! And that inspired him so that the many dreary days that followed he felt no loneliness. Christian, have you saved your man? Nothing will so inspire you and banish gloom and discouragement.

4255. Saving the Lost. Christ is the Saviour of the lost. "The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." There is no one too deep in sin for him to save. When Nansen was looking for the North Pole he found himself in very deep water. He tried to take the soundings, but his line would not reach bottom. He took his diary and wrote the date, the length of the line, and added, "Deeper than that." The next day he lengthened the line and dropped it again, and again it failed to touch, and again he wrote the date and the length of his line, and added, "Deeper than that." After a few days he gathered all the line that could be found and dropped it down, but it would not reach the bottom, and once more he took his book and wrote the date and the length

of the longest line, and wrote, "Deeper than that."

"Through all the depth of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of the Cross.
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than the Cross could sound."

4256. Saviour, Heathen Religions Have Not. A Calcutta paper relates that recently a young Brahman came to the house of a missionary for an interview. In the course of the conversation he said: "Many things which Christianity contains I find in Hinduism; but there is one thing which Christianity has and Hinduism has not." "What is that?" the missionary asked. His reply was striking: "A Saviour."

4257. Saviour, Killing Their. "For your lives!" cried the Portuguese captain of an African slave-ship to a band of naked negroes, as he pointed to an English ship which had been in hot chase of him for hours. "Fight for your lives!" he cried out, as he gave each man a weapon. And the deluded and terrified negroes did as they were told, and in doing so they wounded and killed their best friends, who had come to deliver them. So Jesus came to set the captives of sin free, but the Pharisees rose against Jesus; and the very men he loved and came to free they hied on to kill him.—REV. B. WAUGH.

4258. Scandal. Scandal is what one-half the world takes pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.—CHATFIELD.

4259. Scars, Honorable. "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Gal. 6:17. In England men who failed to offer themselves for war service without the best of reasons were known as "slackers." They had a hard time of it. When they appeared in public they were very apt to be stopped by young women and decorated with a white feather, with some such explanation as this, "You look rather nice, but you'd look better in khaki." It appears, however, that serious mistakes were so common that the Official Press Bureau in London issued a statement showing how men who had been discharged from service as a result of wounds could be readily identified and so spared the disgrace of being decorated with the white feather. To protect these heroes, the British Government devised a scheme by which every man who had been wounded was entitled to wear a thin gold stripe on his coat sleeve. One stripe

was permitted for each action in which wounds were sustained. The story is told of a discharged gunner by the name of Sankey that when he appeared in civilian dress on Brighton Beach, England, an impetuous young woman, not perceiving the marks of conflict, hastened to decorate him with a white feather. Sankey took the feather and then slowly turning his arm revealed four little gold stripes on his sleeve, whereupon his tormentor fled in shame. This man Sankey has fought in twelve engagements, has been on the operating table twenty-two times and has had 124 stitches in his body. He has experienced in the service of his country what the Apostle Paul did in the service of Christ. Paul could say, "I bear branded on my body the marks of Jesus." It is pertinent to ask, Have we the marks of loyalty to Christ or would it be more expressive of the facts in our case to be decorated with a white feather?

4260. Skepticism. Skepticism has never founded empires, established principles, or changed the world's heart. The great doers in history have always been men of faith.—CHAPIN.

4261. School, Life a.

Lord, let me make this rule
To think of life as school,
And try my best
To stand each test,
And do my work,
And nothing shirk.

Should some one else outshine
This dullard head of mine,
Should I be sad?
I will be glad.
To do my best
Is Thy behest.

Some day the bell will sound,
Some day my heart will bound,
As with a shout
That school is out
And lessons done,
I homeward run.

—MALTBE BABCOCK.

4262. Science. Science corrects the old creeds, sweeps away, with every new perception, our infantile catechisms, and necessitates a faith commensurate with the grander orbits and universal laws which it discloses.—EMERSON.

4263. Science. The sciences are of a sociable disposition, and flourish best in the neighborhood of each other; nor is there any branch of learning but may be helped and improved by assistance drawn from other arts.—BLACKSTONE.

4264. Science and Religion. That brilliant, half whimsical Englishman, G. K. Chesterton, has written a most fascinating book on St. Francis of Assisi, in which, speaking of the confirmation by to-day's scientists of things ancient and hardly credited, the author says with a flicker of the Chesterton humor: "A man in Voltaire's time did not know what miracle he would next have to throw up. A man in our day does not know what miracle he will next have to swallow."

Steadily science is coming to admit that God is in his world to stay.

4265. Science, What Is It? Dr. Elliot Roland Downing, if correctly reported, told his students that the process of creation is still going on, but it would seem by his further remarks that creation "works both ways." He is reported to have said that, "Man, though without a tail, has all the equipment necessary to wag it," and this seems to be "evidence of his evolution from the ape." He is reported to have clinched his argument by asking, "Why in common sense should he have tail muscles if he hadn't once a tail?" We also would ask the professor a question. Why in common sense shouldn't his tail muscles disappear when his tail disappeared unknown eons ago? Asking questions that "no fellow can find out" is open to all the world and "professors" have no monopoly of the privilege. We will promise to ask any scientist more questions in thirty minutes than the whole bunch can answer in thirty years. But we do not claim scientific honors therefor. Any child could do it as easily as a B.S. or a LL.D.—*The Continent*.

4266. Science, Paul's. Some men are doubtful about their immortality, others scorn the idea as unscientific. But there was a man who was in no uncertainty. "For we know," he wrote, "that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He knew it because the Spirit of God had revealed it to him. That is science—knowledge—in the highest sense.—*Examiner*.

4267. Scientists, Are Believers. Edgar Fahs Smith, president of the American Chemical Society and ex-provost of the University of Pennsylvania, honored and beloved by members of the former and by the alumni of the latter, pointing to about forty portraits on the walls of his office, said: "These are the makers of modern chemistry. Not one of them is an infidel, not one of them is an agnostic, all

are believers."—PROF. W. J. THOMPSON.

4268. Scripture. See Bible.

4269. Scripture. This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.—GEORGE HERBERT.

4270. Scripture, Application of. A little boy was being taught the Sabbath-school lesson by his mother; she was telling him to notice how sin grows till it becomes a habit. The little fellow thought it was coming too close to him, so he colored up, and finally said: "Mamma, I think you are getting a good way from the subject."—*Moody's Anecdotes*.

4271. Scriptures, Seeing Beauty in. In one of his helpful volumes the Rev. Dr. J. R. Miller tells of a young lady who purchased a book and read a few pages, yet failed to become interested in it. But some months afterwards, he goes on to relate, she met the author and a tender friendship sprang up, ripening into love and betrothal. Then the book was dull no longer. Every sentence had a charm for her heart. Love was the interpreter.

Seeing reality and meaning and beauty in God's Word is conditional in the same way. The Bible has infinite value in itself; but to reveal its richest treasures it needs love as an interpreter. To those who do not know Christ personally the Book may seem uninteresting. It is even distasteful to those of wicked heart. But to those who know and love Christ its every page becomes like a casket of jewels glowing with beauty and light; yes, even better, like a letter of love, quickening the heart-throbs and filling the soul with rapture and with fresh and holy resolve.

This simply means that the heart has something to do with faith. It has much to do. There is not alone literal truth but profound philosophy in the statement in the Epistle to the Romans: "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." The fact is that we must have some heart-feeling toward, some spiritual accord with the Bible, before we begin to really get its truth, or before its truth gets us.—H.

4272. Scriptures, Believe. A merchant in Glasgow used to preach wherever he thought he could do good. One day he was talking about Shamgar. "Over the hill," he said, "there came a man. He came near Shamgar and said, 'Shamgar, Shamgar, run for your life. Six hundred Philistines are coming over the hill after you.' But Shamgar said, 'They are four hundred short. I'll take care of them.' He believed the Scriptures, you see,—

that one should chase a thousand."—D. L. MOODY.

4273. Scriptures, Father's Letter.

There was once a very wise foolish man who received a letter. He began at once to study it in this way. He measured it accurately; he examined it with a microscope to see the fiber the paper was made of; he analyzed the ink, and the mucilage which was on the flap; he gauged the average slant of the letters. While doing so, a friend came in, and glancing at the letter he said, "Why, that letter is from your father." "Is it?" said the foolish wise man, "I have not got far enough yet to find that out."—AMOS R. WELLS.

4274. Scriptures, Ignorance of the.

Roger W. Babson, the statistician, sent out to his customers a leaflet entitled, "Essentials of Business Success." They consisted entirely of the Ten Commandments plus the "new commandment" given by Jesus. Among the letters of acknowledgment that poured in from all parts of the country was one from a Western business man whose enthusiasm could hardly be restrained. "I have never seen," he wrote, "such a fine statement of the essentials for success. Where did you get it?"—*Congregationalist*.

4275. Scriptures, Search the.

The prospector does not find the nuggets of gold by scraping the surface. Rare botanical specimens are found by diligent searching. It is by earnest and prayerful study of the Bible that we discover truths that we may call our own. We have a brother who has been working in the gold mines of California for many years. He has a watch-chain that he greatly values because the gold in it is what he searched and dug out of the mountain himself by hard labor and much sacrifice. Truths discovered as the result of hard study are very precious to us. The Bible should be an every-day book to us. A very handsome and expensive Bible on the parlor stand, covered with bric-a-brac, is of little value as compared with a good working Bible.—J. EDWARDS.

4276. Scriptures, Studied Thorough.

It reminds one of Mr. Spurgeon's saying, suggested by the worm-eaten Bible which he found on the table of a Scotch inn. Holding it up to the light, he noted one hole eaten through from Genesis to Revelation, and Spurgeon prayed, "Lord, make me a bookworm like that." Such a bookworm never turns into an earthworm.—*King's Business*.

4277. Scriptures, Twisted. A New York enthusiast has a good collection of etchings, one of them being of the leaning tower of Pisa, which hangs over his writing desk. For a long time he noticed that it persisted in hanging crooked despite the fact that he straightened it every morning. At last he spoke to the maid, asking her if she was responsible for its lopsided condition. "Why, yes," she said. "I have to hang it crooked to make the tower hang straight."

Even so, some find it necessary to twist the Scriptures in order to justify their own actions and try to make their lives appear right.

4278. Sea, The.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round,
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the
skies,

Or like a cradled creature lies.

—BARRY CORNWALL.

4279. Sealed by the Holy Spirit.

The allusion to the seal as a pledge of purchase would be peculiarly intelligible to the Ephesians, for Ephesus was a maritime city, and an extensive trade in timber was carried on there by the shipmasters of the neighboring ports. The method of purchase was this: The merchant, after selecting his timber, stamped it with his own signet, which was an acknowledged sign of ownership. He often did not carry off his possession at the time; it was left in the harbor with other floats of timber; but it was chosen, bought and stamped; and in due time the merchant sent a trusty agent with the signet, who finding that timber which bore a corresponding impress, claimed and brought it away for the master's use. Thus the Holy Spirit impresses on the soul now the image of Jesus Christ; and this is the sure pledge of the everlasting inheritance.—BICKERSTETH.

4280. Second-mile Surgeon.

The recent death of Dr. Robert Dawbarn, an eminent surgeon of New York, will be more notable among medical men than among others, but there is one interesting story told about him which is worth passing on. In sewing up a wound after an operation, one of his students observed that he always tied three knots where the custom was to tie only two. Asked about it, Dr. Dawbarn replied: "The third is my sleeping knot; it may not be necessary to tie it, but it makes the matter that much safer, and I find

I sleep better for it." That is only one more instance of the beauty of doing just a little more than any one could properly demand, going the second mile, as our Lord put it. Most men are able to sleep better after such an experience. There is danger in letting other people determine what one shall do, and the danger is more serious that it will lead to under-doing than to over-doing.—*Continental*.

4281. Security, False. When you have overcome one temptation, you must be ready to enter the lists with another. As distrust, in some sense, is the mother of safety, so security is the gate of danger. A man had need to fear this most of all, that he fears not at all.—THOMAS BROOKS.

4282. Sects. Sects differ more in name than tenets.—BALZAC.

4283. Seeking and Finding. A strange sight was seen on the Mystic River, Massachusetts. Some boys who were constructing a shanty on the flats dug up a pot containing about \$300 in old silver coins. The dates on the coins found by the boys ranged between 1717 and 1838. There were coins of England, France, Greece, Spain, all of the South American countries and also American pieces. Most of the American money was minted between 1828 and 1838. The place where the money was found is within a stone's throw of the historic Craddock House, of Revolutionary fame, and on the site of one of the shipyards which, fifty years ago, fronted both sides of the Mystic. The discovery brought out an army of men who dug up the whole river bank for lost treasures, and were rewarded by an additional find of \$35 in coin. If men were only as deeply concerned in looking for the hidden treasures of the kingdom of heaven, they would surely find.

4284. Self. See Selfishness.

4285. Self, Forgetting. A New York physician had contracted a lingering but fatal disease in ministering to one of his patients. Said a friend to him: "Doctor, how do you stand the thought of your awful misfortune?" "I don't dare to think of it," replied the noble physician, "but I just keep busy with the sorrow and pain of others."

4286. Self-centered. A nervous, sickly girl, who could not sleep well, consulted a physician, who bluntly told her that she had "ingrowing feelings." "You think too much about yourself," he told her frankly. "What you need is to get

away from yourself, get out among others, think of their troubles, and work to relieve them." "Do you mean that I am selfish?" the girl asked. "Not exactly selfish," the doctor answered, "but you are self-centered." The girl went home, thought over carefully what the wise physician had said, took his advice, and soon became the picture of health.

4287. Self-confidence.

Except the Lord keep the city,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

These words have been chosen as the motto of the city of Edinburgh. In the midst of this city was a lofty rock crowned with a castle which was once a strong fortress. On one side you approach the castle by a gentle slope, on the other is the sheer precipice. It looks as if it would be impossible to scale that rock, yet once upon a time the fortress was taken on this very side.

Six hundred years ago Robert Bruce was fighting for the freedom of Scotland. But Edinburgh Castle was in the hands of the English, and was considered impregnable.

At last a man called Francis told Sir Thomas Randolph, one of Bruce's leaders, of a narrow path which led up the steepest part of the rock. The Castle wall was low at this side and no guard was set, as no attack was expected there. In the darkness Francis led Randolph and thirty men up the steep path. They leaped over the wall and found the garrison asleep, all except the guard at the gate. So the castle was taken—even the strong Castle of Edinburgh, which depended on its own strength.

Except the Lord keep the city,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

4288. Self-control. The Romans rightly employed the same word (*virtus*) to designate courage, which is, in a physical sense, what the other is in a moral: the highest virtue of all being victory over ourselves.—SAMUEL SMILES.

4289. Self-control. A locomotive, with its thundering train, comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of soldiers might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still like a whipped spaniel at your feet. So, with the firm control of thought, words and actions are obedient to our

purpose. He who rules himself is the greatest of monarchs.—J. L. HURLBUT, D.D.

4290. Self-control. Self-control is only courage under another form.—SAMUEL SMILES.

4291. Self-depreciation, Insincere. In an after-service one Sabbath evening in a mission church in Toronto there was a brother of the hearty, good old-fashioned type. He was most vociferous in his "amens" and other ejaculations. A man—a perfect stranger to me and to most of us in the meeting, engaged in prayer. He told the Lord how wicked he had been. How sinful he was and unworthy of any blessing at the hands of the Almighty. I remember that at each characterization by the stranger of himself, the vociferous brother would shout, "That's so, Lord, that's so." If ever there was an indignant man it was the stranger when he rose from his knees. Lo, we may say vile things about ourselves, but woe unto the man who agrees with us.

4292. Self-examination. Inspect the neighborhood of thy life; every shelf, every nook of thy abode; and, nestling in, quarter thyself in the farthest and most domestic winding of thy snail-house!—RICHTER.

4293. Self-examination. He who knows himself knows others.—COLTON.

4293a. Self-forgetting. "I have tried all sorts of happiness, and it never lasts," said a spoiled, petulant, cynical woman. "Did you ever try forgetting yourself for six months?" said a shrewd listener.—*Forward.*

4294. Self-help. No grace can save any man unless he helps himself.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

4295. Self-love. Cut out the love of self, like an autumn lotus with thy hand!—BUDDHA.

4296. Self-love. The very heart and root of sin is in an independent spirit. We erect the idol, self; and not only wish others to worship, but worship ourselves.—RICHARD CECIL.

4297. Self-preservation, Instinct of. The instinct of self-preservation is strong and automatic, as the following incident shows:

A man on a Lake Huron steamer had the only specimen of a black rattlesnake that most of the passengers had ever seen. It was about the size of an ordinary garter snake and very vicious. It was confined in a strong, glass-covered box.

When any one touched the glass with his finger the snake would strike the under side opposite as quickly as a stroke of lightning. The experimenter would always jerk away.

There was not a man on board, however muscular and free from nervousness, who could keep his finger to the glass when the snake struck, although knowing that it could not possibly touch him.

4298. Self-righteousness. God has nothing to say to the self-righteous. Unless you humble yourself before Him in the dust, and confess before Him your iniquities and sins, the gates of heaven, which open only for sinners saved by grace, must be shut against you forever.—D. L. MOODY.

4299. Self-righteousness. Never have I greater reason for suspicion than when I am particularly pleased with myself, my faith, my progress, and my alms.—*Christian Scriver.*

4300. Self-righteousness. You can always tell when a man is a great way from God—he is always talking about himself, how good he is. But the moment he sees God by the eye of faith, he is down on his knees, and, like Job, he cries, "Behold, I am vile."—D. L. MOODY.

4301. Self-reliance. Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.—BOVEE.

4302. Self-reliance. It's right to trust in God; but, if you don't stand to your halliards your craft'll miss stays, and your faith'll be blown out of the bolt-ropes in the turn of a marlinspike.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

4303. Self-respect. Self-respect is the noblest garment with which a man may clothe himself,—the most elevating feeling with which the mind can be inspired. One of Pythagoras' wisest maxims, in his Golden Verses, is that in which he enjoins the pupil to "reverence himself."—SAMUEL SMILES.

4304. Self-sacrifice. Two aviators were told to cross No Man's Land and photograph a German battery which was working havoc among the ranks of their comrades. In order to obtain better photographs they traveled in a steadier, though slow-flying machine. They obtained the required photographs and started back again. When they were halfway home, however, they saw a swift German bi-

plane gaining on them rapidly. They flung out their equipment; they stripped off their clothing and let that go. They saved nothing except those photographs upon which the lives of their comrades depended. But still that German machine gained on them, and they saw that inevitably they must be shot down unless something marvelous happened. Something marvelous did happen! The machine gave a sudden lurch, and the pilot discovered that the observer had quietly dropped out! Oh, men have been doing that for you, for me—quietly dropping out of life—six million of them. As I go about my work I say to myself over and over again: "Ye are not your own. For ye are bought with a price."—GEORGE A. BUTTRICK.

4305. Self-sufficient. Thoreau when urged to make his peace with God answered that he was not aware he had fallen out with God. That was no doubt true. Yet there are many rebels; and there are more who while they have no settled enmity have no real friendship and fellowship with God.

4306. Self-will. An architect complains that many of his clients come and ask him to design a house for them, only to let him speedily discover that they have already designed it for themselves. What they really want is the sanction of their own plan, and the satisfaction of seeing him draw on paper what they have fully in their own minds. In very much the same fashion we often go to the Great Architect with our lives. We ask for wisdom and guidance, like Solomon; but we have already planned how we will build our fortunes and shape our course; and it is not his way we are seeking, but his approval of ours.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

4307. Selfishness. See **Worldliness**.

4308. Selfishness. Selfishness at the expense of others' happiness is demonism.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

4309. Selfishness. Take the selfishness out of this world and there would be more happiness than we should know what to do with.—H. W. SHAW.

4310. Selfishness. That household god, a man's own self.—FLAVEL.

4311. Selfishness.

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonor'd and unsung.

—SCOTT.

4312. Selfishness, Conquering. A rich man who was a Christian was making out a check for \$500 for a deserving cause when he suddenly realized that he was grudging the money; the giving came hard. At once with great energy he tore up his check for \$500 and rapidly wrote a check for \$1,000. He explained the change to the astonished but pleased collector by saying: "I cannot afford to grow stingy. If I begin to dislike giving, I shall soon cease to give altogether. I must give, and give often, and give generously, until I enjoy giving once more." That is the way to conquer selfishness: do something unselfish, and keep on doing such things till you enjoy them.

4313. Selfishness Desolates the Life. There is but one lake on the surface of the globe from which there is no outlet, and that is the Dead Sea, which receives much, but gives nothing. Such a lake is a perfect illustration of a church all whose efforts terminate upon itself. Around it there will be desolation, and in it there will be no life.—WILLIAM R. TAYLOR, D.D.

4314. Selfishness, Destructive. In Hawthorne's wonderful story "Rappacini's Daughter," he describes a chemist who, in the study of poisons, had a garden full of lovely but poisonous flowers to whose breath, in a fiendish experiment, he exposed for years his beautiful daughter. The girl became so filled with the poison that her own breath was deadly to any living thing.

This is a true picture of those who breathe the selfish atmosphere of the world, for they are poisoned by it and become poisonous in their turn.—AMOS R. WELLS.

4315. Selfishness, International. Most of the wars that have troubled the world have sprung from the selfishness of one nation or of several nations. One nation will try to get more than its rightful territory or an unfair proportion of trade. The wronged nation retaliates, and the whole world perhaps is bathed in blood. It is seldom indeed that one nation treats another nation with the fine courtesy and generous consideration that one Christian would show to another. When the United States returned to China the Boxer indemnity it did a Christian deed of a sort which should be far more common than it is. When it refused to continue the "gentlemen's agreement" with Japan concerning the immigration question, it did an unchristian thing. There is nothing in the unselfish relations of

Christians with one another that may not and should not be copied by nations in their dealing with one another.

4316. Selfishness, Myself and Me. Some people find it very hard to see over their own doorstep with the naked eye. The real story of their lives is this:

"I had a little tea party
This afternoon at three
'Twas very small—
Three guests in all—
Just I, Myself, and Me.
Myself ate up all the sandwiches,
While I drank up the tea.
'Twas also I who ate the pie
And passed the cake to Me."

Their interest is pretty much confined to what happens within their own four walls, in their own little town or their own church. Now to be interested in one's church is a good thing. But one who is interested in his own church only is never able to do very much for that church. He is worth far more to his own local church when his interest extends beyond it, when he has something like the feeling which Jesus had when he looked out over the multitudes and was filled with compassion for them. "The light which shines farthest shines brightest at home" and the man whose heart is filled with interest and sympathy for people at a distance from him has a heart all the more ready to take upon it the burdens of things nearest.—*The Continent*.

4317. Senses, Perverted. A gardener had raised a most beautiful carnation with exquisite coloring and a very fine odor. One day a rich gentleman and his wife visited his gardens and saw the carnation. The gentleman remarked that the coloring of the carnation was not extraordinary, but the odor certainly was very fine, whereupon his wife exclaimed: "How can you speak so! It is just the reverse of what you say! The coloring of this carnation is incomparably beautiful; but sad to say, it has no odor at all!"

The gardener could not at first understand the difference in the judgment of his visitors—then he noticed that the gentleman was near-sighted and the lady had a cold.

Then the gardener remarked to himself: "Many good and beautiful things suffer under the judgment of the people, because their senses are perverted, so

that they cannot see the beauty of these things!"

4318. Sent from God. A story has come down to us from the days of Wesley concerning his work among the miners of Cornwall. Whole villages were transformed from a gambling, swearing, and Sabbath-breaking people to men and women of sobriety and godliness. In every home was to be found a picture of John Wesley, the man whom they all loved. One day a stranger visiting one of those humble homes seeing John Wesley's picture on the wall said, "Whose picture is that?" The old miner reverently lifted his hat and said, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."—*Christian Advocate*.

4319. Sensuality. See *Impurity*. See *Purity*.

4320. Sensuality. Sensuality is the death of the soul.—BALZAC.

4321. Sensuality. "The body of a sensualist is the coffin of a dead soul."

4322. Sensuality. Sensuality not only debases both body and mind, but dulls the keen edge of pleasure.—FIELDING.

4323. Sensuality. When the cup of any sensual pleasure is drained to the bottom, there is always poison in the dregs. Anacreon himself declares that "the flowers swim at the top of the bowl!"—JANE PORTER.

4324. Serenity in Love and Care. Mr. Moody used to tell a story of a little girl who was very ill. Her mother sang to her all the familiar hymns, and spoke to her of God and love, but the little daughter was restless and fretful still. And then, as the mother stooped down and took her child into her arms, the little one, with a look of unutterable peace, said, "Ah, mother, that's what I want."—G. H. MORRISON.

4325. Serenity, Strength of. It is said of General Grant that one great reason for his success as a soldier was his coolness. While the fighting and firing were hottest he sat on his horse untroubled, quiet, with serenity written on his brow, coolly watching, listening, and giving his orders. With Christ's perfect love in our hearts we are not troubled, because that love casts out fear.—S. D. GORDON.

4326. Sermon, A Carved. In Japan three monkeys are skillfully carved out of a block of wood, sitting like acrobats one upon the shoulders of another. They are well known to the Japanese, and are found in many places and postures. At the base is "See-no-evil"; his hands are over his eyes. On his shoulders is "Hear-

no-evil"; his fingers are in his ears. And at the top is "Speak-no-evil," who has his hands across his lips. A kind of a carved sermon, the group is, in the words of the Hebrew: "They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not." It is best that eyes should be shut if they see only the wrong, and that ears should catch no sound rather than discord only, and that lips should be forever silent if, were they to open, they should speak nothing but evil.

4327. Sermons, Old. It is said that the wife of a minister down in Cincinnati traded a barrel of his sermons not long ago for a new bread pan. The next spring the ragman came around again and asked if she had any more sermons to sell. "Why do you want sermons?" "Because I did so well with those I got here a year ago. I got sick in the summer and a preacher in the country boarded me and my horse three months for that barrel of sermons, and he has since got a great reputation as a preacher up there. I will give you five cents a pound for all you have got."

4328. Sermons, Short. Some plague the people with too long sermons; for the faculty of listening is a tender thing, and soon becomes weary and satiated.—LUTHER.

4329. Servant, A Voluntary. "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." A wealthy family in San Francisco engaged the services of a handsome young Japanese, whose business it was to wash windows and polish silver, furniture, etc. He was always called "Sol," and was faithful and obliging. At the end of four years he left of his own accord, having saved some £80. Nothing more was heard from him until one of the daughters, traveling in Europe, attended a court reception at Berlin, and was introduced to "Sol" as "Lieutenant Karo Yatami." She learned that he was wealthy, and the nephew of the Mikado of Japan. His appointment in the German army was by request of his uncle, who had determined to adopt the German military system. The young lady inquired: "Why did you take the position of a servant?" He replied: "Though rich, I believed I could best serve my country by beginning where I did, and thus becoming acquainted with the American manners and customs."

4330. Servant Not Choosing. At the Nashville Student Volunteer Convention, in 1906, Professor Erdman told of a

wealthy American living in Paris who was induced by his friends to try to get an appointment from President Roosevelt as a member of the American Embassy in Paris. They said it would help him socially and give him more prestige. So he came to Washington, and when he had gained an audience with the President, he said: "I think that I could serve my country, perhaps, if I should have this appointment in Paris—" But Mr. Roosevelt interrupted him with the words: "My young friend, a man desiring to serve his country does not begin by saying where he is going to serve."—J. LESLIE LOBINGIER.

4331. Service. See Soul-saving. See Work. See Labor Day.

4332. Service, A Christian Idea. Professor Peabody's lecture at the University of Tokyo on the subject of "Liberty, Culture, Service," was so highly praised that the emperor wished to read it. The Japanese professor who was chosen to translate the lecture found great difficulty in choosing just the right word to translate the word "Service" in the title of the address, because the idea was not to be found in Japanese thought. It is a Christian idea.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

4333. Service, Consecration to. Ernestus, Duke of Luneburg, caused a burning lamp to be stamped on his coin, with these four letters, A. S. M. C.; by which was meant, *Alis Serviens Meipsum Contero* (By giving light to others, I consume myself). Now if he thought this to be the duty of a prince, how much more we who would help our fellowmen, should spend our strength in God's service. We should run the race with cheerfulness, being constant unto the end: knowing that our labor shall not be in vain in the Lord.

4334. Service Costs. A lady who was interested in Christian work in London wrote me once and said, "I have a meeting. I want you to come and speak to. It is only a small meeting, and it will take nothing out of you." I answered, "I cannot come: and it would be no use if I did come. If it takes nothing out of me it will do nobody any good." It is the service that costs, and a cheap religion isn't worth preaching.—GIPSY SMITH.

4335. Service Interests. A medical teacher once made this observation: "Most of my students are listless over a lecture but when they get to the hospital where they come into touch with

actual suffering they are all attention." "Why?" "Because there is a tug to a little child with a broken arm."

4336. Service of Others. Dr. Dan Crawford tells us in "Thinking Black" that traveling in Central Africa is often difficult, because the trail is lost beneath the thick, matted tangle of grass thirteen feet high, which in the dawn is heavily covered with dew. It is the Negro custom to make the children squeeze through first. The "human brooms," as they are called, have to run the first risk of being pounced upon by a hungry hyena or lurking leopard; they also catch the deluge of dew on their naked, shivering bodies. So to the native mind, an explorer like Livingstone is a "dew drier" or a "pathfinder." The "dew drier" is not "ministered unto," but "ministers" to those who follow, and he has his reward in the Negro song:

"Lead thou the way in the wet grass
drear,

Then, only then, art thou pioneer;
For Mr. First must get all the woes
That Mr. Second may find repose."

4337. Service, Rewarded. The other day a man in a little town of upper Michigan was dangerously sick, necessitating an immediate removal to the hospital. The long distance of twelve miles made a trip by wagon or auto over the rough roads a thing impossible. Quickly sensing the situation, sixteen of his friends offered their services and, in relays of four each, they tenderly carried the man upon his couch over the hills and up through the valleys. It was a tiresome journey, but the men worked gladly and cheerfully. When they reached the hospital at Houston, Mich., the authorities said: "You have got him here just in time." When this news was given to the carriers, one, in speaking for them all, said: "That's all the pay we want."—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

4338. Service, Reward of. The Archbishop of Canterbury enjoys a joke even when he himself is the victim of it.

When he was Bishop of London he was one day walking in the suburbs of the English capital when he chanced upon a little girl who was looking up somewhat wistfully at a four-barred gate.

"Oh, please, sir," she asked, "will you open this gate for me?"

Smiling upon the demure maiden, the bishop lifted the latch and pushed back

the gate; but, in spite of its size, it swung so easily that he said: "You're such a big little girl that I should think you could yourself have opened so nice a gate as this."

"Oh, I could, sir," she replied, "but then I should have got my hands all over fresh paint."

And then the bishop saw that that was just what had happened to him.

4339. Service and Sacrifice. One of the most significant pictorial emblems I have ever seen is the picture of an ox standing quietly between an altar and a plow. I have somewhere seen its significance thus expressed in verse.

"Between the altar and the plow I stand,
Ready for either with an equal mind,
Sure in each servitude true liberty,
Or in such death eternal life to find."

4340. Service, Singleness of. It is said to be almost axiomatic with artists that you "can't work by two lights." If one expects to have the proper effect of light and shade he must have one definite, clear, strong light. Said an artist to me in his studio recently, "My studio is a northern exposure, the northern light always being the softest. I always work by one light." The Christian is an artist who always works by one light. He sets his easel so that the light from the throne of God will be thrown upon his work.

4341. Service, Value of. A discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his father who came up from a rural district. "Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?" "I'm not getting along at all," was the answer. The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and hope. Later in the day he went with his son to the free dispensary. He sat by in silence, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. When the door had closed upon the last one, the old man burst out, "I thought you told me you were doing nothing. Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month, I would thank God that my life counted for something." "There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son. "Money!" the old man shouted. "What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellowmen?"—REV. J. J. WRIGHT.

4342. Service by Using What You Have. One morning a woman came to the minister and said, "Oh, I would give anything to be in this work [Series of

Evangelistic meetings] actively and actually. I would give anything to have some living part in the whole which is going on here next week in winning men and women to Christ, but I do not know what to do." The minister said, "Are you prepared to give the Master the 'five loaves and the two fishes'?" She answered she didn't have that many. He said, "Do you sing?" She answered, "I try to sing." Whereupon the pastor said, "Will you give the Lord your voice for the next ten days?" She said, "I will." The first night she sang a soul into the Kingdom.

4343. Serving. There was a little old French woman who, throughout one summer of the war, stood all day and every day in the blazing sun outside a field hospital with a faded umbrella in her trembling hands, waiting to shield the eyes of the wounded from the heat as they were brought in on the stretchers. She had learned the lesson of doing what she could. And such service always carries with it its own reward.

4344. Shadow on Christ. Some people stand in such relation to Jesus that they cast a shadow on his wonderful name. It is said of the great sculptor, Michelangelo, that when at work he wore over his forehead, fastened on his artist's cap, a lighted candle, in order that no shadow of himself might fall upon his work. It is a beautiful lesson for many laborers of Christ to-day, for the shadows which so often fall upon our work are cast by ourselves. The love, peace, mercy, and forgiveness of Jesus were shadowed in the hour of his betrayal by the bitterness, envy, strife, and greed of Judas. Am I casting a shadow on the cause of my Lord and Saviour?—E. M. WADDELL.

4345. Shadows. We stand in our own light wherever we go, and fight our own shadows forever.—OWEN MEREDITH.

4346. Shadows, Fighting. "You ought to hear our new minister, and see how he demolishes the higher critics," said a man to his friend, the other day.

"Are there many higher critics in your congregation?" inquired his friend.

"When I come to think of it, I do not know of any."

"Are there any in the town or neighborhood?"

"I really have not heard of any."

"Well, what do you think of the wisdom of your preacher going out gunning after higher critics when he is not certain that there is one of them in the woods? He puts me in mind of my little

boy hunting bears in the garden."—DR. JAMES M. CAMPBELL.

4347. Shut-ins, Service of. It was said that during the late war the whole of Great Britain was guarded from aeroplane invasion by a cordon of watchers along the coast, who day and night remained at their stations listening for the whirr and the noise of the aeroplanes in the distance. A Zeppelin could be heard many miles farther away by a blind man than by one who had all his faculties, and so these watchers along the coast were blind men, whose sense of hearing was correspondingly acute. In this day when the church and missionary cause seem to depend upon the prayers of God's people, the army of reserves is certainly in the home of our people, "shut-in" from other activities. Perhaps the victory, that must surely come, will be brought by these "shut-ins" of Christ's army who give themselves to intercession.

4348. Sick: Easily Humbugged. When a shepherd in Scotland was asked if his sheep would follow the voice of a stranger, he replied: "Yes, if they are sick; but never when they are well. A sick sheep will follow anybody." Just so long as a Christian keeps himself in a healthy condition by feeding on God's Word and by exercising in his fields of activity there will be little danger of his going off after the "faddists" and false teachers of his age. It is when his ears become diseased, when he has contracted "itching ears" or ear itch, that he becomes restless and dissatisfied with his Master.

Seek the truth. Love the truth. Obey the truth. Take exercise. Take deep breaths of prayer. Keep in fellowship with Christ. Keep up a strong, active, robust Christian life in the soul and you will be germ-proof against "faddists" and false teachers.—H.

4349. Sickness. Of all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce, one who has lost the greatest lesson in life; who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the sick-chamber.—HOON.

4350. Sickness, Cheerfully Borne. A poor lame girl was kept all the time in her room. It was a poor, dark room, where the sun never shines in. A visitor once said: "You never have any sun here, do you?" "Oh," she said, "my Sun comes in at every window, and even through the cracks." The visitor

looked surprised. "I mean the Sun of Righteousness," said the young girl softly; "he shines here, and makes everything shine so bright."

Does Jesus shine in your heart and home? If he does, I am sure there is love and peace there.

4351. Siding and Main Track. The man in the signal tower by the railroad tracks throws over a steel arm, and the switch of the siding is opened. Along comes an accommodation train and slips into the siding; another pull on the lever, and the accommodation train is locked in. The express train thunders by on the main track, and the engineer knows that the accommodation is on the siding and that the track is therefore clear. He has confidence in the block system and in the man in the tower. Now the switch can be opened and the accommodation train can go ploddingly on its way, sure that when it is time for another express train, there will be another signal tower, and another prompt hand on the lever, and another siding.

We should always have a true sense of proportion. Put on the siding the amusements and recreation, and on the main track the duty to God; the siding for the newspaper, the main track for the Bible; the siding for self-gratification, the main track for helpfulness. Keep before you as a model the man in the signal tower, with his hand on the lever and his sense of the supremacy of express trains.—*Tarbell's Guide.*

4352. Side-tracked. When freight is delayed upon the railroads we say it is "side-tracked." Recent experience in trying to revive some churches that have only "a name to live" have brought this term often to mind. In looking over most any of the older churches for workers, every pastor or evangelist must be impressed with the thought that there are too many of the members whom we report each year who are on the side track. They are not entirely aloof from the church, but they are not on the main track—they are making no real progress. They began well in some glorious revival when scores were reported as converted, and they gave for a time brilliant promises. They seemed to run well for a season as did the Christians of Galatia, but they were hindered and obeyed not the truth, and were switched off upon some side track.—REV. S. S. ROGERS.

4353. Sight.

For any man with half an eye,
What stands before him may espy;

But optics sharp it needs I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.

—JOHN TRUMBULL.

4354. Silence, Trait of. A good story is told by the writer of some "Recollections of Hans Makart," the distinguished Viennese painter, whose remarkable picture, "Charles V. Entering Antwerp in Triumph," obtained the first prize at the Paris International Exhibition of 1878.

Makart was even more taciturn than Von Molke and had a passion for chess. An Englishman who desired to get on friendly terms with the artist was told the best way to do so would be to play chess with him at the café to which he resorted nightly. Watching his opportunity, the Englishman, when Makart's opponent rose, slipped into his chair.

The painter signed to him to play, and the game began and went on, with no other sound than the moving of the pieces. At last the Englishman made the winning move and exclaimed: "Mate!"

Up rose Makart in disgust and stalked out, saying angrily to a friend who asked why he left so early:

"Oh, I can't stand playing with a chat-box!"

4355. Silence, Value of. In one of Dr. Burton's lectures the following advice was given to the young ministers: "When trouble is brewing, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look different through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength in its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mad fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability.—*Workman.*

4356. Simile. A good simile,—as concise as a king's declaration of love.—STERNE.

4357. Simplicity. Simplicity is the great friend of Nature.—STERNE.

4358. Simplicity, Effective. I was much pleased with the advertisement of automobile tires I saw the other day. I had been passing many enormous board-notices, gaudy in hue, striking in design,

and each claiming superlative merit for their tires. "Buy Liveforever Tires. They last like steel!" "Use Rockaway Tires! No other rides so smoothly!" "You'll come to Ne Plus Ultra Tires! Don't wait!" "The Bestofall Tire! Nothing like it." So the shrieking advertisements vibrated through the landscape.

Then I saw the quiet announcement: "Smith tires are good tires." Just that.

You can't imagine how restful it was. Immediately a sense of solid satisfaction came over me. "Good tires." No need to bluster and howl. No need to ransack the dictionary for superlatives. No need to run down competitors. "Smith tires are good tires." I wanted to buy some at once. Those are the tires for me henceforth. "Good tires." That is the acme of advertising.

Ah, when will people learn the delicious value of quiet, self-respecting simplicity?

4359. Sin. See Temptation. See Sins. See Sinner. See Sinners.

4360. Sin. Sin may be clasped so close, we cannot see its face.—TRENCH.

4361. Sin. Sin, every day, takes out a patent for some new invention.—E. P. WHIPPLE.

4362. Sin. A man cannot practice sin and be a good citizen. Burke says very truly: "Whatever disunites man from God disunites man from man."—CHAPIN.

4363. Sin. My sin is the black spot which my bad act makes, seen against the disk of the Sun of Righteousness. Hence religion and sin come and go together.—CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

4364. Sin. Sin first is pleasing, then it grows easy, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, then confirmed; then the man is impenitent, then he is obstinate, then he is resolved never to repent, and then he is ruined.—LEIGHTON.

4365. Sin.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

—FRIEDRICH VON LOGAN.

4366. Sin.

'Tis fearful building upon any sin;
One mischief enter'd, brings another in:
The second pulls a third, the third draws more.

And they for all the rest set ope the door;

Till custom take away the judging sense,
That to offend we think it no offense.

—SMITH.

4367. Sin Always Sin. Dr. William Hanna Thomson, of New York, author of "Brain and Personality," is authority for the statement that so far as science is able to determine, monocell germs, such as those of tuberculosis and the bubonic plague, have remained unchanged for thousands of years, and act to-day in precisely the same manner as they did in the time of the plague of mice and emerods among the Philistines, and of such epidemics among the Egyptians as we may be sure were due to other diseases familiar to us now. He asks why those seeking the facts of evolution and the origin of species do not begin here with the unicell organism rather than with the multicell?

We are accustomed to speak of everything changing, but here we have an illustration of living things which change not, though passing, as the tuberculosis germ has done since it can be first recognized in history, through five and a half million generations (it reaches old age in thirty minutes).

4368. Sin, Avoided. A young fox asked his father to teach him what to do in order to get the best of the dogs when he should meet them. The father had become gray in a long life of theft and danger, and many scars gave witness to his narrow escapes during the chase and his little honorable encounters with the guardians of the poultry yards.

He answered with a sigh: "My child, all my experience forces me to confess that the best thing to do is to go out of the way so as not to meet them."

4369. Sin, Bondage of. Suppose I go to a blacksmith and say, "Make me a very long and heavy chain of these dimensions. When done I will pay you." He lays aside his engagements and goes hard at work. I call as arranged and say: "I have concluded to make the chain longer; work on another week." Flattered with the promise of a fresh reward, he toils on. I call again and still insist: "It is too short." "But," says he, "my iron is expended and so is my strength. I want my pay." I urge him to add the last link of which he is capable. Then, instead of paying him, suppose I bind him hand and foot and cast him into a furnace of fire. Such is the service of Satan.—FIELD.

4370. Sin, Bondage of. A few years ago a man went to Bombay, India, who had loaded himself down with six hundred pounds of iron. He was a Moham-medan and wished to go as a pilgrim to

Mecca. In his chains were tied some large iron pegs and a heavy iron mallet, which were used in fixing himself firmly down when he wished to stay in any particular spot. When asked why he was carrying such a crushing load, he replied that as a young man he was very wicked, and wished to give up his wickedness, and so he determined to chain himself down to keep from sin. But still he sinned, and so he put on another chain, then another, until at last there hung from his limbs six hundred pounds of iron, when he could no longer walk. This is a visible image of how sin puts men into bondage.

4371. Sin, Born Crooked in. I remember one man who came and told me a tragic story of his life, saying he was just released from prison, and asking for money to go to Boston, where he had an old mother. I helped him and felt glad to think I could do so. Shortly afterward my husband learned that the man had, indeed, been a prison inmate, but that he lived near us and that he used the money I had given him to treat all his boon companions to drinks within an hour after he left me. The man came again a month later, and I allowed him to tell his new story of being detained by illness, and to ask me for more money. Then I told him what I had learned about him. The unkindness of his deception toward me turned the anger I felt at first into grief, and I began to cry. The man looked at me a moment in silence; then he rose up and came and stood before me. "This is the first time," he said, "that I ever saw a woman cry for me. I want to tell you I will never trouble you again; I was born crooked and I guess I will always stay crooked; but I will never bother you again. Will you shake hands with me?"

I took his proffered hand and tried to make him promise to turn over a new page in life's diary. But he shook his head. "I'm crooked I tell you. I can't help lying and stealing. But you'll never have any trouble with me again." And I never did.—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

4372. Sin Brings Its Own Punishment. One day a sixteen-year-old boy was plowing with a team composed of a mule and a cow. The mule was often balky and gave the boy much trouble. After many unsuccessful attempts to make the mule work, the boy took a rope and, making a slip-knot in one end, placed it around the lower jaw of the mule and tied the other end of the rope

around the fetlock of the hind leg which was doing the kicking. Then he went back to the plow handles and gave the regular signal for the team to start. The mule immediately began to kick, but found that every motion of the hind leg pulled painfully on the lower jaw. Then the boy took off the rope and returned to the plow handles and repeated the command. There was no more trouble; the team went straight ahead.—*Teachers' Guide.*

4373. Sin in Bright Colors. The young man, whispering as we stood by the flowers that framed the casket, told me the deceased had often asked him to "come and have a smile."

I had to inquire what the expression meant. Ministers are very unsophisticated. The initiated, of course, know that the words mean "come in and have a drink."

It reminded me of the chorus of one of the popular songs:

"There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue."

Yes, and there are smiles that are counterfeits; hilarity with a headache; the deadly rattle softened to a charming purr.

How humanity has agonized to cover the ugliness of sin with the flowers of poetic euphemisms! When I first heard the expression Mountain Dew, I thought of the blue hills of Kentucky smiling radiantly up at the morning sun; but I soon discovered that it was a name for illicit whiskey.

The brush of the artist, the pen of the master in words, the voice with the charm, have all been employed to give sin a pretty coat of paint.

The serpent surely was attractive when he said, "You will be as God and know." But Paradise lost was nevertheless Paradise Lost.

4374. Sin, Cause of, Removed. I know a man who in the weekly prayer-meeting was always confessing the same things. His prayer was seldom varied. "O Lord, since we last gathered together, the cobwebs have come between us and Thee. Clear away the cobwebs that we may again see Thy face." One day a brother called out, "O Lord God, kill the spider!" You know very well that you may sweep cobwebs away, but if you leave spiders in the room you will have cobwebs again to-morrow morning. The best way to get rid of the cobwebs is to deal with

the cause, to kill the spider. That is exactly what Jesus Christ did when he died on the Cross. He not only dealt with the effect, but he dealt with the very cause of sinning.

4375. Sin, Compromised With. For various reasons, some of which are good, some are bad, but none of which should be held indifferent, this subject of sin is one from which most of us are disposed to turn away. If the heart is what it ought to be, or even in some fair measure is right with God, then sin in its every phase and relation is hateful, abominable; and hence even to think of it is not a pleasant exercise. And, on the other hand, if that triad of evils, the world, and the flesh, and the devil, sway the mind, one is loathe to enter into judgment upon sin; for he knows that he must find much in himself which he is unwilling to discover. In such case, if sentence is passed at all, it will be of the nature of compromise, which is but additional sin. There are yet in the world, it must be confessed, those whom we all too much resemble, who

"Compound for sins they are inclined to do

By damning those they have no mind to."

—JOSEPH KYLE, D.D.

4376. Sin, Compromised With. A woman who had been doing temperance work among the Freedmen told of one colored woman, a member of the church but addicted to drink, who had finally given up the habit. She had struggled and prayed and God had helped her, she said. Then she honestly added, "But I ain't give up my terbacca yet. Yass'm, 'course I knows he'd help me dar, too, but you see I hain't rightly felt like axin' him 'bout dat." Few of us would so frankly admit the fact, but that is the reason why a good many sins continue their way.—*Forward.*

4377. Sin, Consequences of. Felix, the Earl of Württemberg, a captain of Charles V. of Germany, in the presence of a company, at supper, swore that before he died he would ride "up to the spurs" in the blood of Lutherans. But that very night, by the bursting of a vein, he was choked and strangled in his own blood.

4378. Sin, Continued in. "If anybody fell from this pier into the water, would he be drowned?" an old boatman was asked. With a quizzical smile, he gave answer: "No, it is not falling into the

water that drowns a man." "What, then, is it?" "Staying there!" Neither is it falling into sin that damns a man. It is refusing to return to the Father in penitence and contrition.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

4379. Sin, Cut the Chain of. A few years ago I was on a North German Lloyd steamship in the harbor of Gibraltar. The captain gave orders to get up the anchor. The little donkey engine puffed at its task, but went slower and slower, until finally the crank broke, and a hundred feet of chain shot out. The anchor was caught in the rocks. A gale was blowing, and a heavy sea running. We began to drift rapidly upon a fleet of British men-of-war. The captain rushed down the bridge, and shouted instant orders to cut the chain. A mechanic with a huge cold chisel and sledge began to cut one of the mighty links. When only a thin strip of metal was left, the captain himself assumed the final responsibility, and with a small hatchet cut the last vestige of iron. The link split open like torn cloth under the great strain, and we left the valuable anchor, chain and all, in the bottom of the harbor, and in a few hours we had reached a sea where all was calm and peace. So God sometimes calls us to cut the chain that holds us to the past, with all its old associations, and sail out through wind and waves, firm in the faith that soon or late we shall reach a sea of safety.—*REV. EDMUND GRINDAL RAWSON.*

4380. Sin, Deadly. Young people of Brest, France, were greatly enjoying themselves dancing at one of the large American barracks near town that had been deserted, until they ascertained that a large number of cases and boxes piled along the walls were filled with deadly explosives. On the boxes were the warning words "dynamite," "lyddite," "gun-cotton," and "detonators." As the words were English the dancers were unaware of their danger. Police officials found the floor covered with cigaret stubs, stubs of cigars and empty bottles. Sin is deadly whether we know it or not. He who follows its ways will meet with ruin.

4381. Sin, Detective. The cropping out of hidden sin is illustrated by the following story. Mr. Jacob Burkett tells the story of his boyhood. His mother gave him a basket of pop corn to plant. After planting a number of rows under a broiling sun, he could not see that the grains had sensibly lessened in number and the task seemed to be endless. He dug a

hole, dumped the remainder into it, and told his mother that he had planted all the corn. She doubted and said, "Jake, if you have told me a lie that corn will tell on you." The weather was seasonable and sun and showers soon brought up the corn. She marched him into the field and showed him the thick stocks that had shot up from his wholesale planting. The truthful grains had told on him.

4382. Sin, Destructive. The salt water worm is to all woodwork and wooden boats in salt water what sin is to the Christian. This little worm so honey-combed one of the most costly ocean piers that it fell before it was three years old.

The worm is so small, insignificant and apparently harmless that one attracts little or no attention except from one who knows its dangers. At last a chemical solution has been found that makes the boats immune to its dangers. This paint has become the breast-plate of protection for all woodwork that must stay in salt water.

4383. Sin, Definition of. Tertullian called sin "the Great Interloper."

4383a. Sin, Discovered. "Murder will out," is the old saying. Yes, and so will other sins out. They will not stay hidden. They begin to squirm and twist and push and pry just as soon as they are covered up, and heavy must be the lid that holds them down and in.

This is one of Dr. Deems's stories: A minister once called upon a class leader. After having prayed with the family, he said, "Brother, how is it that you have been a church member so long and yet you are not a converted man?"

"Are you my judge?"

"I know you by your fruits. You have no family worship."

"Well, I suppose that it is true; but I'd like to know who told you."

"No one told me; but had you been in the habit of having family worship, the cat would not have jumped out of the window, frightened, as it did when we knelt to pray."

The erring class leader acknowledged the truth of the cat test and confessed that he had omitted family prayers because he did not wish his men to lose the time from their work.—*The Class-mate*.

4384. Sin Is Disobedience. A man, who had been a drunkard with all a drunkard's hard knocks, lay dying, now reconciled to God. A preacher said to

him, "Yes, I know this is a hard world." "No," said the dying man, "don't say that. It is just what we make it. The world is all right. We alone are wrong." Obedience and love to God are the obligation of all.

4385. Sin Does Not Pay. At Aix-la-Chapelle is the tomb of the great Emperor Charlemagne. In the death-chamber beneath the floor he sat on a marble chair—the chair on which kings had often been crowned, and, wrapped in his imperial robes, a book of the Gospel lay open in his lap; and as he sat there, silent, cold, motionless, the finger of the dead man's hand pointed to the words of Jesus, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the world and lose his own soul?"

4386. Sin Doesn't Pay. Rev. G. P. Merrick, of Holloway Prison, England, has compiled statistics which show that crime is not very remunerative. For 372 cases of house-breaking, which "gave employment" to 488 men, the average "earnings" were only \$63.50. Four hundred and twenty-two pickpockets had to divide the proceeds of 364 successful attempts, the average takings being \$22.75. Defrauding pays better. In 309 cases of this sort, each partner received on an average of \$731.75. But as there is a long time of inaction between each case, criminals are among the worst "paid" individuals.

4387. Sin, Eternal Loss. Look at the fact, the mathematical certainty, that if you deduct from the experience of a man's holiness for a while, you have deducted something of absolutely measureless value. You have poisoned the possible bliss of that man. The poison lasts. It never will stop its course, will it? "There will be no final pain or permanent loss in the universe! Oh, no!" I affirm that you cannot take out of human history six thousand years, and give them over to your blackest sins, or to your least black, without subtracting from the bliss of the universe; and that this gap is a part of the record of the past; and that you never can fill it up. That gap will exist

"Till the sun is old,
And the stars are cold,
And the leaves of the judgment-book
unfold."

4388. Sin, Fatal Consequences of. Dr. Maclaren says, "I remember, away up in the lonely Highland Valley, where, beneath a tall, black cliff, all weather-worn,

and cracked and seamed there lies at the foot, resting on the greensward that creeps round its base, a huge rock that has fallen from the face of the precipice. A shepherd was passing beneath it; and suddenly, when the finger of God's will touched it, and rent it from its ancient bed in the everlasting rock, it came down, leaping and bounding from pinnacle to pinnacle—and it fell; and the man that was beneath it is there now! Ground to powder. Since all that stand against him shall become as 'chaff of the summer threshing floor,' and be swept utterly away, make him the foundation on which you build." The man, the community, the nation, that resists the authorship of Christ will be broken "in pieces like a potter's vessel."

4389. Sin, The Fires of. Satan is persistent, and the flames of temptation blaze up again and again. A large barn burned to the ground in Newport, Kentucky, a few years ago. It took fire in the night, and by morning the firemen went home, leaving nothing but a smoldering pile of hay and straw. But three times that day, and for a week afterward, the fire unexpectedly broke out. If professional fire fighters can so easily be deceived and surprised, is it any wonder that the fires of sin deceive us? Jesus met Satan again and again, and in view of our danger bids us "Watch and pray."—REV. CHARLES DARSIE.

4390. Sin, Freed from. When Wilberforce was trying to get a bill through Parliament to liberate all the slaves under the British flag there was great excitement. They were anxious to get their liberty. When they were expecting the vessel which would bring the news that the bill had failed or succeeded thousands of the people went down to the shore to get the first news. The captain of the coming vessel knew how anxious they were to get it. As soon as the vessel was in sight, and he saw the multitude on the shore watching for him, he shouted the words, "Free! free! free!" and they all took up the cry and it spread through the island. Those once slaves to sin and now ransomed by Christ can take up the same cry.—M. LAIRD SIMONS.

4391. Sin in Old Age. Tiberius, one of Rome's most beastly emperors, was a man of exemplary life up until his fifty-sixth year. Then prosperity and luxury and power came to him, and he fell, plunging into deepest sensuality.

4392. Sin, Hardening Influence of.

Some one represents the hardening influence of sin in this way: "My child is ill; I call the doctor. He goes upstairs with the mother. When he comes down I say, 'Well, Doctor?' 'She's very bad.' 'Is there any hope?' 'Yes; one hope is that she suffers so. If the pain stops, telephone for me, and I'll come at once. It will show that the worst symptom has set in.' An hour later my wife comes downstairs and says: 'The worst is over.' 'How do you know?' I ask. 'Well, ten minutes ago the child ceased to suffer, and is now easy.' In great terror I say, 'That is the worst symptom.' Not to feel at all is the worst sign."

4393. Sin Hatches Out. A friend of mine received a letter from a missionary on the West Coast of Africa, in which, as a curiosity, some serpents' eggs were contained. He laid them carefully aside, thinking to preserve them as they were; but one day, when he went to show them to a friend, he discovered, to his dismay, that the heat of the drawer had hatched them into serpents, and there was a heap of crawling things before his eyes.

4394. Sin, Hatred of God. Spurgeon tells of a prosperous worldling who acknowledged that he did many wicked things, but denied that he hated God. One day, however, there came a fearful flood that threatened to destroy this man's flour mill, and he, looking on, poured out the most terrible imprecations against God. He no longer doubted that he hated God; but what came out in that hour of testing was in his heart all the time.

Shelley, the poet, who, amid the glorious scenery of the Alps, and surrounded there by the sublime manifestations of God's power, had the hardihood to avow and record his atheism by writing against his name in the register kept for travelers, "An Atheist!" Another traveler who followed, shocked and indignant at the inscription, wrote beneath it, "If an atheist, a fool; or if not, then a liar!"

4395. Sin, Hazard of. A man in New-castle, Pa., after "shooting" more than 5,000 oil wells with the deadly nitroglycerine has at last abandoned the calling. For twenty-eight years he has been in almost constant danger of losing his life. The wonder is that he risked it so long. But it is more to be wondered at that men pursue the infinitely more hazardous way of sin and cannot be persuaded to abandon it before it is too late even though they see the inevitable end.

In spite of the thousands of frightful wrecks they continue on in sin, thinking to escape until they are overtaken. Happy the man who hears the loving warning of God to flee from sin.

4396. Sin, Hindrance of. Among the great paintings in Florence are the angels of Fra Angelico, which are said to have been painted while the great artist in reverence knelt prayerfully at his work. An artist who spends much time in copying this famous masterpiece said that when he was in a reverent and devotional frame of mind he was able to copy the beautiful faces with great exactness. "But," said he, "whenever I have spent the night at card parties, wine suppers or other forms of carousal, the faces of the angels seem to elude me for days afterwards. I can produce the outline and much of the general appearance, but the beautiful, wonderful expression of those faces somehow I cannot embody." If it is true that sin hinders the realization of the best things in the activities of life, how much more is it true in the Christian's life?

4397. Sin Hinders. Some time ago I was taken through a large factory where there were hundreds of looms at work in the spinning of very fine linen thread. . . . The manager of the mill said to me, "So delicate is this machinery that if a single thread out of the whole thirty thousand which at this moment are weaving should break, all of these looms would stop instantly." . . . He stepped up to one of the machines and broke a single thread, and instantly every loom stopped, and remained stationary until the thread was rejoined. Then they went on automatically.

The mechanical wonder can be used as an illustration of "that which is spiritual." It is through one sin, one disobedience, one departure from the clearly seen pathway of the will and the fear of God that I lose the ministry of the Spirit, and not until that thread is rejoined, is it that—automatically, if I dare use the term—the ministry of the Spirit in his illumination, in his refinement, in his satisfying of my heart and mind, and in his reinforcing of my efforts, is continued.—J. STUART HOLDEN.

4398. Sin Wrongly Labeled. Dr. J. W. Chapman relates that after an earnest sermon by a distinguished minister, dealing plainly and pointedly with sin, one of the church officers came to the study of the pastor and expressed himself somewhat as follows: "We do not want

you to talk as plainly as you did about sin, because if our boys and girls hear you talking so much about sin they will more easily become sinners. Call it a mistake if you will, but do not speak so plainly about sin." The pastor took down a small bottle of strychnine, marked "Poison," and showed it to his visitor, saying, "I see what you want me to do. You want me to change the label. Now, suppose I take this label off and substitute another, say, 'Essence of Peppermint,' do you not see what happens? The milder you make the label the more dangerous you make your poison."

4399. Sin, Meaning of. Some time since a Japanese teacher once got red-hot with anger on being told that he was a sinner. An evangelist preaching in Tokio said "All men are sinners." Instantly he was challenged by a loyal fellow who indignantly required, "Is his Majesty the Emperor a sinner?" And grasping a chair he proceeded to knock such ideas out of the preacher's head until a policeman appeared. Those who have come near to Christ in this land are quick to see what they could not see before, that the coming of Christ to Japan has given a new and deep meaning to the old word, "sin." They then begin to understand the need of the gospel message, "Repent."

4400. Sin, Penalty of. A man died in the Columbus penitentiary some years ago who had spent over thirty years in his cell. He was one of the millionaires of Ohio. Fifty years ago, when they were trying to get a trunk road from Chicago to New York, they wanted to lay the line through his farm near Cleveland. He did not want his farm divided by this railroad, so the case went into court, where commissioners were appointed to pay the damages and to allow the road to be built.

One dark night a train was thrown off the track, and several were killed. This man was suspected, was tried and found guilty, and was sent to the penitentiary for life. The farm was soon cut up into city lots, and the man became a millionaire, but he got no benefit from it.

It may not have taken him more than an hour to lay the obstruction on the railroad, but he was over thirty years reaping the result of that one act!—DWIGHT L. MOODY.

4401. Sin, Penalty of. When Foulon was asked how the starving populace was to live he answered: "*Let them eat grass.*" Afterward, Carlyle says, the mob maddened with rage, "caught him

in the streets of Paris, hanged him, stuck his head upon a pike, filled his mouth with grass, amid shouts as of Tophet from a grass-eating people." What kings and princes gave they received. This is the voice of nature and conscience: "Behold, sin crouches at the door!"—HILLIS.

4402. Sin, a Little Slippery Place. "It was such a little spot of ice I slipped on," said the big, heavily built man who was laid up with a sprained ankle. "I had come all the way down the other street that was so slippery to avoid a fall, and I turned up this other street, where the sidewalks looked good and clean and not at all dangerous. And I slipped on just a little strip of ice not six inches wide, where the water had trickled across the pavement. The late snow that was falling had covered it over, and before I knew it I was down."—*Christian Observer*.

4403. Sin Prevents Usefulness. A Chinaman seeing the effect of a scratch on the back of a mirror in preventing the mirror from reflecting properly said, "This is like sin. It scratches the mirror of our lives and prevents us from reflecting Jesus." Sin mars. Sin injures. Sin prevents usefulness. It mars the mirror of life and prevents our reflecting Christ, our being useful in his cause.—H.

4404. Sin, Protection of. Dr. Cuyler says that once traveling through a coal mine district he noticed how dingy the town appeared. Coal dust was on everything, buildings, trees, and grass. But as he and the foreman were walking near the mine he saw a beautiful white flower, clean and pure as it could be. He said to the foreman, "What care the owner must take of this little plant to keep it so free from dust and dirt!" "See here," said the foreman, and taking a handful of coal dust he threw it over the plant, but it immediately fell off leaving it as stainless as before. "It has an enamel," he explained, "which prevents the dust from clinging to it. I think it must be created for just such a place." Joseph is safe in the midst of his enemies, his life, his work, and his reputation are in the hands of God who has spread about him the white enamel of his protecting care and love.

4405. Sin, Punished. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, selecting the Scripture lesson from Acts 12, read dramatically the following verses: "Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the

church. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword."

Thus beginneth the chapter.

"And upon a set day Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration unto them. And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a god, and not a man. And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory; and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost."

Thus endeth the chapter.

4406. Sin, Relinquished. Two brothers lived in Glasgow during one of Mr. Moody's visits to the city. One was a converted man, but his brother was a worldling and an inveterate smoker. One day the former said to his brother, "Look here, Charlie, if you will give up that pipe for three months, I will give you half a crown." "Done!" said Charlie, and he laid the pipe on the mantelshelf, and his brother put the money alongside of it. The three months expired, and the brother said, "Now, Charlie, I suppose you will pick up the old pipe again and have a smoke?" "No," said Charlie, as he pocketed the half-crown, "I was converted at Moody and Sankey's meeting last night, and I have been promised a whole crown if I don't take up that idol again, and, thank God, I have accepted the offer."—*The Christian Herald*.

4407. Sin, Result of. "When you get through with this hand I wish that you would let me use your table for a pulpit," said a missionary to a crowd of gambling lumberjacks. The hand was finished, the service was held, every man remaining to it, and after the benediction the game was resumed.

After such a service Fred Davis entered into conversation with a man who said: "I'm making a little money working days, but I'm making more at the card game at night, and I'm not going to quit till I have my pile. I know I ought to be a Christian, but not just yet. After a while I will." Later this lumberjack shot a man at the card table. One day Davis preached in a California prison and the warden told him that one of the prisoners wanted to speak to him. At the cell an arm was thrust through the bars and the man in the shadowed space said: "I'm the lumberjack you pleaded with to change my life and become a Christian. I wouldn't be-cause I was making money by gambling.

Now look at me! Help me to get right with God." With the bars between them they knelt and while they prayed together Christ fulfilled his promise and gave liberty to the captive.—*Missionary Review of the World*.

4408. Sin, Revealed. The newspapers of Cincinnati record that a poorly dressed woman went to Dr. George Herman asking him to make an X-ray examination of her heart free of cost. She said she was very poor and couldn't pay. The doctor consented to do the work. But when he turned his machine a little below the heart he saw a concealed pocket in which was a purse with five twenty-dollar gold pieces. "Your heart is very bad," he said; "you lied when you said you were poor." In like manner all secret things will come to light before God.—G. A. SWANSON.

4409. Sin Revealed. A Christian martyr, the night before his sufferings, fell asleep and dreamed of Paradise. He was walking in a garden of delight, where all was made of the purest transparent glass, clear as crystal. The people themselves who moved up and down were also transparent, and as he passed among them he perceived that all eyes were turned to him and fixed with surprise and dismay on his breast. On looking down he was horrified to see that he had become transparent, and that a dark stain in his heart, a shadow amidst all this brightness, had drawn all eyes upon him. Instinctively he raised his hand to hide it, but his hands, too, were transparent, and heaven for him was no longer heaven. "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed."—MARCUS DODS.

4410. Sin Will Be Revealed. A few years ago a young woman acting as a book agent walked into a lawyer's office in a country town in New York. Whether she sold him a book or not has not been stated, but she sold him her soul. The lawyer threw a partition across one end of his office and installed the woman behind the door which was closely guarded. The room was almost a prison cell, with only one window, and that had a shade that pulled down from the top, so that no one ever saw into it. For three years the woman lived in that room, and cooked and did typewriting for the lawyer. "Soul mates" they called themselves, though the lawyer had a wife and daughter in the home on the hill, which he visited several times a week. The remarkable fact is that no soul in that village, other than the two guilty

persons, knew of the secret of that room. The woman only slipped out clandestinely at night for a little exercise and air, and not a villager ever saw or suspected her presence. That such a secret could be kept for three years in a country town where everybody knows every happening and the least sign of suspicion is tracked to its source is incredible. One morning the lawyer sank dead in his office and the woman went for a doctor, who was the brother of the lawyer's wife. The secret of that room was then revealed and blazed abroad over the country. The heart-broken wife could only say of her unfaithful husband, "Let us bury this poor body and forget all we can," and the woman called for poison that she might die on his grave. The affair is truth literally stranger than fiction. No novelist ever wove a deeper plot of secrecy, tragedy and death; no Arabian Night tale or fairy story seems more impossible. For three years the secret was kept, but now it is shouted from the housetops. Double lives all have their day. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, and God will bring every secret thing to light, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

4411. Sin, Self-injury. A baker living in a village not far from Quebec bought his butter from a neighboring farmer. One day he became suspicious that the butter was not of the same weight, and therefore decided to satisfy himself about it. For several days he weighed the butter, and then found that the rolls of butter which the farmer brought were gradually diminishing in weight. This angered him so that he had the farmer arrested. "I presume you have weights," said the judge. "No, sir," replied the farmer. "How then do you manage to weigh the butter that you sell?" "That's easily explained, your honor," said the farmer. "When the baker commenced buying his butter of me, I thought I'd get my bread of him, and it's the one pound loaf I've been using as a weight for the butter I sell. If the weight of the butter is wrong, he has himself to blame."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

4412. Sin, Sensitive to. There is a fable current among the glass blowers of the island of Murano, near Venice, that the founder of their industry was on one occasion commanded to manufacture a goblet of the finest possible quality for the Doge. Of such delicate and costly material was it made, and so finely was

it blown that if a drop of poison were put into it, it would shiver the glass to atoms. Of course such is only a fable, but it is a fairly true picture of that which mars our lives, makes us unfit to hold the heavenly treasure, and hence unable to communicate it to others.—J. STUART HOLDEN.

4413. Sin Separates. John Wesley wrote in his diary one day, "To-day I grieved the Divine Spirit by speaking uncharitably of one who is not sound in the faith. Immediately I was in great darkness." We cannot keep the peace of God in our hearts unless our human relations are as they should be.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

4414. Sin Separates. Dr. McLaren tells about a beach in England where the sea has laid the pebbles in long rows, accurately sorting them out according to size. The great ocean of time, when it casts us up on the beach of eternity will lay us beside our likes. Judas went "to his own place," as Peter solemnly said about him.

4415. Sin Shows. There is a suggestive painting called "Face to Face with Their Former Selves," which strikingly represents this truth. A man and woman are pictured, wandering hand in hand through a forest glade. From their faces the artist has blotted out every trace of nobility and purity. Blear-eyed, bloated, depraved, utterly lacking in human nature's redeeming lineaments, one shrinks instinctively from the scene. At the point where the picture has caught up their history, they have suddenly halted, and from their eyes there comes a startled gaze. Confronting them stand a boy and girl, pure and fresh in the innocence of youth, and there has just been flashed upon the minds of the elder pair the thought that they are reading a page torn from their own early history.

4416. Sin, Slavery of. Officials at the Davenport, Ia., jail were awakened by the ringing of the night bell and Deputy Sheriff William Brehmer was called upon to perform one of the most peculiar midnight jobs a court officer has ever had to do.

The callers proved to be the marshal of Buffalo, Ia., with two members of an amateur theatrical company, one of whom had become hopelessly locked in the grip of a pair of handcuffs used in a rehearsal. The man had been taken to Davenport police station by automobile and when the officers looked at the handcuff they found a key had been broken off in the lock.

Sin is usually an attractive thing to play with, but sooner or later it makes a slave of its devotee. Illustrations of this fact are given on a colossal scale these fast-moving days.

4417. Sin, Superficial Views of. The Chinese say anger is caused by a gas generated in the body. When a man gets angry this gas generated must escape, else it remains in the unhappy possessor and he becomes sick. Hence the murderous fury of the Chinese boxers, or of an American lynching bee. Christians who deal with men in missions, factories and business places are still strongly of the conviction that the gospel statement of the source of sin is the correct one.

4418. Sin, Thralldom of. A story is told of a famous smith in the Middle Ages who was often employed by the king. But after a while he greatly offended the king and was thrown into prison to remain there the rest of his life. He decided to try to escape from prison, and thought that with his knowledge of metals he would have no trouble in freeing himself from his chains, so he went to work. But, alas! he found that his chains were some of those that he had himself made, and no one could ever hope to break them. That is the way with selfishness; it forges chains for our spirits, and since they are self-made, they cannot be broken. Only by the help of Christ can we free ourselves from them.

4419. Sin, Wages of. Some one said to a wicked man, "You do not look as if you had prospered by your wickedness." "I have not," he replied. "I have met with all manner of misfortunes. I have been twice in state's prison, but my worst punishment is in being what I am."—PELOUBET.

4420. Sin, Wages of. There once existed in Russia a noble order of merit which was much coveted by the princes and noblesse. It was, however, conferred only on peculiar favorites of the Czar or distinguished heroes of the kingdom. But another class shared its honor in a very questionable form. Those nobles who either became a burden to the Czar or stood in his way received the decoration only to die. The pin-point was tipped with poison, and when the order was being fastened on the breast by the imperial messenger, the flesh of the person was accidentally pricked. Next morning the individual so highly honored with imperial favor was dead. Thus Satan offered to confer a brilliant decoration on Christ as he had done to our

first parents. "The wages of sin is death."

4421. Sin, Wages of. Leftie Louie, notorious gunman executed in New York, preached a sermon on the consequences of sin before he died. He said, "A fellow who honestly earns six dollars a week is better off than one who earns a thousand dollars a week if he does not get it straight." Of himself and his associates he said, "We were supposed to have as many friends as any fellow on the East Side, but when it came to a showdown only the synagogues stood by us, outside our parents. Stick to the synagogue and to your parents. If I had my life to live over again I would surely follow this advice."

4422. Sin, Wages of. Anne of Austria once said to Richelieu: "Cardinal, God does not always pay his wages at the end of the week, but finally all his accounts will balance." It is true, God is slow to anger, but "the wages of sin is death," and these wages will surely be paid. A child of God must wait sometimes for recompense, but every good deed will just as surely reap its reward.

4423. Sin, Wages of. There is one employer whose wage scale is never revised. We are hearing a good deal these days of reductions in the wages that prevailed during war times and following, as economic conditions begin to simmer down toward the normal. It was no doubt with this idea in mind that a church in a large city put on its bulletin board the line: "There is No Reduction in the Wages of Sin."—*Sunday School Times*.

4424. Sin, Wages of. A man lying upon the grass noticed a little plant of sundew; presently a tiny fly alighted upon it, and tasted one of the tempting glands which grow upon the sundew. Suddenly three crimson-tipped, finger-like hairs bent over and touched its wings with a sticky touch which held it fast. The fly struggled in vain to get free, but the more it struggled the more hopelessly it became besmeared. It still, however, protruded its tongue, feasting as it was, being more and more firmly held by other hairs, or tentacles, as they are called. When the captive was entirely at the mercy of the plant, the edges of the leaf folded inwards, and looked like a closed fist. Two hours later the fly was an empty sucked skin, and the leaf was opening for another unwary visitor. So we often do not realize the danger of sin until it holds us bound.—DR. W. F. CRAFTS.

4425. Sin Walls Us In. At one time many convicts were employed in building high walls round the prison grounds of Portland. Soldiers with loaded guns posted above them watched them at their work. Every brick laid rendered their escape more impossible, and yet they themselves were laying them. So each sin committed makes it harder to refrain from further sin, more difficult to turn back.—MRS. M. WATTS.

4426. Sin Weakens. In the gardens of Hampton Court visitors used to see trees that were well-nigh strangled by huge coils of ivy, which were wound about them like the snake around the unhappy Laocoon. There was no untwisting of the folds, they were too giant-like and fast fixed, and every hour the rootlets of the climber were sucking out the life of the unhappy tree. Yet there was a day when the ivy was a tiny sprig only asking a little aid in climbing. Had it been denied then, the tree had never become its victim. Vice, intemperance, lust, anger, avarice, like the vine, twine about a man, extract the life from him and leave him a wreck.

4427. Sin, What It Is. Here is a man. He has a bow and arrow. Yonder is a target. He is about to shoot the arrow into the heart of the target. He lays the arrow on the bow, fits arrow notch upon the string, takes aim, lets the arrow fly. But for some reason—because the bow was not tense enough, or his arm not strong enough, or his aim not careful enough—the flying arrow does not even touch the target; it falls this side of it, lying helplessly there upon the ground. The arrow fails and so the man behind it fails, by coming short.

Of all the words for sin in the Scripture the word which has this picture in it is the most usual. Sin is a missing of the mark by coming short.

How the word for sin holding this picture condemns us every one! Who of us are not real sinners in this meaning? Who of us have not missed the mark by coming short? Ah, me, what a dreary chasm that is between what one is and what one ought to be, between what one is and what one might be!

4428. Sin, Working Death. Satan is loath to relinquish his hold upon his servants. Dr. W. L. Watkinson tells us of how some misguided scientists have recently succeeded in producing what he calls a diabolical fad. By grafting a portion of one insect on the body of another, they have made new organisms in which

are conjoined beings of directly opposite natures—miserable creatures, with the clash of irreconcilable impulses, and instincts that tear each other! The doctor imagines a spider-butterfly, with “a passion for the sunshine and a love for darkness, with a longing for roses and a thirst for blood, demanding inconsistent satisfaction; the creature perplexed within itself, afraid of itself, devouring itself.”

Yet there is that selfsame thing in us. We are that spider-butterfly. “The thing that I would, I do not. . . . I delight in the law of God after the inward man. But I find a law in my members warring against the law of the spirit of my mind.” That is the antagonism. We are in a hopeless struggle with a monster that cleaves to us, and from which we cannot extricate ourselves because it is a part of ourselves. That is the dreadful “body of death” which Paul pictures, and which we recognize as our very own.

4429. Sin, Unconfessed. You may take a bottle and cork it up tight, and put it under Niagara, and not a drop of that mighty volume of water will get into the bottle. If there is any sin in my heart that I am not willing to give up, I need not expect a blessing. The men who have had power with God have always begun by confessing their sins.—D. L. MOODY.

4430. Sin, Uprooted. I remember reading some years ago of a woman who, with her husband, “went West” in the pioneer days. She took with her from her Eastern home a root of the white daisy, and after she had planted it near the door of her tiny little prairie home, she nursed it very tenderly, for the bright little flowers meant much to her as they brought back to her memories of her Eastern home and all the happy days of the past. The next year a farmer from the East stopped for a few days at their home, and when he saw the daisies, he tore them from the ground and burned them. The woman cried out with indignation when she saw what he had done, and told him that he had taken away the only thing that remained of her old life; but he replied: “If that were left, it would be only a few years before your whole farm would be covered with daisies, and once that had happened, you could never root them out.” So it is with us when we enter into the new life; God in his great compassion destroys some of the things that seem to us to be so full of beauty before they have

filled our new lives full of the seeds of evil, so that our very hearts would be torn out in uprooting them.—*Montreal Witness.*

4431. Sin, Yielding to, Fatal. The scene of the story is laid in the Northeast, at the headwaters of the St. John River, right at the lakes, near the dividing line between the United States and Canada. It tells of the capture of a great eagle. This eagle occasionally found his food at the edge of the lake when the fish came into the shallow water. One morning he found in the place where he was accustomed to eat his breakfast a great stone. His suspicion was aroused; he flew around and carefully examined the stone from every side. Finally, he perched on the tall stump of an old tree and scrutinized everything with patient care. The stone never moved, and not a hint of danger could he discover. While thus examining everything, he noticed more fish there than he had ever seen before, and he grew very hungry; so down he went, picked up a fish, hopped on the stone and made a good breakfast. Then he did his duty by his brood, and carried some to his aerie. He did this for several days, and life was rich and easy, as never before. Finally one day, when he came, he found a stick laid across the stone, in a slanting position, with something hanging loosely to the upper end. Again his suspicions were aroused, and another examination in the same careful manner followed. But he finally ate his breakfast on the stone, with the stick hanging over his head. This he did the next day, and the next, until, at last, he would come down with absolute carelessness, hop on the stone and enjoy his meal. But, one day, as he was in the full enjoyment of his morning meal, the Indian, hidden in the reeds, pulled two strings, dropping the net around the eagle, and no sooner was he caught in that net than a horse blanket was thrown over him, and he was thrust into a bag, carried to Edmunston, and sold to a Yankee for fifty dollars. Young man, let me ask you, when was the eagle caught? Oh, you say, he was caught the minute the Indian pulled the strings and the meshes of the net entangled him. Not a bit of it—he was caught the first day he ate his breakfast on that stone. That is when he was caught. And we are caught, not only in the sin of our father, but we were caught in very truth and sold to Satan for nothing but the wages of sin, which is death, on the first

occasion we yielded to the lust of sin.—CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS. Retold by ROBERT WATSON, D.D.

4432. Sincerity. Private sincerity is a public welfare.—BARTOL.

4433. Sincerity. He hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.—SHAKESPEARE.

4434. Sincerity. Sincerity's my chief delight,
The darling pleasure of the mind;
Oh, that I could to her invite,
All the whole race of human kind;
Take her, mortals, she's worth more
Than all your glory, all your fame,
Than all your glittering boasted store,
Than all the things that you can name.
She'll with her bring a joy divine,
All that's good, and all that's fine.

—LADY CHUDLEIGH.

4435. Sincerity Defined. In Roman building contracts the words "Sine cera," (i.e., "without wax"), were frequently used. Sometimes the blocks of marble from Mt. Athos, famous for their beauty, would be chipped or marred in transportation. Builders doctored them with white wax. While this could not be seen at first, later it would come off by frost and rain. To avoid this these words were inserted. They wanted marble as sound as it looked.

4436. Sinful, The Reclaimed. "I consider my most important contribution," said Mr. Luther Burbank, "the statement and recognition of the great principle in botany that a plant born a weed does not have to remain a weed, or that a plant down and out does not have to remain a down-and-out."

"That sounds as if it might apply to human beings as well," I said.

"It does," responded Mr. Burbank quickly. "It certainly does apply to human beings."

"Heretofore, in the plant world, when we have found a dwarfed or stubbed plant or a weed or a fruit that seemed to have degenerated until it was worthless, we have assumed that God meant it to remain so, or it would never have gotten into such straits. So we have allowed it to remain a weed—a useless down-and-out tramp, a parasite on plant life, an obnoxious, ill-smelling outcast—but I have enunciated and proved the principle that there is no plant so great an outcast that it can not with skill and care be reclaimed."—W. L. STINGER.

4437. Sinfulness, A Cause for. Some years ago a boy, the son of well-to-do

and respectable parents, was brought before a magistrate in Toledo by his parents, who requested the judge to commit him to a reformatory as he was incurably vicious. Punishment, kindness and entreaty had been resorted to in an effort to cure him, but in vain. It was not boyish mischief that they were complaining of, but wicked malignity. So the judge ordered him committed. As the probation officer led the boy away he noticed a scar on the lad's head, the result of a fall in infancy, as he was told. In the institution, the boy was operated upon, the surgeon thinking that perhaps there might be a pressure on the brain. The bone under the scar was raised and the boy recovered, when to the amazement of all his disposition was found completely changed. He now was gentle, obedient and dutiful, and could be sent home to his parents a new creature.

In most cases the cause of an evil disposition lies much deeper than with this boy, and only the major operation of exchange of heart will suffice to change the life. This is what God offers to do for us.

4438. Sing, Learn to. Dr. Archibald Alexander Hodge was a remarkably humble man for one who had such great power. He never asserted himself, or sought prominence or position. When it came to him it always came to him unsought. There is an incident which I think I ought to tell, that shows how it bore upon his mind that he ought to be humble. Some of you will remember that he regarded himself as deficient in musical ability and never sang in church, until one Sabbath he joined in heartily and continued to sing after that with great regularity. The people noticed it, and in the woman's society the ladies asked Mrs. Hodge about it. She said, "I could tell, but I do not think I ought." Of course that only aroused more curiosity, and so she told. Dr. Hodge had had a dream and it ran in this wise: He dreamed he was dead, and went boldly up to heaven's gate and knocked for entrance. Peter peeped out over the gate and said, "Who is there?" Dr. Hodge replied in a very ostentatious way, so different from his nature, "The Rev. Archibald Alexander Hodge, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Theology in the Western Theological Seminary, and pastor of the North Presbyterian Church." Peter shook his head. "I never heard of you. Whose son are you?" "I am the son of

the Rev. Charles Hodge, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Theology in Princeton Theological Seminary." "Oh, dear old Dr. Hodge," Peter said, "I have often heard of him, but I declare I never heard of you. What do you want?" "I want in." "What do you want in for?" said Peter. "I want in to sing the praises of God for all eternity." "Why," Peter said, "can you sing?" "No," Dr. Hodge replied, "I can't sing." "Well, then," Peter asked, "what do you want in here for?" To this the doctor could give no answer. He waited a minute. Finally he said: "St. Peter, what are you going to do about it?" To which St. Peter replied: "I'll tell you. You are not dead. This is only a dream to warn you beforehand; but remember when you do come, if you can't sing you can't get in." And thereupon he awakened, and ever after he sang most heartily.

4439. Singing of Jenny Lind. I remember hearing a stage driver's story of Jenny Lind. A bird of brilliant plumage on a tree near as they drove by trilled out a compliment of sweet notes that astonished her. The coach stopped, and, reaching out, she gave one of her finest roudades. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side and listened deferentially; then, as if to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat, and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands in ecstasy, and quickly, as though she were before a severely critical audience in Castle Garden, she gave some Tyrolean mountain strains that set the echoes flying, whereupon little birdie took it up, and sang and trilled till Jenny, in happy delight, acknowledged the warbler decidedly outcaroled the Swedish nightingale.—*Ram's Horn*.

4440. Sinner Saved. It is recorded that when the father of the late Queen Victoria, the Duke of Kent, lay dying, he expressed some anxiety about his soul. His doctor endeavored to comfort him by reminding him of how admirably he had deported himself in the conspicuous position in which he had been placed in the world. But the duke checked him, saying, "No, if I am to be saved it is not as a prince, but as a sinner."—*Presbyterian Record*.

4441. Sinner, Never Rejected. Because of the fact that she was afflicted with an incurable disease a young woman who landed in New York recently was returned to her native town in Finland. The great American republic with all

her money, brain power and greatness, was unable to help this one who came to her doors seeking admission. Isn't it wonderful that no one is rejected who comes to Jesus Christ? The worse the condition of the sinner the more tender is His love when he comes.

4442. Sinners, Do Not Scold. The story is told of a boy who was in bathing and who got beyond his depth. A man on shore heard his cries and asked him if he could not swim, to which the boy said "No." "What a foolish boy you are to go into the water without knowing how to swim," replied the man. But the boy replied, "Help me out and scold me afterwards."

4443. Sinners, Friend of. There came to the home of my pastor recently a man in a drunken condition, asking for help. He was given a place to sleep that night, and work was obtained for him the next day. For a week all was well, but when pay-day came the man became drunk again. He lost his job. For the second time a position was obtained for him. Then the pastor not only began to devote much of his time to this man, but also interested a few of the members of the church, who often spent an evening with the man in his little room. And many members murmured, saying that the pastor was spending too much time on a drunkard. But in a short time the man came before the pastoral committee of the church, and was examined for admission. He was recommended, and at the next communion joined the church. Since then he not only has given up drink, but has become an active worker in the church and a teacher of a boys' class in the Sunday school.—*M. C. YEAGLE*.

4444. Sinners, The Gospel for. Bishop Thoburn, returning to America after twenty-five years spent in India as a missionary, was asked what changes in church life affected him most. He answered: "I no longer see the very poor or the wicked in our churches; they used to come to the church which I knew best in my home town. It is my firm belief that wherever the Friend of sinners is held up, there sinners will come. Next to my church in Calcutta was a Magdalene home. I asked the matron if the inmates might be allowed to come to church. They came, and some of them sat on the side seats where they could look out on the audience. One of them afterwards said to the matron: 'That was the queerest church I ever saw. All the

bad people in Calcutta were there.' That was one of the best things ever said about my church. I knew that sinners would not come there if they did not know that the Saviour of whom I spoke was the Friend of sinners."

4445. Sinners, Saved. John Milton, John Bunyan, Jerry McAuley, "Billy" Sunday, Dan Rice, the circus clown, Moody's "Burke the burglar," Elijah Brown, editor of *The Ram's Horn*, are given as examples of men who "came back" from lives of sin and rebellion against God, or from unbelief, to great usefulness in the kingdom of Christ. There are thousands of such returned "exiles," now doing good service.

4446. Sinners, Saved. In the World's Fair, held some years ago in Chicago, there was one building whose massive doors remained shut, without any apparent means by which one who desired to enter might open them. But many visitors to the Fair walked right up to the closed doors. As soon as their feet touched the threshold, an electrical connection was established, and the great doors swung open as of their own accord. Come to Christ, even though you come without tenderness of feeling or strong evidence of desire. Come, and it shall be opened to you.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

4447. Sinners, Saved. The *Methodist Recorder*, of London, relates the following story concerning Hugh Price Hughes, the great Wesleyan preacher: Mr. Bradlaugh (the great atheist) once challenged him to a debate on Christianity. Mr. Hughes replied with alacrity, "Most certainly; nothing would give me greater pleasure. But as conventional debates usually lead to nothing, let us have one on new lines. I will undertake to bring a hundred men and women of various sorts on to the platform of St. James' Hall, and they shall witness to the saving work of Christ in their lives. You can cross-examine them as much as you like. But you, on your part, are to bring a hundred men and women who have been redeemed from a sinful life by means of your atheistic teaching." Needless to say, that debate was never held. Sinners saved are the Gospel's best evidence.

4448. Sinners, Saved. A little fellow who had displeased his sister came to her and asked her pardon, but he was not quite satisfied with her forgiveness when he got it. "Really and truly, do you forgive me?" he asked anxiously,

looking very earnestly into her still, grave face. "Yes, yes," she answered, a little sharply; "didn't I tell you that I forgave you? Why do you think I do not mean what I say?" "'Cause," he answered, sobbing, "'cause you ain't smiling!" One cannot help feeling how kind the face of Jesus was and how tender his tone, as he said, "Thy sins are forgiven."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

4449. Sins, Beautified. Sin as a caterpillar is bad enough, but sin as a butterfly is a thousand times worse. On every wing there is a picture as varied as the rainbow. There is a power in sin to make itself attractive. Sin beautifies itself by assuming and wearing the wings of wit, the wings of fashion, the wings of art, the wings of attractive and pleasing names.—DAVID GREGG.

4450. Sins, Little. The little sins get in at the windows and open the doors for the big house-breakers.

4451. Sins, Little. We are to be honest in little things as well as large things. "It is a sin to steal a pin." "Surely," said a man once, "you won't say that stealing a pin and a dollar are the same in God's eyes?" "Well," was the conclusive reply, "will you tell me how much more valuable to God a dollar is than a pin?"

4452. Sins, Little. A little banyan seed once said to a lofty palm tree: "I am so tired of being tossed hither and thither by the wind. Let me shelter awhile among your great leaves."

"Oh, yes," said the palm tree; "come and welcome. Stay as long as you wish."

So the banyan seed nestled down among the leaves of the palm tree, which very soon quite forgot the presence of the little stranger.

But the tiny seed was not idle. It sent out little roots and fibers, which crept round the mighty trunk and under the bark of the palm tree itself until at last the tree in alarm cried out, "What is this?"

The banyan replied, "It is only the little seed you allowed to rest among your leaves."

"But now you must leave me," said the palm tree. "You are growing too large and strong. You sap my strength."

"I cannot leave you now," replied the banyan, "for we have grown together. I should kill you if I tore myself away."

The palm tree rustled its great leaves and tried with might and main to throw off the banyan, but it could not, and gradually the palm leaves withered, and

the great trunk shriveled until at last only the banyan tree could be found.

So it is with little sins that come creeping in. They at last smother all the good in the heart and destroy its true growth.

4453. Sins, Little. Travelers tell us that the constant rubbing of the sand on Egyptian hieroglyphics removes every trace of color, and even effaces the deep-cut characters from basalt rocks. So the unceasing attrition of multitudinous trifles will take all the bloom off your religion, and efface the name of the king cut on the tablets of your hearts, if you do not counteract it by constant, earnest effort, Bible reading and prayer.—DR. A. MACLAREN.

4454. Sins, Little. You need not break the glasses of a telescope, or coat them over with paint, in order to prevent you from seeing through them. Just breathe upon them, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So it does not require great crimes to hide the light of God's countenance. Little faults can do it just as well.

4455. Sins, Little. It is said that the great temple of Karnak, built of immense stones, fell into ruins because there was a flaw in one of the stones. The strength and imposing grandeur of that marvelous building of antiquity was sacrificed through the vital defect of just a single stone.

4456. Sins, Little. In one of the modern works of fiction in which the plot is laid in the Klondike, the author tells of a man who had committed a great wrong and was overtaken by the avenger. The man who had come up to him overpowered him and could have taken his life with a knife or with his naked hands. But any such method of killing was too lenient for the case in hand. The criminal was stripped of his shirt, his hands were bound behind his back and the black flies and mosquitoes did the rest. In a little while he was insane, and not long after he was dead. It is strange that such little creatures could be executioners of lordly man. One or a hundred could not have accomplished the task, but when they came in thousands the deed was soon done.

It is not otherwise with little sins. Men laugh at them. "What of it? We all have our little failings." But in the coming and the going of the years the man is murdered, the soul is dead inside. The man that was once so sensitive to the Divine calls no longer hears. Murdered by little sins!

4457. Sins, Little. It is not the great sins that mar us. Most people pass through life with no great stain on their reputation. It is the little sin that eats into the character and causes a gradual disintegration of moral fiber. It produces a loss in spiritual vigor. Christian enthusiasm collapses under its insidious influence. We grow morally weaker year by year, yet scarcely notice the progress of the baneful work. Occasionally a strong character breaks down suddenly under some great sin, but most wrecks are the result of gradual corroding of character. As the acid destroys the finest alabaster and the iron-rust the finest fabric, so do these little sins eat their way into the very structure of life, and before we are aware of it we have lost all interest in religion and the work of the church. We charge it up to other causes, but the real reason is, the iron rust of sin has eaten its way into the soul.

4458. Sins, Little. A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship; but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said, sharply, to the man at the helm. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to the summit at one bound, but goes the one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.—*Southern Churchman.*

4459. Sins, Little. At a U. S. Arsenal in New York a large gun lay, marked "condemned." I asked the attendant why that apparently perfect piece of work was condemned. He pointed out some little indentations about the size of a pin-head, which dotted the gun in a dozen places. These seemed insignificant. They seemed very minute in comparison with the size of the steel ingot. They did not appear to go deeper than a

thirty-second of an inch; and yet the gun was condemned. No one could tell what the extent would be of the influence of these bubbles. For all that could be determined there might be a weakness extending through the entire piece of metal, so that in the crisis of war or battle, the mighty engine capable of hurling half a ton of metal a dozen miles and hitting a target with fine accuracy, might, nevertheless, under the heat of battle and the strain of powder, burst into a thousand fragments. We can not afford to ignore our slightest faults. Some basic flaw may destroy our characters and ruin others, be we ever so perfect in other points. "Cleanse thou me from hidden faults." Remember the pin-head spots that ruined the gun.

4460. Sins, Little. A church bell was out of order and gave out a shrill sound. They sent to the firm which made the bell—they must know what was wrong. And the firm sent a man to discover, if possible, the secret. And he did discover it. Just a few drops of oil had dropped down when some one had oiled the bearings above, and had settled upon the lower rim of the great bell! That was all; but it had proved to be enough to raise the tone of the bell several degrees. The man wiped the oil away, and the bell came back to its accustomed sound. How much this is like the result of the wrong acts we do! Often we call the deeds we perform so small that they will make no difference to any one in the world. They are hidden away, so we think, in the secret recesses of our own hearts. No one knows anything about them except ourselves and God, and he will forgive us, he is so merciful. But there they are, like the tiny drops of oil trickling down the side of the bell, and by and by they will surely change the tone of the song we are trying to sing.—*The Classmate.*

4461. Sins, Rated. "In a certain village in Scotland there lived a half-witted man whose coat presented a most curious appearance. All down the front it was covered with patches of various sizes, mostly large. When asked why the coat was patched in such a remarkable way, he answered that the patches represented the sins of his neighbors. He pointed to each patch, and gave the story of the sin of some one in the village, then went on to another, until he had related the sins of all in the village. On the back of his coat there was a small patch, no bigger than a three-penny

piece. On being asked what it represented, he said, 'That's my ain sin, and I cannot see it!' Is not this a fair picture of the attitude of the Pharisees in Christ's time?" And how about our own attitude to-day?—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

4462. Skepticism.

This is a sacred rule we find
Among the nicest of mankind,
(Which never might exception brook
From Hobbes even down to Bolingbroke)
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unless they know the causes too.

—CHURCHILL.

4463. Slacker, Religious. A member of the Illinois Legislature was introduced to an audience as being a churchman, a member of the M. E. Church of ———. As an introduction to his speech he laughingly informed the crowd that he was a member of the church "but not a very good one." There was no regret or shame connected with the confession and the crowd seemed to take it as a joke. If, however, some one had said, Hon. M—— is a member of such and such a party, and he had informed the audience that he was "not a very good one," his appeal for votes would have been addressed to dull ears, for they would have dubbed him a Political Slacker, and rightly so. As it is, he is a Religious Slacker and deserves the contempt that a slacker should receive.

4464. Slander.

Slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword;
Whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose
breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth
belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens,
and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the
grave
This viperous slander enters.

—SHAKESPEARE.

4465. Slander.

Whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache;
Nor spoil your shapes, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place.

—SWIFT.

4466. Slander. Slander is the solace of malignity.—*JOUBERT.*

4467. Slander. Never throw mud. You may miss your mark, but you must have dirty hands.—*JOSEPH PARKER.*

4468. Slander. Cuts men's throats with whisperings.—BEN JONSON.

4469. Slander, Difficult to Overcome. A farmer's wife had spread a slanderous story about her pastor through the village and soon the whole countryside had heard it. After half a year the woman became sick and then confessed that the story was untrue and after her recovery came to the parsonage to ask for pardon. The old pastor said: "Of course, I will gladly pardon you, if you will comply with a wish of mine." "Gladly," replied the woman. "Go home, kill a coal black hen, pluck the feathers and put them into a basket and bring them here." In half an hour she was back. "Now," said the pastor, "go through the village and at each street corner scatter a few of these feathers, the remaining ones take to the top of the bell tower and scatter them to the winds, then return." She did so. "Now go through the village and gather the feathers again, but so that not one is missing." The woman looked at the pastor with astonishment in her face and said, "Why, that is impossible! The wind has scattered them over the fields and everywhere!" "And so," said he, "while I forgive you gladly, do not forget that you can never undo the damage your untrue words have done!"

4470. Slander, Tasted. When you hear an evil story about your neighbor, do with it as the housewife does with the apples for pies; first pare it, quarter it, cut out the core and use plenty of sugar with the rest. That treatment makes palatable food out of pretty sour apples.

You can sometimes see a large meadow through a very small knot hole.

4471. Sleep.

How happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs
diffus'd

A pleasing lassitude; he not in vain
Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
His pow'rs the most voluptuously dis-
solve

In soft repose; on him the balmy dews
Of Sleep with double nutriment descend.

—ARMSTRONG.

4472. Sleep, A Fatal. A judge from Atlanta, Georgia, came to his death in a mysterious way some years ago. He sailed on the steamer *Kansas City* to New York on a business trip. With him were several friends with whom he had passed the hot evening on deck. When they retired he said that he would spend the night in his steamer-chair.

Next morning he could not be found on board. He had been in the habit of sitting on the rail, holding on to a stanchion and the supposition was that he did so that night, and had fallen asleep and, losing his hold on the stanchion, fell into the sea. His loss was mourned by a wide circle of friends. The wonder is that such an intelligent man should have done a thing so risky, but thousands are asleep despite much greater danger. "Awake, thou that sleepest."

4473. Smiles. What sun is there within us that shoots his rays with so sudden a vigor? To see the soul flash in the face at this rate one would think would convert an atheist. By the way, we may observe that smiles are much more becoming than frowns. This seems a natural encouragement to good humor; as much as to say, if people have a mind to be handsome, they must not be peevish and untoward.—JEREMY COLLIER.

4474. Smiles, Value of. In the vestibule of a certain hospital visitors see a card bearing this advice: "Never utter a discouraging word while you are in this hospital. You should come here only for the purpose of helping. Keep your hindering, sad looks for other places; and if you can't smile, don't go in."

"If you can't smile, don't go in!" It is good advice for others than hospital visitors. Who is beyond the ministry of a kindly smile? It is a tonic to the discouraged. It helps the little child for whom the world holds so much that makes afraid, and it cheers the aged who find life unspeakably lonely. As King Arthur's court was built by music, so the happier life we all hunger for here upon earth is built in large part by the cheerful faces we see as we bear the load appointed for us.

Smiles are as indispensable to true success in life as money, mind, and might. Not in hospitals only, then, but in the home and on the street there is a call for the kindly, sunny smile. The way to have it is to get the heart right with God and then turn the eyes to the light, for the smile that helps is the smile of heaven-kindled joy and hope.

4475. Smoking.

A club there is of smokers—dare you come

To that close, clouded, hot, narcotic room?

When, midnight past, the very candles seem

Dying for air, and give a ghastly gleam;

When curling fumes in lazy wreaths
arise,
And prosing toppers rub their winking
eyes.

—CRABBE.

4476. Snow.

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

—LONGFELLOW.

4477. Snow.

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

4478. Sociability, Lack of. A boy of our parish went to the city a few years ago, decided on a church home, attended one Sabbath, "was not spoken to," began running around after a "welcome," and ended by saying he would not likely find welcome anywhere. This in a city! Standing on his dignity among strangers! "Did you seek the pastor and tell him you were in the city to stay, and wished that church for a church home?" "No." "Tell any usher?" "No." "Attend young people's religious services and make your purpose known?" "No." Being written this, the minister addressed immediately called at the young man's place of business, notified his young people, and our boy had a welcome he wondered at.

4479. Sociability, Lack of. "I do not like to go to your church," said a woman occasional attendant whom I visited in her country home. I thought our members exceptionally informal and cordial to each other and to strangers. "Not I, be sure of that; I never speak to anybody that does not speak to me first!" So, unwittingly, she had disclosed her disinclination to approaches, and betrayed that the trouble was with herself and not the unusual friendly membership. Advances must come from two directions, though perhaps not to just the same extent. Hand then meets hand, heart greets heart.

4480. Society. As we ascend in society, like those who climb a mountain, we shall find that the line of perpetual congelation commences with the higher circles; and the nearer we approach to the grand luminary, the court, the more frigidity

and apathy shall we experience.—COLTON.
4481. Soldiers of Christ. It is said that a soldier who enlisted in the American Civil War took along his kit of watch-maker's tools, and while they were in camp he did considerable business. But one day when the order came to strike tents and prepare for battle, he looked around his tent in dismay, and exclaimed, "Why, I can't possibly go, for I have twelve watches to repair, which I have promised by Saturday night." The man had forgotten what he had enlisted for. The soldiers of the King of kings sometimes seem to forget what they enlisted for.—*Christian Herald*.

4482. Song. See Music. See Worship.

4483. Song. Faith and joy are the ascensive forces of song.—STEDMAN.

4484. Song. A song will outlive all sermons in the memory.—HENRY GILES.

4485. Song from Christ. Christianity is the only religion that abounds in song. Atheism is songless; Agnosticism has nothing to sing about; the various forms of idolatry are not tuneful; but Judaism said, "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord"; and when Christ came the angels greeted his birth with a song, and since then Christian song has gained in fullness and strength of voice with each century.—*Advance*.

4486. Song in Evangelism. In the *Indian Standard*, the organ of the Presbyterian Church of India, Mrs. M. M. McKelvey, writing on "The Value of Music in Evangelism," tells of experiments in the adoption of traditional native airs as hymn-tunes. "We who labor for the cause of Christ in India," she says, "are singularly favored in that this people is one of the most musical and music-loving races of the earth. Some demur that Indian music, having been used in the sensual worship of Hinduism, has been degraded by association with vile words and uses. . . . But it is our part to redeem this great art from the service of Satan by allying it to the pure worship of God." After citing the testimonies of missionaries who have proved the power of native music to attract the people to the gospel, the writer adds a warning. Some years ago, when she was engaged in helping to gather unwritten Punjabee airs for a new book of songs, a blind old pastor-poet, himself a convert from Mohammedanism, rejected one of the most attractive airs. "Yes, it is beautiful to you," he said, "but not to me, because I remember the old vile words. . . . Wait, daughter;

young India everywhere is singing the Christian songs and forgetting much of the vileness of the old days. Your children will be able to use this beautiful tune with words just as beautiful, and with no fear of recalling shameful things—but not yet."

4487. Song, Religion and. In India the music which was plaintive and written in the minor key through the influence of Christianity is becoming triumphant. The minor key is changing to major.—L. B. CHAMBERLAIN, India.

4488. Song, Power of. Jenny Lind and Grisi were rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a court concert. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first, and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grisi that she was at the point of failure when suddenly an inspiration came to her. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She asked him to rise, and took the vacant seat. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang it she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but was singing to loving friends in her Fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into the weird, thrilling, plaintive prayer. Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was silence, the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spell-bound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now; instead, a teardrop glistened on the long black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her, and kissed her, utterly regardless of the audience.

4489. Song, Power of. In a San Francisco court room thirty disheveled, red-eyed, hardened drunkards awaited trial. Suddenly a clear, strong voice from below began singing:

"Last night as I lay sleeping,
There came a dream so fair,
I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the temple there."

The judge, making inquiry, found the song to proceed from a prisoner below,

also awaiting trial. As the song went on every one showed emotion, some dropped on their knees, one buried his face, and sobbed, "Oh, mother, mother." The sobs cut to the very heart, and the song welled on through the court room:

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Sing for the night is o'er;
Hosannah in the highest,
Hosannah for evermore."

The judge looked into the faces of the men. There was not one whose better impulses had not been stirred by the song. He did not call the cases singly. A word of good advice, and he dismissed them all. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished.—MRS. JOSEPH TYNE.

4490. Song, The Value of. This morning as we went out to the road a colored delivery-boy went by singing at the top of his voice. One of us remarked: "I guess he has been to a revival."

Why did we say that? Why should it be a matter of comment that anybody should sing at his work? Yet it is unusual, is it not? At least for Americans. Italians do. They sing grand opera while digging ditches.

A friend of mine rejoices when two of her grown-up men friends are her guests, because they always sing as they dress in the morning. We are not a singing race.

Song is the natural outlet of the unfretted gizzard. If not prevented all the cheerful men would sing at their tasks. Half their troubles would die at birth, and most of their angers would perish without requital if they would more often make use of that which charms the savage breast.

"It is but a touch of the fever," cried the soldier boy whose commander tried to keep him out of the charge. "The sound of the bugle will make me well!"

"He started to sing as he tackled the thing that 'couldn't be done'—and he did it."

Song not only inspirits the soul, but it is the language of a larger soul. The contents of any collection of old favorites in song always include the great themes: Home, Country, Flag, Nature and Religion. Song educates as well as expresses the feelings. In a crisis we send singing-masters into our soldiers' camps, offer rewards for new patriotic

songs, and send our boys to the front expecting that they will sing in the bright face of danger.

I have listened, with a thrill, to whole communities singing together up in the woods of Wisconsin, in Chautauqua tents, in Virginia and New Jersey, and on the court house lawn in Pennsylvania and Ohio. When the people of a town get so that they can sing together, they are so much nearer pulling together.—WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH.

4491. Songs in the Night. There is a white-throated song sparrow, not the most beautiful singer of the sparrow family, but still ranking high as a songster, that has this peculiarity—he sings by day or by night; this is the fellow that pipes so bewitchingly from the syringa bushes near your bedroom window at night. He sings because song is in his heart; and so I fancy it is in the output which we make. It is no use to stimulate it; but when our hearts are full, the utterances of our faith and trust are as sweet to the ear of Christ as a bird-song at night.—REV. JAMES E. ODLIN.

4492. Songs in the Night. Gilbert White tells us about an English bird which sings for the greater part of the night. "When it happens," he says, "to be silent in the night, by throwing a stone or clod into the bushes where it sits you immediately set it a-singing; or, in other words, though it slumbers sometimes, yet as soon as it is awakened it resumes its song." So the man in whose heart the love of God is kindled, in whose soul an imperishable faith is born, may be disturbed by the dark surroundings of loneliness, fear, and weariness, but he resumes his song. For "Thou art my hiding-place: Thou shalt preserve me from trouble: Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."

4493. Sorrow. Sorrow makes men sincere.—BEECHER.

4494. Sorrow. Thou canst not tell how rich a dowry sorrow gives the soul, how firm a faith and eagle sight of God.—DEAN ALFORD.

4495. Sorrow.

Do not cheat thy Heart and tell her,
"Grief will pass away,
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."

Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

4496. Sorrow.

There's no way to make sorrow light
But in the noble bearing; be content;
Blows given from heaven are our due
punishment;
All shipwrecks are not drownings; you
see buildings
Made fairer from their ruins.

—W. ROWLEY.

4497. Sorrow, Blessing of. Every Calvary has an Olivet. To every place of crucifixion there is likewise a place of ascension. The sun that was shrouded is unveiled, and heaven opens with hopes eternal to the soul which was night unto despair.—HENRY GILES.

4498. Sorrow, How Borne. In the Pitti Palace, at Florence, there are two pictures which hang side by side. One represents a stormy sea with its wild waves, and black clouds and fierce lightnings of the utmost agony and despair. The other picture also represents a sea, tossed by as fierce a storm, with as dark clouds; but out of the midst of the waves a rock rises, against which the waters dash in vain. In the cleft of the rock are some tufts of grass and green herbage, with sweet flowers, and amid these a dove is seen sitting on her nest, quiet and undisturbed by the wild fury of the storm. The first picture fitly represents the sorrow of the world when all is helpless and despairing; and the other, the sorrow of the Christian, no less severe, but in which he is kept in perfect peace, because he nestles in the bosom of God's unchanging love.

4499. Sowing and Reaping. Suppose I meet a man who is sowing seed, and say: "Hello, stranger, what are you sowing?"

"Seed."

"What kind of seed?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you know whether it is good or bad?"

"No, I can't tell; but it is seed, that is all I want to know, and I am sowing it."

You would say that he was a first-class lunatic, wouldn't you? But he wouldn't be half so mad as the man who goes on sowing for time and eternity, and never asks himself what he is sowing or what the harvest will be.—D. L. MOODY.

4500. Soul. 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us.—ADDISON.

4501. Soul. The soul is a temple; and God is silently building it by night and by day. Precious thoughts are building it; disinterested love is building it; all-

penetrating faith is building it.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

4502. Soul. Go and try to save a soul, and you will see how well it is worth saving, how capable it is of the most complete salvation. Not by pondering about it, nor by talking of it, but by saving it, you learn its preciousness.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

4503. Soul.
The soul, the mother of deep fears,
Of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,
Of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn, it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.
—MRS. HEMANS.

4504. Soul.
There is, they say (and I believe there is),
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and molds the grosser frame;
And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the gods.
—ARMSTRONG.

4505. Soul, Its Ample Supply. There is a story of an old Scotch baron, who, shut up in his castle, withstood a long siege that should have starved him out. At last the enemy was surprised to see a great string of fresh fish hung over the castle wall. That was a token that the castle would not be taken by siege while there were fish in the ocean, for it had subterranean connection with the sea. Thus exhaustless are the soul's supplies of food, and no siege of Satan need cause us to surrender.

4506. Soul, To Be Fed. The Chinese have a saying: "If you have two loaves of bread, sell one and buy a lily." It is not the body alone that needs to be fed. Mind, heart, and soul grow hungry, and many a time they are famishing when the larder is full. There are homes where the lilies are entirely crowded out by the loaves; where there is no room for beauty or enjoyment, or even for love, to grow, because of the mad scramble after wealth. Fewer loaves and more lilies—less of the rush after material good, and more time for the gracious and beautiful things God has placed within reach of us all—would make happier and nobler lives.—*Northwestern*.

4507. Soul, Food for. Did you ever notice what the unconverted man lives on? In Hosea he feeds on the East wind; not very satisfying. In Proverbs he feeds on foolishness; not very sub-

stantial. In Luke 15 he feeds on husks, and in Isaiah 44, on ashes. Come and partake of the Bread of Life, O sinner.—*Record of Christian Work*.

4508. Soul Insurance. Perhaps, after all, the greatest value of life insurance will be as an educator. It is the foe of intoxicants, cigarettes, sweat shops and unhealthy conditions surrounding men at work. Already they are crusading against consumption; and the average length of life is greatly increasing. Jesus came to insure the life as well as the soul and his rewards are here as well as hereafter.

4509. Soul, Its Growth.
How does the soul grow? Not all in a minute;
Now it may lose ground, now it may win it;
Now it resolves, and again the will faileth;
Now it rejoiceth, and now it bewaileth;
Now its hopes fructify, then they are blighted;
Now it walks sunnily, now gropes benighted;
Fed by discouragements, taught by disaster,
So it goes forward, now slower, now faster,
Till, all the pain past, and failure made whole,
It is full-grown, and the Lord rules the soul.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

4510. Soul, Keep It on Top. One summer day I watched for a long time a crow successfully attacking a hawk much larger and more strongly built than itself. I noticed that its method was to keep above the hawk and strike downward. If we keep the best in us "on top," we may confidently engage any spiritual adversary.—REV. H. G. RICHARDSON.

4511. Soul, Keep on Top. A little boy, on returning from Sunday School, was asked what he had learned in his class.

"Well, mamma," said the little fellow, "I have learned that it is always best to keep the soul on top. Teacher said so, and taught us a verse that means that."

"What was the verse, darling?" said the wondering mother.

"I can't remember it, mamma; but that's what it means, anyway."

The mother thought long, and finally by dint of much questioning, found it was Paul's declaration: "But I keep

under my body, and bring it into subjection"; and tears came to her eyes as she thought the little son had gotten the larger meaning of the text in his homely interpretation, "Keep the soul on top."

4512. Soul, Kept Uppermost. An American tourist was on Calton Hill, Edinburgh, one summer evening admiring the rugged scenery in and about "the Athens of the North." While viewing from that vantage point the old castle on the bluff, Scott's monument in the ravine below, the abrupt eminence known as Arthur's Seat, and other inspiring sights, he was approached by an old Scotchman who, after learning the tourist was from "the States," said, "I am a shoemaker and live down by Cowgate in one of the worst parts of the city where there is much drinking and cursing and all kinds of wickedness. I come up here often that I may remember I am not all flesh." Aye, we too, need to remember that we are not all flesh, and that materialism and the ways of the world have been tried and found wanting.—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

4513. Soul, A Listening. As the flowers follow the sun, and silently hold up their petals to be tinted and enlarged by its shining, so must we, if we would know the joy of God, hold our souls, wills, hearts, and minds, still before Him, whose voice commands, whose love warns, whose truth makes fair our whole being. God speaks for the most part in such silence only. If the soul be full of tumult and jangling voices, His voice is little likely to be heard.—ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

4514. Soul, Polluted. There was a well of pure water in a yard in Belgium. Stout masonry of brick and stone surrounded it. But afterward that yard was the center of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers, with their swords, compelled William von Kysom, a gardener, to draw water therefrom and give them to drink, and the water was good. But the awful conflict raged, and three hundred dead and half dead were flung into the well, for quick and easy burial, and the fountain of refreshment is to this day the fountain of death.

Even so is the human soul. It was once a well of purity; but the armies of sin have marched over it, and left their dead to poison it—dead hopes, dead opportunities, dead resolutions. Only Christ can cleanse it and make it a life-giving fountain.

4515. Soul, The.

Go, Soul, the Body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must die,
And give them all the lie.

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

4516. Soul, Value of. A wealthy eastern monarch once purposed to erect a palace that should excel any other. When the buildings were finished he invited his councilors to inspect them. They admired his massive library with the busy scribes. They complimented the splendid wardrobe and comforts for the body, but one asked, "Where is thy temple?" "I have none," answered the monarch. "Let my priests attend to that." "Then thou hast failed utterly, for the storing of the mind and the welfare of the body are minor things in relation to the soul. No priest can feed that. You must or it will perish."

4517. Soul, Value of. The famous Madonna by Botticelli was painted on a wooden panel at least four hundred years ago. Recently the wood began to crack, and it was feared that the painting would be ruined; but a restorer was found who said he could save it. His first step was to paste thin strips of tissue paper on the face of the picture, pressing the paper into the uneven surface of the paints. He added layer after layer, until a thick body of paper concealed the picture. Then the restorer turned the picture over and began to sandpaper the board away. After many months of careful work he had all the wood removed, and nothing but the paint adhered to the paper. Next he glued a piece of linen canvas very carefully to the paint, and slowly and patiently removed the paper bit by bit. The work took nearly a year, but when it was finished the painting was in a condition to last another four centuries.

It was the value of this painting that justified such extreme care and the expense in restoring it. How patiently the great Master deals with human souls in order to save them! The value of the soul is proved by the fact that he gave his precious life for it.

4518. Soul, Winning the. "In your patience ye shall win your souls." The authorized version reads, "In your patience possess your souls." But in the revised version it is "win." The late Bishop Westcott, one of the revisers, said that of all the changes in the New Testament

none had given him so much joy. For it is one thing to possess a Victoria Cross, quite another to win it. It is one thing to inherit a title, quite another to earn or win it.

4519. Souls. See *Evangelism*. See *Decision Day*.

4520. Souls, Fishing for. When a missionary in South Dakota had helped a boy mend his net, the lad said eagerly: "Where did you learn to do that work so fast? And every mesh so straight!" "On the Maine coast. My father was a fisherman." "There must be lots of fun back there—fish so thick; I've read about the swordfish." "But the sharks tear our mackerel nets badly." "But that gave you more work to do." "Right. The first money I ever put in the bank was earned by mending nets." "What made you leave all those things and come out here where we don't have anything but small fish?" "Because a man came along when I was mending a herring net for my father one day, and told how much churches were needed in the West." "You're not the preacher over at Creston, that Jim Rogers told me so much about? I've been meaning to go and hear you. I'll be there next Sunday,—and more kids, too. Say, I didn't know men went with him now, just as Andrew and Peter did. That makes the Bible seem like a new book."—REV. CHARLES N. SINNETT.

4521. Souls, Love for. Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, the missionary to India, has told of a Catholic priest commissioned, when a young man, to carry the gospel to Thibet. He entered the country, was arrested, and ignominiously returned to China. After a year spent in learning the language, another attempt was made. Disguised as a trader, he lived for three years in the land to which he had been sent. By day he traded with the people. By night he translated the gospels. Then soldiers found him, destroyed his property, and sent him back to China. On the Chinese border he took his stand, and there organized a large mission, from which he succeeded in reaching many Thibetans. The property was destroyed, but was restored. After fourteen years more, still hearing the call of God to undertake work in which he had been so often unsuccessful, he sought to enter the closed land by way of India. Repeated attempts were unsuccessful. Then for twelve years he camped near the Indian border, on the caravan route to Lhasa, and there he worked with the

passing multitude. When Dr. Chamberlain told of him, he was still trying to do the work which has been committed to him.—REV. JOHN T. FARIS.

4522. Souls, Neglect of. S. D. Gordon tells the story of a visit made by a minister to a home in which a daughter, a young woman, had just died. At the house he met his assistant, who had charge of the mission where the young woman had been an attendant. "Was Mary a Christian?" he asked. The assistant hung his head, as he answered: "Three weeks ago I had a strong impulse to speak to her, but I did not; and I do not know." He met the Sunday-school teacher in whose class the young girl had been, and asked the same question. "I intended to speak to Mary, but I did not; and I do not know," was her response. He asked the mother. The stricken woman sobbed out: "A week ago a Voice came to me and whispered, 'Speak to Mary,' and I thought of it, but I did not at the time, and you know how unexpectedly she went away; and I do not know." These three—the minister, the teacher, and the mother—sowed neglect, and they reaped the fruit of their neglect—the awful thought that perhaps, owing to their failure to listen to the promptings of the Spirit, an immortal soul had gone out into eternal darkness.—REV. JOHN T. FARIS.

4523. Souls, Photographing. We know well the influence on our own nature of things we look upon familiarly and constantly. A man sits before the photographer's camera, and the image of his face prints itself upon the glass or film in the darkened chamber of the instrument. Something very much like this process is going on continually in every human soul. The only difference is that the man is himself the camera and the camera plate, and the things that pass before his contemplation cast their image within him and print their pictures in his very nature, upon his very being, upon his soul.—H.

4524. Souls, Pictures of. Over in France the leading bank has an ingenious way of getting the picture of the man who is suspected of being a wrongdoer. Behind the desk of the cashier there is a photographic studio. Of this the visitor knows nothing. At a signal from the man at the desk, the artist flashes the camera upon him and his picture is taken, and he leaves behind a record that he never can get away from.

Stop and think for a moment that

somewhere in your soul a faithful Artist is moment by moment taking pictures which never will be blotted out. Every beautiful thing you look upon, every lovely picture, every splendid thought, every sweet face—all are stamped there never to fade away. And this is just as true of the things which are not pure and lovely. Ah, what a thought this is!—that this Artist working behind the scenes is faithfully picturing upon the sensitive plate of your soul all that ever comes before the eye of your mind! Not a thing escapes; and wish it as you may, the story is told, and it is told forever.

God help you to keep on the soul he has given you only the record of things good, pure, true, lovely and of good report! How can this be done? Only by living a life so high, so pure, so consecrated to Jesus Christ, that he will give you visions of beauty and shut out the thought and the very appearance of all that is evil. Do you know any man or woman who sometimes says things that are likely to bring a blush to your cheeks? Keep just as far away from that person as you possibly can. It may cost you something to do this sometimes. By going out from the presence of that one you may bring criticism upon yourself, but God never will criticize you. He will love you all the better for it, and in the days to come men will creep up to you for help and strength, for they will know that you have a power which will make you strong and tender to protect them. What is the Artist behind the scenes picturing for you?—*Christian Work*.

4525. Souls, Sold for Trinkets. Once when Rome was besieged, the daughter of its ruler saw the golden bracelets on the left arms of the enemy, and she sent word to them that she would betray her city and surrender it to them if they would only give her those bracelets on their left arms. They accepted the proffer, and that night she opened one of the city gates. The army entered, and, keeping their promise, threw upon her their bracelets, and also their shields, until under their weight she died. All through the ages the same folly has been repeated, and for the trinkets and glittering treasures of this world men and women sell their immortal souls for an everlasting surrender, and die under the shining submergiment.—T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

4526. Souls, Undervalued. It is related

of Dr. Francis Wayland that a student once marched into his study and announced with the air of one communicating a startling discovery, "I have concluded, sir, that I haven't any soul!" "Very likely not, sir," said Dr. Wayland, indifferently; "very likely not. You should know best about that. I know I have. Good morning, sir!"

4527. Souls, Value of. Many years ago an English traveler was visiting Rome. His eyes were on the lookout for treasures everywhere, but especially in the untrodden ways of the average tourist. One day, while lingering amid the ruins of an old palace, he noticed an Italian peasant anxiously examining a little stone rescued from the ruins. Drawing near, he also became interested, and at a venture he offered five dollars for it, which was gladly and promptly accepted. The Englishman took it to his room and examined it as best he could, and was convinced that it was of real value. He took it to a lapidary, and had it thoroughly examined by an expert, when it was found to be the world-famous imperial topaz which once dazzled in the crown of Cæsar Augustus, and was worth \$250,000. Its beauty and worth had been obscured by dirt and filth, but it had not been destroyed. But the soul of every man, however sunk in sin, is worth more than all the gems in all the world; and may it be our happy lot to discover some of them!

4528. Souls, Winning. Bishop McCabe relates an experience: "At one time in a strange city, as the hackman got down from his box and opened the door to let me out, I paid him, and, grasping his hand, said, 'Good night, I hope to meet you again in glory.' I had often done that, and thought nothing of it in this case. I went into the house, met my host, and retired. About midnight my host knocked at my door and said: 'Chaplain, that hackman has come back, and says he has got to see you to-night.' When the broad-shouldered, rough-looking man, with whip in hand, was shown up, the tears rolling down his cheeks like rain, he said, 'If I meet you in glory, I have got to turn round. I have come to ask you to pray with me.'" This became the very gate of heaven.

4529. Souls, Winning. A certain deacon of the Stephen type, explaining his success in reaching young men, said: I never leave the sacramental table without this resolution, "When I come again to this place I will bring some one with

me." He has not failed to bring at least one young man with him to the communion, in the public confession of Christ at any communion service for some years.—GEORGE R. LEAVITT, D.D.

4530. Souls, Winning. "It often requires," said Dr. A. J. Gordon, "more courage to preach to one than to a thousand. It is the most concentrated form of preaching. Many strong preachers have to confess that here is the point where they are the most weak; that they lack the courage to face a sinner squarely and talk to him of his responsibility." Emerson said: "You are you and I am I, souls are not saved in bundles."

4531. Souls, Winning. Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." That word "go" is as big as the earth, and as little as the space between you and the next man. "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men."

In the New York Aquarium I saw all sorts of fish, big and little, ugly and pretty. And there were many people studying fish. About fifty of them had their little books, drawing pictures of fish, and marking their habitat. But there was no one catching fish.

I went to a convention some time ago and it reminded me of my visit to the aquarium. There were scores of men who had been studying fish. They could tell all about the gold fish on Fifth Avenue, and the mud suckers and eels on the Bowery. But not one of them, so far as I could see, had been fishing. Not a minnow had been caught.

I was talking to a deacon the other day who is at the head of a great corporation. If you saw him in church, you might think he would never unbend, but it was in the fishing season, and he had just received from a friend the gift of a fine new rod. He forgot his dignity as he talked about the pleasure of fishing. He said, "A five-pound bass at the end of that rod is Mozart, and Beethoven, and Shakespeare, and Cicero all in one thrill." He had the fishing spirit, don't you see? He was a genuine fisherman. Would God that we Christians had the spirit for fishing for men like that! Our delight in it would excel all the pleasure of music and poetry and oratory.—REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.

4532. Souls, Winning. Savonarola, in speaking of his conversion, used to say: "A word did it," but he never told what that word was.

4533. Souls, Winning. A Boston archi-

tect on one occasion spent several hours devising a way to rescue a kitten which had fallen into one of the ventilating flues in the walls of the large Sub-Treasury department in the Boston post-office building, and had been imprisoned five days without food or water. The flue was forty feet in depth from the ceiling level of the apartment. Notice of the kitten's misfortune was conveyed through its cries, which could be faintly heard. The architect's first impulse was to cut through the marble facing of the apartment in which the flue was located. But a suggestion being made that perhaps the prisoner in its desperation might seize the end of a line weighted and of a bulky shape at the lower end, this experiment was tried. Strange to say, the nearly starved creature almost instantly took fast hold with its claws, when it was very carefully and slowly drawn up and safely delivered. Every generous heart will rejoice in that story of kindness to the little kitten. But if it is right and just and Christlike to do that way with little helpless animals, how much more should we bestir ourselves when it is not a kitten, but a human being at the other end of the line.

4534. Souls, Winning. A visitor at the hospice of St. Bernard in the Alps tells of one of the noble dogs coming in one morning holding his head and tail to the ground, and slinking away to a dark corner of his kennel, as if ashamed to look any one in the face. The monks explained to the visitor that the dog had not been able to find anybody in the snow that morning to rescue, and therefore was ashamed to come in from his search. How will it be with us when we reach the end of our life, if we have not rescued any one from the storms and the dangers?—J. R. MILLER.

4535. Souls, Winning. One day there was a burst of choral singing away down the long street leading to the river. The occasion was the arrival of a native Christian woman who was just entering the town after a month's journey on foot. She had come to report what she had done for the Lord Jesus in her district, and her hands were filled with tiny straws done up in bundles neatly tied with bark rope. These bundles constituted a record-book of a novel sort that the African has been using for centuries,—a straw for an item, another straw for another item, and so on. For each case of professed conversion there was a straw cut, and the bundles of

straws looked for all the world like miniature sheaves. The straws were handed over to the elders to be counted, and the number was 660!—DAN CRAWFORD.

4536. Souls, Won. A man of high standing and influence said to a minister: "Do not mention the subject of religion to me. I am tired of it. My father's house was the preacher's home. All of them seemed to think they were under obligations to him to get me into the church. I am better than many of the members." This was followed by a glorification of himself.

His request was granted. He was let alone. As the meetings progressed the minister used this illustration: When an unsaved man constantly thinks of himself and contrasts his personal virtues with the frailties of members of the church it reminds me of two men at Niagara Falls on a beautiful night, when not a cloud is seen in the sky, the air balmy, the moon's silvery light gives a glow of radiance, the map of heaven is brilliant with stars, and all nature voices the praise of its Creator. One man enraptured exclaims:

"Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world to see."

The other, blind to all this, takes a little piece of broken looking-glass from his vest pocket, and, gazing at his own image, exclaims: "I am a very handsome man."

That night the same man said to the minister: "I want to talk a while. You cut me to pieces to-night."

"How?"

"That little piece of broken looking-glass did the work. It described me. What must I do to be saved?"

About an hour was spent in explanation. The simplest possible illustrations were used. Suddenly his face grew radiant and he said with great emphasis: "I see it; I accept Jesus as my Saviour. I want to confess him and unite with the church. When can I do it?"—*Christian Observer*.

4537. Souls, Won to Christ. I remember speaking once with a professor of the United Free Church of Scotland—a man of sane and well-balanced judgment—about Henry Drummond and his remarkable work among the Edinburgh students. "Drummond," he said, "simply charmed men into the kingdom. When he spoke he cast such a spell about some that for a time they seemed half dazed;

when they recovered it was to find themselves in the kingdom. "But," he added seriously, "there was no mistake about it; *they were there*."—GEORGE JACKSON.

4538. Soul-Saving. Alexander McKenzie, of Cambridge, was for many years the honored and useful president of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society. In one of his sermons he gave this bit of personal history: "My father was a sailor. I was a boy when he came back from a three years' voyage. The ship had been signaled from far away and a friendly officer of the customs let me go down in his boat to meet her. As we drew near the ship I stood in the bow and at length could see my father leaning over the side of the ship watching our boat. When we came near enough I waved my cap. He saw me and called out to one of the men, 'Throw a rope to my boy.' The sailor threw the rope and in a few moments the boy was in his father's arms. It was a simple thing, but many a time since have I heard that voice, that command which had become entreaty, and it has become the voice of the Father in heaven watching some child of his who needed to be brought near to him. I have heard the word and loved it and tried to make it God's word to me and the inspiration of my life. 'Throw a rope to my boy.'"

4539. Soul-Saving. I passed an automobile sign the other day which read:

"Life is Sweet
Blow Your Horn."

Which, translated into a very practical Christian exhortation, means, "Eternal life is precious to your fellows. Tell them about it with no uncertain sound. They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Gospel."

4540. Speakers, Hint to. A celebrated preacher, when speaking to about three thousand children, after delighting them with a variety of stories, thought it might be well to point the moral of one of them. He had hardly, however, begun to say: "Now this teaches," when a little ragamuffin from the front bench cried out, "Never mind what it teaches. Gie's another story." "I learned from that little rascal," he said, "to wrap the moral well in the heart of the story, not to put it as a string into the tail."

4541. Speech, Importance of. Some years ago Col. Gourrand of London invited Lord Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning to deliver to his phono-

graph some message to the world, not to be published until after their death. Two years after Manning's death a number of distinguished people were gathered by invitation to hear that solemn voice. This was the message: "I hope that no word of mine, written or spoken, will be found to have done harm to my fellowmen when I am dead."—DR. BANKS.

4542. Speed. They will soon be able to carry a letter from New York to Chicago in six hours on a regular schedule, but will the letter be any more worth carrying?

They will soon be able to fly from New York to San Francisco and back in half the time it takes to go one way by train; but will they know any more about the country they travel over?

They will soon be able to put a book into type, print it and bind it, within a day after the author writes the last word; but will the book be any more worth reading?

They will soon be able to erect a dwelling house in a day; but will the folks that dwell there be a whit the happier?

Does doing things faster mean doing them better? enjoying them longer? using them more wisely?

This is the age of speed. Is it the age of goodness, brotherhood, peace, and joy?

4543. Spiritism. Dr. F. B. Meyer has coined a good phrase about spiritualism. He said recently: "I have known several families that have been cursed by having recourse to clairvoyants and mediums. There are grave dangers in these things; and when occult powers are used for selfish ends it is possible for men and women to be filled with evil spirits, as was the girl at Philippi. People are fools to play with the dregs of the spirit world."

4544. Spirituality. On the inside of the dome in the rotunda in Washington are painted a number of angels. When the artist first showed his work, the committee said, "Your form and color are all right, but the faces lack spirituality." Again he painted, and again was told the same thing. He tried once more and received the same criticism. Completely discouraged, he went to his studio and wondered why he could not paint to satisfy his critics. It began to dawn on him that, in order to get the spirituality into the faces of his angels he first must have it in his heart. God heard his cry and gave him the "new life." He then went at his task again. This time he succeeded in painting into his angels'

faces that spirituality, without which his work was useless.

We can have no power in bringing others to Christ unless we show them that we have had the "new life" ourselves.

4545. Spirituality. As a dead man cannot inherit an estate, no more can a dead soul inherit heaven. The soul must be resurrected in Christ.—D. L. MOODY.

4546. Spite. A millionaire once spent his closing years in a house in New York City which was only five feet wide. It was on the best part of Lexington Avenue, and was surrounded by fine tall houses, whose appearance it spoiled. The millionaire owner wanted to sell his narrow lot, but the surrounding property owners, thinking he could do nothing with it, refused to meet his terms, so he took his revenge in building his "spite house," as it was called, and living there. Afterwards he refused fabulous sums for the lot and the house. Many of us live in spite houses, though of a less conspicuous sort; but every one who lives in such a narrow abode punishes himself rather than other people.

4547. Spring.

The trumpet winds have sounded a retreat,

Blowing o'er land and sea a sullen strain;
Usurping March, defeated, flies again,
And lays his trophies at the Winter's feet.

And lo! where April, coming in his turn,
In changeful motleys, half of light and shade,

Leads his belated charge, a delicate maid,
A nymph with dripping urn.

—R. H. STODDARD.

4548. Stamina, Moral. In a Philadelphia hospital a few weeks ago a wonderful operation was performed upon a young woman's spine. A spinal disorder prevented her holding up her head. The surgeons cut away the faulty bone and tissue of the spine, and gradually substituted fragments of bone cut from her arms and legs. The entire work occupied five weeks. Then the patient was in condition to be removed to her home, and it is announced that a complete cure has been effected.

What a blessing it would be if this triumph of surgery could be duplicated in the realm of the soul! There are so many whose spiritual spines are diseased and weak! There are so many who can hold up their physical heads, but the heads of their spirits are hanging down, flabby, discouraged, cowardly!

Oh, for the transplantation of stoutness from some sturdier soul! Oh, could a few chunks of courage be taken over from some hero! Oh, could some infallible process stiffen these moral backbones, and cause these weaklings to hold up their heads and look the world in the eye!

And I rather think it can be done. I believe this is an operation precisely to the liking of the Good Physician, the great Surgeon of all defects. I believe that Jesus Christ, and He alone, can put stamina into moral backbone and lift up the drooping heads. And the operation need not take five weeks, or five minutes.—CALEB COBWEB.

4549. Star, a Wandering. A seventh comet belonging to our system, called Lexell's Comet, is supposed to have been lost, as it ought to have appeared thirteen times, and has not been seen since 1770. There is suggestion here of lost and wandering souls.

4550. Starving the Soul. Bishop Spellmeyer relates this incident: "A party of engineers became lost in the forest in the heart of Africa, and when their supply of food was exhausted they found some berries which seemed to perfectly satisfy the appetite. They ate them for several days, but became weaker and weaker, and one after another died, until, when help came, there was only one left to tell the sad story. He still had some of the berries, but when they were analyzed they were found to be absolutely valueless as a food. While their appetites were satisfied they were actually starving to death. Many people are like that,—perfectly satisfied to starve their higher nature on food which is of no value, while they might feast on the "true bread from heaven."—IDA A. TOWNSEND.

4551. Statesmen.

For as two cheats, that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim;
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,
The public bus'ness is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.

—BUTLER.

4552. Statesmen, Christians. In the early part of the year 1891, Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone said to Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage: "The older I grow, the more confirmed I am in my faith in religion. Sir," said he, with flashing eye and uplifted hand, "talk about the questions of the day, there is but one question, and

that is the Gospel. That can and will correct everything. I am glad to say that about all the men at the top in Great Britain are Christians. Why, sir," he said, "I have been in public position fifty-eight years, and forty-seven years in the Cabinet of the British Government, and during those forty-seven years I have been associated with sixty of the master minds of the century, and all but five of the sixty were Christians."

4553. Steadfastness. In Labrador we have no penny, blood-curdling novels and five editions of a newspaper a day. Lots of our boys cannot read and write. But they can endure hardness, like good soldiers. Last winter one boy of fifteen was left with two teams of huge wolfish Eskimo dogs, while the doctor and his men traveled off to kill some deer. He was warned not to move, or they would possibly be lost. As it happened, the men got parted by heavy snowstorms, and only found a house fifty miles away on the third day after. They at once sent a gang of men to look for the boy. Do you think he had run away in all that long time, and during those dark, cold nights? Not a bit of it! He was just where they had left him.—DR. GRENFELL.

4554. Steadfastness. Some of the greatest victories of history have been won by the standing fast process. The Christian Church to-day needs more men who will stand fast before the foe. At the battle of Waterloo it was the standing fast qualities of the British soldiers that saved the day. They stood a human wall, like columns of steel. The French poured volley after volley of shot and shell into their ranks. Men were mowed down like grain. Amidst the din of battle, but one cry was heard, "File up! File up!" And men stepping over the bodies of dead comrades again formed the line. Napoleon could not defeat such men as that. Having done all, they stood.

4555. Steadfastness, Christian. A Chinese boy in Singapore had arranged to be baptized just after he graduated. But he won a scholarship of \$500 a year for four years in Hong-Kong University, and one of the conditions was that the student be a Confucianist. The youth was poor and the temptation was great to say nothing and defer his baptism until he had finished his course. But, finally, he stood at the altar for Christian baptism at the appointed time.

The youth who stood next in rank was a Confucianist, but he was so much im-

pressed by his friend's decision that he said, "If Christianity is worth so much to my classmate, it can be worth no less to me. I will be a Christian."

And he also refused the scholarship and was baptized.—*Epworth Herald*.

4556. Steadfastness, Daily. The worst part of martyrdom is not the last agonizing moment: it is the wearing daily steadfastness. There are many Christians who have the weight of some deep, incommunicable grief pressing, cold as ice, upon their hearts. To bear that cheerfully and manfully is to be a martyr. There is many a Christian bereaved and stricken in the best hopes of life. For such a one to say quietly, "Father, not as I will but as thou wilt," is to be a martyr.—G. W. ROBERTSON, D.D.

4557. Steadiness, Secret of. A wise man once said that "little boats always totter about on the surface of the water going all ways as it happens, and overturning in a breath, whilst the great ship sinks deeply and more deeply in and goes steadily on. The cause of its steadiness is its depth. So abiding in the great truths of God gives steadfastness of motion to the soul. Under all the pressure of error and unbelief and false doctrines it is immovable, abounding in the work of the Lord. It is not 'tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive,' Eph. 4:14." It is a great thing to take the truth and hold it. It is a great thing to know error and let it alone.

4558. Stillness and Knowledge. "Be still and know." How can God give us visions when life is hurrying at a precipitate rate? I have stood in the National Gallery and seen people gallop round the chamber and glance at twelve of Turner's pictures in the space of five minutes. Surely we might say to such trippers, "Be still, and know Turner!" Gaze quietly at one little bit of cloud, or at one branch, or at one wave of the sea, or at one ray of the drifting moon. "Be still, and know Turner." But God has difficulty in getting us still. That is perhaps why he has sometimes employed the ministry of dreams. Men have had "visions in the night." In the daytime I have a divine visitor in the shape of some worthy thought, or noble impulse, or hallowed suggestion, but I am in such feverish haste that I do not heed it, and pass along. "do not turn aside to see this great sight," and so I lose the

heavenly vision. If I would know more of God, I must relax the strain and moderate the pace. I must "be still."

4559. Stingy. See **Giving**.

4560. Stingy. "Let us conclude our meeting by uniting in singing Hymn 102, omitting the fourth stanza," announced the presiding officer, with an effort not to appear hurried.

Number 102 was a favorite hymn, and the society sang heartily:

"Take my life and let it be,
Consecrated Lord to Thee.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise."

"Madam President," said a voice when the third verse had been sung, "I am opposed to omitting that fourth stanza."

People looked in amazement, for Miss Sparkman had never opposed anything in the society before. She was a wheel horse, and pulled hard and never balked. Now two spots of bright red burned in her cheeks, which were usually colorless.

Almost unconsciously the women opened the hymn books they had just closed to see the fourth stanza. Miss Sparkman read aloud the words of the omitted verse, on which the eyes of every member of the society now rested.

"Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold."

"I'm opposed to omitting the fourth stanza," said the little lady. "If it were just in our singing it wouldn't be so bad, but we are omitting it in the life of our society. The amount of money that has come into our treasury this year is shamefully small. The appeals from our mission fields are read and we listen to them and say placidly, 'How interesting,' but we 'omit the fourth stanza.'"—E. C. CRONK.

4561. Storm, God's Will. There is a beautiful figure in one of Wordsworth's poems of a bird that is swept from Norway by a storm. And it battles against the storm with desperate effort, eager to wing back again to Norway. But all in vain, and so at last it yields, thinking that the gale will carry it to death—and the gale carries it to sunny England, with its green meadows and its forest glades. Ah, how many of us have been like that little voyager, fretting and fighting against the will of God! And we thought that life could never be the same again when we were carried seaward by the

storm; until, at last, finding all was useless, perhaps, and yielding to the wind that bloweth where it listeth, we have been carried to a land that was far richer, where there were green pastures and still waters.—G. H. MORRISON.

4562. Strategy. See **Temptation, Overcoming.** See **Wolf.**

4563. Strategy Against Evil. In a certain club, composed mostly of factory girls, there was one girl of a remarkably high order of intelligence who was, as a result, terribly dissatisfied with her work in the mill, and woefully unhappy because she had to stay there. She was a Christian, but had worried herself into a state where her religion didn't help her much, and where everything was twisted out of its right relations. Finally, in despair of ever being happy or at peace again, she told the trouble to a friend, one of the leaders of the club. Her friend said: "Possibly the reason God keeps you working in the mill is because he has something he wants you to do for him there. Be sure you don't lose any opportunities." A few days after the girl said: "Miss —, I've been thinking of what you said, and there is only one girl besides myself in my room in the mill who's a Christian." "Well," said her friend, "there's your chance. You will get happier by serving Christ than in any other way, and now he's shown you how to serve him right in the mill." Before six weeks had passed, that girl had talked of Christ to almost every girl in the room. One day she came to the leader with the light of heaven in her face, and told her that two of them had come to Christ. She loved her work now; there was no more lamenting over the dreariness of the mill. She had found perfect peace and happiness in telling the story of what Christ had done for her; and even as she told it, he was delivering her.—MABEL DODGE HOLMES.

4564. Strategy, Spiritual. A boy said to his teacher, "You know that between us and the corner are several vacant lots. Every time my mother went out, she got burrs on her skirt from the bushes on each side of the walk. So I got a lot of boys and asked them to help me pull up the bushes that lined the sidewalk. We were doing it, when a gardener came along. I told him about mother's dress, and that we wanted to get rid of the weeds. He laughed and said, 'That is not the way to get rid of weeds; sow grass seed.' I asked him what he meant, and he explained to me that the weeds

would soon come up again; but that if we would get grass to grow, it would take the place of the weeds. Next day we cut down the bushes and weeds, and sowed grass seed according to the gardener's directions. By fall, nearly the whole place was covered with grass instead of weeds."—*Evangelical Messenger.*

4565. Strategy, Spiritual. Your souls are a picture gallery. Cover the walls of them with things serene, noble, beautiful, and the foul and flashy will seem revolting. "Hang this upon the wall of your room," said a wise picture dealer to an Oxford undergraduate as he handed to him the engraving of a Madonna of Raphael, "and then all the pictures of jockeys and ballet girls will disappear." Try the same experiment within your souls.

4566. Strength. See **Grace.** See **Power.**

4567. Strength, Consecrated. A tall, rough lad in a Sunday-school class heard a lesson in which "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak" was explained by the teacher. A little while afterward the teacher was calling at a big lodging-house where a poor woman, weak and ill, said she never could have managed as well as she did but for the lad's help. "He ain't any relation to me, but he always carries the coal and all my heavy things upstairs for me." "When I asked him why he did it," said the teacher, "he said, 'It was because the Bible told us something about bearing the infirmities of the weak, and I supposed it meant carrying coals upstairs.'"—*Source unknown.*

4568. Strength, Daily. A traveler tells this story about Bunker Hill Monument, which he visited. "After paying the small fee to the man who has the care of the monument, he gave me a small lamp to light my steps. I took the lamp and stepped inside on the stone floor, and as the winding stone steps are on the inside, I looked far up its rugged steps, and at once called the attention of the man in charge to my small lamp. I said: 'This won't do. It doesn't light a quarter of the steps. Look up there.' He smiled at my want of thought, and said to me: 'You are not up there yet. Why do you want it lighted there until you get there? Is it not bright enough on the first step where you want to put your foot?'" Step by step we ascend the hill of the Lord, and day by day we pursue the journey. We actually need light only as we thus step on and

up. Just for to-day is our actual need.
4569. Strength, Relying on Divine. On a dangerous cliff a little company of rescuers were planning how they might send some one over the edge of that awful precipice to search for one who was supposed to be lost at its base, and, if found, to fasten around him the cable that would rescue him. There was a shepherd lad whom they wished to send on the perilous adventure, but he held back from the risk for a good while, until he saw his strong-armed father come over the hills, and with a glowing face he looked up and answered, "Yes, I will go if father holds the rope." And so we go forth to life's trials and need not fear if we are assured that above and beneath are the everlasting arms.—A. B. SIMPSON.

4570. Strength, God Our. Our word strength comes from a word signifying twisted together. "The Lord is the strength of my life," "God is the strength of my soul." Then my life is twisted together with the Lord. God and my soul are as two strands twisted together. One may have no strength at all, but while twisted together with one that is infinite, the weakest shall not fail. Then with what confidence we may say, "The Lord is the strength of my salvation."

4571. Strength from God. A Korean, says *The Quiver*, was once asked, "Can you do it?" with reference to some church work. "We ask questions such as 'Can you do it?' about men's work, but not about God's work," was the quiet reply of the man.

4571a. Strength from Struggle. A naturalist one day was studying a cocoon, in which a butterfly was struggling to be free. He heard it beating against the sides of its little prison, and his heart went out in pity for the helpless creature.

Taking a tiny lancet, he cut away the fragile walls and released the little captive. But to his amazement it was not the beautiful creature that he had expected to see. It lay struggling upon the table, unable to walk, unable to fly, a helpless, unlovely object. In place of the gorgeously colored wings that he had expected to see, were weak, shriveled members.

What was the matter with this creature that should have been so fair? The prison gates had been open too soon, the obstacle had been removed before the struggler had developed sufficiently through struggling to be ready for its glorious flight into the sunshiny skies

and among the perfumed flowers. O God, when the walls seem to close about us, when we struggle and agonize to be free, when Thou dost not cut away the barriers, is it not because, in Thine infinite wisdom, Thou dost see that we are weak and dost want us to become strong? Then at last, when the struggle is finished, like the butterfly, we may come forth, not perhaps, in glorious robes of splendid colors as it is, but in the everlasting robes of righteousness.—*Christian Observer*.

4572. Strength, Source of: Haydn once was in the company of other noted artists when one of them asked how one might recover inner strength quickest after a period of great exertion. Different methods were suggested, but when Haydn was asked what method he followed, he said: "In my home I have a small chapel. When I feel wearied because of my work, I go there and pray. This remedy has never failed me."

Experience tells us that Hadyn was right. In believing prayer to God we tap the source of *all* strength.

4573. Strength for To-day.

One day at a time!

Whatever its load, whatever its length,
 And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say

That according to each shall be our strength.

One day at a time!

'Tis a wholesome rhyme!

A good one to live by—

A day at a time!

—Unidentified.

4574. Strikes. See Labor Day.

4575. Strikes.

A mechanic his labor will often discard
 If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
 But a clock,—and its case is uncommonly hard,—

Will continue to work though it strikes.
 —HOOD.

4576. Students.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;

Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;

Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;

But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.

—SHAKESPEARE.

4577. Students.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?

A fitful tongue of leaping flame:

A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,

That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;

A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?
—O. W. HOLMES.

4578. Study. See **Commencement.**
See **Education.**

4579. Study. The ancient practice of allowing land to remain fallow for a season is now exploded, and a succession of different crops found preferable. The case is similar with regard to the understanding, which is more relieved by change of study than by total inactivity.—W. B. CLULOW.

4580. Study. Iron sharpens iron; scholar, the scholar.—TALMUD.

4581. Study, How to. "Remember Christ as your study table," says a noted writer, "for He will keep you from discouragement, envy, low ambitions, dishonest recitations and examinations. He will help you to understand, to remember, and to use and enjoy your education." These hath God welded together and no furnace heat can part them—His Son and wisdom. All true study is thinking God's thoughts after Him, aided by an interlined "Life of Christ."

4582. Study and Prayer. Some years ago in West Point there was a young cadet named Leonidas Polk. Before he was a Christian he was careless, and neglected his studies. As soon as he became a Christian he began to study very diligently. He could not, however, in weeks make up for the loss of months. At the annual examination he was called to the blackboard and given a problem to solve. It was one he had never studied. He knew nothing about it, and was at a loss to know what to do. He thought of the disgrace of a failure to himself and to the Master whom he loved. He lifted up a prayer for help to his new-found Friend. Then he took the chalk and began to work. At first all was dark, but soon he saw a beginning, and he worked through slowly to the end. He did not know whether it was right, and after explaining the process he waited for the verdict. The professors whispered together, and he feared it was wrong. At last one asked him: "Mr. Polk, where did you get that solution?" "Is it not right, sir?" Polk replied. "Right!" replied the examiner; "it is not only right, but it is the most beautiful demonstration of that problem ever given. It is new and not to be found in any of the books."

4583. Substitution. See **Atonement.**
See **Good Friday.**

4584. Substitution. Have you heard of

the heroic death of a mother for her two children at Mt. Vernon, N. Y.? She was a woman of thirty-five, devoted to her children. She had to attend to some business in a neighboring town and had to leave the children at home alone. Cautioning them as to their conduct during her absence, she did her business and hurried home. But the house was empty. On the railroad track, some distance off, she saw her children. A train was due! She ran, she reached them, she pushed them off the track, but the engine caught her and crushed her under its wheels. She died that they *might* live. Would they be likely to forget it? For you and for me Christ died. Oh, let us not forget!

4585. Substitution, Illustrated. While the prairie fires were sweeping over the Middle West, a rescue party rode out to see if any would need help. Riding past a charred cottage, they saw what appeared to be a black chicken on the ground. On going up to it, they found that it evidently had been a hen, but was quite dead, the head and back being burned almost to a cinder; but the bird sat in such a striking way, with her wings partly spread out, that one of the men gave her a kick with his foot, and three little chicks ran out. Bravely the mother hen had covered them, in face of the roaring fire; and bravely she had sat still in the midst of the scorching flames, choosing rather to be burned to death than that one of them should perish.—*The Traveler's Guide.*

4586. Substitution Taught. A young man was asked when he first trusted in Christ and was saved. His answer was, "When the bee stung mother." When he was a little boy he was playing before the door, while his mother was working inside. Suddenly a bee came buzzing at the door, and he ran in to his mother, followed by the bee. She hid him behind her. The bee fastened on her bare arm and stung her severely. She turned round, took her little boy, and showed him her arm. There was the place where she was stung, and there was the bee slowly crawling up her arm. "You need not fear the bee now, Willie," she said, "for it has no sting. It cannot hurt you. Its sting is here." She showed her little boy a black speck sticking in the wound. And then she took him on her knee, and told him how the sinner, pursued by God's broken law, by death whose sting is sin, could find no shelter save behind the cross of Christ; while in

that spotless One who hung there was plunged the fatal sting; to Him was meted out the wrath, the stripes, the bruises, the wounds, which were the sinner's due, so that now all the sinner has to do is to look, and death is harmless, because all its sting has been exhausted in Christ, all its dark waters dried up in him, and nothing now remains but to bow in thankfulness and praise to the One who is mighty to save. "Christ also suffered for sins once, the righteous for the unrighteous, that he might bring us to God."—*The Ram's Horn*.

4587. Subtlety. It is said that Windham, when he came to the end of a speech, often found himself so perplexed by his own subtlety that he hardly knew which way he was going to give his vote. This is a good illustration of the fallaciousness of reasoning, and of the uncertainties which attend its practical application.—HARE.

4588. Success. See *Fidelity*. See *Persistence*.

4589. Success. If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—ADDISON.

4590. Success. Success is the child of audacity.—BEACONSFIELD.

4591. Success. I came up-stairs into the world; for I was born in a cellar.—CONGREVE.

4592. Success. Mankind worships success, but thinks too little of the means by which it is attained,—what days and nights of watching and weariness; how year after year has dragged on, and seen the end still far off: all that counts for little, if the long struggles do not close in victory.—H. M. FIELD.

4593. Success. The great highroad of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful; success treads on the heels of every right effort.—SAMUEL SMILES.

4594. Success After Failure. "Jay Gould failed as a storekeeper, tanner, surveyor and civil engineer before he discovered his bent in a railroad office; Barnum tried fourteen different occupations before he ascertained that he was a born showman; Josh Billings failed as a farmer and auctioneer but found himself much at home in comic literature; Grant failed as a tanner but proved him-

self a great soldier; John Adams failed signally as a shoemaker but made a brilliant statesman; A. T. Stewart was educated for the ministry; he made a failure, then tried school teaching, but was also a failure. He entered mercantile life by accident and became one of the greatest merchant princes the world has ever known.

"The men who have won notable triumphs in this life have been men who have found their niche and filled it, men who have comprehended their abilities, who have found out what they could do and have done it."

4595. Success Attained Indirectly.

"Brown is surprisingly successful," said one acquaintance of Brown to another, rather wonderingly. "I'm not surprised at it myself," said the other, "considering what kind of success it is. Brown has been following money ever since he was in his teens, and the close pursuit of hard cash is what usually wins it. But I'd rather have the kind of success Barington is going to get,—wouldn't you?" "Why, Barington has no thought whatever of success in his mind!" said the other. "His whole heart is concentrated on his work, and a fine work it is; but I don't believe he will ever exert himself toward success." "No," returned the second speaker, "Barington will never follow after success; but success,—the best kind of it, too,—will follow after him instead. He will not make any mean sacrifices for it, as Brown does incessantly; he will not stoop one inch, or neglect one duty, to reach it, and yet it will be a better success than all Brown's mud-draggled motives and tattered principles can bring him. Following success is a dangerous business; letting it follow you interferes with no ideals, and is, after all, quite as certain a way as the other. In ten years Barington's name will outshine Brown's as an electric flame does a tallow candle, and with no comparison between the two kinds of radiance." If we keep our eyes on "whatsoever things are true," and make them the guiding star of all our conduct, we shall reach the goal.

4596. Success, Cost of. Into a college community there came at Commencement time a man of splendid presence and fine oratorical gifts. When, with one accord, the boys exclaimed, "That is the man I want to be," an old professor said to them: "Boys, that is a fine ambition. There isn't a nobler man in the country than Mr. R., God bless him!

But before you make up your minds to be like him let us count the cost. I have known your man from boyhood; he has suffered privations, thwartings, misunderstandings, losses, crosses, disappointments, and many failures. Boys, are you willing to pay the price for such a manhood? If you are, it is yours."—MOULTON.

4597. Success in Life. In a Scotch novel by Stewart the old schoolmaster, the dominie as they called him, eagerly scanning his students for the one who will develop the mental capacity to take the honors at the great university at Edinburgh, finally discovers one in the person of a lad from a poor shepherd's home. Fearing lest the boy should be swerved from the opportunity to make his mark in this way, the old dominie says to him: "Draw a line behind you, laddie, and remember that in the grammar of life the only verbs worth conjugating are the verbs to be and to do, not to get and to enjoy."—CAPT. MAC-NEIL.

4598. Success in Life Still Possible. Several years ago a noticeable cartoon appeared in an American newspaper on Lincoln's birthday. It represented a log cabin close to the base of a high mountain. On the mountain-top was shown the White House. Against the side of the mountain rested a ladder—its foot touching the cabin, its uppermost round reaching the mansion on the cliff. The cartoon was well named, "The ladder is still there." It is a sermon in a sentence.

4599. Success, Secret of. There is a story told about that prince of modern strategy, the daring Stonewall Jackson, who was admired, irrespective of political feeling, for his military genius and Christian character, that on one occasion he found a bridge over the Shenandoah River destroyed and it was necessary that he should cross the river the very next morning. He sent for his bridge builder, saying: "Miles, turn the men all on at the earliest moment to build a bridge." The next morning Miles reported at Jackson's tent and Jackson asked him: "Have you got the plan?" His engineer was to have drawn a plan and handed it over immediately. "Oh," said Miles, "the bridge is finished, but I don't know whether the picture is or not."

4600. Success, Secret of. The President of a great manufacturing company said: "If we sell thirty machines a day, we lose money. If our salesmen run our

sales up to thirty-five a day, we just pay expenses. That might be called an average day's work, but an average day's work doesn't make a cent for us. If, however, our men work a little harder and a little longer, and sell forty machines a day, we make a lot of money. In other words, the first thirty-five don't count at all—they simply pay expenses. It is the thirty-sixth and the thirty-seventh that are really important. They spell the difference between failure and success so far as we are concerned."

Going beyond the mark set is the literal meaning of the words Paul uses when, in writing to the Corinthians, he urges them to "abound" in the work of the Lord. Doing more than is required, going the second mile, is the secret of many a man's success. It is something very important for young people to learn in these days when so many are willing to skimp and slack and drop the tool up in the air and "leave it there"—when the whistle blows!—H.

4601. Success, Secret of. After a great snowstorm a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with. A man passing along was interested to see so small a boy attacking so large a drift, and inquired, "How do you expect to get through that drift?" "By keeping at it," said the boy, cheerfully, "that's how."

4602. Suicide. Our pious ancestors enacted a law that suicides should be buried where four roads meet, and that a cart-load of stones should be thrown upon the body. Yet when gentlemen or ladies commit suicide, not by cord or steel, but by turtle-soup or lobster-salad, they may be buried in consecrated ground, and under the auspices of the Church; and the public are not ashamed to read an epitaph on their tombstones false enough to make the marble blush. Were the barbarous old law now in force that punished the body of the suicide for the offense of his soul, we should find many a Mount Auburn at the cross-roads.—HORACE MANN.

4603. Suicide. Suicides pay the world a bad compliment. Indeed, it may so happen that the world has been beforehand with them in incivility. Granted. Even then the retaliation is at their own expense.—ZIMMERMANN.

4604. Summer.

O summer day beside the joyous sea!
O summer day so wonderful and white,
So full of gladness and so full of pain!

Forever and forever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a dead el-
light,

To some the landmark of a new domain.
—LONGFELLOW.

4605. Sunday School. See Education.

4606. Sunday School, Importance of. "I owe my conversion to the work of my Sunday-school teacher," has been heard in every church of our land. An evangelist invited all who desired to lead a Christian life to rise. More than fifty persons were soon upon their feet. Continuing, he said: "All who have been led to take this stand through the efforts of their teachers in the Sunday school please remain standing." Not more than ten sat down. Then, turning to the teachers present, he said, with emphasis: "Discouraged teachers, here are the fruits of your labors."—*Augsburg Teacher*.

4607. Sunday School, Importance of. As a missionary agency the Sunday school is unexcelled. The Sunday school is the forerunner of the congregation. In the West and South, in the new sections of cities, small bands of teachers and scholars have been the nuclei of large congregations. The celebrated missionary of the American Sunday School Union, Stephen Paxson, organized more than 1,200 Sunday schools, with a membership of 60,000 scholars and teachers. Scores of churches grew out of these Sunday schools.—G. W. RICHARDS, D.D.

4608. Sunday School, Importance of. We shall bring this great Sunday-school movement under a perfect upas tree unless we ally it closely and inseparably to the great, evangelistic, aggressive effort to make Jesus Christ known to the whole world. And we owe it to these children whom we train in these schools to bring them under the inspiration and under the moral uplift, under the ideals, the stories of heroism and pictures of courage, which missions provide.—ROBERT E. SPEER.

4609. Sunday School, Importance of. John Bright said, "I believe that there is no field of labor, no field of Christian benevolence, which has yielded a greater harvest to our national interests and national character than the great institution of the Sunday school."

4610. Sunday School Started. The citizens of Campo, southern California, so much wanted their children to have Christian nurture and, being unable to get a suitable room for a Sunday school, they decided to hold their school under a large tree. Here about twenty pupils

met Sunday after Sunday during the summer and fall. In the meantime they raised \$43 in nickels, dimes and pennies, towards a building, asking for aid by means of a photograph in the county papers of the children studying the Word of God under a tree.

4611. Sunday School Teaching. There is danger that our Sunday-school teaching may degenerate into an interminable process of wording the practical application; that we fail to link our lessons to the lives of our scholars.

4612. Suffering. See Affliction. See Difficulties.

4613. Suffering, Made Perfect Through. In Germany they used to train birds to sing in a dark room. They put them in a dark room and then after a bit they turned on a music box. That's how God taught some of us to sing. God's people are often called to go through the valley and sometimes it is very dark. But though I walk through the valley . . . thou art with me. Amen! "Thy rod and staff they comfort me."

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." We are made perfect through suffering, and we would never have learned the heavenly music but for the suffering and the dark valley.

4614. Sunshine, Getting. An old woman was busy in the single room that formed her home—an upper room with only a north window. Her visitor commented sympathetically on the lack of sunshine. "You don't get it any part of the day," she said, "and you are shut away from all view of the sunrises and sunsets." "Eh, ma'am, but it's a fine, wide window," interposed the old woman eagerly. "An' it's a big bit of the sunrises an' sunsets I do be gettin', too—through other folks' windows. Look there, ma'am!"—and she pointed to a row of houses across the street. "When the sun comes up of a mornin', them windows over there do be that rosy and shinin' with it I can tell well what kind of day is comin'. An' at evenin' them other ones is all a glory of red, like fires would be burnin' in 'em. Oh, but my big window is a comfort, and never fear but it gives me a share of all that is doin' in the skies." The spirit that can be glad in the sunshine that glorifies other people's windows, even though no ray but reflected ones reach its own, is indeed so sweet and strong that it can scarcely miss "what is doing in the skies." But how many of us see in the light that falls on

other lives only an added bitterness to the gloom of our own!

4615. Superstition.

Foul Superstition! howso'er disguised,
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent,
cross,

For whatsoever religion thou art prized,
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!
Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross?

—BYRON.

4616. Superstition, Braving. The Christian work at a station in Africa had been languishing for some four years, no one knew why. At last the leaders of the mission sent there Isaiah Mupepwa, a student of the mission training school. In two months he had discovered the obstacle. An old witch-doctor, who had gone away from that region had left in a cave nearby two "mogana," as the natives called them, and warned the people that if they took on some new religion, these mogana would do them great harm. Pestilence would break out in the village. Death would fall upon any one who should go into the cave to investigate these things. They knew that one was the horn of a bull containing a liquid made from a hundred horrible things. The other was an image of a man, divided across the chest so that the top could be taken off.

The student-pastor was but six years removed from belief in such superstitions himself. But he called the church together and announced, "I shall go to the cave and bring out the 'mogana' to prove that they have no power."

People begged him not to go; his wife hung on him and implored him to stay away. Nevertheless he went. The villagers followed at a distance, breathless. They saw him enter the cave and come out with something in his arms. Overcome with terror, the crowd broke and ran.

Isaiah took the "mogana" to his house and the people watched daily for the plague or some dire calamity. But Isaiah and his family continued in perfect health. After three weeks the men called a council and then came to Isaiah and said: "We have been talking it over, and now believe that the witch-doctor is an old liar. We desire to take your God as our God. What must we do?" "Give up your beer pots and the rest of the old life," replied Isaiah. They brought their charms and tobacco. "We will give these up also," they said. Since that day there

has been nothing to impede the work at Nyarsanze.—*The World Outlook.*

4617. Superstition, Cause of. Danger is the very basis of superstition. It produces a searching after help supernaturally when human means are no longer supposed to be available.—B. R. HAYDON.

4618. Surprises of Providence. Travelers tell us that in the great African desert there is sometimes to be found a little green oasis, a spring of water surrounded by palm trees and green grass, which the simple natives, when they come hither seeking refreshment for man and beast, describe by a word which means "The smile of God," in contrast to the torment of the surrounding waste.

4619. Surrender. See Decision Day.

4620. Surrender to Christ. That must have been a sensational service when the chaplain of a British boys' brigade, in closing an evening service, told the boys of one of Wellington's victories in the Peninsular war. The story is as follows: After the battle the French officers repaired to Wellington's tent, and with characteristic Gallic extravagance declared to the duke that they were not ashamed to be beaten "by the greatest general in Europe." Wellington heard them with the utmost composure, then said calmly and a little coldly, "Gentlemen, your swords." Instantly the Frenchmen yielded their swords in token of surrender. The chaplain, applying the story, said: "Young men, we have been singing the praises of Jesus Christ together. But he does not need just the homage of the lips; he wants your swords—your stubborn wills. He has mine. Now I am going to stand at this exit to-night as the minister, the representative of Jesus Christ. You may leave by either end you like. If you come this way and take my hand, it must mean that you hand in your sword. When you have done that, you will go to the recreation tent at the other end of the camp, where some of the officers are waiting to help you." One who was present says: "There was a pause just for a few seconds, and then the move. More than half the camp, boys and officers, passed the chaplain's way and shook hands." That is sensationalism of the right sort.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

4621. Surrender, Complete. Just out of reach of my window stretches a wire which carries a heavy current of electricity for light and power. If I could lean far enough out to touch it, death would be swift as the lightning's stroke.

Yet the doves light on it and take no harm. The secret is that, when they touch the full-powered wire, they touch nothing else, and so are safe. My danger would be that, while I touched the wire, I should also be touching the earth through the walls of my house, and the current would turn my body into a channel for escape. So would God have us seek our safety in complete surrender to his power and love. It is when we reach one hand to him, while we yet keep fast hold of some forbidden thing with the other that we are in danger.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

4622. Surrender, Never. An English soldier belonged to a division of the army that was almost annihilated, but refused to surrender. He was mortally wounded, but, before he died, was heard to say: "I am glad we didn't surrender."

Though a man goes down to defeat in the performance of his duty he has reason to rejoice in the fact that he never surrendered to the enemy. Might does not always mean right. Winning a victory is of secondary importance to doing our duty in a righteous cause.

4623. Surrender, Never. In one of the great battles of history, the general of the French was approached by an excited officer who cried, "The battle is lost!" "Yes," was the cool reply, "but there is time to win another." And so it proved, for the retreating troops rallied, and pressed forward in a still fiercer attack because of their temporary repulse, and at nightfall victory rested on the French banners.

No defeat is final, unless you choose to make it so. There is always time to win a victory. Suppose your temper gets the better of you, instead of you conquering it. Suppose you yield to the temptation you meant to rout gloriously. Is that a reason for giving up and throwing down your arms? Not a bit of it! The end has not come yet. There is still time to win another battle. Make your next onset all the fiercer because of that temporary defeat. In the Christian welfare, at least, there is no possibility of permanently overcoming one who will not surrender.—*Young People's Weekly*.

4624. Surroundings. Put a boy born of gentle white parents among Indians and he will grow up like an Indian.

Let the child born of criminal parents have a setting of morality, integrity and love, and the chances are that he will not grow up into a criminal but into an upright man.

I am as certain of these great truths as I am of great truths in the plant world. Put a plant into close quarters without sunshine and room to grow normally and you'll get a hoodlum plant.

The only place hoodlums grow is in dark, dry, cramped surroundings. Change those surroundings; put a little love and care and sunshine into their lives and you get opposite results.—*LUTHER BURBANK*.

4625. Suspicion. Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness: he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious; and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt.—*DR. JOHNSON*.

4626. Suspicion, Avoided. Lord Napier was on one occasion sent down to Scotland by the Queen to settle some trouble between a duke and his poor crofters. On his arrival the Duke offered Lord Napier his hospitality whilst the matter was under review. His lordship at once refused on the ground that he dare not compromise himself in the eyes of even the poorest of her majesty's subjects, so he lodged all his time in a little hotel and went back to his Royal Mistress with clean hands. "Come home with me and refresh thyself." But the man of God said to the king, "if thou wilt give me half thy house, I will not go in with thee, neither will I eat bread nor drink water with thee." So he went another way.

4627. Swearing. See Profanity.

4628. Swearing.

Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise,

You would not swear upon a bed of death—

Reflect—your Maker now may stop your breath.

—*Anonymous*.

4629. Swearing. "Are you paid anything for swearing?" Eli Perkins once asked a commercial traveler. "No, I do it for nothing." "Well," said the lecturer, "you work cheap. You lay aside your character as a gentleman, inflict pain upon your friends, break a commandment, and lose your own soul—and for nothing! You do certainly work cheap—very cheap!"—*American Friend*.

4630. Swearing, Reproved. One day, a clergyman riding near a river saw two men fishing on the bank. One of these was very profane. The minister dismounted, sat down beside the swearer and began a conversation.

First he asked what kind of bait he uses to catch his fish, whereupon the fisherman replied: "That depends en-

tirely upon the kind of fish I desire to catch." "But," said the minister, "can you catch fish without bait of any kind?" "No," said the angler, "the fish are not so foolish as to take the hook empty." "But I know of a fisherman who catches large quantities of fish without bait of any kind." "That's the first time I heard that," said the man, quite interested.

The pastor replied very earnestly: "It is Satan! He catches every user of profanity in that way. For every other kind of sin he requires bait of some kind, that is, he draws the people on by promises to make them take his hook, but the swearer is foolish enough to bite without bait. He has nothing for his profanity, but Satan has him and the swearer keeps on fastening himself onto the hook more and more securely!"

4631. Symbols.

All things are symbols: the external shows

Of Nature have their image in the mind,
As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves.

—LONGFELLOW.

4632. Sympathy.

Our hearts, my love, were form'd to be
The genuine twins of sympathy,
They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Like chords in unison they move,
And thrill with like vibration.

—MOORE.

4633. Sympathy. Sympathy is two hearts tugging at one load.—CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

4634. Sympathy. A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling.

4635. Sympathy.

There's nought in this bad world like sympathy:

'Tis so becoming to the soul and face—
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.

—BYRON.

4636. Sympathy. When Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe was starting his school for the blind in Boston, he realized that if he would help the blind he must be able to put himself in their place. So he tied a bandage over his eyes and wore it for some time every day, "so that he might realize a little of what it meant to be blind." And from that time on he became the most remarkable teacher of the blind that has ever been known.

4637. Sympathy, Capacity for. The

capacity of sorrow belongs to our grandeur, and the loftiest of our race are those who have had the profoundest sympathies, because they have had the profoundest sorrows.—HENRY GILES.

4638. Sympathy, Choking. A lady, on getting into her carriage, remarked to the groom, "Jackson, it's a very cold day. Will you remind me when I get home to send some warm blankets to the poor people?" She arrived at her luxurious and warm rooms, took off her furs, and over a cup of tea made herself comfortable. Later, when Jackson reminded her of the promised blankets, her reply was, "Ah, yes, I remember; but it's nice and warm now." The rich man in warmth and comfort had no feeling for poor Lazarus at the gate.—SIR JOSEPH LYONS.

4639. Sympathy, Help of. The world hungers for compassion—sympathy. Often we can do nothing but sympathize,—suffer with the distressed,—but, oh, how it helps! A rural pastor relates this experience: "A poor mother on a mountain farm met my pastoral visit by bursting into tears, and saying, 'Oh, somehow I felt just as if you would come to-day, I have so many troubles and problems that I want you to help me about!' Then she told me things that were beyond my wisdom to solve, and how just a little more of the dull burden would mean insanity. I was alarmed at the fool I must appear, for I did not know what to say. At length she surprised me by saying, 'You have settled my problems so nicely. You have given me just the help which I needed!' Then I knew it was sympathy, not wisdom, which she needed, for not a problem had I solved."—*Methodist Review*.

4640. Sympathy, Human. I had a letter from a lady recently that touched me deeply. It was written to enlist my interest in a young man, and she writes, "I have tried to mother him, but he needs something else. It is like being in an orchestra to try to help people. Some are like the drum, and can be beaten; some are like the cymbals, and you must take them up in your hands, and some are like the violin, they must be held up close to you."—MALTBY BABCOCK.

4641. Sympathy Inspires. Sympathy provides a congenial atmosphere for bringing out the best things of which we are capable. Dr. Jowett tells how, when Ian Maclaren was in his first pastorate in Edinburgh he was assistant to a man

who chilled his young colleague with negative counsels and with the cold and blighting atmosphere of constant criticism. The young fellow began to feel that the ministry was not his appointed sphere, and he almost decided to abandon it. Then there came a call to the secluded ministry of Glenalmond. The atmosphere became genial and inviting. The young preacher still stumbled in his speech, and was often awkward in his delivery. But mark how an old Highlander spake to him after a more than usually difficult morning: "If you are a-getting fast for a word or a thought, just give out a psalm and we'll sing it, for we are all a-loving you and praying for you." And that atmosphere made John Watson a preacher.

4642. Sympathy, Responsible for. But there is one thing which we are responsible for, and that is for our sympathies, for the manner in which we regard it, and for the tone in which we discuss it. What shall we say, then, with regard to it? On which side shall we stand?—JOHN BRIGHT.

4643. Sympathy, Service by. We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors. A man may lose position, influence, wealth, and even health, and yet live on in comfort, if with resignation; but there is one thing without which life becomes a burden—that is human sympathy.—CANON FARRAR.

4644. Sympathy Too Late. Two sisters, actresses, committed suicide in London some time since, because of abject poverty. At the funeral there were seventy wreaths, any one of which cost enough to have relieved their wants for weeks, according to the cabled report of the obsequies. "There are no more bitter tears shed over graves than those for words left unsaid and deeds left undone."

4645. Tact. Without tact you can learn nothing. Tact teaches you when to be silent. Inquirers who are always inquiring never learn anything.—EARL OF BEAONSFIELD.

4646. Talent. See Success.

4647. Talent. The world is always ready to receive talent with open arms. Very often it does not know what to do with genius. Talent is a docile creature. It bows its head meekly while the world slips the collar over it. It backs into the shafts like a lamb.—HOLMES.

4648. Talent, Buried. A youth, says *The Watchword*, was leaving his aunt's home after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an um-

brella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang toward him, exclaiming, "No, no, that you never shall. I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet, and I'm sure it shan't be wet now." Some folks' talents are treated just this way. They are none the worse for wear. They are covered up, or laid away to be used in case of emergency, but not for common occasions. We are suspicious that the twenty-three-year-old gingham was gone at the seams, and if it had been unfurled it would have looked like a sieve. At any rate we are sure that this is the case with the buried talent which has answered no useful turn in a man's life.

4649. Talent, The Man with One. If a man knows that his gifts are but mediocre, I tell you it takes a great deal of grace for him to accept himself. Dean Hole said that at a flower show he saw a man, who had won a second prize, tearing up his ticket. It is exactly the spirit of the age. For a multitude of men this is true. The possession of gifts inferior to the best may result in a soured or an indifferent life. Still, it is the man with one talent who sulks and refuses to trade with his gift because it is inferior to that of his neighbor. Illustrations of this abound. Probably every church could produce men of this type. The cure for this spirit is to accept whatever gifts we have as directly from God, and to use them as for him. The one talent doubles itself for him who trades with it. Faithfulness in the little will mean entrustment with the more.

4650. Talents Buried. Phillips Brooks told the story of some savages to whom was given a sun-dial. So desirous were they to honor and keep it sacred that they housed it and built a roof over it. Do the talents God has given you seem so valuable that you carefully put them aside as though they were not intended for daily use?

4651. Talents Buried. A woman died in South Norwalk, Conn., who was supposed not to have left a cent in the world. Her son was about to vacate the house, and stood in the doorway deliberating whether to tear up or leave the kitchen carpet. He thought it might do to cover his dog kennel, and so he pulled it up. To his astonishment he found two layers of small bills, which almost covered the entire floor. There was almost a bushel of them and when

they were counted it was discovered that they amounted to between \$3,000 and \$4,000. What a poor use of money this was! It could have been put out at five per cent. interest and brought her \$170 a year, which she could have used in providing a more comfortable living and funds for charity. There are many who make the same poor use of their faculties, hiding them under the kitchen carpet, when by exercise they would have increased, and by putting them out at interest they would have multiplied. One of our Saviour's severest condemnations is against those persons who bury their talents instead of making use of them.—*Christian World*.

4652. Talker. The man who talks everlastingly and promiscuously, who seems to have an exhaustless magazine of sound, crowds so many words into his thoughts that he always obscures, and very frequently conceals them.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

4653. Talking. Talk often, but never long; in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company; this being one of the few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

4654. Talking.
His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rock to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns;
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws that keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.
—PRAED.

4655. Talking, Art of. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hands on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.—HOLMES.

4656. Talking Back. Silence is generally the best defense. Some years ago Longfellow was accused of stealing his Hiawatha from the Kalevala. He made no reply. The lawyer tells his client not to talk. It is the only way to fight slander. The other day Dewey, our big St. Bernard, was walking down the street, when a little whiffet ran out and began barking at his heels. It was just one mouthful for Dewey. But that big noble dog walked calmly along in the dignified way of St. Bernards and never noticed little "bow-wow-wow." That was the

difference between strength and weakness. Between you and that bad-mouthed Flanigan fellow. Hold your peace and win. I was in a place the other day where the "old man" was mad and tearing out one of his men. The fellow who was getting the tongue lashing didn't say a word. He looked at me with a grin and a wink—and the hot air storm passed like all storms. I found out afterward that he was the "old man's" especial favorite about the works. You would have gotten mad and talked back, wouldn't you? Well "Jesus held his peace" (1 Cor. 4:12).

4657. Talking, Too Free.

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,

But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,

Since I first called my brother's father,
dad.

—SHAKESPEARE.

4658. Talking with Care. Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like a sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—QUARLES.

4659. Tatting.

Who ever keeps an open ear
For tattlers, will be sure to hear
The trumpet of contention;
Aspersions is the babblers trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
And rush into dissension.

—COWPER.

4660. Taylor, Hudson. There were two boys in the Taylor family. The older said he must make a name for his family, and so turned his face toward Parliament and fame. The younger decided to give his life to the services of Christ, and so turned his face toward China and duty. Hudson Taylor, the missionary, died, beloved and known on every continent. "But when I looked in the encyclopedia to see what the other son had done, I found these words, 'The brother of Hudson Taylor.'"—ABRAM CORY.

4661. Teachableness Is Wise. God's promises have conditions attached to them. If we do our part, God will do his. There must always be obedience to certain laws, if the best results are to be obtained. "You must change your entire method of singing," said a celebrated teacher of music to a young ambitious girl who had already spent three

years in voice culture. The girl hesitated, and resented the advice, and returned to her room to think it all out. She had already achieved some success, and had spent time and money on the training of her voice, and yet she knew that her adviser was the most famous master of vocal technique in Europe, and had trained the most brilliant artists by his method. The young girl yielded obedience. She was Jenny Lind, the world-renowned singer. She was determined to be satisfied with nothing but the best, though the procuring of it meant sacrifice. She obeyed the conditions and gained the success that would not otherwise have been possible.—*The Quiver*.

4662. Teacher, Influence of. A fine Christian worker arose in our prayer meeting the other night and told the story of the influences which led to his conversion. The predominant and decisive one was the influence of an unknown teacher in Illinois, where he spent two months as a young man. Her influence over this visitor in her class made him think and ultimately decide for Jesus Christ. He never said anything to her about the matter, but he made a great purpose in his heart that when he went back to his old home he would join the church. This he did, and his life has been one of blessed influence and positive leadership for many years.—ERNEST BOURNER ALLEN.

4663. Teachers, False. A doctor was treating his wife during her sickness. He promised her that she would soon recover; her strength soon be restored, and the bloom of health returned to her cheek, while at the same time he was instilling a subtle poison into her system which was undermining her constitution and destroying her health, and eventually resulted in her death. An investigation followed. His crime was exposed, and the press of the country rose up and execrated that man for his dastardly deed. Is he any more criminal than the religious teacher, who says to those who come under his instruction, "All is well; take your ease and comfort," when he ought to cry, "Woe unto them who are at ease in Zion!" Satanic voices are constantly saying to the sinner, "Time enough yet. You can attend to this matter to-morrow"; or "You are as good as many professing Christians," and thus quieting him into an imagined safety from which he will pass into an eternal death.

4664. Teachers in the Past. In the

excavations of the ruins of Babylon a cylinder has been found inscribed by the father of Belshazzar, which reads: "In the heart of Belshazzar my first-born son . . . let the fear of thine exalted godhead, so that he may commit no sin, and that he may be satisfied with the fullness of life."

4665. Teaching. See **Commencement**. See **Education**.

4666. Teaching. The school is the manufactory of humanity.—COMENIUS.

4667. Teaching. The teacher is like the candle which lights others in consuming itself.—RUFFIN.

4668. Teaching, The Art of. The art of teaching is, when we regard it calmly, the loftiest of all arts. For he who can accompany one child after another, even to scores and hundreds of them, through the critical stages of their development, and help to mold them for an eternal life, is not only himself living among the noblest ideals and filling his heart with the sweetest hopes, but he is teaching other hearts to hope, other minds to see the truth and filling other lives with an eternal song. Surely if there is an art in this, and if it is the loftiest of all arts, we who believe in it, and love it, we who have given our lives in any measure to its pursuit, must set ourselves to know and master its principles and its methods.—WM. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE.

4669. Teaching, Honor of. The Talmud tells of a famine ended by the prayers of an obscure and humble man, after others' prayers had proved unavailing. When asked who he was that his prayers should have such efficacy, he said simply, "I am a teacher of little children."

4670. Teaching, Humility in. Pythagoras required his disciples to be silent five years before speaking on any point of science. Readiness in hearing, self-restraint in talking, should be the regulating principle.

4671. Teaching, Importance of. One day when Plato looked up from his desk in the Academy, after reading and explaining one of his great dialogues, he found but one student left in the classroom; but that student was Aristotle.

4672. Teaching, Importance of. Count it one of the highest virtues upon earth to educate faithfully the children of others, which so few, and scarcely any, do by their own.—LUTHER.

4673. Teaching and Practice. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of

the twenty to follow mine own teachings.—SHAKESPEARE.

4674. Teaching, Sunday School. Two tiny little girls in Boston had been attending a kindergarten, and had brought home with them a little of the plastic clay with which they were working in the school. One little girl, as though she were possessed with an evil spirit, said, "Out of my clay I am going to make a little devil." And the other little girl, seeming to be shocked, said, "I am going to make out of my clay a little cherub." God Almighty puts this eternal life, this immortal spirit, into human hearts; and human hands are making devils and cherubs in this world. You will make the one or the other.—R. L. GREENE, D.D.

4675. Tears.

Thank God for grace,
Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,

Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place
And touch but tombs,—look up! Those tears will run

Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

—E. B. BROWNING.

4676. Tediousness. The sin of excessive length.—SHIRLEY.

4677. Temper, Control of, Pays. An old gentleman entered a shop to purchase some silk for his wife. He could not find what he wanted, and the clerk that served him took a good deal of trouble to satisfy him. The buyer was crusty, but the clerk kept sweet. He did not even grumble when the old man left the store without buying a thing. Not long afterward this clerk was advanced. A little later another promotion came. Step by step he rose. Then one day he was called into the office. There he met the irascible old customer who had tried his patience so badly. He was one of the partners of the firm. He had noted the cheerful way in which the clerk had served him, and he had marked him for advancement. To lose one's temper is to lose one's trade.—REV. R. P. ANDERSON.

4678. Temper, Destructive. A woman told Billy Sunday that she had a bad temper, but that it was over in a minute. "So is a shot gun, but it blows everything to pieces," was the reply.

4679. Temperance. Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.—JOHN NEAL.

4680. Temperance. Temperance is the nurse of chastity.—WYCHERLEY.

4681. Temperance. Every moderate drinker could abandon the intoxicating cup if he would; every inebriate would if he could.—J. B. GOUGH.

4682. Temperance, Commended. One of the lawyers who spoke at a meeting in London of the Royal Courts of Justice Temperance Society said that if England were to turn sober the legal profession would be ruined. The medical profession also would lose hosts of patients. This should be stored in the memory side by side with the English preacher's short definition: Let us call factionism once for all by its right name—alcohol.

4683. Temperance, Foe of. "You cannot think about good citizenship," said a speaker at a recent convention, "without getting out your gun and going for the saloon."

4684. Temperance Pledges Broken. Amen-em-an, Egyptian priest, 2000 B.C., in a letter to a pupil: "Thou knowest that wine is an abomination; thou hast taken an oath concerning strong drink that thou wouldest not put such into thee. Hast thou forgotten thine oath? . . . I, thy superior, forbid thee to go to the taverns. Thou art degraded like the beasts! God regards not the breakers of pledges."—LEES' *Text-Book of Temperance*.

4685. Temperance, A Great Surgeon's. At a banquet in New York during the visit of Dr. Lorenz, the great surgeon, he was reported by the newspapers to have said: "I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator, but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm, and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting these physical powers, which I must keep always on edge. As a surgeon, I must not drink."

4686. Temptation. See Sin.

4687. Temptation. Find out what your temptations are, and you will find out largely what you are yourself.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

4688. Temptation. When a man resists sin on human motives only, he will not hold out long.—BISHOP WILSON.

4689. Temptation. Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.—SPURGEON.

4690. Temptation. We like slipping, but not falling: our real desire is to be tempted enough.—HARE.

4691. Temptation. Better shun the bait than struggle in the snare.—DRYDEN.

4692. Temptation. Every temptation is an opportunity of our getting nearer to God.—J. Q. ADAMS.

4692. Temptation. "Our goods are for sale but our principles are not," a staunch merchant answered one who threatened him with loss of patronage if he persisted in advocating certain reforms. Daniel was "Not For Sale." Some of us may seek safety in being like the wise New England farmer who said: "When I pray the Lord's Prayer, I add, 'Don't let a \$5,000 temptation come my way.'"—*The Expositor*.

4693. Temptation. Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;

Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

—SHAKESPEARE.

4694. Temptation.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

—ROBERT HERRICK.

4695. Temptation. It has been wisely said, "that well may thy guardian angel suffer thee to lose thy locks, when thou darest willfully to lay thy head in the lap of temptation!" Was it not easier for the hero of Judæa to avoid the touch of the fair Philistine, than to elude her power when held in her arms?—JANE PORTER.

4696. Temptation. Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity. Like the sudden, sharp cry of "Fire!" under our windows by night, it should rouse us to instantaneous action, and brace every muscle to its highest tension.—HORACE MANN.

4697. Temptation, Avoided. We must watch as well as pray. C. R. Ross tells this story of a young Western farmer who used very often to visit the bar-room in the village near him. After he was converted and had signed a temperance pledge he continued to tie his horse to the hotel man's hitching post. A good old deacon noticed this, and said, "George, I am much older than you, and will be pardoned, I know, if I make a suggestion out of my wider Christian experience. No matter how strong you think you are, take my advice and at once change your hitching post."—*Onward*.

4698. Temptation Entangles. Our danger comes less from without than from ourselves. Contrary to what is generally supposed, the fully equipped

diver does not dread sharks in the depths: though there are cases on record where these monsters have bitten savagely at the air pipe, causing a serious leak and almost drowning the man before he could be hauled up. Sharks are, however, notoriously timid, and all the experienced diver has to do to frighten them away is to open one of the air valves in his dress and cause a stream of bubbles to rise up all around him, whereupon the "tiger of the deep" will make off in abject terror. A far more real danger is getting entangled.

4699. Temptation, Fleeing from. Very frequently it is the part of discretion and bravery to run from a temptation that we know is subtle and strong. A few weeks ago a member of a Porto Rican mission went to the missionary and asked to be released from the responsibility of acting as treasurer of the Sunday School. He explained that the factory in which he was employed was running on reduced time and that he would not be regularly employed, so he did not want to have the temptation, either for himself or others, of having other people's money in his house. As honesty is a virtue that Porto Ricans do not come by naturally or acquire with ease it was a brave thing for the man to safeguard himself from the temptation he feared.

4700. Temptation, Load Limit. Temptation is never unbearable. Have you ever noticed those trucks on the railway? You see on one truck 5-3-0. What do the figures mean? They represent what is called the "load limit" of the truck. That truck can only carry five tons, three hundred weight, and it is dangerous to impose upon it any heavier weight. Every man has a "load limit," and He who permits the temptation will also regulate it. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above what ye are able; but will with the temptation make also the way of escape, that ye may be able to endure it."

4701. Temptation, Prayer Against. "Guard me when I am off my guard," prayed one the other day. It was a wise prayer, for it is not the danger against which we have fortified ourselves, the temptations which we know and are watching, which are so likely to compass a fall as some unthought-of point where no peril was suspected. Look back over the days and you will find that their failures have nearly always been in unexpected places.—REV. J. R. MILLER, D.D.

4702. Temptation, Resisted. I was

walking on the business street of a little town when I saw a lad of seven or eight stop in front of a grocery where a barrel of apples was temptingly displayed. The contents had been protected by a screen, but this had been displaced. The boy saw his opportunity. After a hasty look into the store to see if any one was looking, he slipped his hand into the barrel, and drew out an apple. Then I thought he would hurry away, but he paused as if undecided. He looked at the fruit. At last he started to leave, but again he paused and came back to the grocery. When he reached it, he hesitated a moment more, with the purloined apple held above the barrel. Then I realized that there was a struggle going on in the heart of the boy. I held my breath. Would he take the fruit, or would he leave it? The question was answered as soon as asked. With a decided motion, in great contrast to his previous indecision, he dropped the coveted apple, then down the street he ran as fast as his little legs would carry him, sobbing as he went. Running away from the temptation was his way of saying, "Get thee hence, Satan."—REV. JOHN T. FARIS.

4703. Temptation, Resisted. Dr. Francis E. Clark, in *The Youth's Companion*, has told of a friend of his who, when a boy, was in grave danger through covetousness. He wanted fifty cents to go to the circus. Now he had never been to the circus, and try as he would, he was able to earn but thirty-five cents. Several days before the circus he went, as usual, to school in a neighboring town. The fare was fifteen cents. His parents gave him money each day for his ticket. On this particular day the conductor passed him by. His ticket still in his possession, he thought what a simple thing it would be to use it next day, and keep the fifteen cents, provided at home, for the circus fund. The temptation was awful. "All day the elephant stared at him out of the pages of his Latin grammar, and the giraffes craned their long necks over the tough problems in algebra." All day and all that night (for he could not sleep much) he fought his battle. How he coveted the railroad company's fifteen cents. But next day he tore up the old ticket and paid his fare. "Now, as he looks back over a long and honored life he tells his friends that that was the day of his greatest battle and his greatest victory."—REV. JOHN T. FARIS.

4704. Temptation Resisted. A student

who had been enticed into drinking, and gambling, and who was just on the verge of taking the next step downward, social impurity, sat in his room facing a picture of the boy Christ, by Hoffmann, that his sister had given him. "There was something in those clear, sweet eyes," he afterward said, "and that strong, pure face, that thrust me through and through. I looked, and the picture seemed to open up the depths of my heart to my gaze, and I flung myself on the floor to hide the picture, and cried out for mercy and help, and it came."—C. E. World.

4705. Temptation, Resisted. As a practical illustration of the best way of "resisting the Devil," Billy Bray, the Cornish miner, whose rugged piety and real consecration to Christ's service have been made a blessing to so many hundreds of God's children, says of himself, that, one day, when he was a little down-hearted, he stood upon the brink of a coal-pit, and some one seemed to say, "Now, Billy, just throw yourself down there and be rid of all your trouble." He knew in a minute who it was, and, drawing back, said, "Oh, no, Satan, you can just throw yourself down there. That is your way home; but I am going to my home in a different direction."

4706. Temptation, Sensitiveness to. Soldiers can take no chances with any possible enemy. During the war *McClure's Magazine* told of a great reservation here in America where untold quantities of explosives were kept. As eight officers in charge were at supper one night a slight flicker in the electric lights occurred. Instantly every officer was on his feet and had vanished without a word. A few minutes later they had all come back and gone on eating their supper. Why? Because the electric light kept aflame the great flares between magazines by which the guard could see the slightest shadow cast by a moving figure and because the man in charge of that electric plant, though an American, had a German name. The eight officers had been tugging at red tape for sixty days to have him replaced by a native American. And until this was accomplished one of the eight would always be watching him and the remaining seven would spring into action at the slightest flicker of the electric lights. Are we Christians as sensitively alert to the peril of every flicker of temptation that comes our way from one who is worse than the worst of enemy spies, Satan?—*Sunday School Times*.

4707. Temptation Through Sorrow. Butterflies are so sensitive to the want of light that they are not only stupid at night but are also affected in the daytime by the shadow of every passing cloud. Butterfly hunters keep their eye on an insect without pursuing it, waiting till a cloud comes, when it is nearly certain to become more or less torpid. Thus is the human soul sensitive to sorrow; the shadow of every passing cloud chills it, the deeper eclipses of life paralyze it, and these morbid hours not rarely prove the tempter's opportunity.

4708. Temptations, Many. Stanley makes a note of the fact that while traveling in the dark forest of Africa he did not see many snakes. But when he stopped for a few weeks' rest, he determined to clear up a plot of land and plant it in corn.

He says that when they began to clear the land they found snakes everywhere. Snakes under the logs, rocks, leaves, up in the bushes, and down in the earth. The land was cleared, the snakes killed, the corn planted, in a few weeks they had fine roasting ears. So there are hidden evils in our natures, which God reveals to us by temptation. When they are revealed to us let us kill the infesting serpents of evil, and there will grow up from the same soil many fruits of the Spirit.

4709. Tenderness. Tenderness is the infancy of love.—RIVAROL.

4710. Tenderness and Courage. Courage is by no means incompatible with tenderness. On the contrary, gentleness and tenderness have been found to characterize the men, no less than the women, who have done the most courageous deeds.—SAMUEL SMILES.

4711. Tenacity. Christians fail in their efforts to accomplish the various tasks of the Kingdom because of a lack of tenacity rather than from a lack of initiative. We pray, but we fail to persevere in it and "pray through." We push the claims of the Bible School upon indifferent parents about the time of "Rally Day," but sit complacently in our classes the rest of the year. We speak with our friends (do we?), once or twice or thrice, about their need of the Saviour and then, becoming discouraged, abandon them. We go with the man who compels us the two-mile journey but lose our "ginger" on that final lap of the "third mile." It is said that Lord Palmerston was one day discussing with a famous French states-

man the relative merits of the soldiers of Europe. "French soldiers are the bravest in the world," claimed the Frenchman. To which Lord Palmerston replied, "Ours are not the bravest in the world, but they are brave for a quarter of an hour longer than others." "Hold fast that which thou hast," was the exhortation of Christ to his suffering church.

4712. Terror. Most terrors are but spectral illusions. Only have the courage of the man who could walk up to his specter seated in the chair before him, and sit down upon it; the horrid thing will not partake the chair with you.—HELPS.

4713. Test of Difficulty. The Rev. H. W. Pope tells the story of a Christian blacksmith who had a good deal of affliction and was challenged by an unbeliever to account for it. This was his explanation. "You know I am a blacksmith, and often take a piece of iron and put it into the fire and bring it to a white heat. Then I put it on the anvil and strike it once or twice to see if it will take a temper. If I think it will, I plunge it into the water and suddenly change the temperature. Then I put it into the fire again, and again plunge it into the water. This I repeat several times. Then I put it on the anvil, and hammer it, and bend it, and rasp it, and file it, and it makes some useful article which I put into a carriage, where it will do good service for twenty-five years. If, however, when I first strike it on the anvil I think it will not take temper, I throw it into the scrap heap and sell it at half a penny a pound. Now I believe that my heavenly Father has been testing me to see if I take a temper. He has put me into the fire and into the water. I have tried to bear it just as patiently as I could, and my daily prayer has been, 'Lord, put me into the fire if you will, put me into the water if you think I need it; do anything you please, O Lord, only don't throw me into the scrap heap.'"—PHILIP F. SCHNEIDER.

4714. Testing Men. In preaching the gospel of the new birth you occasionally meet men who tell you that they are all right just as they are.

When gold miners strike what they think may be pay dirt or good quartz, they are not too hilarious over it until they send a portion of the find to an assayer's office to be tested. He may report that it is not rich enough to pay for the working. It may be a bonanza,

indeed. How anxiously the miner awaits the report of an official testing.

When steel workers are boiling steel in the open furnaces, from time to time a small ladle of the liquid metal is taken out and sent into the laboratory, and in a little while back comes the report, "Too much sulphur," "too much phosphorus." And so new ingredients are added, or more heat applied, till the undesirable is burned out. How could they make good steel without the testing?

Do you say that is right, test gold and test steel? But why not test men? Let us go into the laboratory of God and let him look you through. You know what he will see. And if, as the Master sees it all, he is pleased, and you are happy under that eye, it may be that you are all right just as you are. But if God frowns and you are uncomfortable, there is need of a change that no man can make. "You must be born again."

4715. Testing Needed. The Arabs say, "All sunshine makes a desert." And they ought to know, for they are familiar with vast tracts of sand on which nothing grows. Eliphaz says, in Job 15:21, "In prosperity the destroyer shall come." And Solomon says even more pointedly, in Prov. 1:32, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." We need clouds and storms as well as sunshine.—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

4716. Tests. See *Difficulty*. See *Temptation*.

4717. Thankfulness, Heart. If we obeyed the command, "In everything give thanks," we should not need to contrive far-fetched causes for gratitude. There was a thankful soul who had learned this lesson, one old and poor and sick, who, upon being asked what she had to be thankful for, answered, looking at the shabby walls of her room: "For the sunshine through the cracks." Is there any one who has less than this to stir the feeling of thanksgiving?

Somehow God's love sifts in and is seen as bright as sunshine through the cracks of everything that seems to be mean and poor. Nothing can keep this light from looking in and through. Often it is a crack that lets it in. Something happens to shake and shatter our self-confidence, our peace, prosperity, security, in some way. The walls crack, but the sun looks through. The very thing that seemed almost ominous of evil makes a way for the light to shine. It is far better to look at the slender line of light than to gaze upon cracks.

4718. Thanksgiving. See *Gratitude*. See *Praise*. See *Thanksgiving Day*.

4719. Thanksgiving. The story is told of a good Presbyterian minister in Scotland, but of a rather conservative type, who had in his congregation a poor old woman who was in the habit of saying, "Praise the Lord, Amen," when anything particularly helpful was said. This practice greatly disturbed the minister, and one New Year's day he went to see her. "Betty," he said, "I'll make a bargain with you. You call out 'Praise the Lord' just when I get to the best part of my sermon, and it upsets my thoughts. Now if you will stop doing it all this year, I'll give you a pair of wool blankets." Betty was poor, and the offer of the blankets looked very good. So she did her best to earn them. Sunday after Sunday she kept quiet. But one day a minister of another type came to preach—a man bubbling over with joy. As he preached on the forgiveness of sin and all the blessings that follow, the vision of the blankets began to fade and fade, and the joys of salvation grew brighter and brighter. At last, Betty could stand it no longer, and, jumping up she cried, "Blankets or no blankets, Hallelujah!"

Gratitude is a grace that struggles for expression. It does not shut itself up in the heart. It does not allow itself to be merely felt. It wants to speak. It wants to say something. The writer of the 107th Psalm exclaims, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." Why return thanks unto God for mercies if they have not come from him? If Thanksgiving Day means anything it means that we say to God, "Our blessings are from Thee and unto Thee do we now return thanks."

But not only should we give thanks to God because he is the giver of our blessings but we have much additional reason so to do when we consider the great abundance of them.

We are all too much prone to forget God's benefits. We have excellent memories for all our trials and sorrows and losses, but fail to recall our blessings. It seems that the very abundance of God's favors and their ever unbroken flow tend to make us all the more forgetful of the Giver of them all. But it is our duty to remember, to be thankful. So doing we will soon find ourselves ready to adopt the words of the Psalmist and say: "How many are thy gracious thoughts to me, O Lord! How great is the sum of them! When I count them

they are more in number than the sand."—H.

4720. Thanksgiving.

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.

—BURNS.

4721. Thanksgiving, Abounding in.

Next to the blessing of a pure heart is the blessing of a thankful heart. The Psalmist said: "I will bless the Lord at all times, his praise shall continually be in my mouth." They who bless the Lord only when all goes well with them are much like the man of whom it was said, "He served the Lord off and on for forty years." "Off and on" thanksgiving is a poor kind. A better kind is told of by Mr. Charles M. Alexander, the noted gospel singer. He tells the story of an old colored man in Chicago, who always came into one of the missions with a bright and shining face, no matter what happened. One day he came with his thumb tied up. They asked him what was the matter, and he replied: "To-day I was fixing a box and I smashed my thumb, but, praise the Lord, I have my thumb yet." A few nights after he came in with his face as bright as ever. Some one inquired: "Well, uncle, what have you to praise the Lord for to-night?" "Oh," said he, "I was coming down the street to-night with a big piece of beefsteak. I had spent all my money on that beefsteak, and I laid it down on the sidewalk to tie my shoe, and while I was tying my shoe, a big dog came along and took that beefsteak and carried it off. Praise the Lord!" A man said: "Look here, uncle, what are you praising the Lord for about that?" The colored man answered: "I am praising the Lord because I've got my appetite left." There are a good many men who would give a good part of their fortune for an appetite, and the greatest thing of all to be thankful for is a spiritual appetite, for has not Jesus promised that, "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled"? But that man was abounding in thanksgiving. And it is a great privilege. It is a duty, but it is a privilege, too, for it brings abundance of blessings on our souls. Gratefully dwelling on a gift multiplies it and magnifies it. Thanksgiving enhances the joys for which we are thankful.—H.

4722. Thanksgiving, All-year. Thanks-

giving, to me, is an all-through-the-year

proposition. It's something much deeper than a feeling. . . . It's like holding a magnifying glass in front of the pleasures of life. . . . I see Thanksgiving in all of the small, every-day miracles of our existence.—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

4723. Thanksgiving Arithmetic.

We are told that travelers in the Alps come every now and then to a stone set up, or upon two or three stones, one upon another. We learn that these are milestones of blessings; places where men have stopped to rest and to give thanks to God for his care thus far and to ask him for help in the journey yet to come. Every day should be to the Christian a thanksgiving day. Our causes for gratitude are so many and our Father in heaven so loads us with benefits that we can never sufficiently render him our praise and thanks. Yet it is well that we should reach milestones on the way, where we may take note of our progress or erect altars on which we may lay our thank offering. The public reasons for thanksgiving are evident to all who study God's dealings with our nation.

There is one kind of arithmetic in which every Christian believer should be proficient, and that is in reckoning up the mercies which a kind Providence continually sends. Count your mercies, for, as you do, the mercy will grow. As sorrow brooded on seems the worse, so grace meditated over appears the more lovely, gracious and helpful. Gratitude has sometimes been defined as a lively sense of favors to come, but it is certain that the very effort to recall the favors God has shown in the past both honors him and prepares the mind and heart the more intelligently and profitably to use such blessings as may yet be in store.—H.

4724. Thanksgiving Atmosphere.

It is said that Beethoven had his piano placed in the middle of a field, and then, "under the smiling sky, with the birds singing around him, flowers shining and grain glistening in the sun, the master musician composed some of his great oratorios." So we shall do better work and accomplish sublimer ends if we are ever surrounded with the atmosphere of gratitude. The hands will have a more skillful touch, the eyes a keener sense of vision, the tongue a more compelling eloquence; and the soul will feel the stirrings of newly unfolding power.

4725. Thanksgiving Blessings in Possession.

It is a fact that when our blessings seem few we often have many more than we realize. The story is told

of a man, who, wishing to sell a small estate, sent for a real estate agent and asked him to write an advertisement telling about the estate. When the advertisement was ready, the agent took it to the man and read it to him. "Read that again," said the owner. The agent did so. "I have been looking for an estate like that all my life, and I did not know that I owned it." So it is with our blessings. We have had them all along and did not know it.—H.

4726. Thanksgiving Blessings Remembered. The world is never content with the Church when the note of praise is absent from her services. When the Church stops singing the world stays away. Notwithstanding the sad conditions caused by the great war we as a people have many reasons for sincere, heartfelt gratitude. In fact, thanksgiving may be all the more beautiful and meaningful when our blessings seem few. One night during the Chapman-Alexander meetings, a poor paralytic was wheeled down the aisle and placed just before the platform. In the preliminary part of the service Mr. Alexander caught sight of him and said, "What is your favorite hymn?" He immediately answered, "Count your blessings!" There was no wail, no complaint from the poor cripple, just a vivid sense of the goodness of God. That man had the real thanksgiving spirit. Says Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, "If Christians praised God more the world would doubt him less." Let us think and then thank. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."—H.

4727. Thanksgiving Burdened with Goodness. Some one has well said, "The fragrant flower of thanksgiving, which blossoms in the heart of God's people, is the result of a little bud called praise which is firmly affixed to the stem and stalk of Christian faith." Praise is the instinctive outburst of adoring worship that rises from a pure heart,—from one who knows that God is the giver of every good and perfect gift. The Psalms, which are the music rooms of the Bible, are filled with songs of praise.

"Forget not all his benefits," says the Psalmist in that mountain peak of praise, the 103d Psalm. This means to remember some of the blessings the Lord is daily bestowing. We cannot remember all of them. We must not forget all of them. Remember but a few of them and the heart is filled with praise. Mark Guy Pearse says: "I was walking along one winter's night, hurrying towards

home, with my little daughter at my side. She said: 'Father, I'm going to count the stars.' 'Very well,' I said, 'go on.' By and by I heard her counting—'Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, two hundred and twenty-five. Oh, dear,' she said, 'I had no idea there were so many.' Ah, dear friends, I sometimes say in my soul: 'Now, Master, I'm going to count Thy benefits.' Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness, and I say to myself, 'I had no idea that there were so many.'"—H.

4728. Thanksgiving Not a Burden. There is a legend in England about the sunken city of Is. Two places are pointed out as the traditional spot where a city during an earthquake was sunk out of sight. Tradition says that during a storm steeples of churches can be seen in the trough of the sea and that even during a calm the bells still sing out a song, a tune, for each day. The sunken city continues to make music. Have things that you prized gone out of sight? If you have accepted it in the spirit that God would have you possess, there still comes music from the sunken city of loss, and every steeple that has gone beneath the waves sends forth harmonies of joy and peace.

Does thankfulness ever prove a burden to you?

Lambert, the great Scotch lifesaver, periled his life many times in his efforts to save others. He said the saddest thing about it was he sometimes lost the friendship and acquaintance of those whom he nearly died to save, because their sense of being under obligation to him became irksome to them. Has our sense of obligation to God ever wearied us? Have we ever cut our expressions of gratitude down to saying, "We thank Thee, O Lord," once a day? Have we ever wished we could be free from him for a while and do our way, and have our own say? Christ wants us to enjoy the life he died to give us, but not if our joy stops there and does not go back in loving gratitude to him for the gift. If we desire to taste life's sweetest pleasure we must remember always with thanksgiving the Christ Who gave us that life. And thankfulness should never become a burden. It should be a constant, free outflowing of the soul toward God, the giver of all good.—H.

4729. Thanksgiving a Cheerful Habit. The habit of thanksgiving is a brave and cheerful habit. It has no patience with

the weak bitterness that complains that life is not worth living. It sees God everywhere in his world and praises him. It gives thanks in all things, knowing that all things work together for good to them that love God. It does not dwell on personal disappointments, but enters into the larger life of God's kingdom. It is a habit that builds up the character.

4730. Thanksgiving for Compensation. An Atlanta woman was standing on her back porch one beautiful morning in spring. She did not appear to be happy or contented. The restlessness of her mind found expression when she said to her old colored housekeeper: "I do wish I could go away! I certainly need a change!"

"Look heah, chile," said the mammy in a way which set things in a new light, "wot you wanta git 'way from? Dis heah beautiful house? Dese heah lubly chillun? Wot you wanta git 'way from? You gotta lug yo'se'f 'long whereber you go!"

That really well-off woman had one way, a far too common way, of looking at things. Her maid had a better way. The blind girl in the story of a famous Scotch author had the second, and better way: "If I inna see, there's naeboddy in the Glen can hear like me. There's no a footstep of a Drumtochty man comes to the door but I ken his name, and there's no voice oot on the road that I canna tell. The birds sing sweeter to me than to onybody else, and I can hear them cheeping in the bushes before they go to sleep. And the flowers smell sweeter to me—the roses and the carnations and the bonny moss-rose. Na, na, ye're no to think that I've been ill treated by my God; for, if he didna' give me ae thing, he gave me many things instead."

The law of compensation is at work in life. True, it is, as one says: "There is always something to be thankful for. If one thing visits us, another thing is kept away. Or, if there is impoverishment in one direction, there is enlargement in another. When the darkness falls, the stars come out. When winter strips the trees, hidden prospects are disclosed. When we were sick, shy kindnesses steal out of their seclusion. We never knew we had so many friends until death broke our fellowships. And so we are smitten on one side and we are graciously liberated on another. We are bound with chains, and we have fellowship with angels."—H.

4731. Thanksgiving, Instead of Com-

plaining. Instead of complaining, let us learn from our soldiers who went overseas and "pack up our troubles." Charles Spurgeon, I think it was, stated that it is a pleasant sight to see anybody thanking God, because the air is heavy with complaints and lamentations. A unique suggestion was once made by Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock, to the effect "that, instead of having one day set apart for thanksgiving, it would be better to set apart one day for complaining and cram into it all our worries, leaving the rest of the year clear for gratitude."

When the young students were in military training for positions as officers in the national army at Madison Barracks, New York, in the summer of 1917, the idea of Stanley Hawkins, of Rochester, directed this work. He said that the favorite song of the men was, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," but the next choice was, "Pack Up Your Troubles."—H.

4732. Thanksgiving Cures Amnesia. This Thanksgiving season ought to be a great time for curing people of a certain disease of which I have read. The disease is called "amnesia."

This disease is a comparatively rare affliction—fortunately so. Its main feature is forgetfulness. There are cases on record in which men have forgotten their own names, the date of their birth, their family relations; in a word, cases in which memory had become a complete blank and the past was utterly blotted out.

Facts were published concerning a minister's son who disappeared from an army training camp, was hunted for as a deserter, and later turned up as an unnamed man on one of the transports sent back from a military hospital. He had found the longing to be at the front too strong to resist, had apparently reenlisted under another name, was sent to the firing line, was wounded in the head, and when consciousness was restored had lost all memory of the past. His name was found to be an assumed one, and he was unable to tell who he was or where he came from. His former life had become a complete blank, and, when his parents recognized him as their lost son, he did not give the first sign of recognition, and knew none of his former friends or acquaintances.

Such is amnesia. Physically it is, fortunately, a rare disease, but spiritually it is not rare. Not in vain does the Psalmist call upon his soul, "And forget

not all his benefits." Kipling has, as the refrain of his immortal "Recessional," the words, "Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Ingratitude is nothing but a form of spiritual amnesia. It stands for a voluntary or involuntary blotting out of the memory of the past. The mind is no longer sensitive to past benefits bestowed. It is as if these things had never been. And thus ingratitude becomes a spiritual menace.

God's own people are very apt to suffer from this disease, and we forget past mercies in the face of present emergencies as if they had never been. Let us forget not all his benefits. Let us bring them to mind.—H.

4733. Thanksgiving Cures Covetousness. In one of the scenes described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," where the troubled hearts of the humble slaves are bemoaning their harassed conditions, Uncle Tom rouses them with the exhortation: "Think on the mercies, children; think on the mercies." This lowly black man was a Christian philosopher. His wise suggestion may prove of value not only to the individual, helping him to count his blessings, but to all who are apt to contemplate the difficulties of service and the discouragements that come. Uncle Tom's cheery words are the echo of the great apostle: "In everything give thanks." Thankfulness gives cheer and cures covetousness.—H.

4734. Thanksgiving Day.

For the fruit of the time of our toil;

For whate'er we have fought for;
Whether born of the brain or the soil

Be the need we have sought for;
For the gifts we have had from his hand

Who is Lord of the living,
Let there ring through the length of the
land

A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

4735. Thanksgiving, Early. The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles.

The first national English Thanksgiving was on Sept. 8, 1588, for the defeat of the Spanish *Armada*.

There have been but two English Thanksgivings in this country. One was on Feb. 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other, June 21, 1887, for the Queen's jubilee.

The New England Thanksgiving dates from 1633, when the Massachusetts Bay Colony set apart a day for thanksgiving.

The first national Thanksgiving proc-

lamations were by Congress during the Revolutionary war.

The first great American Thanksgiving Day was in 1784, the declaration of peace. There was one more national Thanksgiving in 1789, and no other till 1863, when President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of thanksgiving. Since that time the president has issued an annual proclamation.—*Journal of Education*.

4736. Thanksgiving Doubles Blessings. "But best of all a thankful heart that takes those gifts with praise." So we sing. The song is true. Thanksgiving makes our blessings doubly blessed. Our blessings are multitudinous. But the best blessing of all is a heart that receives with gratitude.

Thankfulness cures covetousness. It kindles a light so brilliant in our little homes that we quit gazing at the silvery splendor of our neighbors over the way. It magnifies our little things till we fail to wish for the great things of others. It is the quintessence of contentment, and contentment joined to pure practical godliness is the acme of all life. And yet just such an acme of life is within the reach of every lowly heart that will trust Christ fully. The late Dr. John Hall, of blessed memory, said he liked to look into the store windows to see how many things he could do without!—H.

4737. Thanksgiving Doubles Blessings. Some one offered this wise prayer of thanksgiving: "O Lord, receive our thanks for all Thy manifold mercies towards us, and grant us thankful hearts which double all Thy blessings and enjoy them twice, in fruition and in remembrance, and out of them all bring not harm but good to our souls, because they all draw us nearer to Thee."

It is true that a thankful heart doubles our blessings, causing us to enjoy them twice—in fruition and in remembrance.

In the midst of the many sins and troubles in the world what a call there is for a spirit of good cheer and gratitude among Christians. "Clocks converted to chiming." These were the words of a watchmaker's advertisement. "Conversion to chiming" is precisely what a good many people nowadays need. In the midst of gloom and sorrow what a call there is for bright Christians who can advertise the grace of God which is able to dispel all sorrow and care. Many are converted who are far from chiming, and they require the change that can fill their lives with a music never dying, ever

singing, ever praising. This Thanksgiving season is a good time to make the change from "kicking" to chiming.—H.

4738. Thanksgiving Grace. A retired Methodist minister, the Rev. William Banfield, affectionately called "Billy," was called upon to say grace at a Conference luncheon in Franklin, Pa. "O Lord," said he, "we thank thee that thou art mindful of us. And, Lord, we thank thee that there are others who are mindful of us, too. Bless this good dinner. Amen."

4739. Thanksgiving a Social Duty. Cheerfulness is as much a Bible command as honesty, though few people think of it in that way. There are many who would shrink from going into a neighbor's house and carrying off a bit of loose change or any valuables that might be lying about, and yet do not hesitate to go time after time and rob him of courage and hopefulness. People who insist upon cherishing depressing moods and doleful views have no right to wander about spreading the infection. They should be quarantined until they can show a certificate of healthful spirits. To run into a friend's cheerful home for a call, and needlessly to leave behind an atmosphere of gloom and discouragement, is worse than a social blunder; it is a sin. To spread gloomy views or to fail in gratitude to God for his unnumbered, and always undeserved, blessings is also a sin. Let us praise God more that men may doubt him less.—H.

4740. Thanksgiving, Great Feast. Did it ever occur to you to think of the greatest Thanksgiving dinner mentioned in the Bible? I am not thinking so much of how many were present at the dinner, as of the occasion for its celebration. Luke tells us about it in his gospel. "But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry."

There are many Biblical suggestions that are appropriate not only for special use on Thanksgiving Day, but for other days as well. Here is a verse that sounds like our custom of going to church on Thanksgiving Day: "We have thought of thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple." Thanksgiv-

ing is a family day in America. It seems that families in Old Testament times were encouraged to such a custom: "And thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee and unto thy house." And there are not a few interesting Thanksgiving symbols from those ancient times, as Jacob's pillar, Gen. 35:14; Joshua's twelve stones at Gilgal, Joshua 4; the pot of manna and Aaron's rod, Ex. 16:33, Num. 7:10; the stone Ebenezer, 1 Sam. 7:12, and David's sword, 1 Sam. 21:9. The Bible speaks of God's bountiful hand. "Thou openest thine hand" (Psa. 145:16); and it commends the grace of gratitude: "Praise is comely" (Psa. 33:1).—H.

4741. Thanksgiving, a Fragrant Flower. Many of us are so absorbed with our own wants and needs that our prayers are wholly petitions, and petitions for personal blessings. "Bless me, O Lord; bless my family; bless my church; bless my country." We may not make it quite as selfish as the old rhyme puts it: "Bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife; us four, and no more." Nevertheless, how seldom do any of us get much beyond mere selfish intercessions!

"With thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God," says the apostle. Indeed, it seems that to-day the prayers of Americans should be chiefly thanksgiving, God has so abundantly blessed us.

Some one has well said, "The fragrant flower of thanksgiving, which blossoms in the heart of God's people, is the result of a little bud called praise which is firmly affixed to the stem and stalk of Christian faith." Praise is the instinctive outburst of adoring worship that rises from a pure heart,—from one who knows that God is the giver of every good and perfect gift. The Psalms, which are the music rooms of the Bible, are filled with songs of praise.

4742. Thanksgiving Forgotten. There is a word of the Psalmist that seems strikingly appropriate on Thanksgiving Day. It is: "Forget not all his benefits." For the very abundance of God's benefits is liable to make us forget the Giver in our satisfaction over the gift.

A fire may die from excess of fuel as well as from lack of it. You cover up the fire with coal and leave it a while. The coal presses down heavily on the embers and forms a hard crust on top.

When you return the fire is almost out; perhaps it is altogether out. It has been killed, not from lack, but from excess of fuel.

If a spark of glowing red is left, however, the fire may burn again. You stir it up. You push the iron through the dark heart of it, and break up the crust, you let in the air.

So when the multitude of life's good things make us forget the Giver, Thanksgiving Day comes along to remind us that the soul must not be stifled under the load. How is it with our gratitude? Is the glow gone? Has the abundance of God's goodness to us made us careless? Let us push the iron of this Thanksgiving thought home, and break up crusts of indifference, that our soul may break forth into flame. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—H.

4743. Thanksgiving, Due to God. A novelist has recalled a medieval legend of an angel being sent to Satan with the message that God meant to take from the devil all the temptations with which he had seduced mankind. To this Satan resigned himself, because he was compelled to. But he begged of the angel that he should be left with just one—and that the least important. "Which?" asked the angel. "Depression," said Satan. The angel considered the request, found that depression cut but a slight figure as a sin, and went back to heaven leaving it behind him. "Good!" laughed Satan, as the celestial vision faded out. "In this one gift I've secured all."

Depression is as paralyzing, deadly, and infectious as any epidemic. Blessed are the calm spirits that go on trusting in God. But even those who reason with their own misgivings, and sometimes scatter them, are on occasion tempted to yield, and a flood of melancholy is like a rush of water that has burst its bounds. Over against depression we ought steadily to remember the marvelous goodness of our God. At this Thanksgiving season let us take a new start in remembering God's mercies—in remembering his faithfulness, his grace, his goodness. That will prove a royal cure for depression, a sure method of defeating the Evil One. That saintly woman, the late Frances Ridley Havergal, used to say, "Once the will of God was a sigh; now it has become a song." When we get to that point we are in the way of blessing.

Rev. Dr. Ira Landrith well says: "Most of us are better off in most ways than are ninety-eight per cent. of all other people. That fact alone ought to make us grateful and contented. But the grateful and contented belong to the less favored ninety-eight per cent. The two per cent. are the grumblers and self-pitying."

He goes on to tell of a certain wounded soldier back from the great war: "He was painfully nursing a shattered and permanently helpless arm with the almost fingerless hand of the other arm. 'Oh, but it was worth it, sir!' he cried with enthusiasm as he recalled the battlefield on which he had received his disabling wounds. 'I wouldn't give much for another war, but I wouldn't take anything for my share in this one.' With his young wife he was on his way to make arrangements to enter a school of forestry as the educational ward of a government that does not forget her heroes. It is the men who have both arms and all their fingers that complain most of their lot."—H.

4744. Thanksgiving, God Sensitive to. "God has a good ear for heart music." Jesus was very sensitive to this. "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?" Where are the multitudes who should be praising God for his goodness to-day? Maybe like the thoughtless lepers, lacking reverence for gift and Giver alike, they are bringing the plague of poverty upon themselves again. There is duty and beauty in gratitude. "Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." He hears it—has a good ear for heart music.

"If Christians praised God more the world would doubt him less." But we forget. And that forgetfulness is a sin. The Israelites entering Canaan were warned: "Beware that thou forget not." They were to remember gratefully the God of Might who had brought them in, and remembering they were to give him both gratitude and obedience. Later the Psalmist urged: "Forget not all his benefits."

In the midst of these distracted days mercies also abound. Let us not be ungrateful. Let us "forget not all his benefits." Let us bring them to mind.

4745. Thanksgiving: What Gratitude Is. It is—

The music of heaven in the soul.

One of the fairest and most useful flowers in the garden of the soul.

An assemblage of graces—the gathered honey of the choicest flowers.

A mirror of the soul, reflecting the image of its several benefits.

A bright rainbow in our spiritual atmosphere, displaying the various odors of the rays that call it into being.

Like the orange tree dropping its golden fruit upon the earth whence it derives its nutriment.

Like the verdant willow bending gracefully its boughs to kiss the waters that refresh its roots.

Like a tidal wave returning all its gatherings to the ocean whence it flowed.

Like a sunbeam sparkling on the waters, and then darting by reflection heavenward.

Like an infant with its joyous countenance smiling back its mother's love. An awakened echo in the heart, responding to the voice of its benefactor.

The vibration of the soul's harp-strings under the soft touch of God's benevolence.

4746. Thanksgiving, A Grumbling.

The grumbling attitude that can spoil a national Thanksgiving can spoil personal Thanksgiving, too. There is a story that well illustrates this fact told of Bishop William Burt. Being asked how he acquired the habit of good cheer, which never seems to fail him, Bishop Burt is said to have answered:

"Maybe the remark of a child that I once overheard helped me to learn to complain and grumble as little as possible. While I was studying at Wilbraham Academy, I spent a few days with this child's father, a good man, but a chronic growler. We were all sitting in the parlor one night, when the question of food arose. The child, a little girl, told cleverly what each member of the household liked best. Finally it came to the father's turn to be described.

"'And what do I like, Nancy?' he said, laughing.

"'You,' said the little girl, slowly—'well, you like 'most anything we haven't got.'"

I read an old incident dressed up in a new form the other day. It was in one of our best religious periodicals and was aptly entitled "Guaranteed Grumbling." There is a good deal of grumbling in the world that is practically invariable, that can be guaranteed: "Mrs. Higgins," the story goes, "was an incurable grumbler. She grumbled at everything and everybody. But at last the vicar thought he had found some-

thing about which she could make no complaint—the old lady's crop of potatoes was certainly the finest for miles around. 'Ah, for once you must be pleased,' he said, with a beaming smile, as he met her in the village street. 'Every one's saying how splendid your potatoes are this year.' The old lady glared at him as she answered: 'They're not so poor. But where's the bad ones for the pigs?'"—H.

4747. Thanksgiving and Grumblers. We sometimes sing a hymn with this refrain:

"Singing I go along life's road,
Praising the Lord, praising the Lord."

When the truth is,

Grumbling I go along life's road,
Scolding the folks, blaming the cook, etc.

It is astonishing how many the grumblers are. Yet grumbling is bad business. It is one of the greatest perils of our time that the prevailing type of Christian life shall get to be like that mood in which John Foster said most evangelical divines a hundred years ago ended their days, "a mood of gently complaining melancholy." The discouragements following the World War have brought a tendency in this direction, both in divines and others.

But it ought not so to be. And Thanksgiving Day should prove a bad day for grumblers. Ingratitude ignores blessings and dishonors God. Grumbling ignores blessings, counts only miseries, and dishonors God. Yes, grumbling magnifies small miseries, making little ones into big. Grumbling is indeed bad business.—H.

4748. Thanksgiving Cure for Grumblers.

Thanksgiving Day is a bad day for the grumblers. And grumblers are plenty too. Though grumbling is bad business. It was said by one of the friends of a very earnest and noble worker that if he did not stop his ceaseless complaining about things he would soon cease to have any influence. The man did not realize that in his sincere effort to make things better by exposing all the difficulties and hindrances he was all the time convincing people that things were so hopeless that it was not worth while to work at them. He was showing lack of faith in God, lack of confidence in his rule and lack of appreciation and gratitude for blessings.—H.

4749. Thanksgiving, Not Grumbling. A minister I know mentions the case of a young girl, and I am acquainted with an almost similar case of equal interest. He says: "She wears seventeen pounds of steel braces on her frail young body, spinal tuberculosis having done its best, and vainly, to break her spirits as well as her physical strength. Many times wisest medical science has despaired of her; she has never given up. Beautiful of face in spite of incomparable suffering, and radiant of soul, she is a benediction to all who know her. She would have them forget her handicaps, joins them in their sports, requires no assistance, wants no pity. It is the people whose backbones are normal that feel that the fates have not been kind to them."

Ingratitude ignores blessings and dishonors God. Grumbling ignores blessings, counting only miseries—yes, magnifying miseries, making little ones into big. But Thanksgiving Day is a day for rejoicing. Our country should join with the Psalmist in his song, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." The prophet Habakkuk began his song of praise with a "yet." He first mentioned the adverse conditions and then exclaimed, "Yet I will rejoice in the Lord and joy in the God of my salvation." So may the American people, though conscious of much political corruption and great wickedness in our cities, join with the prophet, "Yet will I rejoice." So may each individual say, "Yet will I rejoice."

Let us put away grumbling. Let us at this Thanksgiving season really thank God for all his mercies. Then let us keep on thanking him. Let us get rid of the grumbling habit. Let us cultivate and actually get the thanksgiving habit.—H.

4750. Thanksgiving Reveals the Sin of Grumbling. There is a man who writes modern fables. I do not know who he is, but he signs himself Æsop Jones. One of his recent fables, with its moral, is about this very tendency toward complaining, grumbling, and not showing gratitude. The title of this fable is "A Good Day." He says: "Once there was a Good Day. It was a Perfectly Good Day; warm, but not too warm; bright and snappy and glorious. It took a walk to receive men's praises and bask in their gratitude, and this is what it overheard: Casper Rinehart: 'Dear me! we need rain.' Mary Jones: 'How monoto-

nous this weather is!' Samuel Sprague: 'Getting horribly dusty.' Morton Grant: 'It's so windy to-day I can't burn my leaves.' Granny Simmons: 'Horrid cold! I wish the sun would come out real hot and cure my rheumatism.' Ned Greeley: 'Heigh-ho! the weather to-day gives me spring fever.' Then the Good Day went back home discouraged. 'What's the use,' it said, 'of being a Perfectly Good Day, if this is all I get for it?' So the next day it rained!"

No wonder it rained. The wonder is that God ever gives us any Good Days at all when we grumble so much—when we are so lacking in gratitude.—H.

4751. Thanksgiving Harp-Strings. Thanksgiving is only a just tribute for all the blessings a loving Father has showered upon us.

Rev. Dr. John Jowett well says: "No one is going to have anything worth calling a harp in glory who has not already harped music in his own soul." If you have not used it, this Thanksgiving time is the time to get out your harp and play it. Use it. Try it. Practice on it. Try to learn some Thanksgiving tunes to play on it. Think, and then you will thank. Recall your blessings and you will soon begin to finger the Thanksgiving harp.

But maybe you say that times are hard and your blessings few. This may be so, but, if it is, still play your harp.—H.

4752. Thanksgiving Harp-Strings. We are told that Billy Bray was a Cornish miner noted far and near for his rugged piety. One year his potato crop was almost a failure. As he was digging the potatoes Satan said: "There, Billy, isn't that poor pay for serving your Father the way you have all this year? Just see those small potatoes." "Ah, Satan," said Billy, "at it again, talking against my Father, bless his name! Why, when I served you I didn't get any potatoes at all. I thank my dear Father for small potatoes." But you will find you have more than small potatoes if you are looking out for blessings.

It is said that John Ruskin's guests at Brantwood were often awakened early in the morning by a knocking at their door and the call, "Are you looking out?" When in response to this summons they would open their blinds, their eyes would be charmed by the view that they saw. Are we asleep, or are we looking out?—H.

4753. Thanksgiving Makes Rich.

Thankfulness makes our blessings doubly blessed. It makes the ordinary and simple gifts of God shine with a morning luster and exude the rarest perfume. There are two ways to get rich. One is to increase the number of our dollars, the other is to increase the value of the few dollars we already have. Thankfulness raises the blessings we already have to higher degrees of worth, and thereby enriches us. If thankfulness does not create new roses, it paints a finer hue on those we have; if it does not load our table, it puts a delicious sweetness in our simple fare; if it does not clothe our bodies in costly raiment, it lends a sweetness of behavior to our bodies, so that we do not need such raiment to make us attractive.—H.

4754. Thanksgiving, Magnifies Blessings. Cheerfulness is as much a Bible command as honesty, though few people think of it in that way. A bit of cheerful philosophy was displayed by a soldier who had lost a leg in action when he remarked to a sympathizing friend, "Well, at least, I've got out of that rheumatism in the knee that has bothered me for years."

Thanksgiving magnifies our blessings. It cures covetousness. It is the quintessence of contentment.—H.

4755. Thanksgiving Memory.

However flowerless the ways

Of grim November,

However dull and drear her days,

We should remember

One happy time she sets apart

For royal living,

A gift to cheer and bless each heart,—

It is Thanksgiving!

EMMA C. DOWD.

4756. Thanksgiving by Miners. A writer tells of a visit to the famous Calumet and Hecla mines in northern Michigan shortly before 5 o'clock in the afternoon. As they came to the mouth of the mine, a friend said to him, "Stand here and listen." There was silence for a moment, and, coming from the earth beneath their feet, faint sounds were heard. They grew stronger and more distinct as they waited, seeming like the weird melodies played by the wind on telegraph wires. Nearer and nearer they came, mingled with the creaking of machinery, and resolving themselves at last into the familiar notes of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." In a moment the cage reached the top of the shaft, and the day shift of Welsh miners, who had been singing their way up from a depth

of hundreds of feet, stepped out, and, baring their heads, joined in "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow," and then quietly turned homeward. "They do this every night when their work is done," said the friend. "It is their expression of praise and thanksgiving."—*American Messenger.*

4757. Thanksgiving Note Missing.

According to an old Jewish legend, Lucifer, son of the morning, after he had fallen from heaven, was asked what he most missed. His reply was, "I miss most of all the trumpets that are sounded in heaven each morning." Is not this the one great lack in many lives to-day? There is needed more and more the clear trumpet note of joy and thanksgiving. Many persons are more ready to sing a dreary "Miserere" than a joyous song of praise to God. We need less of the spirit of sadness and melancholy, and more of the abandonment of joy that thrilled in the heart of the Psalmist when he summoned God's people to "praise him with the sound of the trumpet," to "praise him upon the loud cymbals," to "praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals."

We miss from many lives the sound of the morning trumpet. God must miss the hearing from many who ought to be glad the sound of the joy-trumpet of thanksgiving. At this Thanksgiving season let us blow the trumpet of thanksgiving—and then let us keep on blowing it as an every-morning expression of our gratitude.—H.

4758. Thanksgiving by Numbering Blessings.

A lovely young lady lay ill at a health resort in Cleveland. Her disease was such as to render her intensely susceptible to suffering from outward disturbances. One day the chambermaid, while doing the work in the adjoining premises, continually clattered her furniture and sang in a very loud voice. A friend, hearing it and knowing the young lady's nervous condition, felt much concern, and calling on her afterward, asked if she was not much annoyed. The young lady replied, "At first I thought I could not bear it, and determined to call the maid, and tell her how much suffering she caused me; but finally I decided not to do so, but to ask the Lord to help me to bear it. I did that, and received his help, so it did not hurt me afterward, and I soon went to sleep."

This same invalid was in the habit of telling over her blessings of the day every evening when her friend came in.

She used to make a list of them in her journal, while she was able to write, but at that time she was too weak for the effort. Sometimes, she spoke of a single flower given to her, or some portion of her food that was more palatable than usual; or perhaps some thought of Jesus had come to her with peculiar comfort. She always had something for which to be thankful. She counted up the little things, which come as blessings, but which pass unheeded by those less careful to see a Heavenly Father's kindness.—M. B. ELWELL.

4759. Thanksgiving, Spoiled. "How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion as they were going to the well. "Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting upon the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way!" said the other bucket. "Now, I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full." Which bucket are you? In these days which spirit do you manifest? Is this to be a spoiled Thanksgiving?—H.

4760. Thanksgiving, Spoiled. Once when General Beaver, of Pennsylvania, was addressing a large audience, he flourished his crutch in the air, and with unmatched eloquence said, "I won that at Chancellorsville." "My hay crop is a failure," moaned a farmer to his neighbor. "But how about the potatoes?" asked the neighbor. "They are all right." "And your corn?" "A fine crop." "And your oats?" "An excellent yield." Then the neighbor said: "Why don't you mention your successes first, and put that failure in parentheses at the end?" General Beaver counted it an honor to leave a leg at Chancellorsville. The farmer raised four crops of produce and moaned because one was a failure. We can flourish our crutches or moan over them. We ~~can~~ moan over one poor crop or rejoice over three good ones. Which are we doing?

There is real danger that this year's Thanksgiving will prove to be a Thanksgiving spoiled by our people's murmurings and complaints.—H.

4761. Thanksgiving Spoiled. I have read that in a small city of Arizona (Yuma) one of the hotels carries a strange sign over its veranda: "Free board every day the sun doesn't shine." The new arrival with a light purse naturally makes for this stopping-place and looks skyward. Sometimes it is pouring

in torrents and the traveler will then naturally register with quite a triumphant air, for he feels pretty sure he is going to get something for nothing. But the proprietor does not worry. He has lived in the town for many years and he does not get excited in the least, for always during some part of the day the old sun appears, perhaps only for a few minutes. No one yet has ever been able to get a day's board at this hostelry, at least on account of the sun's not shining.

It has become too much the custom of our American people to think it is raining all the time. The coming of peace has not brought all the blessings we expected, and now we complain and worry and are nervous and sad. We forget the blessings we have. Yet it is our duty to remember to feel gratitude, and to express that gratitude with joy.—H.

4762. Thanksgiving Spoiled by Murmuring. There is real danger that this year's Thanksgiving will prove to be a Thanksgiving spoiled by murmurings and complaints. We might well quote the statement of an Old Testament prophet: "Jehovah heareth your murmurings which ye murmur against him." It is recorded that Cæsar once prepared a great feast for his nobles and friends. It happened that the day appointed was so extremely foul that nothing could be done to the honor of the meeting, whereupon he was so displeased and enraged that he commanded all who had bows to shoot up their arrows at Jupiter, their chief god, as if in defiance of him for that rainy weather. When they did this their arrows fell short of Heaven and struck their own heads, so that many of them were sorely wounded. So our murmurings, which are so many arrows shot at God, will return upon our own heads. They hurt not him, but will wound us. Let us as Christians, as far as our influence can extend, call people away from their murmurings. For murmurings are arrows upward shot that surely will fall, must fall, upon our own heads. Let us turn the people to thoughts of God's mercies, to gratitude, to the expression of gratitude for all God's goodness toward us—and goodness all the more gracious because so greatly undeserved.—H.

4763. Thanksgiving Suggestion. More than one hundred years ago there lived in a little town in New Jersey a woman who had the reputation of great piety. But her idea of piety was very strange. She thought she ought to be always

morose. Many times she prayed that God would forgive her for smiling and having a good time!

Her grandson, too, gained a reputation for piety. But his idea was quite different. He believed in smiles, in having a good time, in expecting good things from God, and in thanking him for the least of them. The manner of his thought about thanksgiving was indicated one morning when, with his daughter, he was starting for a walk. At the gate the daughter asked him to wait a moment while she went back for an important article which she had forgotten. "Wasn't it fortunate I remembered it?" she remarked, in rejoining her father.

With a smile he asked, "Did you think of thanking God for reminding you?"

At the moment she was startled by the suggestion, but soon she, too, believed with her father that to thank God constantly for blessings that were constantly coming was natural and pleasant. —H.

4764. Thanksgiving Table. Some one tells the story of an English preacher who takes a hungry man into a hall with plates laid for 1,460 persons. Here are supplies of all kinds in bountiful profusion. The man would like to sit down at one of these plates.

"Ah!" said his guide, "would you be thankful? Then you shall have for your breakfast something quite as good as anything here; only just wait until I tell you something. You can't have these, for they are ghosts of what you have already had. They are the 365 breakfasts, the 365 dinners, the 365 teas, and the 365 suppers you had last year. They make 1,460 in all."

"You don't mean to say I had all those?"

"Yes; and many basketfuls of odds and ends beside."

Some one, in commenting on this story, says: "And now, we will dismiss our friend to eat his meal, we trust with some new feelings dawning upon him of what heaps of mercies he has had even in this one matter of food."

Our mercies are continuous. If we should attempt to make a computation of them, we would find that we could never pay the debt we owe our Lord. We may live to be old, but we can never outlive eternal love—it is a shoreless ocean.

Spurgeon calls Providential goodness "an endless chain, a stream which follows the pilgrim, a wheel perpetually revolv-

ing, a star forever shining, and leading us to the place where he is who was once a Babe in Bethlehem."—H.

4765. Thanksgiving Teaches Trust. There is a story of an Eastern prince called Abgebublet, who, much disturbed by constant reports of displeasure on the part of his people, set apart a day when each might come to air his grievance.

The first to arrive was an old man, who thought that the palace was a big place, very luxurious and comfortable, and his home only a small hut. Why couldn't he live in the palace? "Very well, you can," said Abgebublet; "but you understand it is necessary to keep the rules of courts and good breeding here."

The next was a woman who kept a fruit-stall in the street, and she asked for the removal of the stall adjoining hers, which sold old clothes. She said it was very dirty, and a disgrace to the city. The necessary permission was given.

Another was a rich man who said he loved Abgebublet, and wanted one hundred slaves imprisoned because they had spoken evil of the prince. Him, Abgebublet disposed of at once. "That they speak evil of me," said he, "I grant you, but am I evil? No. Will they make me evil? No. I am the same whatever they say; therefore what they say is of no importance." The rich man bowed, and was contented.

At last came a dirty old sailorman who kept a somewhat dilapidated boat on the river which ran through the city. This boat was called the *Moonflower* and he was extremely proud of her; nevertheless, the master of the harbor at the river's mouth refused to allow him a permit to put her out to sea. A careful man, he had his reputation to sustain, and he did what was wise. Few but the old sailor, blinded by love for his ancient craft, would have thought of taking such a patched-up ruin out of her moorings in the river; and none would have sent her to sea. But to its owner each old plank nailed on with rusting nails was a friend. He begged to be allowed to sail her outside the harbor.

"Why," asked the prince, "will they not give you this permission?" "Because they are jealous of my old boat, sire. I say she's a good craft; I am her skipper, and I should know." "You certainly should know," said Abgebublet. "I grant your request."

Some time after the lord chamberlain

made a report on the results. First, it appeared that the old man who came to live in the palace found he could not have his goat to live with him, as he did in his hut. Also he had to wash and have meals at regular hours. He had found all the points most objectionable, and had left after the first day for what he called freedom and his hut.

The old woman of the fruit-stall found she got no customers when the adjoining stall was removed. The people really came for the garments, which were necessities, and spent their few remaining coppers on a melon or a peach.

"Wasn't there another case?" inquired the prince.

"Sire, he has been no more seen or heard of since he left the river in his boat."

"Ah!" said the prince. "To grant people's wishes often silences them forever."

Why do we not trust God more fully? He is loving. He is wise. He is good. His ways are well for us. Why do we not thank him more? Stop grumbling, and begin to praise.

4766. Thanksgiving: On Thanksgiving Avenue. There are great numbers of people who ought to move on November 25. They are living in a bad atmosphere, poor houses and gloomy surroundings on Grumbling Street. But we know a good street where, strange to say, there are plenty of houses to let. The air is pure and invigorating, the water is sweet and wholesome, the houses are good, and the street lies toward the sun, so that its genial rays are felt all day long. The street is Thanksgiving Avenue, a boulevard extension of Faith Street. Move out, my friend, from Grumbling Street and take one of those pleasant unoccupied houses on Thanksgiving Avenue.—H.

4767. Thanksgiving: What Do You See? Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better to-day." The other said, "I was some worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says, "This will make mud"; another, "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examined a bush. One observed that it had thorns; the other, that it had a rose.

Two children looking through colored

glasses, one said, "The world is blue"; and the other said, "It is bright."

Two boys having a bee, one got honey, the other got stung. The first called it a honey bee; the other, a stinging bee.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry," says another, "that I am no better."

One says, "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says, "Our evil is mixed with good."

Which are you? How do you receive your blessings? There are different ways of receiving blessings. At this Thanksgiving season let us look into the matter of our dispositions, and into our ways of looking upon life and the blessings it brings. It is a good time to examine ourselves and see if we have a Thanksgiving Heart.—H.

4768. Theater. See **Amusements.**

4769. Theater, Hiding God's Glory. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt was found, toward the evening of her days, sitting in the open door of her house reading the Word of God, and looking out upon the magnificent sunset. A friend of hers, who had come in, said to her, "How could you, in the prime of life, and at the height of your greatest success on the opera stage, give up all your splendid prospects, and retire to the quiet of your home?" She lifted the book of God that was in her hand, and said, "This is my answer. The opera stage made me forget yonder glory of creation, and yonder celestial glory of my God." That was enough for her. That which hid from her the magnificence of God's work in creation, and the greater magnificence of God's glory as unfolded in his Word, settled the question for her.

4770. Theft.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name

Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

—SHAKESPEARE.

4771. Theology. See **Creed.** See **Doctrine.**

4772. Theology. All my theology is reduced to this narrow compass—"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."—ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER.

4773. Theology, True. The theology that makes God real, that keeps the cross of Christ within view of penitent souls, that creates a sense of sin, that stirs the

spirits of men with moral condemnation, that drives the convicted sinner with broken heart to God, that regenerates the soul, and keeps up a deepening fellowship with the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ, carries its own proofs and needs not the seal of scholastic ratification. The theology that brought Abel to the altar as a true worshiper still speaks, though it is as old as the first family of the human race. And the truth which stopped young Saul in the way and made of him the revolutionizing apostle to the Gentiles is too well established in the course of history to need revising at the hands of men who would not know what to tell a mourner in Zion if they should come upon one.—*North Carolina Christian Advocate.*

4774. Theory. The theory that can absorb the greatest number of facts, and persist in doing so, generation after generation, through all changes of opinion and of detail, is the one that must rule all observation.—JOHN WEISS.

4775. Things Do Not Make Life. Three men were talking together after the Chicago fire. One of them said, "Thank God, there was some of my money placed where it could not burn." As he turned away, one of the others said to his companion, "That man gave away last year nearly a million dollars, and if I had not been a fool I should have done the same." The first had one million that was safe. A man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

4776. Thinking.

Though a man a thinking being is defined,

Few use the grand prerogative of mind.
How few think justly of the thinking few!

How many never think, who think they do.

—JANE TAYLOR.

4777. Thirst, Created by Christians.

As the salt of the earth, Christians are not always to bring joy and comfort into the lives of others. Salt has other uses. A Bible-study group of college girls were recently discussing the familiar passage in the Sermon on the Mount, and were asking why Christians are like salt. All thought at once of salt's preservative qualities. Then a Chinese girl in the group quietly suggested, "Salt creates thirst." The truth went home. As one of the leaders afterward said, "Our lives should be such that people would continually come to us and

ask us to explain ourselves." Do our lives create in others the thirst that only the Water of Life can satisfy?—*Sunday School Times.*

4778. Thirst Destroyed. He thirsted after righteousness, but liquor-thirst burned in him, too. His wife usually accompanied him on lecture trips, as a guardian angel. Once she could not go. That time he was obliged to pass the saloons of Poughkeepsie on the way to his appointment. The aroma from one of them struck him full face and overcame him. He reached his appointment half intoxicated, lectured while in that condition, and disappeared for a three days' debauch. Some years later, at Northfield, one who had heard his half-drunken lecture called up the circumstance, and inquired by what means he had mastered the liquor-thirst, as he evidently had mastered it. The reply was: "I never recall that experience if I can avoid doing so, but, as you inquire, the truth simply is, that then the love of Christ was not in me, and the liquor-thirst in me was stronger at times than any other force. Since then, however, in response to my thirst after righteousness, the love of Christ has grown up in me, and this love has destroyed my thirst after liquor. This is the simple truth."—GEORGE B. HATCH.

4779. Thirst, Satisfied. Did you ever wonder how birds thousands of miles out to sea get water when they are thirsty? A certain old sailor used to wonder, too, till one day a squall in the tropics answered the question for him. In the clear sky overhead a black rain cloud appeared. Then out of an empty space over a hundred sea birds came darting from every direction. They got under the rain cloud and waited there for about ten minutes, circling round and round, and when the rain came they drank their fill.

In the tropics, where the great sea birds sail thousands of miles from shore, they get their drinking water in that way. They scent a storm a long way off, travel perhaps a hundred miles to get under it, and then swallow enough raindrops to last them till the next storm. Of course, birds on land have plenty of fresh water for their drinks.—*The Continent.*

4780. Thorns, Get Rid of. You have all heard of Luther Burbank, who worked such wonderful changes in fruits and flowers, getting rid of their objectionable features and developing whatever is use-

ful and beautiful; and if fruits and flowers can be so modified that they hardly seem the same thing, how foolish it is for any girl to say that she has to be blunt and tactless because she was "made that way." If a cactus can get rid of its thorns, surely you can dispense with the traits that are likely to wound your friends!—W. J. HART, D.D.

4781. Thoroughness. *See Success in Life.*

4782. Thoroughness Wins. Charles Dickens said of the principle upon which the work of his life had been conducted: "Whatever I have tried to do in my life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I would not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been golden rules."

4783. Thought. *See Communion. See Meditation.*

4784. Thought. The more we examine the mechanism of thought, the more we shall see that the automatic, unconscious action of the mind enters largely into all its processes. Our definite ideas are stepping-stones; how we get from one to the other, we do not know; something carries us; we do not take the step.—HOLMES.

4785. Thought and Action. Men act in an emergency the way in which they have been thinking. Out on an eastern railroad a freight and a passenger train, going in opposite directions, were about to pass one another on double track at a certain curve. Suddenly an empty box-car on the freight jumped the track on the side toward the swiftly running passenger train. The engineer of the latter instantly threw on all the speed he had, and, knocking the box-car "higher than Gilroy's kite," came to a dead stop.

The action saved the passenger train from a wreck and the loss of many lives.

"How did you happen to do it?" the engineer was asked.

"Well, sir," he replied, "I've noticed those empty freight cars acting rather frolicsome many a time coming round that curve like we did to-day, and I had made up my mind that if one of them ever jumped the track I'd just shoot ahead and hit it as hard as I could. And I did it."—DAD ELLIOT.

4786. Thought, Growth of. Thought engenders thought. Place one idea on paper, another will follow it, and still

another, until you have written a page; you cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom; the more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be.—G. A. SALA.

4787. Thought and Life. Some time ago I was talking with a friend. I inquired about his wife. "Well," he said, in reply, "my wife is always well, and always happy. I used to think that she had not the same sensitive nature that I have. When anything occurs to annoy me I am utterly upset. I can not eat my breakfast; I can not do my business; I am really ill. But the other day I found out the secret. Something had gone wrong, which very much worried me. In the course of the morning I went into the house, and found her cheerily going on with her work, actually singing as she bent over it; I felt quite annoyed. 'Really, my dear,' I said, 'you don't seem at all put out by what has happened to-day.'"

"'Oh, no,' she said, 'I am not.' 'Well,' I said, rather angrily, 'then I think you ought to be.' 'No, no; you must not say that. Look here. Years ago I made up my mind that when anything went wrong I would ask myself honestly and earnestly: "Can I do any good by thinking about it? Am I to blame in any way? If so, do not let me spare myself. Can I do anything to put a better face upon it?" If, after looking at it honestly all around, I found I could do no good, I made up my mind that I would give up thinking about it.'"

"Thank you," said I to my friend. "That is the philosophy of the highest life—'Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things.'"—*Christian Globe.*

4788. Thought, Old and New.

Old things need not be therefore true, O brother men, nor yet the new; Ah! still awhile the old thought retain, And yet consider it again!

—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

4789. Thought, a Sculptor. Thought is a sculptor. The sharp chisel cuts deep or in light touches, but is evermore fashioning. Not in the face only does one's thinking and feeling find expression, but in the whole physical bearing. In step, in speech, in attire, in business a man's habitual thinking and affections find expression, for these things are only the outward expression of what is really going within one's invisible self, the spirit.—H.

4790. Thoughts, God Given. Goethe

said that his best thoughts came to him "like singing birds, the free children of God, saying 'Here we are.'"

4791. Thoughts, Transformed by. Every day we are becoming more like our thoughts. If they are mean and selfish, we cannot prevent ourselves from becoming so. If they are unclean and evil, our character and conduct will inevitably be shaped by them. It is true that "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

As Charles Kingsley says: "Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth or in heaven either."

And on the other hand, loving thoughts will produce loving acts; and a generous, kindly way of regarding others in our own minds will bring us to a generous, kindly treatment of them in daily life.—ROBERT E. SPEER.

4792. Thrift (?). The story is told of a young man who once found a two-dollar bill in the road. From that time on he never lifted his eyes from the ground when walking. In the course of forty years he accumulated 29,516 buttons, 54,172 pins, 7 cents in pennies, a bent back and a miserly disposition.

He lost the glories of the sunlight, the smiles of friends, the songs of birds, the beauties of flowers, trees, blue skies, and all there is in life worth living for—the opportunity to serve his fellow men and spread happiness.

4793. Time. See *New Year*. See *Old Year*.

4794. Time.

Time rides with the old
At a great pace. As travelers on swift
steeds

See the near landscape fly and flow be-
hind them,

While the remoter fields and dim hori-
zons

Go with them, and seem wheeling
round to meet them,

So in old age things near us slip away,
And distant things go with us.

—LONGFELLOW.

4795. Time.

Old Time, in whose banks we deposit our
notes,

Is a miser who always wants guineas for
groats;

He keeps all his customers still in arrears

By lending them minutes and charging
them years.

—O. W. HOLMES.

4796. Time. Time is the chrysalis of
eternity.—RICHTER.

4797. Time. On the dial at All Souls,
Oxford, there is this inscription: "The
hours perish, and are laid to our charge."

4798. Time. Time wasted is existence;
used, is life.—YOUNG.

4799. Time.

Catch; then, oh, catch, the transient
hour;

Improve each moment as it flies;

Life's a short summer—man a flower—

He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

—DR. JOHNSON.

4800. Time. Alas! it is not till Time,
with reckless hand, has torn out half the
leaves from the Book of Human Life to
light the fires of human passion with,
from day to day, that man begins to see
that the leaves which remain are few
in number.—LONGFELLOW.

4801. Time.

Make use of time, let not advantage
slip;

Beauty within itself should not be
wasted:

Fair flowers, that are not gather'd in
their prime

Rot and consume themselves in little
time.

—SHAKESPEARE.

4802. Time.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to
light,

To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render
right,

To ruinat proud buildings with thy
hours,

And smear with dust their glittering
golden towers.

—SHAKESPEARE.

4803. Time. I never knew the old gen-
tleman with the scythe and hour-glass
bring anything but gray hairs, thin
cheeks, and loss of teeth.—DRYDEN.

4804. Time.

Hours are golden links, God's token

Reaching heaven; but one by one

Take them, lest the chain be broken

Ere the pilgrimage be done.

—A. A. PROCTER.

4805. Time. Time is like money; the
less we have of it to spare, the further
we make it go.—H. W. SHAW.

4806. Time. Ignatius, when he heard a
clock strike, was accustomed to say,

"Now I have one more hour to answer for."

4807. Time.

Now are the days of humblest prayer,
When consciences to God lie bare,
And mercy most delights to spare.

Oh, hearken when we cry.
Now is the season, wisely long,
Of sadder thought and graver song,
When ailing souls grow well and strong.

Oh, hearken when we cry.
The feast of penance! Oh, so bright,
With true conversion's heavenly light,
Like sunrise after stormy night!

Oh, hearken when we cry.
Oh, happy time of blessed tears,
Of surer hopes, of chast'ning fears,
Undoing all our evil years.

Oh, hearken when we cry.
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

—F. W. FABER, D.D.

4808. Time, Killing. The hardest work and the most dreary is that of "killing time." There is more genuine gratification in performing the most menial of tasks than is to be found in gilded idleness. Much false sympathy was aroused a few years ago over one of Millet's paintings. The poor peasant leaning on his hoe was the cause of much mental distress on the part of those that thought they saw in him only a victim of heartless menial labor. But it is not the man with the hoe that is to be pitied; it is the man without. The man out of work—and he may be dressed well, at that—is a far more distressing sight than he that performs even the most menial service.

4809. Time, Take. Take time to breathe a morning prayer; asking God to keep you from evil, and use you for his glory during the day.

Take time to read a few verses from God's Word each day!

Take time to be pleasant. A bright smile or a pleasant word falls like sunbeams upon the hearts of those around us.

Take time to be polite. A gentle "I thank you," "If you please," "Excuse me," etc., even to an inferior, is no compromise of dignity, and you know—

"True politeness is to say
The kindest things in the kindest way."

Take time to be patient with children. Patience and kindness will open the way for good influence over almost any child.

Take time to be thoughtful about the aged. Respect gray hairs, even if they crown the head of a beggar.—*Christian Observer.*

4810. Time, Taken for Highest Things. Let us take time for the good-by kiss. We shall go to the day's work with a sweeter spirit for it.

Let us take time for the evening prayer. Our sleep will be more restful if we have claimed the guardianship of God.

Let us take more time to speak sweet, "foolish" words to those we love. By and by, when they can no longer hear us, our "foolishness" will seem more wise than our best wisdom.

Let us take time to read the Bible. Its treasures will last when we have ceased to care for the war of political parties and fall of stocks, or the petty happenings of the day.

Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies, which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we covet or the fame for which we struggled.

Let us take time to get acquainted with our families. The wealth you are accumulating, burdened father, busy mother, can never be a home to the daughter whom you have no time to caress.

Let us take time to get acquainted with Christ. The hour is coming swiftly for us all when one touch of his hand in the darkness will mean more than all that is written in the daybook and ledger or in the records of our little social world.

Since we must all take time to die, why should we not take time to live—to live in the large sense of a life begun here for eternity?—*Pittsburg Advocate.*

4811. Time and Truth. Time, whose tooth gnaws away everything else, is powerless against truth; and the lapse of more than two thousand years has not weakened the force of these wise words.—HUXLEY.

4812. Time, Use of. A girl said to her friend, "Isn't that lovely?" as she held up an elaborate piece which she had embroidered. She had taken nearly four weeks to do this work. But that same girl had given up her class of little girls in the primary department of a mission Sabbath School because, as she said, she "simply had no time in which to prepare the lesson." Seek to use time in the best way. The poet puts it in these words:

"The one that by addition grows,
And suffers no subtraction,
Who multiplies the thing he knows,
And carries every fraction;
Who will divide his precious time,
The due proportion giving,
To sure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving."

4813. Time, Utilized. It is told of Dr. John R. Mott, who once brought such copious notes of interviews with business men, statesmen, missionaries, and young men, when he returned from one of his visits to China, Japan, and India, that people were amazed at the wonderful volume of material which he had gathered on the trip. His friends, knowing of the great meetings he had conducted in many places, and feeling that he had spent most of his time in that work, asked him how he managed to secure such a volume of information. His reply was: "During my stay in the East, I did not take a single half-day's journey, on horseback, by train, or in any other way, without having with me from one to a half-dozen men with whom I talked on the subjects on which I sought information. Frequently I paid the expenses of these men to have them with me. I had to have the information; that was the only time I could take to obtain it." This gives us a picture of how a man can utilize many valuable moments that would be otherwise thrown away.—*Religious Telescope.*

4814. Timidity. A woman is seldom merciful to the man who is timid.—BULWER-LYTTON.

4815. Timidity Reproved. "You're the right kind of a Christian," said a man to a timid believer, "not forever bothering us about our souls." The words went home. The Christian reflected that he had never known the joy of soul-winning, and he resolved to begin, if possible, to win men. Have we known this joy?

4816. Titles. A lawyer is sometimes required to search titles, and the client who thinks he has good right to an estate puts the papers in his hands, and the attorney goes into the public records and finds everything right for three or four years back; but after a time he comes to a break in the title. So he finds that the man who supposed he owned it owns not an acre of the ground which belongs to some one else. I trace the title of this world from century to century until I find the whole right vested in God. Now

to whom did he give it? To his own children. All are yours.—TALMAGE.

4817. Toast, A.
Here's to friends both near and far;
Here's to woman, man's guiding star;
Here's to friends we've yet to meet,
Here's to those here, all here I greet;
Here's to childhood, youth, old age;
Here's to prophet, bard and sage,
Here's a health to every one,
Peace on earth, and heaven won!

4818. Tobacco, Argument Against. General Feng, the well-known Christian general in China, keeps his soldiers under strict discipline. They are forbidden to smoke cigarettes. He says if the Creator had intended that they should, he would have created them with noses twined upwards like a proper smokestack.—DR. GOFORTH.

4819. To-day. See Now. See Decision.

4820. To-day. There is opportunity to do good to some one to-day. There is a battle going on to-day in which we shall be victors or vanquished. To-day the hand of God is open to pour out blessings on each of us. To-day the kingdom of God will make some progress within each of us if we are true to ourselves and our Lord. To-day we shall take a long step toward our eternal home. To-day something shall be built into our character; shall it be good or bad? We may make some decision to-day which will determine our destiny. To-day the voice of the Lord is sounding within. Shall we hear, or shall we forbear? "To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts."

4821. Toleration. Tolerance does not mark the progress of a religion. It is the fatal sign of its decline.—ISIDORE VAN CLEEVE.

4822. Toleration. They who boast of their tolerance merely give others leave to be as careless about religion as they are themselves. A walrus might as well pride itself on its endurance of cold.—HARE.

4823. Toleration. Have charity; have patience; have mercy. Never bring a human being, however silly, ignorant, or weak—above all, any little child—to shame and confusion of face. Never by retulance, by suspicion, by ridicule, even by selfish and silly haste—never, above all, by indulging in the devilish pleasure of a sneer—crush what is finest and rouse up what is coarsest in the heart of any fellow-creature.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

4824. Tombs, Garnished. Many a man who was misrepresented, abused and per-

secuted during his life was honored after he passed away. When we think of the subject, the names of such men as Luther, Knox, Calvin, Dante, Savonarola, Lincoln, Lovejoy and many others will occur. A new name has just been added to the list of those who were crowned with honors which had been long delayed, for word has been received that the new Czecho-Slovak government has ordered that the picture of John Huss, the Reformer of Bohemia, be placed in all the schools. The fathers killed the prophet, but the sons are now garnishing the tomb.

4825. To-morrow. See Delay. See Procrastination.

4826. To-morrow.

Some say "to-morrow" never comes,

A saying oft thought right;

But if to-morrow never came,

No end were of "to-night."

The fact is this, time flies so fast,

That e'er we've time to say

"To-morrow's come," presto! behold!

"To-morrow" proves "To-day."

—Anon.

4827. To-morrow, Uncertainty of. On the very day the *Titanic* crashed into the fatal iceberg there was published in a New York paper a picture and description of the huge vessel. Her size was compared with certain well-known landmarks in the city and with other great vessels of the present and past. The gorgeous passenger accommodations and luxuries were proudly described and the list of prominent passengers noted, and it was predicted that New York would view the greatest and completest steamship in the world when she steamed into the harbor. Everything seemed auspicious and sure. Friends were planning to meet friends. Business contracts had been entered into and passengers were booking for passage on the return voyage. These and a thousand vital and incidental matters looked sure of consummation, but lo, in a moment all was changed and every plan of man shattered beyond reparation. In a brief space the world has learned anew the uncertainty of to-morrow.

4828. Tongue.

Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect or use thee as they ought!

But all shall give account of every wrong,
Who dare dishonor or defile the tongue;
Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,
Or sell their glory at a market-price!

—COWPER.

4829. Tongue. A sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener with constant use.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

4830. Tongue. By examining the tongue of a patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.—JUSTIN.

4831. Tongue, Control of. "Give not thy tongue too great a liberty," says Quarles, "lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue."

4832. Tongue, Controlled. A European correspondent tells us this:

"In every French railroad train and in all public places could be seen the printed warning: 'Taisez-vous!' (Shut your mouth.) It went on to explain that spies might be riding near you and listening to everything you said. The American soldiers, in the full flush of eagerness and enthusiasm, sometimes were wont to tell their stories of how their platoon, or regiment, or division, cleaned up the Boches in a certain fight. Very stringent warnings were issued to all American troops, as well as Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, and other workers, to observe the French warning and keep their mouths shut tight, whenever the spirit moved them to discuss what glorious deeds the doughboys were up to.

"Up at headquarters they put it, not so tersely, but according to the old rhyme:

'A wise old bird sat on an oak,
The more he heard the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Why not model after that wise old bird?'"

This advice applies to the Christian when he is tempted to criticize his neighbor and "slay with an unkind tongue," but he is to exercise his liberty in the use of sound, convincing speech when he has opportunity to proclaim the matchless "good news" of the world's Saviour.

4833. Tongue, Guard It. Guard your words for they are like sparks. "Shut your ash-pan" may be seen on the Erie Railroad, just out of New York (near the entrance to a bridge), intended as a warning to the fireman, lest sparks from beneath his engine should ignite the dry timbers in the trestle and destroy the entire bridge by a conflagration.

4834. Tongue, Keeping the. A certain king in Egypt, it is said, sent a sacrifice to a sage, asking him to return the best part and the worst. The sage sent back the tongue. For good or for evil, there is no mightier instrument on earth than human speech. The tongue sends forth words winged with kindness or curses. It spreads blessing or blight.

"Keep the door of my lips," prayed the psalmist. And Jesus warned his hearers against sins of the tongue. Now, the Keeper of the lips must be within, not without. For, after all, the tongue is only an instrument. It moves at the bidding of the heart. He who is to guard our speech must be enthroned in our breast. In his hands must be the scepter that rules our living and our willing.

4835. Tongue, Say Good.

"When over the fair fame of friend or foe

The shadow of disgrace shall fall,
instead

Of words of blame, or proof of thus
and so,

Let something good be said.

"Forget not that no fellow being yet

May fall so low but love may lift
his head:

Even the cheek of shame with tears is
wet,

If something good be said.

"No generous heart may vainly turn aside

In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead

But may awaken strong and glorified

If something good be said.

"And so I charge ye: by the thorny
crown,

And by the cross on which the
Saviour bled,

And by your own soul's hope of fair
renown,

Let something good be said!"

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

4836. Touch, The Living. Dr. H. W. Jowett writes: "I saw two men fishing on the banks of the same river. One had placed his rod in position, and fixed it in a heap of stones, and then sat down to smoke. The other made the line thrill with the living touch, and sent life into the very bait as it trembled on the water. The mechanical fisherman caught little or nothing; the fisherman with the living touch had powers of almost compulsory allurements. The fish which we have to catch as fishers of men know the differ-

ence between life and death, between mechanism and soul. The heart yields to the touch of affection."

4837. Touch. See Soul-Winning.

4838. Touch, The Personal. A noted evangelist was once holding a series of services in a church whose minister was a man of long experience and of great influence. One night, as they sat on the platform together, the minister pointed out to the evangelist a man in the audience.

"For twelve years," he said, "I have tried to win that man to Christ. I have preached to him so long that I sometimes do it almost unconsciously."

"From the pulpit?" asked the evangelist.

"From the pulpit, yes."

"How many times have you gone to him with the love of God in your heart, and said, 'I want to see you become a child of God?'"

"I must confess," said the minister, "that I have never spoken to him personally and directly concerning his salvation."

"Then," said the evangelist, "perhaps he is not impregnable after all."

That night, after the service, the evangelist caught the man before he got to the door. He spoke only a few words, but they were earnest and loving. And the next evening, in the "after service," . . . the man was on his knees, with the tears streaming down his cheeks. It was the personal touch that did it.—*Church Advocate*.

4839. Tourists, Only. As I was leaving a large western city church lately, at the close of the morning service, I overheard a lady of the church say something to a man about greeting a number of us strangers as we went out. "Oh," said he, "they are only tourists," and he let us pass on and out. Who needs a hand of welcome, a word of greeting or a God-speed more than the tourist, the stranger, the traveling man far away from home? Does selfishness prevail so much that the outsider is ignored?

4840. Trail, Following the Upper. This last August I revisited some of the scenes dear to other days. Returning one night to my stopping-place over a familiar road through a dense growth of spruces, I found that the darkness in the heart of that thicket was so intense that one could not distinguish any object whatsoever, however near it might be.

The very pathway at my feet was invisible. In my confusion I stopped,

hardly knowing which way to turn, when, all at once, something caused me to look up. What was my surprise and delight to find that high up among the very tree-tops there was a clear space of sky—a road that corresponded to the path beneath it on the ground—a road made by the absence of trees in the trail I was trying to follow. So, keeping my eyes upon the upper trail, my feet found the lower one and traveled it in safety through the darkness of the forest out into the liberty of the open fields.—JOEL BYRON SLOCUM.

4841. Training. *See Success.*

4842. Training for Life. The officer of a famous regiment recently gave it as his opinion that the best soldier was the miner. He at least preferred the miners because they were strong in the back, and used to dangers and explosions, and could endure cramped positions in the trenches. Their ears were very quick; they were curious about sounds; and their intelligence was excellent. That is another of the unforeseen things of this war. Little did these workers underground know that their ordinary daily life was the finest preparation for the world's most extraordinary war.

Such things often happen in life. Our trainings are unforeseen. All unconsciously the very drudgery of our days may be equipping us. Moses in the obscurity of the land of Midian, working as a shepherd, was being prepared for the leadership of Israel. Remembering these things, new significance may be seen in life's daily round and common task.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

4843. Transformation by Grace.

When a man asks me why I believe in miracles, I answer: "Because I have seen them." He asks, "When?" I reply, "Yesterday." "Where?" "In such and such a place I saw a man who had been a drunkard redeemed by the power of an unseen Christ, and saved from sin. That was a miracle." The best argument for Christianity is a Christian. That is a fact which men cannot get over. There are fifty other arguments for miracles, but none so good as that you have seen them. Perhaps you are one yourself. Show a man a miracle with his own eyes, and if he is not too hardened he will believe.—PROF. DRUMMOND.

4844. Transformations of Grace. On the title page of a book written by Mrs. Whittemore of the Door of Hope, New York, are two faces, one of them wrinkled, vicious and hard; the other, with

an expression of sweetness, gentleness and purity. These faces belong to the same person, yet not the same, and the photographs were taken only one year apart. "Blue Bird," the denizen of the slums of New York, comes to the Door of Hope in her degraded condition, hears of Jesus, trusts him, loves him, begins to tell others about him, and before she dies is a good woman, an enthusiastic worker for the uplifting of her fallen sisters. Here the problem of sin is settled. Take Christ into the heart of a man or woman, and a pure life will be the result.

4845. Treachery. It is time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.—SHAKE-SPEARE.

4846. Treason. Love of country is one of the loftiest virtues which the Almighty has planted in the human heart, and so treason against it has been considered among the most damning sins.—EMERY A. STORRS.

4847. Trees. *See Arbor Day.*

4848. Trees.

The place is all awake with trees,
Limes, myrtles, purple-beaded,
Acacias having drunk the less

Of the night-dew, faint headed,
And wan, grey olive-woods, which seem
The fittest foliage for a dream.

—E. B. BROWNING.

4849. Trees, Planting. When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling-place for those who come after us if not for ourselves.—HOLMES.

4850. Trial. *See Discipline. See Affliction.*

4851. Trial, Made Blessing. The photographer takes his sensitive plate into a dark place to develop his picture. Sunlight would mar it. God often draws the curtain upon us, and in the darkness brings out some rare beauty in our life, some delicate feature of his own loveliness.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

4852. Trial, Victory in. Many of us find life hard and full of pain. The world uses us rudely and roughly. We suffer wrongs and injuries. Other people's clumsy feet tread upon our tender spirits. We cannot avoid these things, but we should not allow the harsh experiences to deaden our sensibilities, or make us stoical or sour. The true problem of living is to keep our hearts sweet and gentle in the hardest conditions and experiences.

If you remove the snow from the hill-

side in the late winter, you will find sweet flowers growing there, beneath the cold drifts, unhurt by the storm and by the snowy blankets that have covered them. So should we keep our hearts tender and sensitive beneath life's fiercest winter blasts and through the longest years of suffering and even of injustice and wrong treatment. That is true, victorious living.—REV. J. R. MILLER, D.D.

4853. Trials. Trials teach us what we are.—SPURGEON.

4854. Trials. In the time of Jesus the mount of transfiguration was on the way to the cross. In our day the cross is on the way to the mount of transfiguration. If you would be on the mountain, you must consent to pass over the road to it.—H. CLAY TRUMBULL.

4855. Trials. Life has no smooth road for any of us; and in the bracing atmosphere of a high aim, the very roughness only stimulates the climber to steadier and steadier steps till that legend of the rough places fulfills itself at last, "per-aspera ad astra," over steep ways to the stars.—BISHOP W. C. DOANE.

4856. Trials. As the musician straineth his strings, and yet he breaketh none of them, but maketh thereby a sweeter melody and better concord; so God, through affliction, makes His own better unto the fruition and enjoying of the life to come.—DANIEL CAWDREY.

4857. Trials. Jesus wept once; possibly more than once. There are times when God asks nothing of His children except silence, patience, and tears.—CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

4858. Trials, Tested by. A jeweler gives as one of the surest tests for diamonds the "water test." He says: "An imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone. If your eye is not experienced enough to detect the difference, a simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation diamond is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles under water, and is distinctly visible. If you place a genuine stone beside an imitation under water, the contrast will be apparent to the least experienced eye."

Many seem confident of their faith so long as they have no trials; but when the waters of sorrow overflow them, their faith loses all its brilliancy. It is then that true servants of God shine forth as genuine jewels of the King.—*The Homiletic Review*.

4859. Trifles in Life, There Are None. We speak of small duties—there are

none. The least of our moral obligations has in it the sanctity of a divine edict. We are compassed about by whispers. "Do this," says the still voice, or, "Do that." And our character depends upon our heeding it. In the Cathedral of Modena there is a bucket which once belonged to the public well. It was stolen by some soldiers in a frolic. Inquiry was made, and the bucket was passed from hand to hand. At length it came into the possession of the young Prince Henry of Sardinia. A battle was fought to secure it. Prince Henry was made a prisoner. His imperial father offered a gold chain seven miles long for his ransom. It was refused. The prince lay twenty years in prison, pined away and died. Meanwhile a war was fomented in which most of the governments of Europe engaged, and which involved the loss of thousands of lives. Oh, no; there are no trifles in human life. Or, if there are, we are not competent to determine upon them.

4860. Trifles, Use of. On the national arms of Scotland is the engraving of the thistle, and it means that one little thistle was the salvation of the nation. During the invasion of Scotland by the Danes, the enemy were advancing in the dark upon them, one pricked his bare foot by a sharp thistle, cried out with pain. The cry was heard by a sentry, who sounded the alarm, aroused the soldiers and gained the battle. If I can be only a little thistle, pricking the foot of evil, I may bear fruit to the glory of God.

4861. Trinity. See Christ, God and Holy Spirit.

4862. Trinity, Mystery of. An infidel was scoffing at the doctrine of the Trinity. He turned to a gentleman and said, "Do you believe such nonsense?" "Tell me how that candle burns," said the other. "Why, the tallow, the cotton, and the atmospheric air produce light," said the infidel. "Then they make one light, do they not?" "Yes." "Will you tell me how they are three and yet one light?" "No, I cannot." "But you believe it?" The scoffer was put to shame.

4863. Trinity, Mystery of. Here is a mystery, the stupendous mystery of the Christian religion, the ineffable mystery of three persons in one God. We cannot define it. Every human attempt at definition involves it in deeper mystery. The arithmetic of heaven is beyond us. Yet this is no more mysterious and inexplicable than the trinity of our own nature; body, soul, and spirit; and no man has ever shown that it involved a con-

tradition or in any way conflicted with the testimony of our senses or with demonstrated truth; and we must accept it by the power of a simple faith, or rush into tritheism on the one hand or unitarianism on the other.—FREDK. D. POWER, D.D.

4864. Trinity Sunday. The light of the sun, the light of the moon, and the light of the air, in nature and substance are one and the same light, and yet they are three distinct lights: the light of the sun being of itself, and from none; the light of the moon from the sun; and the light of the air from them both. So the Divine Nature is one, and the persons three; subsisting, after a diverse manner, in one and the same Nature.—R. NEWTON.

4865. Triumph, Christ's Coming. There is a cathedral in Europe with an organ at each end. Organ answers organ, and the music waves backward and forward with indescribable effect. The time will come when heaven and earth will be but different parts of one great accord. It will be joy here and joy there, Jesus here and Jesus there. Organ to organ. Hallelujah to Hallelujah.—T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

4866. Trouble. See Affliction. See Difficulties.

4867. Trouble, Bearing It Well. In relating his experiences in Labrador Dr. Wilfred Grenfell gives this incident:

A paralyzed patient, who for over a year had lain prostrate in our wards, asked me one day, "What can I do, Doctor, that is worth anything?" "Be an angel, dear lad; just be one, so that nurse and all of us shall love to come to your bedside." And he was an angel. His patience, his courage, his ability to feel for others, and his simple attempts to cheer and comfort them, made his corner in the ward heaven, and his face to shine as that of Moses is said to have done just in reflection of the Lord's glory. We love to think of angels as having wings. We all want "wings" and "words," thinking that right at home, on the street, in the school, in the office, in prosaic places and occupations, we cannot be angels. We want to fly to China before we begin. We think we cannot be soul-winners because we have no love for conventional piety or credal shibboleths. I have been thirty years among the sick and dying; I have known dumb and paralyzed, the feeble things of this world, angels I have envied, for the whole glory of the message of the Christ

and of life is that he has actually chosen the feeble things of earth to confound the wise, and we need not throw ourselves off pinnacles to translate the message.

4868. Trouble, Borrowed. Some people have their trouble three times; first in anticipation; second in actual realization, and lastly in living it over and over again in morbid retrospection.

4869. Trouble, Borrowing. Do not borrow trouble. We do not trust enough in God's care. We are all in this respect too much like the great Carlyle, who had a reputation for "nerves." It seems that when he lived in London he had a neighbor possessed of an interesting coop of chickens, whose male member disturbed Carlyle's slumber by his loud crowing. The owner of the fowls was expostulated with. He replied that there ought not to be any complaint, as "the cock crew but three or four times during the night." "That may be," replied Carlyle, "but if you only knew how I suffer waiting for him to crow." That is our trouble, we think too much of what is going to trouble us, and so worry ourselves into early graves waiting for it to happen.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

4870. Trouble, Borrowing. In a sketch by "Jennette Lee," an old fisherman is made to say: "I used to fret about everything—fretted for fear it would blow, and for fear it wouldn't blow. I never put down a net nor a lobster-pot that I didn't see 'em bein' chewed up or knocked to pieces. I'd see a shark a-swimmin' right through a big hole—rip-p-p-tear! I could see it as plain as if I was down under the water. I can see it just the same now if I shut my eyes, only it's fishes I see swimmin' into my net now—shoals of 'em. They ain't a shark in sight."

4871. Trouble Bravely Met. Meet trouble bravely. Do not complain. When the *Titanic* went down, you remember, the ship's band met on deck and played while the vessel was sinking. When trouble comes can we not meet it with brave hearts, like those men that played when death was stealing nearer them each moment? When tasks are hard, when difficulties seem too great for us, when sorrow overwhelms us and we feel like weeping, let us say, "To-day the band must play, the flags must be kept flying, I must keep smiling." And we shall find when we meet trouble with this thought that the burden will be made lighter.—R. P. A.

4872. Trouble, Christ Remedies. A little girl came running to her mother in tears, asking, "Mamma, how can I untrouble trouble?" Jesus gives the answer to this question, which is your question and mine, as easily as he could quiet a stormy sea.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

4873. Trouble Fairly Faced. "I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for about five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing-machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it. But to-day, when I began to plow for corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around it, and find out the size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was a little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and was so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should look our troubles squarely in the face.

4874. Trouble, Look Above. Wesley was walking one day with a troubled man who expressed his doubt of God's goodness. "I don't know what I shall do with all this worry and trouble," he said. At that moment Wesley noticed a cow looking over a stone wall. "Do you know," asked Wesley, "why that cow is looking over that wall?" "No," replied his troubled companion. "I will tell you," said Wesley—"because she cannot see through it. That is what you must do with your wall of trouble—look over it and above it." Faith enables us to look over and above every trouble, to God, who is our help.—*Sunday Circle*.

4875. Trouble, Makers of. "He that plants thorns should never go barefooted," is an old saying. Of course, you know what that means. The planted thorns are quite sure to come up, and in the path of one who planted them, so that if he goes barefooted he will feel their sharp pricks himself.

There is another way of putting it! Those who carelessly or purposely make trouble for others find trouble for themselves.

4876. Trouble, Making the Best of.

The average dictionary defines an optimist as one who believes that all things are for the best. One day a man wielding a hammer struck his thumb instead of the nail he had intended to hit, and a friend, happening along a while after, said: "That's too bad!" "No, it isn't! It's a fortunate happening," said the man.

"It has taught me the value of that thumb as I never knew it before. There are just two hundred and fifty-seven things I have tried to do without that thumb, and found it impossible. Will you please open my penknife for me? Thank you! That makes the two hundred and fifty-eighth."

That man was an optimist. A man fell out of a window on the sixteenth story of a building, and as he shot by each window on his way down, he called out: "All right so far!" He was not borrowing trouble. He was an optimist. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch said: "Never open your umbrella until it begins to rain." She, like the man just mentioned, did not believe in anticipating evil.—*Union Gospel News*.

4877. Troubles, Imaginary. I saw a picture some time ago which represented a rising storm. Seen at some little distance it appeared as though dark, black, threatening cloud battalions were speedily covering the entire sky and blotting out all the patches of light and hope. But when I went a little nearer to the picture I found that the artist had subtly fashioned his clouds out of angel faces, and all these black battalions wore a winsome aspect of genial friends. I have had that experience more than once away from the realm of picture and fiction, in the hard ways of practical life. The clouds I feared and worried about, and concerning which I wasted so much precious strength, lost their frown and revealed themselves as my friends. Other clouds never arrived—they were purely imaginary, or they melted away before they reached my threshold.—J. H. JOWETT.

4878. Trouble Overruled. I saw the other day a painting of a large boat laden with cattle that was being ferried across an angry swollen river in the time of storm. The artist had so cleverly pictured the dark, threatening clouds and the play of the treacherous jabbed lightning that I immediately concluded that the freight of the poor dumb cattle were marked for destruction. But the title of the painting was simply, "Changing Pastures." Many times we imagine that

God's plans mean disaster and affliction but He is simply "changing pastures" for our good and the welfare of our brethren.

4879. Trust. See Faith.

4880. Trust. A father was holding his little blind daughter on his knee. Just then a friend came in, and picking her up walked off with her down the garden. The little one expressed neither surprise nor fear, so her father said, "Aren't you afraid, darling?" "No," she said. "But you don't know who has got you." "No," was the prompt reply, "but you do, father!" That was enough.

4881. Trust. A friend called on me when I was ill, to settle some business. My head was too much confused by my indisposition to understand fully what he said, but I had such unlimited confidence in him that I did whatever he bid me, in the fullest assurance that it was right. How simply I can trust in man, and how little in God! How unreasonable is a pure act of faith in one like ourselves, if we cannot repose the same faith in God.—RICHARD CECIL.

4882. Trust. Fishermen of Brittany utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is small and the ocean is wide." How very beautiful the words, the thought! Might not the same petition be uttered night and morning by God's children journeying on the sea of life? Keep me, my God! My boat is small, I am so weak, so helpless, so forgetful of thy loving-kindness. Tossed to and fro at the mercy of the world, except thou dost help me, I perish. Keep me, my God, for "thy ocean is so wide"—the journey so long—the days and years so many. "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust." Deliver me in thy righteousness.

4883. Trust. Walking through a sylvan way overarched by gnarled and wide-spreading oaks, I saw a boy standing yonder in the distance. Soon I heard his voice calling, "Hey, Bud!" Little thinking he was addressing me, I kept on walking toward him, but made no answer. All the more vociferously did he continue yelling: "Hey, Bud!" At last it dawned upon me that I was the object of his exclamations. I asked, as I was approaching, "What do you want, boy?" "I want to know the way to town," was his quick reply. It seems that he had been out with some companions picking blackberries, had become separated from them, and had lost his way. As we walked along together, I asked, after

telling him the right way home, "But how do you know that you are on the right road now?" "Gee whiz!" he exclaimed, "didn't you say that this is the road?" "Yes," I countered, "but how do you know that I am telling you the truth?" There was a puzzled look in his eye—a curious twinkle—but only for a moment. "By gum!" he said, "I am going to trust you anyway!" Had I seen or heard anything that June morning quite as fine and clean and beautiful as the brave and eloquent trust of that lad among the hills?—REV. F. F. SHANNON, D.D.

4884. Trust Christ. Never try to arouse faith from within. You cannot stir up faith from the depths of your heart. Leave your heart and look into the face of Christ, and listen to what he tells you about how he will keep you.—ANDREW MURRAY.

4885. Trust in Chariots and Horses. "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God" (Ps. 20:7). The days of ironclads, submarines and Zepelins make us proud of our achievements in the arts of destruction. "Some trust in chariots and some in horses"—the sum total of modern equipment makes one chesty as we read history or visit our museums where knights in shining armor guard the hall. "They set their mouth against the heavens," as one aeroplane gives chase to an invader in the realm of the sky-pilot. A few, however, quote the rest of the psalm, "but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." Praying folks are not intruders, in the circle of real defenders of the flag. Y.M.C.A. workers are more than welcome. "Protect us by Thy might, Great God our King."

4886. Trust and Faith. We are only asking you to give to Christ that which you give to others, to transfer the old emotions, the blessed emotions, the exercise of which makes gladness in the life here below, to transfer them to Him, and to rest safe in the Lord. Faith is trust.—ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

4887. Trust, Importance of. The Rev. E. W. Smith, of the Primitive Methodist Mission, is the chief translator of a version of the New Testament in use among 120,000 tribesmen north of the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. "Mr. Smith tells a vivid story of how he accidentally discovered the Ila equivalent for 'trust,' after he had asked for it hundreds of times in vain. 'One day I was working

in my house, and had climbed up a very rickety old ladder, and as I stood there in an awkward position, reaching up with my hands above my head, I heard a boy say: "If I were the missionary I should not *trust* that ladder. He will fall down and break his neck." I was down the ladder with a rush to get that word "*trust*" from the boy at once; it was the very word I wanted."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

4888. Trust in Christ. See *Decision and Decision Day*.

4889. Trust in Christ. Trust is loving confidence in Christ. Spurgeon summed up the experience of the greatest hour of his life in the little Chapel at Colchester, in three words: "I found him." Andrew Bonar told the story of his conversion with equal simplicity: "I did nothing but receive the Saviour."

4890. Trust in Father. Some naturalist, in the Scotch highlands, desiring to secure a rare flower, growing down on the side of a cliff, offered to pay a boy liberally if he would consent to be lowered. At first he hesitated, but finally said, "I'll go down if father holds the rope."

4891. Trust in God's Care. Mr. William Canton, author of "The Bible and the Anglo-Saxon People," and of "The Child's Book of Saints," etc., tells of a group of city children who were taken to a country village for several days' outing. They were to be lodged in an unoccupied house. In the night they were frightened by some unfamiliar noise. Their terror was calmed by one child suggesting that they say their prayers. She had heard at the Mission Sunday School the story of "The Guardian of the Door," a legend of an angel protecting some children. After she told them that story, they all knelt down and repeated after the leader:

"God bless this house from thatch to floor." Then they all went quietly to bed and slept peacefully until morning. This story and prayer were repeated each evening during their stay in the village, with the result that all slept trustfully through the night hours.

4892. Trust, Office a. Public officers are the servants and agents of the people, to execute laws which the people have made and within the limits of a constitution which they have established.—GROVER CLEVELAND.

4893. Trust, Office a. Public office is a public trust, the authority and opportunities of which must be used as absolutely

as the public moneys for the public benefit, and not for the purposes of any individual or party.—DORMAN B. EATON.

4894. Trust, A Mistaken. In the State of Pennsylvania, an old man eighty years of age visited a city to withdraw \$50 from a bank in which some years previous he had deposited \$3,000. He was dumfounded on learning that the bank had failed eleven years before and thus the savings of a lifetime swept away. It is related that the old man broke down and wept like a child. Such tragedies are saddening, but they are by no means the most deplorable, for what shall we say when we see our fellows casting their heart's treasure into plans and fancies and false philosophies that we know will surely fail them when the day of need shall come?

4895. Trust, A Timid. One of the old schoolmen said: "I entered this world in lowliness; I have lived in it in anxiety; I shall leave it in fear."

4896. Trust in Trouble. A terrific storm was raging, and in one home two of the larger children of the household were greatly frightened, both giving way to sobs. A five-year-old lad, who was not in the least disturbed by the storm, soon wearied of the cries of the older children, and blurted out: "Oh, stop your bawlin'! Don't you s'pose God knows his business?"

That was a lesson—out of the mouth of a babe—in simple faith.

4897. Truth. See *Bible*. See *Scriptures*.

4898. Truth. Truth is a queen who has her eternal throne in heaven, and her seat of empire in the heart of God.—BOSSUET.

4899. Truth. Old truths are always new to us, if they come with the smell of heaven upon them.—BUNYAN.

4900. Truth.

Not a truth has to art or to science been given,

But brows have ached for it, and souls toil'd and striven;

And many have striven, and many have fail'd,

And many died, slain by the truth they assail'd.

—LORD LYTTON.

4901. Truth.

Marble and recording brass decay,
And, like the 'graver's memory, pass away;

The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust;

But Truth divine forever stands secure,
Its head as guarded, as its base is sure;
Fixed in the rolling flood of endless
years,

The pillar of the eternal plan appears;
The waving storm and dashing wave
defies,

Built by that Architect who built the
skies.

—COWPER.

4902. Truth. Truth always has a bewitching savor of newness in it, and novelty at the first taste recalls that original sweetness to the tongue; but alas for him who would make the one a substitute for the other.—LOWELL.

4903. Truth. Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge and the business of the understanding; whatsoever is besides that, however authorized by consent or recommended by rarity, is nothing but ignorance or something worse.—JOHN LOCKE.

4904. Truth, Firmness of.

Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like

A star new-born that drops into its place
And which, once circling in its placid
round,

Not all the tumult of the earth can
shake.

—LOWELL.

4904a. Truth, A Great. A very clever epigram is that which appeared in the Liberty Loan circular of the Fifty-Third National Bank of Cincinnati—namely: "This war will demonstrate to the Kaiser that the Ten Commandments were originally engraved upon stone and cannot be torn up like a 'scrap of paper.'" This is a great truth very tersely put.—*American Israelite*.

4905. Truth in the Inward Parts. Quoting Chinese Gordon, Robert E. Speer said:

"If you tell the truth you have infinite power supporting you; but if not, you have infinite power against you. The children of kings should be above all deceit, for they have a mighty and a jealous Protector. We go to other gods,—Baal, etc.—when we lie; we rely on other than God. We may for a time seem to humbug men, but not God. It is indeed worldly silliness to be deceitful. . . . Oh! be open in all your ways. It is a girdle around your loins, strengthening you in all your wayfarings." It is the fearless and exceptionless veracity of such men which gives them their power. To the men of acknowledged highest character no lie is justifiable. They do not gird

their loins with deceit. In their inward parts is truth.

4906. Truth in New Form. In olden times it was the custom on the accession of a new sovereign to call in the coins of his predecessor and remind them with the new king's effigy. The precious substance, the silver and the gold, remained; but a new impress was put upon it.

To such a reminting of Christian truth are we being summoned to-day. Religious truths and doctrines which have been handed down to us by tradition, like coins which have passed much from hand to hand, have become somewhat worn and defaced with long usage, so that their pristine glory and significance tend to be little realized. A "new face," as John Foster would say, has to be put upon them, through the vital religious convictions which are back of them and gave them birth, at the first being rediscovered and then reexpressed in terms that are living and meaningful for the thought of the present.

These vital Christian convictions, as we see them welling up from their native spring in the New Testament, flow from the discovery of the wonder of what God has done for men in Jesus Christ, in His incarnate life and death and risen power. And the essence of spiritual reviving in every age of the Church's existence consists in an experimental rediscovery of this wonder of God's approach to men in the life and death and risen power of Jesus Christ, whereby men are made to feel that they are redeemed at an infinite cost and are no longer their own but His—His to serve and His to glorify.—J. M. S.

4907. Truth and Love. The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence whether they will or no.—CUDWORTH.

4908. Truth, Power of.

The power to bind and loose to Truth is given:

The mouth that speaks it is the mouth of Heaven.

The power, which in a sense belongs to none,

Thus understood belongs to every one.

—ABRAHAM COLES.

4909. Truth, How Seen. Truth, after all, wears a different face to everybody, and it would be too tedious to wait till all are agreed. She is said to lie at the bottom of a well, for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the

bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess, but that she is far better-looking than he had imagined.—LOWELL.

4910. Truth, Siding with.

Then to side with Truth is noble when
we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and
'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while
the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord
is crucified.

—LOWELL.

4911. Truth, Slow But Sure.

The nimble lie
Is like the second-hand upon a clock;
We see it fly; while the hour-hand of
truth
Seems to stand still, and yet it moves
unseen,
And wins, at last, for the clock will not
strike
Till it has reached the goal.

—LONGFELLOW.

4912. Truth, Strength of. Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble, at a touch; nay, you may kick it about all day, like a football, and it will be round and full at evening.—O. W. HOLMES.

4913. Truth Vitalized by Christ. A beautiful story is told of Sir Hubert Herkomer, the great painter. His father was a poor man, and the professor brought him from his native Germany to live with him in his beautiful house near London. The old man used to model in clay in his early life, and now that he had leisure he took to it again in his old age. But his hands trembled, and the work showed signs of imperfection. It was his one sorrow. At night he went to bed early, and when he had gone, his son would go into the studio and take his father's poor work and make it as beautiful as possible. When the old man came down in the morning he would look at the work and rub his hands, and say, "Ah, I can do as well as ever I did!" So Christ took the best teaching uttered before him and refined it into beauty. The words of the old law, "The ministration of death," as Paul calls it, became beautiful words of truth and life when vitalized by the touch of Jesus.—*Good Words.*

4914. Tyranny. When the will of man is raised above law it is always tyranny and despotism, whether it is the will of a bashaw or of bastard patriots.—NOAH WEBSTER.

4915. Tyranny. Tyrants commonly cut off the stairs by which they climb up unto their thrones . . . for fear that, if they still be left standing, others will get up the same way.—THOMAS FULLER.

4916. Tyranny.

The tyrant should take heed to what he doth,
Since every victim-carrion turns to use,
And drives a chariot, like a god made
wroth,
Against each piled injustice.

—MRS. BROWNING.

4917. Ugliness. There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not know how to look pretty.—ANTOINE BERRYER.

4918. Unappreciated, When. An older woman said to a young Sunday-school teacher, discouraged over her failure to find appreciation and responsiveness: "My dear, do you remember that in a meeting of Hampton students following the funeral of General Armstrong one of the colored students said that he had never believed in the sincerity of the General until he learned that he had given directions that his body should be buried in the next grave to that of the last dead colored student?" And then the woman added: "Oh, the cruelty of it and the pity of it! And yet how natural it was! If you overcome your own prejudice and go to work among any people, you have gone a mile; but you must go twain; for you then encounter their prejudice, quite as deep, more unreasoning, and perhaps with more to justify it. When you go down to work in the slums, you go but half way when you have conquered your own pride enough to go; you must go farther and conquer their pride, just as arrogant as yours, and more given to suspicion. My dear, we are not the first who have found it so. The saddest words written in human history are of One who 'came unto his own,' and they that were 'his own received him not.'"—MARY E. WATSON.

4919. Unbelief. See Sin.

4920. Unbelief. Men always grow vicious before they become unbelievers.—SWIFT.

4921. Unbelief. There is no strength in unbelief. Even the unbelief of what is false is no source of might. It is the truth shining from behind that gives the strength to disbelieve.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

4922. Unbelief, The Absurdity of. The other evening I was riding home after a heavy day's work. I felt weary and

sore depressed; when swiftly, suddenly, as a lightning flash, came, "My grace is sufficient for thee." I reached home and looked it up in the original, and it came to me in this way, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and I said, "I should think it is, Lord," and burst out laughing.

I never fully understood what the holy laughter of Abraham was until then. It seemed to make unbelief so absurd.

It was as if some little fish, being very thirsty, was troubled about drinking the river dry, and Father Thames said, "Drink away, little fish, my stream is sufficient for thee." Or it seemed like a little mouse in the granaries of Egypt after seven years of plenty fearing it might die of famine. Joseph might say, "Cheer up, little mouse, my granaries are sufficient for thee." Again I imagined a man away up on yonder mountain saying to himself, "I fear I shall exhaust all the oxygen in the atmosphere." But the earth might say, "Breathe away, oh, man! and fill thy lungs ever; my atmosphere is sufficient for thee."

Oh, brethren, be great believers! Little faith will bring your souls to Heaven, but great faith will bring Heaven to your souls.—SPURGEON.

4923. Unbelief, Difficulties of. Intellectually the difficulties of unbelief are as great as those of belief, while morally the argument is wholly on the side of belief.—DR. T. ARNOLD.

4924. Unbelief, Overcome. I heard of a lady in great spiritual difficulty, and the minister to whom she had come for help had tried everything to lead her into the light. But she ended it all up by saying: "Oh, I cannot trust him!" The minister turned and said: "What has Jesus done, that you cannot trust him?" and in a moment the light broke in. Will you venture your trust in him now—your concerns, prospects, plans, failures, and sins—leave all to him and say, "I will trust and not be afraid"?—REV. J. SLOAN.

4925. Unbelief, There Is No.

There is no unbelief,
Whoever plants a seed beneath the
sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

There is no unbelief,
Whoever says, when clouds are in the
sky,
Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and
by,
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief,
Whoever sees, 'neath winter's fields of
snow,
The silent harvests of the future grow,
God's power must know.

There is no unbelief,
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber
deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief,
Whoever says to-morrow, the unknown,
The future, trusts that power alone,
None dare disown.

There is no unbelief,
The heart that looks on where dear eye-
lids close,
And dares to live when life has only
woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief,
For thus by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by the faith the lips
deny,
God knoweth why.

—LIZZIE YORK CASE.

4926. Unbelief, Tragedy of. In a large manufacturing town a man lay on his deathbed. While well and strong he and his son both professed to be infidels. But under the test of his latest days his confidence in his unbelieving principles broke down; there was nothing in them to sustain him. His son, desirous that his father should die as he had lived, went to fortify him, and said, "Father, be a man and stick to it." "Ah!" he replied, "but there is nothing to stick to."—*King's Business*.

4927. Unbeliever, Death of. An infidel lay dying and was greatly distressed in mind. A friend, holding the same views, stood by his side trying to comfort him. "Don't be frightened," he said; "hold on, man, hold on to the last." "Yes," replied the dying man, "that's all very well, but tell me what I am to hold on to."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

4928. Uncertainty. Most men make the voyage of life as if they carried sealed orders which they were not to open till they were fairly in mid-ocean.—LOWELL.

4929. Uncertainty, Evil of. Delude not yourself with the notion that you may be untrue and uncertain in trifles and in important things the contrary. Trifles make up existence, and give the observer the measure by which to try us; and the

fearful power of habit, after a time, suffers not the best will to ripen into action.—C. M. VON WEBER.

4930. Unfaithfulness. There is not so agonizing a feeling in the whole catalogue of human suffering as the first conviction that the heart of the being whom we most tenderly love is estranged from us.—BULWER-LYTTON.

4931. Ungratefulness. Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

4932. Union. See **Unity.**

4933. Union, Christian. A visitor at an insane hospital, seeing that a single guard was left in charge of several hundred patients, said to him:

"I should think it would be dangerous for you to be left alone with so many crazy people. Why, if they'd get together they could soon make short work of you."

"Yes, that's true," answered the guard, "but you see crazy people don't get together. They don't know how."

Is that the reason why some towns of 600 have eight or ten churches?

Is it the reason why some cities, with 75 per cent. of the population decent, can't vote dry?

Is that the reason why a city of 30,000 cannot support a playground or a Y.M.C.A., and yet is honeycombed with cheap pool rooms, cheap dance halls and cheap "movies"?

Certainly not! But why don't we get together?

4934. Union, Christian. Charles Reade says that on a blank leaf of his grandmother's Bible was drawn a circle with several radii converging to the center, which was named Christ, while on the radii were written the names of different denominations of Christians. Underneath the circle were written the words, "The nearer to the center, the nearer to one another."—*Christian Herald.*

4935. Union, The American. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

4936. Union, The American. This glorious union shall not perish! Precious legacy of our fathers, it shall go down honored and cherished to our children. Generations unborn shall enjoy its privileges as we have done; and if we leave

them poor in all besides, we will transmit to them the boundless wealth of its blessings!—EDWARD EVERETT.

4937. Unity, Christ Source of. It is related that Hermes or Mercury found two serpents fighting, and he placed between them his staff which Apollo had given him. Immediately they ceased their battle and twined about it in loving and lasting concord. Apollo is the Greek conception which in all the attributes of character and power comes nearest to the figure of Jesus Christ, and since the staff had been given by him to Hermes, the analogy is beautiful and forcible in the presentation of Jesus Christ as the one about whom all animosities and strife should cease and about whom even the serpents of discord and human dissension should be arranged in loving concord.

4938. Unity. See **Union.**

4939. Unity, Christian. One night as the Union and Rebel armies were encamped on opposite sides of the Potomac, the military bands began playing the favorite airs of the North and South. From one side rolled up the strains of the Star Spangled Banner, and from the other the melody of Dixie. One piece followed another, kindling in the hearts of these mortal foes the wildest enthusiasm, and stiffening their sinews for the bloody battle. But at last, by some happy inspiration, one of the bands began to play "Home, Sweet Home." In a moment it was taken up on the other side, and band after band joined in, and thousands upon thousands of men whose hearts were but a moment ago burning with fury, were now animated by one common sentiment, and lifting up their voices like the waters of the sea sung those hallowed words:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

There are words, songs, ideas, hopes, purposes, which can thus unify the whole human race.

When shall we learn to drop all agitating, blood-raising questions out of sight, and think those thoughts, and speak those words, and do those deeds which make the whole world kin?

Here is a lesson for us in our homes. It is a lesson for the dinner table and the social gathering. Above all, it is a lesson for the church. There are subjects which disturb, distract and divide

even the people of God. But the name of Jesus Christ, his blameless character, his self-denying death, the home he has gone to prepare; these subjects melt all hearts together. Let us make the most of them.

4940. Unity, Christian. Whitefield once was preaching from the balcony of the court house in Philadelphia. In the middle of his sermon he raised his eyes to the sky and called out: "Father Abraham, whom have you in heaven? Are there Episcopalians there?" He answered his own question with an emphatic negation. "Are there Lutherans there? Presbyterians? Methodists? Baptists?" After each question, he answered: "No!" "Well, who is there in heaven?" "Children of God are here, with garments washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

Turning to his audience, Whitefield said: "If that is the case, let us forget names of parties and strive to love one another and to walk before the Lord as Children of God."

4941. Unity, Christian. The fact is, we are only applying, in our various denominations, the well-known principle of division of labor. Every scientific workman understands it. A ship can be managed only by a right distribution of her crew; one is stationed at the engine, another at the wheel, and all the rest assigned to their appropriate places. So has God allotted to the branches of his Church a peculiar task to each, according to its distinctive temperament and fitness. The Baptists can do what the Episcopalians are unable to do; and the Methodists accomplish what the Presbyterians could not. May God bless them all and keep them busily at work, "each over against his own place." There is no better philosophy than this of Luthardt: "Our hearts are often sorely pained to see the one Church of the Redeemer broken up into separate parts, and yet we know that every sect has its own peculiar gift with which it labors in the building up of the kingdom, and we know also that each ministers to every other with its gift."—DR. D. J. BURRELL.

4942. Unity, Lack of, Does Damage. During one of the wars between France and England, two warships met in the night. Each took the other to belong to the enemy and began firing. At day-break it was seen that both flew the Union Jack. Firing ceased, the ships lay side by side, the crews of both ships being full of mortification and sorrow because of the terrible mistake that had

occurred. But the rigging and hulls showed unmistakable signs that Englishmen knew how to fire and numerous victims were lowered into the watery sailors' graves.

The material damage done these warships by this mistake could be repaired, but the damage done the cause of Christ on earth by the party spirit can very often not be made good. And should it be possible to feel chagrin or sorrow in heaven, we will surely be chagrined and sorrowful for having mistaken friends in Christ for enemies.

4943. Unconcern, Crime of. I will never forget as long as I live a scene I witnessed. I left the tent where we were holding meetings down in Paris, Illinois, one night, and among the number who left last was a young man that I was specially attracted to by his fine looks. I walked down the street with him, and put to him the invariable question, "Are you a Christian?" He said, "No, sir, I am not." Then I used every Scripture and every argument to get him to promise me to give his heart to God, but could not succeed. When about to separate I said to him, "Are your father and mother alive?" "Both alive," said he. "Is your father a Christian?" "Don't know; he has been a steward in the church for several years." "Is your mother a Christian?" "Don't know; she has been superintendent of the Sabbath school of the same church for some time." "Have you a sister?" "Yes, sir." "Is she a Christian?" "Don't know; she has the primary department in the Sabbath school." "Do your father and mother ever ask the blessing at the table?" "No, sir." "Did your father, mother or sister ever ask you to be a Christian?" "Mr. Sunday, as long as I can remember, my father or mother or sister never said a word to me about my soul. Do you believe they think I am lost?" I could not answer such an argument. It is six years this coming October since I heard this. I can hear his words ringing in my ears, "Do you believe they think I am lost?" Can any one of ours say that we do not care for their soul? May God save us from "the crime of unconcern."—REV. W. A. SUNDAY, D.D.

4944. Unconsciousness, Good Quality. William J. Bryan says, epigrammatically, "The man who tries to keep a book account of the good he does never does enough good to pay for the binding of the book." Unconsciousness is one of the most attractive qualities about goodness.

The saint remembers his sins and forgets his good deeds.—*Forward.*

4945. Unkindness. More hearts pine away in secret anguish for unkindness from those who should be their comforters than for any other calamity in life.—*YOUNG.*

4946. Unkindness, How to Forget.

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it, you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That some one was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man,
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticize your neighbor long
Because he's busy being wrong.

—*REBECCA FORESMAN.*

4947. Unsatisfied, but Contented. Contentment is a Christian duty; satisfaction is not. Being contented is accepting one's present assigned place of toil and influence as in the ordering of God's providence. Being satisfied is taking it for granted that God has nothing better in store for one in the opening future. It is proper to be contented for the moment, but not to be satisfied for all time to come. As Robertson says, "Man's destiny is 'not to be dissatisfied, but forever unsatisfied.'" Let us, therefore, be ever unsatisfied while ever contented.—*HENRY C. TRUMBULL.*

4948. Unseen. See *Ideal.*

4949. Unseen, Importance of the. Of course everything must be neat and shipshape aboard a private yacht. A writer in *The Mariner's Advocate* tells the story of the captain of a sloop who crossed the deck in a hurry, seemingly very much perplexed. A lady guest stopped him and asked what the trouble was. "The fact is, ma'am," he said, "our rudder's broken." "Oh, is that all? I shouldn't worry about that," said the lady. "Being under water nearly all the time, no one will notice it."—*The Continent.*

4950. Unselfishness. See *Gentleness.* See *Kindness.*

4951. Unselfishness. "If I had my life to live over again," said Horace Bushnell, in his old age, "there is one thing I would not do—I would not push."

4952. Unselfishness. One of Paul's practical injunctions is: "Rejoice with those that do rejoice." An aged woman of Brooklyn that Dr. Charles Parkhurst tells about surely caught the spirit of it. She lived in a tiny room on the north side of a tenement. One day a visitor said to her: "You never see the sunshine in this room, do you?" Quick and confident and sweet was her reply: "The sun never shines in here, but I can see it shining upon my neighbor's windows." Who has not known a few choice souls like that? How they adorn the gospel they profess. The ability to see the things of others, and then to delight in them, who does not crave such a spirit?

4953. Unselfishness. Illustration of unselfishness: The prayer of the young woman who said, "O Lord, I am not asking anything for myself, but I do wish you would give Mamma a son-in-law."

4954. Unselfishness. When Turner's picture of Cologne was exhibited in 1826 it was hung between two portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The sky of Turner's picture was exceedingly bright, and it had a most injurious effect on the color of the portraits. Lawrence felt naturally mortified, and complained of the position of his pictures. This could not be changed, but artists were at the time allowed to retouch their pictures on the walls of the Academy. On the morning of the opening of the exhibition, at a private view, a friend of Turner's who had seen the "Cologne" in all its splendor led a group of expectant critics up to the picture. He started back from it in consternation. The golden sky had turned to a dun color. He ran up to Turner, in another part of the room, exclaiming: "Turner, what have you been doing to your picture?" "Oh," whispered Turner, "poor Lawrence was so unhappy. It's only lampblack. It'll all wash off after the exhibition." He had actually passed a wash of lampblack over the whole sky, utterly spoiling his picture for the time, lest it should hurt Lawrence's.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

4955. Unselfishness, Charm of. A young Southern girl said to a woman of eighty, who still attracted all in spite of her snowy hair: "Tell me the secret of your charm, and teach me to fascinate

people as you do." "My child," was the gentle response, "remember just this: in the alphabet of charm there is no such letter as I; it is all you."—*The Girls' Companion*.

4956. Unselfishness, Christian. The time is coming when, just as individual Christians give presents to one another and help one another, so denominations will give gifts to one another and aid one another in times of difficulty. Why should not bodies of Christians be as kind as individual Christians? And the same thing is true of the nations. Sometimes the individual citizens of one nation will present a statue to some other nation in token of friendship and admiration, but when do nations thus pledge friendship to other nations? Why should not one country make gifts to another country and help it out of tight places? "By their fruits ye shall know them"—denominations and nations as well as individuals. Let us show our unselfishness on the largest possible scale.

4957. Unselfishness Wins a Soul. A prisoner in a Southern prison during our Civil War was offered an opportunity of exchange three times, and declined in favor of sick fellow prisoners. The fourth opportunity came to him. He had been trying to win a comrade for Christ, but the man repelled him saying, "I don't believe in that religion, I see no evidences of it." For the fourth time he relinquished his opportunity of freedom, this time in favor of this scoffer, and by his kindness and Christlike sacrifice, he broke down the man's opposition, and won him at last.

4958. Unsoiled. Just as the sea-fowl plunging in the miry water comes up undefiled because its wing is oiled and burnished and the filth around cannot adhere to it, so the Lord Jesus passed through the powers of darkness and the allurements of the world and all the evil that was around him, and he was proof against it. He could say, "The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me."

4959. Usefulness by Nearness to Christ. Before some of the children of my congregation I once used this illustration: I showed them how a magnet would hold up a nail, and that magnetized nail another, and so on until finally the attraction was too weak to hold an additional one. It was the one closest the magnet that held the most; it is the one closest Christ who can be used most by him, and the nearer we come to Christ

the greater will be our usefulness to him.—REV. J. STUART HOLDEN.

4960. Unworthiness. The Roman censors refused to let the debauched son of Africanus wear a ring on which his father's likeness was engraven, alleging "that he who was so unlike the father's person was unworthy to wear the father's picture." Thus God will never grant any to enjoy the love of Christ in heaven who are destitute of the likeness of Christ on earth.—SECKER.

4961. Usefulness. When the air balloon was first discovered, some one flippantly asked Dr. Franklin what was the use of it. The doctor answered this question by asking another: "What is the use of a new-born infant? It may become a man."—COLTON.

4962. Use. No Christian need ever do anything but use what he has. For he has Christ. The Lord's Supper was being observed at a service for lepers. Christian believers, but held in the clutch of that dread disease, they stood and received the morsel of bread in their hands, waiting till all were served that all might partake together. The time came to do this, but one leper, blind, waited still. Then the leper next to him, seeing he was not only blind, but had no feeling in his outstretched hand, said to him gently, "Take it, brother; it is right in your hand."

4963. Uselessness. Roy B. Guild tells the following: "A few months ago while touring near Alexandria, I noticed two Turkish warships which I immediately proceeded to snap with my camera. The captain of the vessel on which we were sailing, noticing my interest in them, said, with a smile, 'Yes, Mr. Guild, they look formidable, but they are perfectly harmless. They were anchored there eight years ago and haven't turned a wheel since.' That's mighty like some church members I know. Joined to a church, anchored to a pew for eight years and never turned a wheel."

4964. Uplook Always Bright. A Scotch peasant and his wife emigrated to Canada, cleared a bit of forest, built their log cabin, and sowed their crop in a small clearing. One evening, when the husband returned from his work in the woods, he found his wife sitting on the doorstep weeping bitterly. "What's wrang wi' ye, my woman?" he asked. "I canna see oot," she answered. "No," he replied with sympathy in his voice, "but ye can see up"; and he pointed her to the circle of heaven that, like a

great blue eye, looked down upon her from above. Now there are times with all of us when we cannot see out, but there is no time when we cannot see up. If the outlook is sometimes dark, the uplook is always bright; if the outlook be sometimes narrow, the uplook is always wide; if we are shut in by life's troubles, we can look to the open heaven above us; if things of the outer world are forbidding and foreboding, we can catch glimpses of the glories of the upper realm. "From a small window," says Carlyle, "we can see the infinite."—JAMES M. CAMPBELL.

4965. Vacations, Value of. They are trying out in New York City the plan of "isles of safety," which consists of slightly elevated regions in the center of intersecting streets, protected by posts. In these spaces, about fifteen feet long and five feet wide, pedestrians may take refuge, and gather breath in the midst of their precarious transit between dashing teams and in front of wildly rushing automobiles.

We need such breathing-spaces all through our overswift and tumultuous modern life. We need little vacations scattered through our arduous days. We need little recreations to brighten.

4966. Vacillation. He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.—SHAKESPEARE.

4967. Valentine's Day. It was Shakespeare's notion that on this day birds begin to couple; hence probably arose the custom of sending fancy love-billets.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

4968. Valor.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe and
make his wrongs

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment,
carelessly;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart.
To bring it into danger.

—SHAKESPEARE.

4969. Value. I once stood in a room containing a collection of those rich treasures from Raphael and Murillo. Thinking of what a fire would mean in the building which was far from fire-proof, I turned to the guide and said:

"How much value do you place on these paintings?"

"We do not value them in money," he answered. Then placing his hand on my son, who stood by my side, he inquired, "How much value do you place on your boy?" Then I understood how much his

nation valued those precious works of art.

4970. Values, Real. Suppose a servant were sent to take care of a little girl when she went for a walk over the fields, but that when she returned she brought back only the child's clothes, saying to the mother: "Here are all the child's clothes, neat and clean, but the child is lost." This is a parable of those who neglect their souls' salvation—they may have saved their bodies, but their souls have been lost.—*Sunday Circle*.

4971. Values, Sense of. Let us not lose our sense of values. We heard a man say, "I used to be interested in books and pictures and music and travel, but I am now so interested in my growing business that I have no time or thought for anything else." "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Dr. W. J. Dawson puts it this way:

No material gain can compensate us for the loss of leisure, or the loss of those powers by which we appreciate nature, books, art, and the beautiful things of life. I have known men who have been so intent on making money that at fifty they have been incapable of any idea that was not mercantile. The rim of the guinea was for them the horizon of the whole world. A decent dog had the advantage of them every way in the interests of his life and his general behavior.—*Watchman-Examiner*.

4972. Vanity. Oh, vanity, how little is thy force acknowledged or thy operations discerned! How wantonly dost thou deceive mankind under different disguises! Sometimes thou dost wear the face of pity; sometimes of generosity; nay, thou hast the assurance to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue.—FIELDING.

4973. Vanity. It was prettily devised of Æsop, the fly sat upon the axletree of the chariot-wheel, and said, "What a dust do I raise!" So are there some vain persons that, whatsoever goeth alone or moveth upon greater means, if they have never so little hand in it, they think it is they that carry it.—BACON.

4974. Vanity. I would much rather fight pride than vanity, because pride has a stand-up way of fighting. You know where it is. It throws its black shadow on you, and you are not at a loss where to strike. But vanity is that delusive, that insectiferous, that multiplied feeling, and men that fight vanities are like men that fight midges and butterflies. It is

easier to chase them than to hit them.—
BEECHER.

4975. Veracity, God's. A dying Scotch woman was twitted, by a friend, concerning her faith. The friend said, "Suppose that, after all, this God in whom you trust should not keep his promise to save you." She answered: "E'en as he likes, but he will lose more than I will. I will merely lose my soul, but he will lose his veracity."

4976. Verities. No one can make you believe on a hot summer's day that the water from a clear mountain spring cannot cool your parched lips and quench your thirst. When you have written a letter to a friend and receive an answer couched in terms of love and friendship, no one can make you believe that you have not been in communication with your friend.

If you are downcast by care and sorrow and the Word of God raises you up, comforts you, puts new life into you, can you doubt that it is divine?

When in the hour of prayer the loving voice of the Saviour answers, saying: "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt," can any one convince you that you have not been in communication with heaven?

We thank God for the fact that we have verities upon which our faith rests, proven time and again by experience.

4977. Vexation. There are two things which will make us happy in this life, if we attend to them. The first is, never to vex ourselves about what we cannot help; and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help.—CHATFIELD.

4978. Vice. Say everything for vice which you can say, magnify any pleasure as much as you please, but don't believe you have any secret for sending on quicker the sluggish blood, and for refreshing the faded nerve.—SYDNEY SMITH.

4979. Vice. Vice leaves repentance in the soul, like an ulcer in the flesh, which is always scratching and lacerating itself; for reason effaces all other griefs and sorrows, but it begets that of repentance, which is so much the more grievous, by reason it springs within, as the cold and hot of fevers are more sharp than those that only strike upon the outward skin.—MONTAIGNE.

4980. Vice. Beware of the beginnings of vice. Do not delude yourself with the belief that it can be argued against in the presence of the exciting cause.

Nothing but actual flight can save you.
—B. R. HAYDON.

4981. Vicissitude.

Oh, sad vicissitude
Of earthly things! to what untimely end
Are all the fading glories that attend
Upon the state of greatest monarchs,
brought!

What safety can by policy be wrought,
Or rest be found on fortune's restless
wheel!

—MAY.

4982. Victory. See Difficulties. See Persistence.

4983. Victory. The smile of God is victory.—WHITTIER.

4984. Victory, Certain. I have heard of a little boy who was not surprised that little David conquered Goliath. Asked why he did not think it a wonderful victory, he said, "Because it was two to one, for God was fighting with David."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

4985. Victory and Defeat. At the close of the War of 1866, the triumphant army of Prussia came to Berlin for a reception of welcome. As each regiment approached the city gate, it was halted by a choir, demanding by what right it would enter the city. The regiment replied in a song reciting the battles it had fought, the victories it had won; then came a welcome from the choir, "Enter into the city." And so the next came up reciting its deeds, and another, and another, each challenged and welcomed. They marched up the Linden between rows of captured cannon, with banners they had borne and the banners they had taken, and they saluted the statue of grand old Frederick, the creator of Prussia. So, when all the fierce warfare of earth shall have been accomplished, and the kingdom of Christ assured, the phalanxes of his church shall go up to the city with the songs and tokens of victory. They shall march in together, singing hallelujahs, and shall lay their trophies at the feet of Him upon whose head are many crowns—King of kings and Lord of lords.—THOMPSON.

4986. Victory, The First. A little child was playing on the floor when he espied a pretty toy dog in the corner. He crept toward it with outstretched hand, but paused when it was within reach. "No, no!" he said, with a grave shake of his head. The woolly treasure had been forbidden to him. Again the hand was reached out, and again withdrawn. Then with a lingering look he crept away—a little hero who had won his first bat-

tle. We learn self-rule and become conquerors when we set up the law within us.—*S. S. Chronicle.*

4987. Vigilance. The master's eye makes the horse fat.—*From the Latin.*

4988. Vigilance, Needed. As the motorman of a subway train in New York was approaching a station, he saw, to his horror, a man climbing out of a manhole immediately in front of the car. It was impossible to shut off the power in time to save his life, for the train was close to the unfortunate man at the moment. It passed on, leaving him a mangled corpse. He proved to be a trackwalker who had occasion to inspect the lower levels, and having done his work, was emerging from the hole just as the train reached the place. A pathetic feature of the accident was the testimony of another employee, who said he had been saved only a few hours before, from being killed in just the same way, by the very man who had now lost his own life. It is strange that a man so well aware of the danger as to warn another should have been so incautious as to himself. There are some engaged in Christian work of whom it is feared that the same thing may be said. There needs to be continued vigilance on the part of every man lest the fate spoken of by the Apostle befall him.

Let that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway.

4989. Virtue. I cannot worship the abstractions of virtue; she only charms me when she addresses herself to my heart, speaks through the love from which she springs.—*NIEBUHR.*

4990. Virtue, Double Standard of. An English chaplain tells of meeting on a channel steamer an officer with whom he became intimate. The officer confided that he was going home to shoot his wife. The clergyman, shocked, asked his reason. The answer was: "While I have been away fighting, she has been unfaithful to me, and acknowledges it." The clergyman looked him in the eye and demanded: "Can you cross your heart and say that you have not been unfaithful to her?" "No, I cannot say that," was the reply; "but that is a very different matter." And because so many people think that way, we have plays and fiction, and actual human tragedies, in which the woman is disgraced while her paramour draws millions as a movie star, or holds high business or political office, and is received into good society.

4991. Vision. See Faith. See Ideals.
4991a. Vision, Celestial. At Cornell University, a professor speaking with me on the subject of an observatory, said, "I hope they will never establish one here." "Why?" "Because of the locality, which is utterly unfit for celestial observation. Cayuga Lake is nothing but a fog factory. Every night it breeds so much fog and fills the atmosphere with so much vapor that it is not until late in the day that you can get any clear view of the sky; and hardly three nights in the whole year have been fit for a critical observation of the heavens." The clouds that go up around the human observatory prevent man from seeing clearly—clouds of passion, clouds of appetites, clouds of all kinds of evil feeling from the animal man. He cannot often make observations of celestial things.—*HENRY WARD BEECHER.*

4992. Vision and Faith. Byron makes the illustrious Bonnivard dig footholds in the walls of his dungeon, by which he climbs to the lofty window of his cell to get a look at the impressive mountains of his native Switzerland. For weary years he had been confined in the prison of Chillon, below the level of the waters of Lake Geneva. One day a bird sang at the prison window the sweetest song he had ever heard. It resurrected his heart of stone. It created a yearning for a look over the land which was free to the bird. So the prisoner dug footholds in the plaster of the wall and climbed to the window above. He looked out and he saw the mountains unchanged. He saw the snow of a thousand years, and learned patience. That look put new life into him and gave him a vision that lasted him to the end. From that sight he obtained rest, strength, solace. I mean to climb up to God that I may get God's vision of life and be forever consoled by the sight of something grand and inviting beyond this life, in which I am now as in a prison. I mean to catch a glimpse of the towering peaks of immortality. I am cutting footholds for my faith in the promises of God.—*DAVID GREGG, D.D.*

4993. Vision of Glory. A young Scotch girl, who was taken ill in this country, knowing that she must die, begged to be taken back to her native land. On the homeward voyage she kept repeating, "Oh, for a glimpse o' the hills o' Scotland!"

One evening, just at the sun-setting, they brought her on deck. The west was

all aglow with glory, and for a few minutes she seemed to enjoy the scene. Some one said to her, "Is it not beautiful?" She answered, "Yes, but I'd rather see the hills o' Scotland."

For a little while she closed her eyes, and then opening them again, and with a look of unspeakable gladness on her face, she exclaimed, "I see them noo, and aye they're bonnie." Then, with a surprised look, she added, "I never kenned before that it was the hills o' Scotland where the prophet saw the horsemen and the chariots, but I see them all, and we are almost there." Then, closing her eyes, she was soon within the veil. Those beside her knew that it was not the hills of Scotland, but the hills of glory that she saw.

4994. Vision, Inspiration of. A weary traveler climbing through the Alps was suffering torture from a large blister on either heel occasioned by his long arduous climbing—at times it seemed he could not take another step, yet something urged him on. Finally the narrow trail swung sharp and there burst full upon his vision the wonderful Matterhorn wreathed in a gorgeous sunset that defied all description. Instantly he forgot the blisters and hurried on, entranced by the marvelous vision ahead of him.

4995. Vision, Lack of. A little East London boy was having his first country outing. It was the occasion of his Sunday school treat. He lay on the grass in the orchard making a chain of daisies. Across the blue sky a line of swallows dipped. "Look up, Jimmy! See the pretty birds flying through the air," said his teacher. Jimmy looked up quickly. "Poor little fellows," he said, pityingly, "they haven't got no cages, have they?" Jimmy could not see things straight. East London had dwarfed his ideas. What a picture of many a life. They are so occupied with the muck rake or pleasures of earth that they can have nothing but pity and sometimes scorn for those who set their minds on things above and soar in the pure air of a divine being.

4996. Vision, Lost. In one of Professor Jack's books, there is a conversation between two train passengers as follows: They are looking out of the train window at the snowy ranges of the Rockies. "What mountains!" exclaims one. The other, puzzled for a moment, replies, "I guess I haven't got any use for those, but if you're thinking of buying real estate . . ." That was his line, land with a chance of rising in value, land that one

day might be wanted for cities or by railways, land with a chance of oil or minerals underneath it. In a word, land with money in it was his interest, his reality.

It is a curious though not uncommon attitude. Our civilization produces quite a lot of people who have no use for snow-capped mountains or for the starry silences of the night, or for sunsets. Their hearts do not leap up when they behold a rainbow in the sky. Amid the vastness and quietness of nature they are ill at ease. They prefer Broadway or Piccadilly. So that to take a man out into the great presence of nature, to watch what he says and how he acts is a pretty reliable test of character. The man who does not consider that sunsets and snowy heights are also real estate, rather more real than your accurately measured and fenced city plot, is at any rate blind. He needs an operation for cataract of the soul.

4997. Vision, Narrow. "I thought it was a pretty fair sort of telescope for one that wasn't very big," said Uncle Silas. "I rigged it up in the attic by the high north window, and had it fixed so it would swing round easy. I took a deal of satisfaction in looking through it—the sky seemed so wide and full of wonders; so when Hester was here, I thought I'd give her the pleasure, too. She stayed a long time upstairs, and seemed to be enjoying it. When she came down I asked her if she'd discovered anything new.

"Yes," she says. "Why, it made everybody's house seem so near that I seemed to be right beside them, and I found out what John Pritchard's folks are doing in their outkitchen. I've wondered what they had a light there for, night after night, and I just turned the glass on their window and found out. They are cuttin' apples to dry—folks as rich as they cuttin' apples!"

"And that was all the woman had seen! With the whole heavens before her to study, she had spent her time trying to pry into the affairs of her neighbors! And there are lots more like her—with and without telescopes."—*Christian Uplook.*

4998. Vision, Perpendicular. Moses went to two schools,—Pharaoh's court and the back side of the desert. Just out of the first school, "Moses looked this way and that," and killed a man. After graduation from the second school, Moses "endured, as seeing him who is

invisible." One who has noted this adds that Moses had at last learned the difference between horizontal and perpendicular vision. Have we entered into our privilege of heaven-high thinking and God's way of doing?

4999. Vision, The Redeeming. There is in a little churchyard in Switzerland a simple inscription on the tomb of one who perished in an Alpine accident, which has always appealed to me with singular force: "He died climbing." He had heard the call of the mountains and had lost his life in endeavoring to respond. We have heard the call of the risen Christ, but unlike the climber we gain our lives in our sustained attempt to respond worthily. "Seek those things that are above," is a call to enjoy the highest possible life for the very struggle develops latent possibilities and capacities, and each step upward is into fuller liberty and more perfect manhood.—J. STUART HOLDEN.

5000. Vision, To Be Tested. St. Martin, the soldier-saint, relates this vision. The terrible disorders of the times led faithful men to think that the day of judgment must be at hand. Filled, as we may suppose, with such thoughts of the speedy coming of Christ's kingdom, the saint was one day, as he said, praying in his cell, when suddenly it was filled with a glorious light in the center of which stood a figure of serene and joyous aspect, clothed in royal array, with a jeweled crown upon his head, and gold-embroidered shoes upon his feet. Martin at first was half-blinded by the sight; and for a time no word was spoken. Then his visitant said: "Recognize, Martin, him whom thou beholdest. I am Christ. As I am about to descend to the earth, it is my pleasure to manifest myself to thee beforehand." When Martin made no reply, he continued: "Why dost thou hesitate to believe when thou seest? I am Christ."

Thereupon Martin, as by a sudden inspiration, answered: "The Lord Jesus did not foretell that He would come arrayed in purple and crowned with gold. I will not believe that Christ has come unless I see Him in the dress and shape in which He suffered, unless I see Him bear before my eyes the marks of the cross." Forthwith, so the story ends, the apparition vanished, and Martin knew that he had been tempted by the Evil One.

5001. Vision, Waiting for. Before undertaking new work, Leonardo da Vinci

sat for days without moving his hand, lost in deep reflection. It was so when Filippino Lippi transferred to him an order for an altar picture in the monastery of a church. The complaint of the prior was of no avail. Without the vision of an ideal, he would not lift brush to the canvas.

It was especially so in his great masterpiece, "The Last Supper." For days he awaited the moment when the face of Christ would be revealed to him in a manner worthy to represent his matchless perfection. The vision came, and all after ages have been ennobled by its reproduction.

Native endowment and scholarly equipment are not adequate to the work of acquainting men with the life of God. As Da Vinci would not touch the canvas until the vision of Christ had flooded his soul, so his fellow men must first enrich his own life by the fullest possible discovery and appropriation of the Master's ideal.—*The Sunday School Times*.
5002. Vocation. Never let your love for your profession overshadow your religious feeling. Depend on it that religion will strengthen, not weaken, your energies, and will not only make you a better sailor, but a superior man. Professional studies are not to be neglected; but, on the other hand, take care how you fall into the common error of believing they are the remedy for all the ills of life.—B. R. HAYDON.

5003. Voices, Hidden. Travelers tell us that there are rivers flowing beneath the streets of the ancient city of Shechem. But during the hours of the day you cannot hear them for the noise of the narrow streets and the bazaars; and then the night falls, and the clamor dies away, and dews of kindly sleep rest on the city; and then quite audibly, in the hush of night, you can hear the music of the buried streams. There are many voices like those hidden waters. You never can hear them save when things are still. There are whisperings of conscience in the bosom which a very little stir can easily drown. There are tidings from the Eternal Spirit who is not far away from any one of us—tidings that shall come and go unnoticed unless we have won the grace of being still.—GEORGE H. MORRISON, D.D.

5004. Votes. If we could but weigh in place of counting votes.—ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

5005. Voting. It may be conjectured that it is cheaper in the long run to lift

men up than to hold them down, and that the ballot in their hands is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong is in their heads.—LOWELL.

5006. Vowels.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

—SWIFT.

5007. Voyage of Life, Its Perils. Five years ago the merchant ship *Albatross* sailed from an Atlantic port, bound for the coast of Africa. "And she will never reach it," said an old sailor on the pier. "Why?" asked a bystander. "She seemed to me to be a staunch, well-built vessel." "She should have had a copper bottom. Here is what I found on her hull." He held out his hand, on which lay a soft, tiny mass, a lump of jelly within a wall of shell. "What harm could that do?" said the other, laughing. "It is a harmless, half-dead creature." "Harmless, half-dead creatures like that will eat into the soundest hull that ever was laid, and leave it a rotten hulk," was the reply. At the end of a year the good ship *Albatross* was reported to have sprung a leak, and sunk. The barnacles had eaten their way through the sound oak timbers, and brought ruin and death.—*Youth's Companion*.

5008. Waiting. See *Patience*.

5009. Waiting, Christ. Dan Crawford, writing from the African bush of the conversion of a hereditary king, Mwepu, a conversion the news of which sent the whole country buzzing, especially when it was noted that the angry creases disappeared from the brow of the royal penitent, gives this further interesting detail:

No king of his people ever dares open a door for himself. When the missionaries told him that he was keeping Jesus Christ waiting on the outside threshold of his life, "there came a flash of faith in the question, Was not Jesus Christ the greatest king of all? And was not He standing waiting outside with princely patience for the door to be opened for Him?"

5010. Waiting, Hard. A lady was watching a potter at his work. And she noticed that one foot was kept with "never-slackening speed turning his swift wheel round," while the other rested pa-

tiently on the ground. When she said to him in a sympathetic tone, "How tired your foot must be?" the man raised his eyes and said: "No, ma'am, it isn't the foot that works that's tired; it's the foot that stands."—MARY E. WATSON.

5011. Waiting, Industrious. After Marcus Dods was licensed by the Presbytery, he waited five years before he received a call and became pastor of a church. In one of his letters he likens himself to the cripple at the pool of Bethesda. He said in those years of waiting there was one thing he did not do; he "did not throw mud at the angel." He gave his days to the most careful preparation, resolving if he ever got a church, he would be found prepared. And the God of circumstances, the God of Providence, did not forget him. Marcus Dods got his chance, and greatly did he honor the ministry of the gospel.

5012. Wants. We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.—COLTON.

5013. War. See *Peace*. See *Patriotism*. See *Armistice Day*.

5014. War.

War in men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity

In the good time coming.

Nations shall not quarrel then,

To prove which is the stronger;

Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—

Wait a little longer.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

5015. War. War is one of the greatest plagues that can afflict humanity; it destroys religion, it destroys states, it destroys families. Any scourge, in fact, is preferable to it. Famine and pestilence become as nothing in comparison with it.—MARTIN LUTHER.

5016. War. I abominate war as unchristian. I hold it the greatest of human crimes. I deem it to involve all others,—violence, blood, rapine, fraud; everything that can deform the character, alter the nature, and debase the name of man.—LORD BROUGHAM.

5017. War. War is science of destruction.—JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

5018. War. If Christian nations were nations of Christians, there would be no wars.—SOAME JENYNS.

5019. War to Cease. A Bedouin with

his keen, watchful eye discerned a speck moving in the distance over the desert. Loading his rifle, he gripped it tight ready for action. Presently he saw that the approaching figure was a member of his own tribe and his grasp on the weapon relaxed and when a little later he saw that the tribesman was his own brother he dropped the rifle and resumed his peaceful occupation.

So the nations of the earth will some day abandon their murderous weapons of war when they see one another more closely and realize that they are "all of one blood."

5020. War, Companion of. The Greek poets most consistently teach that Ares, the god of war, while much beloved by Aphrodite, the goddess of sensuous, physical beauty, was despised by Pallas-Athene, the goddess of wisdom. They made him to have but one constant attendant and agent—Eris the goddess of Discord. She was a terrible figure. According to Hesiod she was the offspring of Night and had herself a brood of horrible children. Homer pictured her as small and insignificant, to teach men that very trivial deeds are often the cause of terrible quarrels which may eventually lead to war. She was pictured as delighting in and inciting to all the fearful sights and sounds of warfare and to have especial pleasure in the pain and distress of the wounded and dying; often in a kind of malevolent glee driving her chariot and horses of war over their bodies. When every other god, tired of the slaughter and bloodshed, had left the battlefield Eris would be found gloating over all the miseries and destruction war had caused. She it was whose "apple of discord" threw the gods into a bitter contest and which among the mortals caused the Trojan war which nearly depopulated Greece of men and destroyed the finest city of antiquity. How horribly she contrasts with those of whom Jesus said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

5021. War, Disapproval of. It is interesting to note of a time and age—the Homeric—supposed to be peculiarly given over to warfare and battle, that there was a tribe which Homer describes as the Abii, which lived on milk and its products, almost entirely, inclining to what we now term vegetarianism. This people strongly esteemed celibacy, but what is most remarkable, in an age when the heroes were military, when the occupa-

tions were those of war, when the youth were trained for battle and when force was might, they strongly disapproved of the spirit and practice of war.

5022. War, Evil of. War mends but few, and spoils multitudes; it legitimates rapine and authorizes murder; and these crimes must be ministered to by their lesser relatives, by covetousness and anger and pride and revenge, and heats of blood, and wilder liberty, and all the evil that can be supposed to come from or run to such cursed causes of mischief.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

5023. War, Folly of. The Germans in the western trenches stuck up a board with the words, "The English are Fools." No one shot at that. Carlyle had mentioned that fact before. The next morning the sign read, "The French are Fools." No one shot at that, either. The third morning the placard read, "We are Fools"—and no one shot at that. The fourth morning the card read, "We Are All Fools—Let's Go Home."

5024. War Opposed by the Gospel. The gospel has but a forced alliance with war. Its doctrine of human brotherhood would ring strangely between the opposed ranks. The bellowing speech of cannon and the baptism of blood mock its liturgies and sacraments. Its gentle beatitudes would hardly serve as mottoes for defiant banners, nor its list of graces as names for ships-of-the-line.

5025. War Being Overcome. After the Sepoy rebellion in India I saw in Lucknow a sight that is not often witnessed. Lucknow had been taken from the rebels, and their forts disarmed. But what to do with the vast stores of weapons of war, of all shapes and sizes, the head of the government did not know. But he decided to transform them into agricultural implements. So when he brought me into the inclosure, there were the weapons in great heaps all over the place, and among them several moveable forges, with the blacksmiths hard at work effecting this wonderful transformation.

—DR. WILLIAM BUTLER.

5026. War and God's Peace. I saw in Kensington Garden a picture of Waterloo a good while after the battle had passed, and the grass had grown all over the field. There was a dismounted cannon, and a lamb had come up from the pasture and lay sleeping in the mouth of that cannon. So the artist had represented it, a most suggestive thing. Then I thought how the war between God and the soul had ended, and in-

stead of the announcement, "The wages of sin is death," there came the words, "My peace I give unto thee," and amid the batteries of the law that had once quaked with the fiery hail of death I beheld the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

5027. War, Waste of. In America we see frequent protests against the sale of calves for veal as a wanton waste, the contention being that these should be left to grow to maturity, thus furnishing much more meat. News dispatches announce the issuance of an imperial ukase in Petrograd, calling to the colors men born in 1896. That means boys nineteen years of age. We are not calling attention to this as an illustration of Russia's cruelty, but as an illustration of the cruel waste of war. If it is an economic waste to slaughter calves which might grow to beeves, how much greater waste is it to slaughter boys who should be the leading producers of the coming generation.

5028. War, Womanhood in. Armistice Day will bring to many a mother again the thought of the tremendous price we paid for peace. Perhaps will come again a renewed determination concerning war that "It must not be again! It must not be again!" The burdens of war have always fallen heaviest upon womankind but it must be remembered that not the least of the soldier's hardships is his leaving them in loneliness and despair. Homer makes the wife of Hector, the Trojan hero, as she helps him on with his armor, to say:

"In pity keep within the fortress here,
Nor make thy child an orphan and thy
wife a widow."
Then answered Hector, great in war, "All
this
I bear in mind, dear wife; but I should
stand
Ashamed before the men and long-robed
dames
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun
The conflict, coward-like."

The great artist Maignan has painted Hector the type of the true soldier of all ages as, driving away in his chariot, he throws the parting kiss to Andromache and his infant son and goes forth to his death.

5029. War, Womanhood in. The patriotism of woman has usually been shown by quiet, unostentatious sacrifice. Only occasionally have there been lead-

ers who like Deborah have proven their loyalty to country by public services of marked character. One such, however, stands out in Grecian history. Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, was selected to become a sacrifice on the altars of Diana that victory might crown the hosts of Greece in their assault upon Troy. Euripedes places on the lips of the devoted victim words of the loftiest patriotism as in the presence of the army she offers herself for immolation:

"For my country and for all
The land of Greece I freely give myself
a victim:
To the altar let them lead me."

This was such a striking exhibition of devotion to country that the great poet makes it the subject of one of his plays, perpetuating forever the fame of the deed. But countless sacrifices of woman-kind as noble as Iphigenia's have been laid upon the altars of country throughout the history of the world though they have been all unnoted and unsung.

5030. Warfare, Christian. Bishop McDowell tells about an old soldier who in recounting his army life stated that he had received three wounds, one of which he showed to his listener. "Where are the other two?" he was asked. "Oh, they were only insignificant, for they were made by spent balls."

There are some folks who remain so far away from the scene of battle that the only wounds they ever receive are from spent balls. It would be a great day for the kingdom if the battle waxed so hot that we would have to say, as did the colored valet in a fierce battle in the South, "Befo' God, boss, they ain't no rear to this heah battle."

5031. Warning Despised. Through a microscope a Hindoo was shown the germs in the water from the Ganges, and was told not to drink that water any more. He didn't like the looks of the germs wriggling round in the water, so he took a heavy stick and broke the microscope and continued to drink the water.

5032. Warning, Duty of. The man in the driver's seat of the automobile is no more legally responsible for giving a warning when he is about to turn or stop; the railroad company is no more bound to put a danger sign or safety gates, or a watchman at its crossings; the foreman of the road gang is no more culpable for not warning traffic that a

blast is about to be exploded on the road, than we are responsible for warnings to the wicked, as God commanded Ezekiel.—*The Expositor*.

5033. Warning, Too Late. When the Gauls in 390 B.C. were approaching Rome, a voice, it is said, was heard in the night most earnestly warning of the invasion. On the spot where the voice was heard the Romans erected an altar to Aius Locutius, the god which gave the warning. But the sad thing about it was that it was too late. When Rome lay in ashes, all her beauty despoiled, rifled of her treasures, shorn of her strength, after the invasion had rolled over them like a great consuming monster, her citizens go out and build an altar. It was a reverent acknowledgment of help which had been aborted by their own heedlessness and the altar to the god thus became a standing monument to their own folly.

5034. Warning, Neglected. The second wireless operator of the *Titanic* said: "In the first place the *Californian* had called me with an 'ice report' about five o'clock. I was rather busy, and I did not take it. They did not call me again, but transmitted it to the *Baltic*. I took it down as it was transmitted to the *Baltic*—about half an hour afterward. I was doing some writing at the time, sir, writing some accounts on the table. I continued to work on the accounts for about thirty minutes. Then I took the report she sent to the *Baltic*. It was an 'ice report,' so I knew it was the same she had for me. I acknowledged it direct to the *Californian*. It was that the *Californian* had passed three large icebergs, and gave their latitude and longitude.

"I wrote it on a slip of paper and handed it to the officer on the bridge."

"Did you make a record of it?"

"No, sir. If we made a record of all these messages we could not begin to make up our accounts."

Bride said he did not recall the name of the officer on the bridge to whom he gave the warning.

Christians are too busy with their daily toil to take warnings. Sometimes the warnings are in a sermon, in the Scripture, or they come while we are praying. We soon forget them.

5035. Warnings, Trifled With. "Warning—Live Rail—Danger," run the words in the electric car station. A man climbs down to the track and lays his hand on that rail. "Warning—Live Rail—Danger," says his drawn, prostrate, death-struck body to horrified beholders. Will

the people heed the warning of the words which were set on that rail now? Too often the penalties which others pay do not deter us.

5036. Warning, Unheeded. Second Officer Lightoller of the *Titanic* told the Senate Investigating Committee that Capt. Smith and the other officers expected to encounter ice at 11 o'clock on the Sunday night of the disaster, or forty minutes before the ship struck; that Capt. Smith showed him a message of warning. He himself worked out the probable position of the ice, and he in turn warned Chief Officer Murdock. He also cautioned the lookout men to keep a sharp watch ahead for ice.

5037. Washington. See Patriotism.

5038. Washington. Let him who looks for a monument to Washington look around the United States. Your freedom, your independence, your national power, your prosperity, and your prodigious growth are a monument to him.—Kossuth.

5039. Washington. He stands the noblest leader who ever was entrusted with his country's life. His patience under provocation, his calmness in danger, and lofty courage when all others despaired, his prudent delays when delay was best, and his quick and resistless blows when action was possible, his magnanimity to defamers and generosity to his foes, his ambition for his country and unselfishness for himself, his sole desire of freedom and independence for America, and his only wish to return after victory to private life, have all combined to make him, by the unanimous judgment of the world, the foremost figure of history.—CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW.

5040. Washington.

O noble brow, so wise in thought!

O heart, so true! O soul unbought!

O eye, so keen to pierce the night

And guide the "ship of state" aright!

O life, so simple, grand and free,

The humblest still may turn to thee.

O king, uncrowned! O prince of men!

When shall we see thy like again?

—MRS. MARY WINGATE.

5041. Washington. See Lincoln. See Patriotism.

5042. Washington, an American. When "Citizen Genet" came over to get men, ships, and money, and also to play, for selfish purposes, upon the gratitude which our fathers felt for French aid in the Revolution, Washington took the right stand of neutrality. He showed that we were not to be hyphenated

Americans,—as the manner of some is, even in this day. He taught that the true patriot should be, not Irish- or Dutch- or Italian- or Franco- or British-Americans, but Americans without adjectives or politicians' or printers' expedients. To Patrick Henry, Washington wrote, "I want an American character, that the powers of Europe may be convinced that we act for ourselves, and not for others." He wrote again: "My ardent desire is to keep the United States free from political connection with every other country, to see them independent of all, and under the influence of none."
—REV. WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D.D.

5043. Washington, His Characteristics. Washington had the physical basis for a hero, a genius for hard, painstaking work, high courage, nerve of steel, practical common sense, foresight, knowledge of men; and the bond of perfection that held all these splendid endowments together, was his matchless unselfishness. He was not a politician, but a statesman of the first order. Never self-seeking, proof against that popular clamor that is often misguiding, unswerving under wrong influence; he avoided and never tried to create waves of popularity. In character, as in figure, he was upright, not subject to moral deflection.—REV. OLIVER C. MILLER.

5044. Washington, His Dignity. While at his Newburg headquarters the general was approached by Aaron Burr, who stealthily crept up as he was writing and looked over his shoulder. Although Washington did not hear the footfall, he saw the shadow in the mirror. He looked up, and said only, "Mr. Burr!" But the tone was enough to make Burr quail and beat a hasty retreat.

A man, who, well for himself, is nameless, made a wager with some friends that he could approach Washington familiarly. The President was walking up Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia, when the would-be wag, in full view of his companions, slapped him on the back and said, "Well, old fellow, how are you this morning?" Washington looked at him, and in a freezing tone asked, "Sir, what have I ever said or done which induces you to treat me in this manner?"

5045. Washington, His Dress. Although always very particular about his dress, Washington was no dandy, as some have supposed. "Do not," he wrote to his nephew, in 1783, "conceive that fine clothes make fine men any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain,

genteel dress is more admired and obtains more credit than lace or embroidery in the eyes of the judicious and sensible."

Sullivan thus describes Washington at a levee: "He was dressed in black velvet; his hair full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag, yellow gloves on his hands; holding a cocked hat, with a cockade in it, and the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword. . . . The scabbard was of white polished leather."

5046. Washington, Example of. God be thanked that in General Washington we have the picture of one such man, set where it cannot be hid, in the glorious frame of our country's early history, as an example to the Americans of to-day! May it find no small number who, living by the same great principles, may in no long time work in our land a moral revolution—a regeneration into a purer, sweeter, and nobler life.—JAMES T. BIXBY, D.D.

5047. Washington, a Far-Seeing Man. Washington was in a very real sense first in the hearts of his countrymen. He was an initial man, just the kind of a man to inaugurate new situations and to guide developing institutions until they became securely rooted in the friendly soil of a social and political climate which would favor their further growth. It fell to him after the struggle of the Revolutionary War was over to formulate long-distance policies for the newly-established Union of States. Washington was a far-seeing man, and proved himself, with his freedom in imparting paternal wisdom, indeed the Father of his Country.

5048. Washington, Father of His Country. Called by Providence and the Continental Congress to be the field-marshal of a free people, Washington needed friends and won them. Beyond sea his conduct inspired admiration. His signal success came through character and not through transcendent abilities. Physically his was a well-balanced organization. Moderate powers, cultivated in harmony, wrought great results.

Hollanders first coined the term, "Father of his Country" (*pater patrie*), and the Pennsylvania Dutchmen were the first in this country to apply it affectionately to Washington. Though his allies rose up in other countries, Holland produced the best.—W. E. GRIFFIS, D.D.

5049. Washington, the Ideal American. Washington was an ideal American in

his conceptions of citizenship. To him the republic was everything, and citizenship in it was sacred. Mark Antony offered Cæsar a crown three times, and each time he put it by, yet so unwillingly that even the dull Casca could see that he was loath to lay his hands off of it; but when the army would have made Washington king, and the conditions of the times would have furnished much justification for at least a temporary monarchy, he refused so indignantly that a second request would have been an insult. He knew the people better than they knew themselves, and he was not afraid to trust them. To be a citizen of a free country he esteemed greater than to be a king, and if that conception of citizenship were prevalent now the evils of political bossism would disappear.—A. L. COWELL, M.A.

5050. Washington, the Ideal American. There is a distinctively American character, and there ought to be an ideal American. Our list of heroes numbers distinguished soldiers, illustrious statesmen, successful business men, and men whose private lives were above reproach; but the verdict of history is that the man who combined into one character the marvelously varied qualities that must exist in the American ideal was Washington.

5051. Washington, Lincoln's Testimony to. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

5052. Washington, Man of Destiny. The character of Washington may want some of those poetical elements which dazzle and delight the multitude, but it possessed fewer inequalities and a rarer union of virtues than perhaps ever fell to the lot of one man. Prudence, firmness, sagacity, moderation, an overruling judgment, an immovable justice, courage that never faltered, patience that never wearied, truth that disdained all artifice, magnanimity without alloy. It seems as if Providence had endowed him in a preëminent degree with the qualities requisite to fit him for the high destiny he was called upon to fulfill—to conduct a momentous revolution which was to form an era in the history of the world, and to inaugurate a new and untried government, which, to use his own words, was to lay the foundation "for the enjoyment of much purer civil liberty and

greater public happiness than have hitherto been the portion of mankind."

5053. Washington, Our Washington. O Washington, our Washington, again the rounding year

Brings back to us thy natal day, which ever grows more dear.

Aye, more and more we reverence thee, thou who didst build so well.

The story of thy matchless deeds sire unto son will tell.

O Washington, our Washington, we see thee kneeling there,

Amidst the snows of Valley Forge, with hands upraised in prayer.

The God of Battles heard thy call and succor to thee sent.

Through all those weary, anxious years his angel with thee went.

O Washington, our Washington, be thou our guiding star.

As thou didst lead us in the past, still lead us from afar;

Still Father of thy Country be, guard and protect thy land,

And may the ship of state e'er feel thy wise and steadfast hand.

O Washington, our Washington, on blue Potomac's shore

Thy body lies in sleep eterne, at rest forevermore.

But thy great soul lives on and on; more glorious grows thy fame,

And millions yet unborn will add their praises to thy name.

—TOWNSEND ALLEN.

5054. Washington and Lafayette. These two names must ever stand intimately associated on the pages of American history. Washington, "the Father of his Country"; Lafayette, America's adopted son, the young French hero, who voluntarily placed fame, ease, riches, and a life of luxury on the altar of American freedom.

5055. Washington, as He Looked. According to Captain Mercer, the following describes Washington when he took his seat in the House of Burgesses in 1759:

"He is as straight as an Indian, measuring six feet two inches in his stockings, and weighing one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His head is well shaped, though not large, and is gracefully poised on a superb neck, with a large and straight rather than a prominent nose, blue-gray penetrating eyes, which are widely separated and overhung

by heavy brows. A pleasing, benevolent, though commanding countenance, dark-brown hair, features regular and placid, with all the muscles under control, with a large mouth, generally firmly closed."

Houdon's bust accords with this description.

5056. Washington, Place of. "In what position would you place Washington with other great men—Napoleon, Alexander or Hannibal? What would you say of Washington's military genius, compared with the above named?"

"I can tell you the difference between Washington and Napoleon, Alexander and Hannibal. They rose to heights by stepping upon and putting down all others, while Washington rose to fame by reaching down and lifting up all others."—REV. J. F. CARSON, D.D.

5057. Washington, Story of. The Senate's function of compelling deliberation has been illustrated in many ways, but in none better than by one of the apocryphal stories of George Washington on which an earlier generation was brought up. He was said to have been asked at a friend's table why we had aped the feudal institutions of Great Britain to the extent of having a select as well as a popular house in our Congress. His hostess had just helped him to a cup of tea, so hot that it was sending forth a cloud of steam. He poured a part of the tea into his saucer, and let it stand long enough to cool before drinking. "This cup," said he, "is the House of Representatives. Its contents have come directly from the people, who may be in a state of great excitement. This saucer is the Senate, in which I can hold the scalding liquid till its heat has subsided enough to make it safe to drink."

5058. Washington with the Children. A very sweet story is told which shows how fond Washington was of children. One winter night a large house in a Northern State was brilliantly illuminated; the table was spread with fine silver and glass and bright decorations, while a number of good things were provided for eating. A guest was expected, and the dinner was spoiling. The domestic said that the guest had arrived an hour before and had been shown to a room, so that he could rest and wash before dinner. As he did not come down, the host excused himself to his other guests and went upstairs. On his way he passed the nursery, and there sat the missing guest, a baby astride his foot. He was "riding the child to Boston"

and singing quite lustily "How the Derby was Won," to the delight of another child close by. When he saw his host, he was a little confused, but finished the song, then rose and bade the children good night. "Say 'Good night, and thank you, General George Washington,'" said the father. "Good night, and thank you, General George Washington!" the children called after him. How happy those children must have been through life to remember the time when Washington forgot his dinner to play with them!—*The Children's Visitor.*

5059. Washington's Birthday.

Run the flags up, every one,
Fly the old red, white and blue,
All to honor Washington,
Good and brave and true.

5060. Washington's Birthday: Honor It. The birthday of Washington ought never to pass without the reverent mention of his name. Not every nation has such a name as his at the head of its roll of honor. Well was it said of him, "Providence left him childless, that the nation might call him father." We have passed the first period in our judgment of Washington. We have come to the time when we can judge him dispassionately. The evidence is all in. All the men who knew him are dead. All the records that involved his public and private life are closed. The material is all in hand for a judgment of the man. And he stands the test. Human, and with the weakness of humanity, he was grandly noble, a fit leader of the people in his day, and a fit example of private virtue and public probity for days that have followed.

5061. Washington's Birthday: How Honor Washington. The goal of the Bible is a holy city, that is, a Christian city; but we are now learning that, though it is to be a heavenly city, it is not a city in heaven, but a city "coming down out of heaven from God," a Christianized society, whose business and politics and pleasures are to be loyal to Christ. We shall best honor Washington by helping that consummation.—REV. WILBUR F. CRAFTS, D.D.

5062. Washington's Birthday Story. A rich but miserly old New Yorker was approached, several years ago, with a request for a subscription to a statue of Washington, to be erected in his city. *Short Stories* relates what followed.

"Washington! Washington!" the rich man exclaimed. "Why, Washington does

not need a statue. I keep him enshrined in my heart!"

In vain were the visitor's solicitations, and he was naturally indignant at the parsimony of the millionaire.

"Well, Mr. R," he remarked quietly as he rose to leave, "all I can say is, that if the Father of his Country is in the position in which you describe him, he is in a tight place!"

5063. Washington's First Act as President. The first thing Washington did on becoming President was to call on Congress to assemble themselves for public thanksgiving, to give thanks to the Supreme Being for that Great Providence which had unmistakably guided them in all those great events which had helped to build up this country. So in his farewell address he reminds his countrymen that as religion and morality enjoin them to the highest justice, so he desires for the nation that which is always true.—*Christian Conservator*.

5064. Washington's All-Round Greatness. Some men are great in one or more characteristics, but sadly deficient in others. Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon Bonaparte were supremely great in military genius, but selfishness and personal ambition were their ruin.

Washington, however, was great in all the noble qualities of the human soul. If complete and incorruptible integrity is greatness, if entire devotion to the people's welfare constitutes any element of greatness, if choosing a great cause and subordinating and sacrificing one's self continuously to its service, if high patriotism, unerring wisdom in statesmanship and military genius, constitutes greatness, then George Washington was surely a great man.

5065. Washington's Athletic Skill. Many stories are told which show Washington's athletic skill. During a surveying expedition he first visited the Natural Bridge in Virginia. Standing almost directly under it, he tossed a stone on top, a distance of nearly five hundred feet. He scaled the rocks and carried his name far above all others. He was said to be the only man who could throw a stone across the Potomac River. Washington was never more at home than when in the saddle. "The general is a very excellent and bold horseman," wrote a contemporary, "leaping the highest fences and going extremely quick, without standing on his stirrups, bearing on his bridle or letting his horse run wild."

After his first battle Washington

wrote to his brother, "I heard the bullets whistle about me, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound." But years after, when he had learned all there was to know of the horrors of war, he said, sadly, "I said that when I was young."

5066. Washington's Call to Presidency. Washington spent a frightful winter, 1777, at Valley Forge when he suffered enough to break the back of an elephant, but in the spring of 1778 Congress was more liberal with the Army, and the troops were better supplied with arms and clothing and France soon acknowledged the independency of the United States.

In October, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, which virtually ended the War, the general army was disbanded soon afterward and the British evacuated New York. Washington then returned to his home in Mt. Vernon. On the formation and adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789, Washington was chosen as the First President of the United States. He selected a very able cabinet, of which Jefferson was Secretary of State and Hamilton was Secretary of Treasury.

5067. Washington's Greatness. Washington's greatness has been recognized not only in this country, but abroad. De Tocqueville, reciting the principles of democracy, says: "The political conduct of Washington was always guided by these maxims. He succeeded in maintaining his country in a state of peace while all other nations of the globe were at war." Bryce, in "The American Commonwealth," says: "Washington stands alone and unapproachable, like a snow peak rising above its fellows into the clear air of the morning, with a dignity, constancy and purity which have made him the ideal type of civil virtue to succeeding generations. No greater benefit could have befallen the republic than to have such a type set from the first before the eye and mind of the people."

5068. Washington's Sound Ideas. As a young man Washington had sound ideas of citizenship. He had no thought that the business of a gentleman was to loaf or play. Devotedly fond of riding and hunting and all the healthful activities of open-air life, these were kept in their place. Heir to a large though somewhat impoverished estate, he set himself as a mere boy to the earning of his own living. His work as a surveyor was thorough and accurate, "the best that could

be made," says one of his biographers. He demanded the same thoroughness of others; some of the stories which ascribe to him a thrift akin to meanness are traceable to his insistence that in the handiwork of life men should give full measure.

5069. Washington's Life Events.

Washington lived sixty-seven years and ten months, which passed as follows: Nineteen years of boyhood and youth, terminating in his appointment to a command in the militia; twenty-six years of life at Mt. Vernon, passed there at different intervals, of which his three last years were the happiest; fifteen years of military service, in which the seven years of the Revolution is the chief feature; one year of political service in the formation of the Constitution, and eight years in the presidency. While at Mt. Vernon, however, he was to a great degree a public man, and hence it may be reckoned that his services date from his nineteenth year, and form a complete half century.

5070. Washington's Modesty. Washington's extreme delicacy and modesty were strikingly exhibited at his first entrance into the Legislature of Virginia, following his distinguished services in the Indian wars. He was then but twenty-six years of age. George Cary Eggleston, in his volume entitled, "The American Immortals," says, regarding this incident: "The House had, by a unanimous vote, instructed its Speaker to welcome young Washington publicly in the most conspicuous way he could. When Washington, knowing nothing of the honor planned for him, entered the legislative hall to take his seat, the Speaker arose and, in the name of the colony, presented thanks to Washington for his brilliant military services, in an address so warmly eulogistic that, for the only time in his life, George Washington lost his self-control and fell into confusion of mind. It was said by one who was present on that occasion that, in his effort to reply, he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable. The Speaker came to his rescue most masterfully. He called out: 'Sit down, Mr. Washington! Your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess.'"—REV. EDWIN W. CASWELL.

5071. Washington's Namesake. At one time, as Washington entered a shop in New York, a Scotch nursemaid followed him, carrying her infant charge.

"Please, sir, here's a bairn was named after you."

"What is his name?" asked the President.

"Washington Irving, sir."

Washington put his hand upon the child's head and gave him his blessing, little thinking that "the bairn" would write, as a labor of love, a life of Washington.

5072. Washington's Silence in Responsibility. Washington, unlike Lincoln, was a silent man. Many of those nearest to him considered him cold, austere and aristocratic. While in this regard he probably was constitutionally different from Lincoln, yet we must remember that he was absorbed in the greatness of his work, and, like Grant, in the presence of armies that were to settle the destiny of the Revolution, perhaps in a single battle, he seemed to have the silent loneliness of genius, rather than confiding in the affections and sympathies of his fellows.

After victory had crowned the mighty struggle of seven years' war, Washington's great heart opened to his countrymen. He then wrote to a friend: "The scene is at last closed. I feel myself eased of the load of public care."

5073. Waste. It is said that 95 per cent. of the potential energy of coal is wasted because man has not yet learned how to conserve it. Of course the problem will be solved some day; but probably not till its solution has become a downright necessity.

It is too bad about the waste in the potential energy of coal. But it is far sadder to contemplate the woeful waste of the potential usefulness of men.

Which of us can view the throngs of young men dawdling on street corners, lounging in cheap theaters or club rooms, or destroying their manhood in saloons and not be discouraged at the spectacle? Which of us can think of what it would mean to the world if it could be stopped, this tragedy of squandered potentialities—which of us can think of it and not bow to the conviction that to stop it is at once mankind's gravest problem and highest duty?

5074. Waste of Time.

Oh! waste thou not the smallest thing,

Created by Divinity;

For grains of sand do mountains make,

And atoms infinity;

Waste thou not then, the smallest time,

'Tis imbecile infirmity,

For well thou know'st, if aught thou know'st,

That seconds form eternity.

—EDWARD KNIGHT.

5075. Waste, Unconscious. A man having arrived at a western seaport city recently discovered that he and his companions greased their oars, masts and everything else about their boat with ambergris valued at \$20 an ounce, and threw away more than they used, in the belief that it was ordinary grease. He saved about five ounces in a bottle which he placed in the bottom of his traveling bag, and forgot it. Out of curiosity to know what it was he showed it to a druggist, who offered him \$73 for it. He had never dreamed of its value other than as a good lubricant. Ignorance always causes waste because it is waste itself. Many men do not value spiritual things. Men criticize the church to-day because they do not know the value of the church. Men throw aside Christ because they can see no beauty in him.

5076. Watch. A young lady, whose parents had died while she was an infant, had been kindly cared for by a friend of the family. Before she was old enough to know him, his business took him to Europe. Regularly he wrote to her through all the years of his absence, and never failed to send her money for all her wants. Finally word came that during a certain week he would return and visit her. He did not fix the day nor hour. She received several invitations to take pleasant trips with her friends during that week. One of those was so pleasant a nature that she could not resist accepting it. During the trip he came, inquired as to her absence and left. Returning she found this note: "My life has been a struggle for you; might not you have waited one week for me?" Jesus has not fixed the day nor hour of his return, but he has said, "Watch!" And should he come to-day, would he find us absorbed in thoughtless dissipation?

5077. Watchfulness. The sleepy Custom House officers let the contraband article in because it seems of small bulk. There are old stories about how strong castles were taken by armed men hidden in an innocent-looking cart of forage. Do you keep a rigid inspection at the frontier, and see to it that everything vindicates its right to enter because it is pleasing to Jesus Christ?

5078. Watchfulness, Needed. Because her lone wireless operator after fourteen

hours on duty took a nap, the Leyland liner *California*, only eighteen miles away, did not know of the *Titanic* disaster in time to go to the rescue.

She could have been alongside the *Titanic* in less than two hours—long before the *Titanic* sank.

The *California's* engines were shut down at 10:15 on Sunday night, April 14, on account of appearance of icebergs. A few minutes later Wireless Operator Evans crawled into his bunk.

He probably was scarcely sound asleep when the frantic "C.Q.D." flashed from the *Titanic*. The shutting down of the engines would not have prevented Evans from receiving this message if he had been on watch. He could not have replied, but he could have given the news to Captain Lord.

5079. Watch-Night. See *New Year. See Old Year.*

5080. Water, The Living. Driving across a section of a neighboring State, we were impressed by the strange fact that almost no farm houses were upon the highway, and not a few were out of sight of it. There seemed to be no regularity or order in the matter of their location. But a farmer explained it all in one word. The pioneer did not first seek for company, but for water. The demand for society was not so imperative as the demand for drink. No landscape was beautiful to him which had not a spring running through it. And in the end, that will be the test of every creed and every philosophy. Men will not rest long "where no water is." The poetry, the fiction, the philosophy of the day are all pessimistic, but the world is never going to settle down in the desert of hopelessness.

5081. Way, Christ's. "Where are we, captain?" asked a passenger on an Australian steamer several days out from the California coast.

"Come over here to the chart and I will show you," came the courteous response. "You see," said the captain as the two bent over a well-worn map, "there are three routes to Australia from the port we just left. That one there is the one that is usually taken; that there, designated as Number 2, is the route I preferred to take, and this one here, numbered 3, is the one the company wanted me to take and that is the one we have taken. We are right here just now."

The world's way, my way and Christ's way. Which am I sailing?

5082. **Weakness.** *See Temptation.*

5083. **Weakness, God Uses.** Several years ago a Chinese woman brought a slave girl to a mission hospital in Canton. The girl was blind, and was growing lame, and her owner, fearing that she would become valueless, wanted the missionaries to cure her. The doctors said that not only was the blindness incurable, but that it would be necessary to amputate a leg. On learning this, the owner left the slave on the hands of the mission. The amputation was successfully performed, and when the girl was well again, the missionaries gave her light work to do about the place. But the poor cripple's troubles were not yet over. She developed leprosy, and as required by the law, was sent to a leper settlement. Blind, a cripple, a leper! Yet there is one more thing to be told of her. During her life at the hospital she had become a happy Christian. In two years that blind cripple had built up a band of Christians in the leper settlement, and other leper villages were sending to ask about the wonderful good news that could bring joy even to outcasts. In five years a church had grown out of her work, and now a hospital is being planned. That poor, crippled life is to-day a center of joy and service.—*Forward.*

5084. **Wealth.** *See Giving. See Money. See Selfishness.*

5085. **Wealth.** A great fortune is a great servitude.—SENECA.

5086. **Wealth.**
We know that wealth well understood,
Hath frequent power of doing good;
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the power and will were one;
Thus oft the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep them poor.
—GAY.

5087. **Wealth Does Not Create Happiness.** The highest ambition of most young people is to be rich. They little realize what that means. Andrew Carnegie, in writing to a London newspaper, declared the advantages of wealth are trifling. He says: "Beyond a competence for old age, which need not be great and may be small, wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness. Millionaires who laugh are rare."

5088. **Wealth, Helpless.**
These grains of gold are not grains of wheat!

These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
These jewels and pearls and precious stones

Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower.

—LONGFELLOW.

5089. **Wealth, The Importance of.** "I used to think that a man could get anything if he had the money," remarked an old man recently, "but I have found out that there are some things that money cannot buy." And those "some things" are often the very things that make life worth living. Merely to have enough to eat and enough to wear, and enough besides that to foster a spirit of pride, is not to get the good out of life. But that is about all that wealth of itself can do. To have all that heart can wish is not happiness, if that heart has no wish for things high and noble and good.

5090. **Wealth Leads to Folly.** The papers report that a wealthy woman went to one of the finest hotels in New York and engaged a suite of four rooms and three baths for the winter at \$50 a day. There was a living room, a bedroom and a bath for herself, a room and bath for the maids, and a bedroom and bath for her "babies," as she called her three dogs—two Japanese and one a Pekingese spaniel. Arising from their satin-lined baskets in the morning, the dogs are bathed with scented water in the big white tub. After that comes breakfast with milk and toast. At luncheon the "babies" are served with lamb chops and creamed potatoes. Dinner consists of a bit of chicken, mashed potatoes, and a dessert of ice cream or some creamy confection. The fare for the dogs is \$10 a day, \$3,650 a year. It could hardly be thought possible that there should be such a wicked waste of money and such a misdirection of affection as this story would indicate, when there are so many children dying for want of food, and whose hearts are crying for want of love! —*Christian Herald.*

5091. **Wealth Must Be Left.** A godly man, who had built a new house had put over the door in golden letters the one word: "Linquenda," "I must leave it." Karl Geroch, the celebrated German poet, wrote about it as follows: "Write this word above everything you value. Write it upon your house, proprietor; upon your bonds, capitalist; upon your jewelry, young lady; upon your stores, business man; write it, mother, in spirit upon the brow of your child; husband, note, it is written above this world, with all the beautiful and good things it con-

tains! How much cause have we to cleave to One who has said: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!"

5092. Wealth, Unsatisfying. It's good to have money, and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while, and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER.

5093. Wealth, Using. From the Alaskan mines comes a story worth repeating. A young Swede, whose opportunities had been so limited that he was nothing but a stable boy before he went to the mines, was fortunate enough to secure a good claim and to dig a considerable amount of gold out of it. His partner, also a Swede, asked him one day: "What are you going to do with your money?" "I mean to do more for the world," was the quiet answer, "than the world ever did for me." He meant it, too. This ex-hostler has since given something like fifty thousand dollars to endow a college and a hospital in the West.

5094. Wealthy Not Always Better Off. Dan Crawford says that in the south of Africa there is a certain kind of civilization advancing, the civilization that brings drink, gambling, and all the rest with it. "It was down that way," he states, "that I was starting out for England, down by the railway head, where I and my black friends bade each other good-by. Oh, how they looked at that railway! Then they asked me to explain to them about some of the things belonging to your so-called civilization. So I began gushing about all your wonderful civilization. How they looked and listened! As I went on telling them of automobiles, submarines, aeroplanes, and everything else, trying to draw a wonderful look from them, I noticed one man with an uncomfortable look in his eyes. I could see he was waiting for me the way a cat waits for a rat. Finally he said, as I stopped, 'Are you finished?' And then, dear friends, he punctured my tire with a bang. I will never forget it. He said, 'To be better off is not to be better.'"

5095. Wedding Garment. Once upon a time I went to an evening party at a "swell" place, and of course I put on the claw-hammer. For some reason I was the only man there in full dress. "I felt like a fool," as I told a friend. Another time I found myself at a party in a pepper-and-salt business suit and soft shirt when everybody else was in full

dress. I felt just as I did before. These were only little insignificant earthly "feels." How will it be in heaven? Happiness depends on clothes. Inside emotions are affected by outside wrappings. This fellow probably thought it did not make any difference what a man believes just so he is decent and respectable and well-behaved. God is no respecter of persons. He is of clothes (Ezek. 16: 10; 2 Cor. 5: 3; 1 Pet. 5: 5; Rev. 3: 5; 4: 4). To be presented at the Court of St. James, there is just one way to have your clothes made. No matter how great, how gracious, how gifted, how golden, how glorious, or how high up in G you are, you must be clothed that way. To despise the Court's way is to stamp you as unfit for the court. And no sane man or woman would think of treating King George as he does King Jehovah.—W. RIDGWAY.

5096. Whosoever Will. Many men fold their arms and say, "If I am one of the elect I shall be saved, and if I am not, I shan't. No use bothering about it." I have an idea that the Lord Jesus saw how men were going to stumble over this doctrine of election, so after he had been thirty or forty years in heaven, he came down and spoke to John. One Lord's day in Patmos he said to him: "Write these things to the churches." John kept on writing. His pen flew very fast. And then the Lord, when it was nearly finished, said: "John, before you close the book, put in one more invitation. 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'"—D. L. MOODY.

5097. Wickedness. See Disobedience. See Sin.

5098. Wickedness. Wickedness is a kind of voluntary frenzy, and a chosen distraction.—TILLOTSON.

5099. Wickedness. Peace and wickedness are far asunder.—STILLINGFLEET.

5100. Wife, A Good. A good wife is heaven's last, best gift to man,—his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels; her voice is sweet music, her smiles his brightest day, her kiss the guardian of his innocence, her arms the pale of his safety, her industry his surest wealth, her economy his safest steward, her lips his faithful counselors, her bosom the softest pillow of his care.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

5101. Wife, Where to Find a. In a recent Y.M.C.A. shop meeting the subject

was Roosevelt. S. W. Grafflin, earnestly addressing a group of thirty or forty interested workman, was giving the source of the great man's power. This he said was drawn from five "Wells." He was "well bred, well fed, well read, well wed, and well led."

He stopped long enough to explain just what he meant by good breeding, physical fitness, the well-stored mind, a happy home life, and above all being led by the Spirit of God. As he concluded the simple explanation of what he meant by being well wed, a young Italian-American spoke up:

"Say, Boss, where can I find such a girl? I am looking for her."

The speaker smiled. "Where have you been looking for her?" he asked. "Have you tried your church social or the prayer meeting?"

"No, sir."

"Have you not been looking for her on dance hall floors?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, old man, you can't find a prayer-meeting girl on a dance-hall floor. The trouble is you have been looking for the right thing in the wrong place. Suppose you slip around to the old church crowd and see if the same fine woman about whom you have been thinking is not in the same fine place where she has always been."

The hearty round of applause that broke from the men showed that the shaft had gone home; that once more the thoughts of the group had been carried to the fact that the fine things and the fine people are still to be found at the same old stand.

5102. Will.

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still,
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known.

—BUTLER.

5103. Will, Christ's. The late D. L. Moody, in speaking of the familiar passage, "My peace I leave with you," said, "Did you ever think that, when Christ was dying, he made a will? Perhaps you have thought that no one ever remembered you in a will, but if you are in the Kingdom, Christ remembered you in his. He willed his body to Joseph of Arimathea, his mother to John the son of Zebedee, and he willed his Spirit back to his Father. But to his disciples he left his peace (not ours, but his) and his joy. They say a man can't make a will now that lawyers can't break, and drive

a four-in-hand right through it, but I challenge them to break Christ's will. No judge or jury can set that aside."—*The Christian Herald*.

5104. Will, of God, Discovered. Crossing the Irish channel one starless night, I asked the captain: "How do you know Holyhead Harbor on so dark a night as this?" He said: "You see those three lights? Those three must line up behind each other as one, and when we see them so united we know the exact position of the harbor's mouth." When we want to know God's will there are three things which always concur—the inward impulse, the Word of God, and the trend of circumstances. God in the heart, impelling you forward; God in the Book, corroborating whatever he says in the heart; and God in circumstances, which are always indicative of his will. Never start until these three things agree.

—F. B. MEYER.

5105. Will of God, Finding. In his life of Henry Drummond, Dr. George Adam Smith has inserted the following Eight Maxims that he found inscribed on the flyleaf of Drummond's Bible.

First. Pray.

Second. Think.

Third. Talk to wise people, but do not regard their decision as final.

Fourth. Beware of the bias of your own will, but do not be too much afraid of it. (God never unnecessarily thwarts a man's nature and likings, but it is a mistake to think that his will is the line of the disagreeable.)

Fifth. Meantime do the next thing (for doing God's will in small things is the best preparation for knowing it in great things).

Sixth. When decision and action are necessary go ahead.

Seventh. Never reconsider the decision when it is finally acted upon.

Eighth. You will probably not find out till afterwards—long afterwards perhaps—that you have been led at all.

5106. Will, In the. Margaret Bottomo says she once learned a lesson from an old colored cook. One of his fellow-servants, in passing, upset some hot water over him, and she expected some bitter words in return for her carelessness. But instead he only said, with a quiet smile: "Never mind, it's all in the will." It is such a wonderful thing for us to get hold of this. There is a strain in our lives that need not be there. A hurry, bustle, and worry that was not in His life, because he saw from moment

to moment simply the will of the Father.
—E. M. WADDELL.

5107. *Will, Yielded.* See *Decision and Decision Day.*

5108. *Will, Yielded to God.* There is an ancient legend told of one of the primitive saints that will arrest attention possibly as a figure of ourselves. The one paramount regulation of the Order of Saint Francis is that each monk shall implicitly obey his superior; for life or for death is the vow of irrevocable consecration. And so the fable that once there came into the fraternity a man that proved imperious and refractory. He broke the command of his chief. Instantly he was apprehended. A grave was dug, narrow and deep. They put him standing in it; and earth was trampled in around his body. Then when it had reached his middle the superior drew nigh the living sepulcher, and, fixing his relentless eye upon him, asked, "Are you yet dead to human will?" There came no answer, for that priest was not of any common mold. And the clods of the valley were again shoveled in upon him. Stern as doom that horrible burial went forward—to his armpits, to his shoulders, to his neck, to his lips. Then in agony he threw up his nostril for breath. Again St. Francis approached him and put the icy question, "Are you yet dead?" And the brothers waited on their spades for the final order. The culprit looked up in the eye of his chief, and found nothing there in its gray cool depths—so passionless, yet so resolute—but unflinching determination. Then the will broke, and the lips murmured, "I am dead."

Behold a picture of the living death which we call life. This period of our existence is but a burial of our will. With rightful authority, not with usurped force—with kindness and gentle discipline, not with the rigorous terrors of relentless doom—with the yearning heart of a parent, not with the domineering decree of a priest—our Lord asks us will we die unto the world and live unto him.—CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D.

5109. *Wine.* The use of wine is quite superfluous to man. It is constantly followed by the expenditure of power. The drinker draws a bill on his health which must always be renewed.—BARON LIEBIG.

5110. *Wine.* The sluices of the grogshop are fed from the wine-glasses in the parlor, and there is a lineal descent from the gentleman who hiccoughs at his elegant dinner-table to the sot who makes

a bed of the gutter.—E. H. CHAPIN, D.D.
5111. *Winning Souls.* See *Souls.* See *Soul-Winning.*

5112. *Winning Souls.* A man of seventy-eight, living entirely alone in a small bungalow, was recently converted through the efforts of a busy mother. As he was sitting in the park one day, she—a stranger to him—felt impelled to stop as she was passing to inquire after his soul's welfare. She found him hungry for spiritual food. As he afterwards told me, he "had known for a long time that Christianity was the right thing, only he needed some one to stir him up." Which goes to prove that sometimes we Christians are faring so sumptuously on religious literature, missionary "talks," and eloquent sermons that we forget that there is a Lazarus at our gates waiting for the crumbs to give him strength and courage to join us at our feasts. A man's life consisteth in leading others to become Christians.

5113. *Wireless.* See *Radio.*

5113a. *Wireless, Parable of Prayer.* The story has lately been told in the papers of how the captain of a small vessel was one night taken very ill. Canned food had brought on ptomaine poisoning, and he realized that he was dangerously sick. But what to do he did not know, for, though the cure might be in his ship's medicine chest, he had no skill to choose or compound it. Only one hope came to his mind—to find a doctor. He set the wireless telegraph to work. Out into the night went the message, signaling north, south, east, and west the call for a doctor and a prescription,—and lo, across hundreds of miles of air came the answer. The physician had been found, the prescription was given, and the captain's life was saved. The newspaper called it a parable of prayer. There is a striking difference between the operator of the wireless and the man who prays to God. The former sends out his message over the broad seas, hoping somewhere to make himself heard, but not knowing where his call will find an instrument keyed to receive it. He who prays, however, knows who will hear. He knows that his cry will come to his Father's ear.—J. R. MILLER, D.D.

5114. *Wireless, Use of.* The beneficent possibilities of the wireless telegraph are gradually becoming known; the range and scope are extending. The latest incident illustrative is that of calling the doctor in aid of a sick baby on a ves-

sel several hundred miles off our coast.

The ship's physician had done what he could for the child, but ineffectually. He gave it up as beyond his skill; the infant was doomed. Then the wireless operator had an idea. He telegraphed the Cape Hatteras station, calling for medical advice. Hatteras called up a family doctor in a near-by town, stating the symptoms and the urgency of the case, and in response came a prescription, which was flashed through the air to the ship at sea.

The baby was dosed as directed in the aerial advice, and showed "immediate improvement." Later the wireless sent word to the doctor on shore that his unseen patient "was considered out of danger."

5115. Wisdom. *See God. See Providence.*

5116. Wisdom. A wise man will always be a Christian, because the perfection of wisdom is to know where lies tranquillity of mind and how to attain it, which Christianity teaches.—LANDOR.

5117 Wisdom. Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly; but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory.—LANDOR.

5118. Wisdom, God's Infinite. The story is told of a young theological student who one day came to Mr. Spurgeon telling him that the Bible contained some verses which he could not understand, and about which he was very much worried. To this the great man of God replied, "Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice. You must expect to let God know some things which you do not understand." The student took the words of wisdom to heart.—*Christian Herald.*

5119. Wisdom and Knowledge. The question is, whether, like the Divine Child in the temple, we are turning knowledge into wisdom, and whether, understanding more of the mysteries of life, we are feeling more of its sacred law; and whether, having left behind the priests and the scribes and the doctors and the fathers, we are about our Father's business, and becoming wise to God.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

5120. Wit. Wit implies hatred or contempt of folly and crime, produces its effects by brisk shocks of surprise, uses the whip of scorpions and the branding-iron, stabs, stings, pinches, tortures, goads, teases, corrodes, undermines.—E. P. WHIPPLE.

5121. Wit. Wit must be without effort. Wit is play, not work; a nimbleness of the fancy, not a laborious effort of the will; a license, a holiday, a carnival of thought and feeling, not a trifling with speech, a constraint upon language, a duress upon words.—BOVEE.

5122. Wit.

By wit we search divine aspect above,
By wit we learn what secrets science yields,

By wit we speak, by wit the mind is rul'd,
By wit we govern all our actions;

Wit is the loadstar of each human thought,

Wit is the tool by which all things are wrought.

—ROBERT GREENE.

5123. Witness, A Ready. In some respects Mohammedans put us to shame. They do not apologize for their religion, and the last thing they want us to do is to apologize for ours. Even a little girl about six years old in Cairo, who was asked if she were a Mohammedan, replied as quick as a flash, "Yes, thank God, I am a Mohammedan!"—MOTT.

5124. Witness-Bearing. *See Confessing Christ.*

5125. Witness-Bearing. Spirit-filled Christians will never be like the rivers which flow into the Arctic Ocean—frozen at the mouth.

5126. Witness-Bearing for Christ. "Hadn't I better tell sister about Jesus?" abruptly asked a boy of ten of a guest in the house. The sister, some years younger, lay on the bed asleep, and the boy had been telling of his admiration for her. The guest inquired why he should tell his sister, and this was the boy's reply: "Father never told me, mother didn't, teacher never said anything, and I wouldn't have given my heart to Jesus but for the story you told in the Sunday school that day. Maybe nobody will tell sister; don't you think I'd better?"—ALICE MIRIAM GAMLIN.

5127. Witnesses for Christ. We are told that it was Benjamin Franklin who discovered that plaster sown in a field would make things grow. He told his neighbors; but they did not believe him. Early the next spring he went into his field and sowed some grain. Close by the path where men would walk he traced with his finger some letters and put plaster into them, and then sowed his seed broadcast in the field. After a week or two the seed sprang up. His neighbors as they passed that way were very much surprised to see in brighter green

than all the rest of the field the writing in large letters, "This has been plastered." Franklin did not need to argue with his neighbors about the benefit of plaster for fields. For as the season went on and the grain grew, those bright green letters rose above all the rest until they were a kind of relief plate in the field: "This has been plastered."

I think that Jesus wants to write on our hearts the words: "These people are Christians." A good many people profess to believe that there is no virtue in the teachings of Christ, but if they see that we are patient and gentle and unselfish, kind and thoughtful and pure, that we never speak words of untruth or ungraciousness, that we do not live to please ourselves chiefly—they will notice the great difference between the rest of the human field and our lives, and they will say: "These people are truly Christians." They will never find any argument against Christianity when it is shown in our lives, you may be sure.

5128. Witnesses for Christ. A little girl in a Chinese village where a China inland missionary lived watched this man as he went about his Master's work. She saw him going to the homes where there were sickness, death, and sorrow; and she watched him as he moved about that village. She never heard him speak in public. One day she went to another village, and followed some girls into a mission school. There she heard a lady talking to them, in Chinese, about some one full of gentleness and sympathy and kindness, some one to whom little children came. One of the little girls asked the visitor: "Do you know who it was?" "Yes," she replied, "she was talking about the missionary that lives in our village." She had never heard about Jesus Christ, and when the teacher described the beautiful life of Jesus Christ she thought she was describing the missionary.

That missionary was a living witness for Christ, a walking Bible. Or, to change the figure, he was bearing the Christ-fruit, so the little girl knew he was a Christian. All who saw him knew he was a Christian because he acted like one.

It is the duty of every Christian to be a living witness for Christ. The testimony can be of two kinds, lip testimony and life testimony. We must both "by our lips and lives express the holy gospel we profess."—H.

5129. Witnesses for Christ. "I have

never seen Jesus," once said a poor Armenian, "but I have seen Dr. Shepard."

One of his missionary associates once wrote, "I instinctively think of the Master when I think of Dr. Shepard."

This great-hearted medical missionary to Turkey-in-Asia died during the war amid the awful scenes of the deportations of the Armenians, for whom he had labored so long and so faithfully. He died a victim of typhus fever, and as he was caring for others stricken with the same dread disease. It may truly be said that he died of a broken heart, so torn was his spirit with anguish as he saw the wreckage and ruin wrought by the cruelties of men.

Dr. Shepard once wrote, "I think I can honestly say with old Dr. Post, of Beirut, that the two things that I love best in this life are a surgical operation and a prayer meeting." His heart was in his noble ministry to disease-racked bodies; but he was a missionary as well as a surgeon, and no part of the missionary's calling was foreign to him.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

5130. Witnesses, Christians. A country merchant visited New York. The thing that impressed him most was the magnificent and spotless show windows. On his return home he immediately cleaned up his unused show window and made it so attractive that he was soon doing nearly all the business in his town. Instead of failing in business as he at one time feared, he became the richest merchant of his county. Let us not forget to show the graces God gives us at all times in an attractive manner, and draw men by making our lives and faces show windows for God and his works.

5131. Witnesses, False. Some men were standing at the corner of a street in Glasgow, when a very prosperous-looking man went past. Said one of the men, "That is the founder of the Infidel Club in Glasgow." "What do you mean by saying that?" said another of the men. "Why, that man is an elder of the Kirk." "Elder or no elder," replied the man, "he is the founder of Glasgow's Infidel Club." Then he told how the man's inconsistent life had been for years bearing such false witness to Christ that it had undermined the faith of several young men who had joined together to form the infidel club. We sometimes forget that there are two kinds of witnesses—witnesses for Christ, and witnesses against him.—PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

5132. Witnesses, Living. A Christian worker once said, "The lessons I learn from the lives of missionaries are invaluable. J. Hudson Taylor teaches me the supremacy of child-like faith; Mackay, of Formosa, the transforming power of consecrated forces and the preaching of Jesus; Paton, of the New Hebrides, how holy a passion is love for souls; Andrew Murray and George Mueller, that prayer availeth; Sheldon Jackson and Egerton Young that the frozen north cannot cool a flaming zeal for Christ." Another said: "These missionaries teach me that enduring hardship inspires love and quickens zeal. The cold of Greenland could not keep the Moravians away from their noble work there. The fever and heat did not daunt Livingstone. The dread of a living death among the lepers was not enough to hold Mary Reed in the homeland."

5133. Witnesses, Living. In one far village lived the "Iron Member," the man who served Christ when the whole village persecuted him, and who was so faithful and patient withal, that, when the Volunteers visited the place, those who had the most bitterly opposed him gathered around and proudly said: "You *preach* the Gospel, but we have one right here in our village who *practices* it."

After all, as another student truly said, "The church member is the only gospel read by the heathen."

One man, who sold sesame oil for a living, was much persecuted when he became a Christian, but gradually all bought his oil, for, as they said, "He alone gives good measure."

5134. Witnessing. The missionary was talking to a full-blood Indian about religion. The Indian listened patiently, and then said: "In my life I have been to a number of towns. I understand the English language a little, and I notice that wherever you find a group of men and boys gathered you hear much profane language used and vile stories told—even about ministers and Christianity in general. Why should I join the white man's Church when it does not seem to do him any good as far as I can see? When Indians gather for sociability you never hear vile stories told in the presence of young people. We all believe in a Supreme Power and do homage to Him in our own way."—*Spirit of Missions*.

5135. Witnessing Against Christ. A professing Christian sold a bale of poor hay to a certain colonel, who rebuked him, and the church-member whined, "I

am a soldier, too." "You!" ejaculated the colonel in a tone of disgust. "What kind of a soldier are you?" "I am a soldier of the cross," said the skinflint, with a detestable flourish of the hand. "That may be," said the colonel, "but you've been on a furlough ever since I knew you."

5136. Witnessing, All. Bishop Thoburn said, "During my early years in India, I spent several months in a village and gained only thirteen converts. I returned there two years later and found eight hundred converts. No missionary had been there since I left. Every Christian had been a witness for Christ."

That is the way souls were won in the first century. It is the way the message should be carried to-day.—S. S. Worker.

5137. Witnessing for Christ. A lady missionary in India, on one of her tours, came upon a village of natives who were unusually friendly in their treatment of her. She explained the life of Christ to them, telling them he was the poor man's friend, that he used to eat with common people, and heal their sick, that little children ran after him and climbed upon his knees as he sat in their houses. Suddenly she was interrupted by a native who said: "Miss Sahib, we know him well. He lived here for years." It turned out that an old man belonging to a distant mission had once lived in that far-away village. Do others recognize Jesus in your life and mine?

5138. Witnessing for Christ. Once when I was sojourning in a native Japanese inn in Nikko, a boy came to my room with curios. Because he could speak a little English, it was worth while to have him. In the course of the visit I asked him where he had learned his English. "From my master," was the reply. That keynote resounded through the evening conversation. It was "my master" this and "my master" that. The excellencies of the master were ever on the servant's lips, so that in spirit the boy said, "For to me, to live is my master." That lad was to me a preacher. His joyful pride in his master, his constant pointing to his master as an example and a source, his desire that his master should have all praise, carried home the question, "Does my life so speak for the Christ? In all I do or say are men made to think, not of me, but of my divine Helper? Is my life ever saying, like the Baptist, 'He must in-

crease, but I must decrease?"—*Continent.*

5139. Witnessing for Christ. "I never saw my neighbor or his wife," says a writer, "but nothing could ever convince me that they are not excellent people, because my window overlooks their back yard, and their back yard has a clean carpet of turf, and trees and several lilac bushes beautifully in bloom, and all without a trace of careless disfigurement. And I hear the voices of children and the sound of children's games there of an evening. I believe in the testimony of back yards; they seldom deceive you, while the front is generally built for that especial purpose.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

5140. Witnessing for Christ. My father came into my house soon after I was married, and looked around. We showed him into every room, and then he said to me, "Yes, it is very nice, but nobody will know, walking through here, whether you belong to God or the devil."

I went through and looked at the rooms again, and I thought, "He is quite right." So we made up our minds straightway that there should be no room in our house henceforth that had not some message by picture or wall-text which should tell that we serve the King.—G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

5141. Witnessing for Christ. "Walk in wisdom toward those that are without." We are to have regard for those outside.

At a country village in England a number of persons had congregated together, in a small place of worship, to attend a meeting, of which due notice had been given. The chapel was full and overflowing, and many persons, who were anxious to hear, were obliged to remain outside; these crowded around the open doors and windows. After reading, singing, and prayer, a speaker commenced addressing the meeting. He had not proceeded far when a voice was heard from without, "Speak louder, we cannot hear; remember those outside." These words at once furnished a good motto for the meeting. It was indeed the very object for which the assembly had congregated, to stir up one another to "remember those outside": those who were outside the church, at a distance from the means of grace—those who knew nothing of God and salvation by Jesus Christ.

Let us be good witnesses for Christ—Christianity's object lessons—especially remembering those that are without.—H.

5142. Witnessing for Christ. A brick

manufacturer, who is a very substantial man, advertised for a boy. A boy appeared, and he was running over with questions. "How much wages do you pay?" was the first question. "Five dollars a week and board," was the reply. "What kind of board?" said the sharp applicant for the position. "Well," said the corpulent and good-natured manufacturer, "I eat it." "Give me the job," said the boy, with a smiling glance at his prospective employer. The brick manufacturer was a good advertisement of the food that he gave his workmen. If you and I should ask some one to become a Christian, would he look at the Gospel's results in our lives and say, "I want it"?

5143. Witnessing for Christ. There is wonderful power in a witnessing life. A zealous, if not overtactful, street missionary once asked a city Arab, "Do you know Jesus?" "No, I don't know Jesus," was the reply; "but I know a friend of His, and I like her." Some good woman had done more than she knew for that boy, by a witnessing life.

5144. Witnessing for Christ. It is said of Fénelon that he had such communion with God his very face shone. Lord Peterborough, a skeptic, was obliged to spend the night with him at an inn. In the morning he rushed away, saying, "If I stay another night with that man I shall be a Christian in spite of myself." Fénelon's manners were full of grace, his voice full of love, and his face full of glory. The invitation, "come to Jesus," was in every act. He was a "spiritual magnet." That is what we all can be, by just yielding up all to Him, and letting Him live again in us. Under no other condition can this transforming power fulfill its mission to our souls.

5145. Witnessing for Christ. There is such a thing as a witnessing face. From his own experience Dr. G. Campbell Morgan told of a Yorkshire factory girl who had given herself to Christ. "As she was walking up and down the platform of a railway station, waiting for a train, her face became transfigured with the new joy. In a first-class carriage sat a lady of title, wealth and culture. She saw the girl pass several times in front of the train, called to her and asked, 'What makes you look so happy?' The girl told her simple story, and the result of the brief conversation was that this lady was led to the same Christ. I knew both women, and can testify to the truth of the incident."

5146. Witnessing for Christ. There is such a thing as a witnessing presence, a witnessing appearance. It is close akin to the witnessing face. General William Booth in the early days of the Salvation Army, wrote: "About a month ago, one of our people, who had herself been a drunkard, was standing at one of the open-air services on the waste, when she observed a woman who had formerly been one of her bad companions suddenly leave the crowd and walk quickly away. Hurrying after her, she found this poor drunkard in great distress about her soul. 'Oh!' she said, 'I listened to the speakers; but when I saw you standing there so wonderfully changed from what you used to be, I could stand it no longer.' She was induced, however, to return to the meeting, and then to attend the service in the hall, where she found her salvation. She is now another living witness of the power of Christ to save the drunkard. May God preserve her faithful unto death!"

The Psalmist made a quite wonderful statement once: "They that fear Thee will be glad when they see me; because I have hoped in Thy word."—H.

5147. Witnessing for Christ. Some one said to a young Christian: "Converted! It is all moonshine!" Said he: "I thank you for the illustration; the moon borrows its light from the sun; and we borrow ours from the Sun of Righteousness."—DR. D. L. MOODY.

5148. Witnessing for Christ. The living Bible, the "sermon in shoes," is Christianity's best defense. When Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, was in this country, he was assailed by much hostile criticism. Mr. James Gordon Bennett offered him the columns of the New York *Herald* to reply to his traducers. In broken English he thanked the editor, saying, "I tink, Mr. Bennett, it is best tey writes against me, and I play against tem."

True Christian living is the best defense against critics of Christianity. But it is more than defense. It is an active propagation of the Gospel.—H.

5149. Witnessing for Christ. It is related of the famous artist, Gustave Doré, that when he was traveling from one country to another in Europe he lost his passport, which was then required to be shown by every traveler. He was very anxious to cross the border that day. So he said to the police, "I am very sorry, but I have lost my passport; I hope you will let me pass without it; all that

I can say is that I am the artist, Doré." "Oh," was the reply, "you cannot deceive us. Many persons try to pass, claiming to be some distinguished character." But Doré entreated, and so an officer finally said, "Well; we shall very soon see whether you are Doré or not. Take this paper and pencil, and sketch that group of peasants standing there." It took but a few minutes for the great artist to make the picture, and in such a masterly manner was it done that the officer was at once convinced. So to-day, when men profess to be Christians, the world says, "Let us see whether you are or not; what do ye more than others?"

5150. Witnessing, Fidelity in. Among the stations in the Canadian lighthouse service is one upon Island Damien, where the force consisted of four people, the keeper, his wife, and two assistants. One day the three men went on the ice. They never returned. Before the woman's eyes they were swept down by the breaking ice-floes. Months after, when the supply-ship reached the island with its supplies for four, it was met by the woman. "How did you get through the winter?" the skipper asked. They are used to heroism in the service, but the thought of those terrible months caught at the brave woman's heart as she replied, "I don't know. I only know that I have kept the light burning." God grant that when our relief comes, we may, each one, be able to say, "I have kept the light burning," even though at times it has seemed impossible.—*Montreal Weekly Witness*.

5151. Witnessing for God. An Italian woman, whose husband had accepted the gospel and joined a Protestant church, was asked: "Is it true that your husband has changed his religion?" "No," answered she, "but his religion has changed him. Formerly he had no religion, but now he has accepted one that must be very good, because it has changed him so. You must have noticed yourself that he does not get drunk, nor does he swear and scold as he used to."

That surely was a good testimonial, proving the value of the remedy by showing the patient "before and after."

5152. Witnessing, Needed. "What we need in Christianity is not preaching—it is witnessing," he said. "Any one can preach, but it takes one who is really a Christian, and who has sacrificed something for his faith to witness to the truth he has found. I learned from experience

that when I preached the Gospel I had a certain amount of success, but when I began to bear witness, it was a far greater help to many.

"It is not necessary for us to analyze milk before we drink it; no more is it necessary for us to fully understand Christianity. If we have the living experience of Christ it is enough. It is foolish for a child to wait until he understands all about water before he is given a drink of it."—SADHU SUNDAR SINGH.

5153. Wolf. See *Strategy*.

5154. Wolf, Bell on. A settler on the upper Mattawa River, in Quebec, who caught a wolf, had read that ships were sometimes cleared of rats by fastening a bell around the neck of one of them. And the bright idea occurred to him that in a similar manner he might clear the adjacent woods of wolves. He fastened a bell on his wolf's neck and released him. One day the sheep were noticed to prick up their ears as if intently listening. Then, with much bleating, the whole flock raced to the woods. About an hour later the sheep returned, but had left one of the lambs behind them. The next day the same thing occurred again, and another lamb disappeared. Then it began to dawn on the farmer that the bell which had been fastened to the neck of his grey wolf visitor was the same which was borne by the father of the flock the previous summer. The quick-eared sheep had recognized the sound of the bell, and true to their instinct, had hastened to join their last year's companion, but found the wolf instead, waiting to pounce upon them.

It is futile to use sinners to save sinners; spiritual work must be done by spiritual weapons; only the divinely wise can win souls.—*The Expositor*.

5155. Woman. See *Mother's Day*. See *Work, Woman's*.

5156. Woman, Elevation of. Christ has lifted woman to a new place in the world. And just in proportion as Christianity has sway, will she rise to a higher dignity in human life. What she has now, and what she shall have, of privilege and true honor, she owes to that gospel which took those qualities peculiarly and which had been counted weak and unworthy, and gave them a divine glory in Christ.—HERRICK JOHNSON.

5157. Woman, Gifts of. Nature has given women two painful but heavenly gifts, which distinguish them, and often raise them above human nature,—com-

passion and enthusiasm. By compassion, they devote themselves; by enthusiasm they exalt themselves.—LAMARTINE.

5158. Woman, Her Ministry. "She always made things easier," was the tribute given a little while ago to a quiet woman not much known outside the four walls of her household and in a charity or two, but who yet left an aching void behind her when she passed on into the larger life. No one who knew her could help recognizing the simple completeness of the statement. From her husband to her housemaid, every one in the family felt his or her daily way smoothed and straightened by her tact and system and gentleness. She was a living example of George Eliot's saying: "What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for one another?"

To some girls and women, perhaps, this seems a small end to live for. Yet that it is so often approached makes the hope and the happiness of home. Life is increasingly difficult, increasingly complex in many communities to-day. The husband, the children, the friends of the woman who "makes things easier," more and more rise up and call her blessed. Her work is worth living for, because it continually makes every life within its influence seem better worth living. We hear a great deal nowadays about the "superfluous" woman. Some branches of woman's work may be overcrowded—but never, never, surely, the high vocation of the smoother of the way.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

5159. Woman, Ministry of. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

5160. Woman and Religion. Without religion, man is an atheist, woman is a monster. As daughter, sister, wife and mother, she holds in her hands, under God, the destinies of humanity. In the hours of gloom and sorrow we look to her for sympathy and comfort. Where shall she find strength for trial, com-

fort for sorrow, save in that gospel which has given a new meaning to the name of "mother," since it rested on the lips of the child Jesus?—BISHOP WHIPPLE.

5161. Woman, Superlative. Woman is superlative; the best leader in life, the best guide in happy days, the best comforter in sorrow.—SEUME.

5162. Women. Women in health are the hope of the nation. Men who exercise a controlling influence—the master spirits—with a few exceptions, have had country-born mothers. They transmit to their sons those traits of character which give stability to institutions, and promote order, security and justice.—DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

5163. Wonder. Wonder, connected with a principle of rational curiosity, is the source of all knowledge and discovery, and it is a principle even of piety; but wonder which ends in wonder, and is satisfied with wonder, is the quality of an idiot.—HORSLEY.

5164. Woods, Ministry of. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and, at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith.—EMERSON.

5165. Word of God. See Scriptures. See Bible.

5166. Word of God, Believed. When preaching a Christmas sermon the Rev. Daniel H. Martin, of Cynwyd, Pa., called attention to what the shepherds in the fields near Bethlehem said to each other after the angel had brought them a definite word from God about the birth that day, in the city of David, of "a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." Then it was that "the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord has made known unto us." "They did not say," said the preacher, "Let us go and see if this thing is come to pass." They said, "Let us go and see this thing that is come to pass." Before they had seen it they said it was come to pass! What a world of difference between the two ways of taking God's Word.—*The Sunday School Times*.

5167. Word, Imperishable. On December 30, 1903, a great disastrous fire de-

stroyed the Iroquois Theater in Chicago, with a loss of 574 lives.

The day before the fire the various articles for use in the religious service of the Central Church for the following Sunday were taken to the theater building and stored on one side of the stage in an alcove. The church property consisted of two pulpits, a communion service consisting of a large silver pitcher, eight silver cups, and the communion linen, and the Bible.

Only the Bible escaped destruction. Its covers were burned off and its edges charred, but every word of the text remained.

5168. Word, in Season. A young soldier had written a letter at the Y.M.C.A. "hut," and came up to buy a stamp. A sudden inspiration came to the secretary as he said, "I am sure that Canadian girl of yours is one of the finest any young chap ever had; you ought to be a mighty fine fellow to be worthy of her." The young soldier looked down and started for the door to post his letter, when, to the amazement of the Y.M.C.A. man, he tore up his letter. Next morning the soldier came up and explained. "I want to thank you," he said, "for what you said to me yesterday. I have a splendid girl and she thinks I am all right; but that letter was for an appointment that would have brought me into sin and shame. If it hadn't been for your kind words in the nick of time, I tremble to think what the result would have been."

5169. Words. He used words as mere stepping-stones upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought.—LONGFELLOW.

5170. Words. Words are freeborn, and not the vassals of the gruff tyrants of prose to do their bidding only. They have the same right to dance and sing as the dewdrops have to sparkle and the stars to shine.—ABRAHAM COLES.

5171. Words, Dying. When Whittier was breathing his last in his little village home up in Massachusetts the nurse pulled down the blinds. It was in the early morning, and the rising sun was in the dying man's eyes. But the last thing the great Quaker poet did was to wave his hand to have the curtain lifted. He wanted to depart in the full splendor of the morning and in the warm glory of its pure white beams. And is not this a parable of human nature everywhere? The cry of the dying is the cry of Balaam, "Let me die the death of the

righteous, and let my last end be like his."

The last words of great men have always been prized and cherished. How beautiful Cookman's note of triumph: "I am sweeping through the gates." The poet Schiller looks up and says, "Many things are growing plain to me now." Goethe cries, "More Light!" "The best of all is God is with us," was the quiet remark of John Wesley. Webster exclaims, "I still live." Beethoven whispers, "I shall hear in heaven." Jacob Behmen lisps, "Open the door and let in some of that music." He was hearing the heavenly choir already. The last words of Christmas Evans were, "Drive on." He was finishing his earthly race and was in a hurry for the chariot to take him home to God. A dear friend said not more than ten minutes before he closed his eyes forever, "My trunk is all packed and I am just waiting for the expressman." Among the closing words of Sir Walter Scott are these magnificently noble ones: "I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of my day, and it is a comfort now to me to think that I have never tried to unsettle any man's faith; and that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I would want blotted out."

5172. Words, Kind. On one occasion the genial but sad-faced Eugene Field sat at a table in a New York restaurant. The voluble waiter rattled off a number of dishes that were ready for service. Field looked at him solemnly for a moment and then remarked: "Oh, friend, I want none of these things. All I require is an orange and a few kind words." There was more pathos than humor in the reply. To men and women of toil and travail how welcome are the few kind words! Without them a banquet is a famine; with them an orange is a feast.

5173. Words, Power of. Once upon a time, a worthy merchant of London, named Gilbert Becket, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and was taken prisoner by a Saracen lord, who treated him kindly, and not as a slave. The lord's daughter fell in love with the merchant and told him that she wanted to be a Christian, and was willing to marry him and fly to a Christian country.

The merchant returned the love until he found opportunity to escape with his servant Richard, and soon arriving in England, forgot the Saracen lady. The lady was more loving than the merchant

and leaving her father's house in disguise, attempted to follow her lover.

The merchant had taught her two English words, of which "London" was one, and his own name, "Gilbert," was the other. Coming to the seashore, she went among the ships saying, "London, London!" over and over again. The sailors, realizing that she desired passage, pointed out a ship and she paid passage with some of her jewels.

Arriving in London, she went up and down the streets of the city calling, "Gilbert! Gilbert! Gilbert!" The merchant was sitting in his counting-house when presently Richard came running in crying, "Master, master, here is the Saracen lady!" The merchant thought him mad, but he said, "No, master! As I live, the Saracen lady is going up and down the street calling 'Gilbert! Gilbert!'"

He pointed out of the window, and there among the wondering crowd was the Saracen lady in her foreign dress calling his name.

When the merchant saw her and thought of the tenderness she had shown him in his captivity, as well as her constancy, his heart was moved, and he ran down into the street. When she saw him coming, with a great cry she fainted into his arms.

We may have but two words in the language of the Christian, "Jesus Saves!" but if spoken from a heart filled with love the Holy Spirit will use the testimony to move the hearts of men.—*Adapted from Dickens' Child's History of England.*

5174. Words, Soft. In the mouths of many men soft words are like roses that soldiers put into the muzzles of their muskets on holidays.—LONGFELLOW.

5175. Work. See **Labor Day.** See **Soul-Winning.**

5176. Work. No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the horny hands of toil.—LOWELL.

5177. Work. We live not to ourselves, our work is life.—BAILEY.

5177a. Work. Get work. Be sure it is better than what you work to get.—MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

5178. Work According to Ability. "I'm pretty little, but I'll try," answered Eileen Martin, aged seven, of Alta, California. She was talking over the telephone to the station agent. Having seen a broken rail near her home, she had

had the quick wit to call up the station agent, for she understood the semaphore signal that told of the approach of a train. Already, however, the train was past the station, and the agent frantically begged Eileen to run up the track and signal the engineer to stop. She was little, as she said, but she ran so fast and waved her apron so vigorously that the train stopped and a wreck was averted.

If each of us did toward Christ that which we are able to do, the sinner would come to him and the Christian world be more fruitful.

5179. Work for All. Four children were walking along the shore of a lake, when the youngest, a girl of five-years, tried to pluck a flower and fell into the lake. The eldest, a boy of twelve, jumped into the water and succeeded in saving his sister. When the father of the children heard of the occurrence, he said to the third, a lad of ten: "Did you help save your sister?" He replied: "Yes, when Martin got near to the shore, I took hold of his coat and helped pull them out." "Well done!" said the father; "and did you help too?" he asked the fourth, a boy of six. "Oh, papa," said he, the tears still flowing over his cheeks, "I screamed!"

In the work being done for the salvation of men we may not be able to jump in and save them, nor may we be able to draw them out, but surely every one, even the weakest, can unceasingly cry to God for them!

5180. Work, Avoided. The story of mankind in all ages is told in this little aphorism, attributed to a Georgia dorky: "A man that kin make a libin' playin' de fiddle, ain't ap' to pester de hoe handle."

5181. Work, Begin at Once. A young man who had heard the gospel accepted Christ. A little while after this he was asked:

"What have you done for Christ since you believed?"

He replied, "Oh, I am a learner!"

"Well," said the questioner, "when you light a candle, do you light it to make the candle more comfortable, or that it may give light?"

He replied, "To give light."

He was asked, "Do you expect it to give light after it is half burned, or when you first light it?"

He replied, "As soon as I light it."

"Very well," was the reply, "go thou and do likewise. Begin at once."

5182. Work, Begin It. A soldier in the

Civil War had lost his place in his company, and rather timidly said to General Sherman as he came up behind the line, "Where shall I step in?" "Step in?" said the general, "step in? Step in anywhere. There is fighting all along this line." And that is precisely true of the great battlefield to which you and I belong.—H. E. FOSDICK.

5183. Work, The Blessing of. A judge of a county court in one of our Eastern states recently brought into play that sagacity for which he has a high reputation. A young man was arrested for gambling. When brought before the court the young man claimed that he was not a gambler but a silk weaver of Paterson and that he worked hard. The judge became suspicious and asked the prisoner to hold out his hands. After glancing at them, the judge replied, "Thirty days." It is not hard to distinguish between the hand of a weaver and that of a gambler. The mark of Cain is different from that of Abel. Helen Keller tells us that in shaking hands with strangers the first impression which she receives are not physical but psychical. She tells us that it is not whether the hand is cold or hot, clammy or dry, large or small, but that it is tender or rude, kind or unkind, emotional and sympathetic. What a wealth of character is stored up in the hand. A young man who was made to work in the penitentiary to which he had been sentenced for a term of years, said as he started, "This is the first hard work these hands have ever done." Little wonder that the young man brought up at last at the penitentiary. The great blessing of earth is work and the great fortune of all great lives has been hard work. Faith in God and hard work never led any one to the jail-yard.

5184. Work, Blessing of. In a speech before the Rockefeller Bible Class of the Fifth Avenue Church, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., declared that he envied his father only one thing. "I do not envy him his mother, although she was a wonderful woman, because I had a wonderful mother," he said. "I do not envy him his wife, my mother, because I have the best wife in the world. I do not envy him his children, three daughters to say nothing of a son, because I have the six best children in the world. But I do envy him the necessity he had to make his way in the world. I have never known what that was." It was a neat sentiment, and it was human.

5185. Work by All. Away out in the prairie regions, where meetings are held at night in the log schoolhouses, the announcement of the meeting is given out in this way: "A meeting will be held by early candle-light." The first man who comes brings a tallow-dip with him. It is perhaps all he has; but he brings it and sets it on the desk. It does not light the building much; but it is better than none at all. The next man brings his candle; and the next family bring their candles. By the time the house is full there is plenty of light.—D. L. MOODY.

5186. Work, Can but Won't. The Bishop of Chelmsford in an address at Keswick said:

"I remember a friend of mine who wanted a gardener. He advertised, and got a letter from a gentleman concerning a man whom we shall call John Smith. This gentleman said, 'John Smith has an excellent knowledge of gardening. He can manage a kitchen garden wonderfully, and he can bring an ornamental garden to perfection.' And he went on through the list of what the man could do. As the other gentleman read the letter he said, 'That's the very man for me; he can do the very things I want.' He got to the bottom of the page, and turned over, and on the other side there were only three words—'But he won't!' What is the interpretation? There are men and women this morning in this tent who could revolutionize the districts in which they live, who could turn topsyturvy the lives of their most intimate friends. But they won't!"—*The Expositor*.

5187. Work, Christ's, Finished. On the 10th day of May, 1869, at a place called Promontory Point, the junction was made completing the railway communication between the Atlantic and Pacific, a silver spike was brought by the governor of Arizona, and another was furnished by the citizens of Nevada. They were driven home into a sleeper of California's laurel with a silver mallet. As the last blow was struck the hammer was brought into contact with a telegraph wire and the news was flashed, and simultaneously saluted on the shores of the two great oceans and through the land, by the roar of cannon and the chiming of bells. Far greater were the shouts of joy as the result of those words of Christ on the cross, "It is finished."

5187a. Work for Christ. A man of God was once asked if he did not think

the world was growing worse, and replied: "Madam, if it is, I am determined it shall be in spite of me." The word was finely said. The one better thing would be to say that it must be in spite of the Gospel of Christ.

5188. Work, Christian. In the mountains, a man was taking a stage coach. "What do you want, first-, second- or third-class ticket?" There was one apartment to the coach, the passenger found later, after he had taken first-class passage. He was thinking, "What makes the difference? All occupy the same apartment." At last they came to a steep climb. The man on the stage set the brake. Leaning over, he called: "First-class passengers, keep your seats, second-class passengers get out and walk, third-class passengers, get out and push." In the present era we want third-class passengers, pushers.

5189. Work, Coöperative. Recently an inventor examined a locomotive and found history exhibited more than one hundred and fifty improvements during the last century. Each wheel, each lever, each device was named and told the story of its inventor. One man said, "Here's my steam chest"; another said, "Here is my piston rod"; another, "Here is my eccentric"; another, "Here is my converter"; but every one of these devices is now found in the completed locomotive, and the thought of each worker has proved to be immortal.—*The Brooklyn Eagle*.

5190. Work, Do Your. I have noticed that sometimes people grow discouraged because their work does not seem to count for much. A taper lay in a drawer, when its owner took it out and carried it away. "Where are you taking me?" asked the taper. "To show big ships their way across the sea," was the reply. "But no ship could see by means of my tiny light." "Leave that to me," said the owner, as he lighted the big lantern and blew the taper out.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

5191. Work, Do Your Best. A minister tells that one day he came out of a hotel whistling quite low. A little boy playing in the yard heard him, and said: "Is that the best you can whistle?"

"No," said the minister; "can you beat it?"

The boy said he could, and the minister said: "Well, let's hear you."

The little fellow began to whistle, and then insisted that the minister should try again. He did so, and the boy acknowl-

edged that it was good whistling. As he started away the little fellow said: "Well, if you can whistle better, what were you whistling that way for?"

Sure enough, why should not any one do his best, if he does anything? The world has plenty of poor, slipshod, third-class work done by people who could do better if they would. Let every one try to do his best, whether in whistling, singing, working or playing.

5192. Work, Developing Through. Noticing over the chemist's table a magnet which hung loaded with a collection of various tools and weights, I asked, "What is the magnet doing?"

"I am loading it up," the chemist answered. "It has been lying on the table doing nothing and losing its power, so now I am giving it something to do, a little more every morning, and it's gaining, it's growing stronger every day," and he added a small file to the clump attached to the magnet.

"That's the way," he continued, "God makes magnets of men. If they loaf around and do nothing they can't do anything; they lose their force. But give them some work, and they'll soon be good for more than you ever dreamed they could do. Magnetic power and muscles are developed by something to do; yes, and brains and souls of men. Some of those who are doing hard work and bearing heavy burdens will be doing grand things for the Master in his heavenly kingdom through the eternal years."—WELLSPRING.

5193. Work, Do Your Part. The first stone of St. Paul's Cathedral was laid on June 25, 1675. The cathedral was completed in 1710. During that thirty-five years the great building had but one architect, but one master-builder, and but one bishop presiding over the diocese.

This is unique in the history of cathedrals. Frequently all memory of the architect has perished. Antiquarians have long been disputing about the original architect of Cologne Cathedral, and about his royal patron.

The cornerstone was laid in 1248; six hundred years later the nave was consecrated, when the cathedral was pronounced complete. God's great plans for the world are carried out, not like the building of St. Paul's, but like Cologne Cathedral. As Charles Wesley said, "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work."

Many "laborers with God," some

famous, some unknown, here a king and there a peasant, have toiled to make this world what it is. Each has done his own part in his own day. "Others have labored, and ye are entered into their labor."

5194. Work, Exercise Cure. Here was the Christianity of the Apostolic Age—faith that showed itself by works. The new minister was accosted by one of his parishioners who was fat and sleek and evidently self-satisfied: "Pastor, I hope you will feed the sheep." Whereupon the new pastor replied, "My dear brother, you do not need food; what you need is exercise."—W. B. HUTCHINSON, D.D.

5195. Work, Faithful. Sherwood Eddy, in *India Awakening*, tells of a poor girl who has worked for years as a stenographer. She at one time offered to go to the foreign field, but was rejected on account of her health. Since then she has been saving her money to support native workers at thirty dollars per year. There is a community in northern India where there are more than a thousand souls who have been brought to Christ through this one frail girl—a thousand who have passed "out of darkness into his marvelous light" because one girl cared! And Mr. Eddy asks his readers the question, "How many are in the light because of what you have done?"—*Sunday School Times*.

5196. Work, Finished. A friend of mine was building a house in China and had engaged an old Christian Chinese contractor for the job. The house was nearing completion when my friend received word late one night, requesting him to come at once to the house of the contractor. He found him very ill and in a dying condition; and noticing that the old fellow seemed to be troubled about something he asked him if all was well between him and his God. The old man replied with a smile that all was well, that his sins were forgiven and that he was going back to his Heavenly Father. But still feeling that something was troubling him the missionary questioned him further. Finally the old man broke into tears and said, "It's all right with me, teacher, I am going to the Heavenly Father, but I did not want to go until I had finished the work I started for you. Will you forgive me, teacher, for not finishing it?"

What a great thing if all of us were as much concerned about finishing the work the Master has given us to do!—*The Expositor*.

5197. Work, Freedom by.

Free men freely work;
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.
—MRS. BROWNING.

5198. Work and the Gospel. You can travel the world around and you cannot find outside of Christian lands men who really want to work. You'll find a few of the people laboring hard, to be sure, but it is because they are driven to it; they don't like it. Work was never popular until Christ came. Work was his watchword. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." "The night cometh when no man can work," etc.—GEORGE INNES.

5199. Work, Idealized. How do you visualize your job? Three stonecutters were working on a stone. A stranger asked the first what he was doing. "I'm working for \$7.50 a day," he replied. "And you?" the stranger asked the second. "I'm cutting this stone," growled the laborer. When the question was put to the third stone-cutter, he answered, "I'm building a cathedral."—*The Christian Register*.

5200. Work, Joy of.

Joy to the toiler!—him that tills
The fields with plenty crowned;
Him with the woodman's ax that thrills
The wilderness profound.

—BENJAMIN HATHAWAY.

5201. Work May Be Worship. Every man's gifts are given him of God to use for the furtherance of Christ's kingdom. Not only has Jesus Christ a right to his own, but our gifts must be used for him. We are saved by grace but we are saved to serve. It is idle to legislate for purity if the priest leers at his women. It is vain to enact laws punishing murderers, if we work our employees to death. It is needless to forbid stealing, if church officers make large contributions out of excess profits wrung jointly from the laborer and the ultimate consumer. It is useless to pray on Sunday, if we prey on everybody the rest of the week in our business. In the story of "The House of Wolf" the boy was saved by wearing the ring of the Duke of Guise. So the business man is saved from selfishness by wearing the colors of Jesus Christ's service in his heart. Out of such a service business would take on a sacredness that would lift it out of the realm of the material and put it into the realm of the spiritual. All work ought to be a religion.—ELWIN LINCOLN HOUSE.

5202. Work, Personal. The hardest work to do for Christ is to begin with

our own family, or those in our own station of life. It is far easier for rich people to do "slum work" than to speak of Christ to some one in their own social set. I heard Mrs. Will Moody, daughter of Major Whittle, tell how she had this truth brought home to her one time when she was going to England with her father. She was a girl in her teens, and one day her father asked her to distribute some tracts on the steamer. It was not easy for her to do this, but she gladly welcomed an opportunity for service. She distributed them first to the passengers in the first-class where she was; then to the second-class people, and lastly to the steerage passengers. As she handed one man a tract in the steerage, he took it, saying, "I'll take this, Miss, because you went to your own kind first."

Christ said to one he had healed: "Return to thy house and tell them." Begin with your own kind.

5203. Work, Personal. Over the desk of an insurance agent in a certain Western city is a card bearing this declaration:

"A face to face meeting has a pen and ink greeting skinned a mile."

The proxy method is quite secondary in its effect in pretty nearly all phases of activity.

5204. Work, Personal. Dr. Heber Jones, a missionary in Korea, reports that a Korean preacher was cast into prison in Seoul some years ago with eighteen criminals. He was kept there five months. When he came out, the eighteen criminals were eighteen Christians.—W. J. HART, D.D.

5205. Work, Personal. Dr. Pentecost was one day speaking with a business man about becoming a Christian. Before leaving he began to apologize for introducing the subject, whereupon the merchant, stopping him, said very earnestly, "Don't ever apologize, Dr. Pentecost, for speaking to a man on that subject. I've been waiting for twenty years for some one to speak with me about my soul." Most people are just as willing to talk on that subject. You won't have to apologize for it very often during a lifetime.

5206. Work, Personal. The Rev. Dyson Hague of Nova Scotia, in his "Ways to Win," tells of a rather timid young member of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, who for some time tried in vain to induce a friend of his to attend the church services and Bible classes. He used to call for him every Sunday, but it was of

no use. Finally, however, he won him, and when asked how he did it, replied, "Well, I got tired of calling on him so often, so at last I decided to go and board at the same house with him!" That was personal effort in dead earnest. No wonder he got his man!

5207. Work, Personal. Eighty-five per cent. of the business in the commercial world is done by personal solicitation. Successful business men have discovered that they cannot sit idly by and wait for business to come to them. They must go after the business. No method has yet been devised that will take the place of personal solicitation in commercial lines. The church should be as wise in this matter as are the men of the world. Men are won into the kingdom of God by personal solicitation and manifestation of personal interest. If the church forgets or overlooks this fact, she will find herself coming short of that success which her Master desires and her mission should command.

5207a. Work, Personal. During a revival service a man prayed for the conversion of a neighbor, and said: "O Lord, touch my neighbor with thy finger, with thy finger, O Lord." Just then an inner voice said: "You are God's finger. Did you ever speak to your neighbor concerning his soul's salvation? You go and touch the man and your prayer shall be heard!" The man arose. His conscience was awakened and accused him. Almost a lifetime he had lived near his neighbor and not once had he spoken to him about the need of regeneration. Hundreds of opportunities came and went, but the conversation at such times was not about the one thing needful, but about the weather, politics, crops, business, etc. The first duty of a Christian, to witness for Christ, was left unfulfilled. How is it with us?

5208. Work, Personal. Hand-picked fruit is the best, and hand-picking is the best way to get the fruit. It is personal work that tells. It is so in business, it is so in politics, it is so in religion. Five minutes of private personal entreaty will often accomplish more in winning a soul to Christ than five months of public preaching. Close work is effective. When you talk to me, you mean me, and I know it. Try personal work. Be a committee of one. Andrew was a committee of one when he found his brother and brought him to Jesus. John and Philip followed his example. When God wanted his people delivered from Egypt,

he did not send a committee. He sent one man.—H.

5209. Work, Personal, at Home. It happened in a hospital in India. One of the women of a certain town had been sick for a long while, with a disease which, according to the native doctors, was incurable. She was a woman of means, and had tried one after another of the doctors in her own and neighboring towns. She finally heard of the wonderful cures being effected by the medical missionaries in the hospital established in a town some distance from where she lived. After much persuasion she managed to get permission from her husband to go to this place and see if the "Christians" could do anything for her. When she arrived at the hospital she had to undergo an examination, and the verdict was that she could be thoroughly cured if she stayed at the hospital for a month. During this time she received the kindest care and the most scientific treatment, and daily improved physically. At the same time her spiritual welfare was not neglected. She was instructed in the Christian religion, and told about the "Great Physician," who can heal, not the body only, but also the soul, so that by the time she was entirely cured she had accepted this "Great Physician" as her Saviour. When the time came for her to leave the hospital she clung to the missionaries and implored them to let her stay with them. But the missionary said, "There's your husband; he is not a Christian. Go home to your husband and tell him how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." And she went back to her native town telling about the "Great Physician," with the result that not only her husband, but scores of her friends accepted this same "Great Physician" as their Saviour also. —MARGUERITE BRANDT.

5210. Work, Recreation of.

Work is my recreation,
The play of faculty; a delight like that
Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish
In darting through the water,—
Nothing more.

—LONGFELLOW.

5211. Work, Results of. A woman dropped a tract or little book in the way of Richard Baxter. He picked it up and read it, and it led him to Christ. He became a holy Christian, and wrote a book entitled, "A Call to the Unconverted," which brought many persons to the Saviour, and among others Philip

Doddridge. Philip Doddridge in turn wrote "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which led many into the kingdom of God, among them the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote "A Practical View of Christianity," which was the means of saving a multitude, among them Legh Richmond. In his turn Legh Richmond wrote the book called "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been instrumental in the conversion of many thousands. The dropping of that tract seemed a very small thing; but what a wonderful many-branched tree has sprung from it!—DR. J. H. JOWETT.

5212. Work, Reward of. A citizen of Syracuse, New York, some twenty years ago befriended a boy who was having difficulties in getting an education by giving him employment in keeping his lawn mowed and speaking occasional words of encouragement. Bishop E. L. Waldorf went to Syracuse to preach one of his first sermons as a bishop of the church. In the course of the sermon the bishop stated that in the audience was a man to whom he wished to acknowledge publicly his indebtedness for the aid given him during his youthful struggles for an education and to say that the kindness then shown had never been forgotten.—*Sunday School Journal*.

5213. Work, Shared. A great many Arabs and Bedween haunt the places to the east of Mt. Lebanon. Many families, and sometimes tribes, are occasionally seen passing through Lebanon from one place to another. That they are extremely hospitable is well known. This is the way they treat their guests. The sheikh, or head of the tribe, must have a large tent which corresponds to the city hotel, because every guest that calls on any member of the tribe must be received there. Strangers are received by the sheikh, but not fed by him. Even if they should exceed a hundred in number, in a few minutes after their arrival they will be provided with all the food necessary. Every one in the tribe must help in bringing that about. One brings bread, another rice, a third water, and so forth. Then the visitors sit down on the grass by rows and begin their meal. The fork, spoon, and knife are all in one—the hand. It is not something rare in Syria to see large companies seated on the grass in the open air and taking their lunch. That often takes place on great occasions, such as wedding days, great feasts, etc.—PHILIP RHURI HITT, Beyrout.

5214. Work, Saved by. At the wreck of the *Larchmont* off the Rhode Island coast a father and son managed to get in a boat together. Refusing to allow the boy to help in the rowing, the father took the oars, and with the boy on the back seat the battle to reach shore began. Finally they touched land, but when the father attempted to help the boy out he found him frozen stiff. Had the son been permitted to help with the oars the activity would have saved his life.

Many persons in the church to-day are dead "chilly propositions" because they haven't something to keep them busy. A working church never has the name of being an "ice-box."

5215. Work, Two Views of. "What have you done to-day?" I asked a ropemaker. "Oh, sir, ten hours of hard work, just twisting tow, my fingers sore, my lungs choked with dust. I did not come to the prayer meeting last night; I was too tired; I went to sleep when I was trying to say my prayers. I sometimes think if it were not for Mary I would end it all—nothing but work, work, work. I am so tired, and I only make enough to keep body and soul together." This is one side. See the other. A ship with eleven hundred souls on board is being driven upon the shore—a land of crags, like giant teeth, stretching up sheer and sharp. One anchor after another is dropped, each checking the speed of the vessel's drift. The last anchor is down. Will it hold? Yes, the ship is saved! Go, tell the ropemaker not to think of the toil and the dust and the monotony, but of the eleven hundred men and women saved. These things are written in the Lamb's Book of Life—the ring of every hammer, the click of every needle, the whirl of every loom. They who truly wait upon the Lord shall hear his angels strengthening them, as they strengthened Christ, with songs of peace and good will to men.—REV. W. BURNETT WRIGHT, D.D.

5216. Work, The Value of. Sir Horace Vere being asked what his brother died of, replied, "He died, sir, of having nothing to do." "Alas," was the rejoinder, "that is enough to kill any general of us all."

The person who has daily, methodical work does not know how much he really has to be thankful for. When he envies the "idle rich" he little realizes what a zest work gives to pleasure, and, indeed, to all life. The holiday may be infrequent, but when it does come he thor-

oughly enjoys it. He thinks, misguided man, that if life were but a long playtime, he would enjoy every minute of it. He has not yet experienced satiety, but that it would come in a very short time all experience proves.

5217. Work, Wisdom for. There are not two different sets of principles for material and spiritual success. Whatever really helps in one field will help in the other,—only the sons of this world are often wiser than the sons of light. A series of "Practical Don'ts for Machinists," issued by a prominent trade publication, contains a good many hints that all of us in life's big machine shop would do well to heed,—though the series is labeled "For the other fellow—not you."

Here are some of them: "Don't say, 'That's good enough.' Don't borrow tools; buy your own. Don't let your lathe run and cut air. Don't be always looking for pay-day. Don't be too important to do insignificant jobs. Don't take off your overalls before quitting time. Don't try to fool your foreman, for you may get left. Don't wait until Monday morning to fill your oil-can. Don't deny spoiling a piece of work if you have done it. Don't work to a caliper that has been set by another man; set it yourself." The man or woman whose life is controlled by such principles as these is bound to have the respect of fellow-workmen, and the quality of the work done is likely to mean promotion by the foreman.

5218. Work, Woman's. Centuries ago idle men discussed the question, How many angels can stand on the point of a needle? A faithful pastor in Scotland returning home one night saw the mother of seven children, herself a widow, mending the clothes of her bairns. "I know now," he said to his wife as he came in out of the dark, "I know now how many angels can be supported on the point of a needle," and then he told what he had seen.

5219. Workers, Church. A great minister who became pastor of one of the largest metropolitan churches in North America said to some of his brethren at a recent conference, "When I came to this city, hundreds of men from my congregation met me at the train and I was welcomed and banqueted on every hand. But since that hour I have failed to find very many of them who were willing to undertake the real pressing work of the church."

5220. Workers in Coöperation with God. "I am going to paint the house,"

said a big can of paint, waiting, already mixed, in the work-room. "No; I am going to paint it!" the paint-brush asserted, bristling with indignation. "You are, are you?" sneered the ladder lying against the wall. "How far would either of you go without me?" Just then the painter, who overheard these self-confident remarks, ventured to put in a word. "Perhaps I'd better take a holiday," said he quietly. "I wonder if the house would be painted by the time I got back?" Even the most efficient of us is only a tool in the hands of the Infinite Worker.—*Sunday Companion*.

5221. Workers, Efficient. Noise and bustle and stir are not the surest indications of work in progress. One grasshopper on the fence will make more noise than a dozen oxen grazing in a field. The grasshopper has his place in the world, but he is good for nothing in a yoke. So there are noisier bustlers among men who seem to have no mission except to din the ears; yet they may have a place in the grand economy of life, while the more efficient workers are toiling in thoughtful silence.—*S. S. Times*.

5222. Workers, Humble. There is a story told of a brilliant preaching friar who, wherever he went, moved crowds to enthusiasm by his splendid eloquence, culture and genius. He possessed every attractive gift of mind and body, and he was accompanied by a poor blind brother who had no gifts at all, but simply lived a holy life, and knelt in prayer while the man of power and intellect preached. One day, when an assembly had been stirred and lifted up to an unusual ecstasy of fervor and devotion, the preacher had a vision. He saw heaven opened and the glory of the great throne streaming down; but he saw, to his surprise, that it shone not on his head, but on the face of his lowly brother kneeling at his feet, and from the face it was reflected on the face of the crowd. Then he knew that the power came not through his genius and eloquence, but through the pure life and fervent prayers of the brother at his side.

5223. Workers and Shirkers. The difference between Dorcas and some other very nice women all over the world is expressed in one cute and crisp little word "did." The best goers in the human race are the Didders. One in a hundred (John 13:17). When I was a boy over home in Midway there lived up in the old walnut tree by the kitchen door a long-legged lady in green who used to

sing a two-part song, "Katy Did," "Katy Didn't." I thought then it was merely a grasshopper serenade. I have found since it was nature describing the sex! And it applies even more to men. We are under the sign of the needle. The next time you have anything doing at your church, note who the women are that "did." Then when you have the next thing again note who the women are that "did." You will from year's end to year's end find the same group as "didders." But you should hear the other women talk. They are on hand for the dress parade and all that sort of thing. And it is "Oh, my!" and "Oh, dear!" But when there is real work to do—well! You do well to call your organization a Dorcas Society. But Dorcas was the kind that came back and helped wash the dishes. She belonged to the Noble Order of Didders.—W. H. RINGWAY.

5224. Workers Together with God. There are many things which God does in which we have no part. God paints the clouds and the golden sunsets; he keeps the stars in their orbits; he sends showers and sunshine; he paints the roses and the lily, and scents them with their sweetness.

But there are other things which are just as great and beautiful in which he permits us to be co-workers. He gives us the opportunity through service to put the tints of immortal beauty on human souls. What an honor to be a co-worker with Jesus Christ in the transforming of lives, the dispelling of darkness, misery, and sin; the bringing of light, happiness, and righteousness to human souls. It is not what our life is in wealth, culture, and attainment, but what our life is in service to others that is the test of greatness.—J. S. KENDALL.

5225. Workers Wanted. A man in a temperance meeting said that he wondered why God did not send his lightning to destroy all the rumshops. Another answered: "God has lightning enough, what he needs is conductors."

5226. Workers, Wise. Some Christian workers are like an old-fashioned clock; they will not work unless they are placed precisely to their liking. But the more useful workers are like watches; they will work equally well in any position.—*Forward.*

5227. Workingmen. Phillips Brooks was once asked to preach an especial sermon to workingmen. He replied: "I like workingmen very much and care for their

good, but I have nothing to say distinct or separate to them about religion; nor do I see how it will do any good to treat them as a separate class in this matter in which their needs and duties are just like other men's."

5228. Workingmen, Hours for. One *Furius Cresinus*, a Roman farmer of the old days, was accused to the judges of practicing witchcraft, on the ground that, while his neighbor's fields were yielding but little, his were productive, and nothing but witchcraft they thought could account for it. The farmer bringing before his judges his tools of husbandry—rude mattocks, rough plowshares, strong oxen, and his daughter who helped him in his farm-work, addressed the judges thus: "O Quirites, this daughter, these oxen, these tools are the instruments of the only witchcraft I use. It is diligence that succeeds, and it is their idleness why my neighbors do not succeed."

5229. Works, Not by Our. Mark Guy Pearse says: "Far up against the deep blue sky was a pure white fleecy cloud. The great sea lay and looked at it, and whispered to itself, 'They say that thing of beauty was once down where I am,' and the sea wondered and longed, and said, 'I will try and get there.' And it gathered its strength, and it borrowed the force of the wind. I saw it as it rose up in the strength of its purpose, till it hurled itself against the rocks—then it fell—baffled, beaten. At last the great sea lay quite still in the silvery light of the morning and it looked up at the sun. 'Canst thou not help me?' it cried. 'Yes,' said the sun, 'indeed I can, if thou wilt let me.' And the sun sent down a noiseless ray that shone upon it. And lo! the sea knew not how, nor cared to know, but it cried, 'I am there!'"

5230. World to be Bettered. A pessimist and an optimist, says Dr. Lyman Abbott, were once discussing this world. The pessimist, who was, as most pessimists are, something of a cynic and egoist, brought, as he thought, the discussion to a triumphant conclusion by saying, "Well, I believe I could have made a better world than this is myself." "True," replied the optimist; "that is what we are here for. Now let us go out and do it. That is what we are here for."—S. S. *Chronicle.*

5231. World, Burdened for. Dr. Floyd Tompkins of Philadelphia said to the delegates at the International Y.M.C.A. conference at Washington: "I have in my study a little plaster cast of Atlas with

the world on his shoulders. His muscles are knit and there is a strained look on his face as he supports his great burden. Are you burdened in your prayer for this great world? It is at all on your heart and do you find your spiritual muscles getting taut when you think that the salvation of the world rests upon you in a certain but very real sense?"

5232. World, Healed. The year 1897 marked the first successful operation on the human heart. "The path to the human heart is one inch long but it took surgery twenty-four hundred years to find it," said one of the doctors who was present. In the interim the medical world has done some remarkable things. One day it healed a sick heart. The church has and is doing some wonderful things. Some day it shall present to God the healed heart of the world, free from sin and error, without spot or blemish.

5233. World, Unsatisfying. An Arab, who fortunately escaped death after losing his way in the desert without provisions, tells of his feelings when he found a bag of pearls, just as he was about to abandon all hope. "I shall never forget," said he, "the relish and delight I felt in supposing it to be fried wheat, nor the bitterness and despair I suffered in discovering that the bag contained pearls."

5234. World, Unseen. See *Radio Illustrations*.

5235. World, Untouched by. We touch the world at so many points, how can we remain unspotted? Scientists tell us of an insect which, though you immerse it in water, yet never touches the water. Enveloped with the element, yet the element never penetrates to the insect itself. The reason of this wonder in nature is that it carries with it its own atmosphere. Enveloped first in this atmosphere it can bid the other element defiance and, though submerged in it, is untouched by it. If we cleave to God we shall carry about with us the secret atmosphere of communion, and then, though in the midst of sin, we shall remain without blemish, unspotted by the world.—REV. W. L. MACKENZIE.

5236. World's Salvation. "Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life." Nathaniel Hawthorne has given us a story entitled "Earth's Holocaust." It is the tale of some men and women who had become weary of their foibles and follies and who had decided to be rid of their foolishness and fripperies. They determined to make an

end of them by burning. A great mountain of useless and silly possessions was lighted. The flames and smoke of them rose to the sky. There were present a number of reprobates, sad of countenance, now that their business was gone. Satan himself came to comfort these. "Be not cast down, my peers," he said, "there is one thing these wiseacres have forgotten." "What is that?" they all shouted. "Why, the human heart; unless they hit upon some trick of purifying that foul thing it will soon be the same old world again." A changed heart makes a changed person. We will change the world when we have changed persons. "The soul of every reform is the reform of the soul," said Ralph Waldo Emerson.

5237. Worldliness. See *Amusements. See Money.*

5238. Worldliness. The Israelites complained of the manna. I believe that manna was the best dish this world ever saw. God made it and he knew how to make a good thing. It was a whole bill of fare in one dish, nutritious and wholesome, just what the Israelites needed in the open-air journey. Nevertheless, they had no taste for it.

The trouble with them was that down in Egypt their taste had been vitiated by eating leeks, garlic and onions. When a man likes onions, he is certain not to like manna.

When one of my members absents himself from prayer meeting and ceases to take delight in Christian worship and work, I take it for granted that he has been in Egypt and had a square meal of onions, and, of all the distasteful dishes that can be imagined, a mixture of manna and onions is the worst.

5239. Worldliness. A young man became a Christian. His pastor gladly noted his regular attendance at church, and his evident interest and growth. After a year or two, however, there was a change in him. He was not in his place so regularly, and when he was there, his attention seemed to be wandering. The pastor was troubled. At last he spoke to him. The explanation grieved him. "You know that new manufacturing addition to town? Well, I've bought a lot down there, and have been overseeing the building of two laborers' cottages. I am away on my run (he was a railroad man) every day in the week. Sunday is my only opportunity to go down and see the work, but soon the buildings will be done. I have had them

rented for months ahead of time. The net return on my investment will be about fifteen per cent. Soon I hope to be more regular." But he never was. His piece of land had usurped Christ's place in his heart.—THE REV. JOHN T. FARIS.

5240. Worldliness. Christians should live in the world, but not be filled with it. A ship lives in the water; but if the water gets into the ship, she goes to the bottom. So Christians may live in the world; but if the world gets into them, they sink.—D. L. MOODY.

5241. Worldliness. Buying, possessing, accumulating—this is not worldliness. But doing this in the love of it, with no love of God paramount—doing it so that thoughts of eternity and God are an intrusion—doing it so that one's spirit is secularized in the process; this is worldliness.—HERRICK JOHNSON.

5242. Worldliness, Avoided. Pure religion and undefiled is to keep oneself "unspotted" from the world. That expression is taken from the old custom in the purchase of sheep. When a shepherd sold a part of his flock, they marked the sheep with the name or monogram of the new owner, and those sheep then belonged to the new fold. They were to go to another enclosure, and when that night they sought for shelter they were to go to the new fold. And to keep oneself "unmarked from the world" means to keep the world's mark off, so that you will return to God's fold, and not in the world's fold.

5243. Worldliness Avoided. There is a perennial European herb called samphire, which grows by the cliffs of the sea, yet it is never found, it is said, on any part of the cliff which is not above the level of the tide. Just so Christian believers cannot grow, or indeed maintain their spiritual existence at all, unless they take care, however near they may be to the surging currents of humanity's eager ambitions, to secure themselves at a safe level above the changing tides of this world's lower things and desires. "In" this new century world, but "not of it," is the necessary condition of soul preservation.

5244. Worldliness, Caught in the Current of. Rarely do fish from the tropics stray into the northern waters, but off the Massachusetts coast the workmen of the United States Fish Commission once captured some which undoubtedly had come all the way from the West Indies. They were pretty little things, known as the "butterfly-fish." It

is thought they had straggled away from the immediate vicinity of the West Indies, had been caught in some northward current which was too strong for them to stem, and had thus been forced beyond all possibility of return to their native waters.

There are many "butterfly" Christians who straggle away from the safety of the Sunday-school class, the prayer meeting, and the opportunities for Christian service, until they are caught in the swirl of a worldly current too strong for them to stem. The atmosphere of loving obedience to Christ, ministering with him in helpful service, is the only safe air for the young Christian to breathe.—LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

5245. Worldliness Chokes. George Fox writes in his Journal for 1650, "I was moved to go into Derbyshire, where the mighty power of God was among Friends. And I went to Chesterfield, where one Britland was priest. He saw beyond the common sort of priest, for he had been partly convinced and had spoken much on behalf of Truth, before he was priest there; but when the priest of that town died, he got the parsonage, and choked himself with it."

5246. Worldliness, Danger from. A Christian making money fast is just a man in a cloud of dust, it will fill his eyes if he be not careful.—C. H. SPURGEON.

5247. Worldliness, Din of. A man was standing in a telephone-box trying to talk, but he could not make out the message. He kept saying: "I can't hear, I can't hear." The other man by-and-by said sharply: "If you'll shut the door you can hear." The door was not shut, and he could hear, not only the man's voice, but the street and shop noises too! A great many Christians are going lean and hungry on the way because they do not shut the door more frequently that shuts them up with God, and silences for a while the noise and din of worldliness. Jesus makes the shut door the condition of peculiar blessings from God.

5248. Worldliness Keeps Christ Out. A man who had been a whaling captain, once when he was asked to give his heart to God, said, "Give God my heart? I have no heart. If you were able to dig down to the place where my heart ought to be you would find the image of a whale."

5249. Worldliness Is Dangerous. There is danger in worldly absorption. The native Peruvians derided their Span-

ish conquerors for building massive houses, for in the earthquakes of Peru more lives are lost from the falling of heavy objects than from any other cause.

5250. Worldliness, Evil of. A true Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So, in like manner, the Christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do whilst he remains in the body, but by the world living in him. The world in the heart has ruined millions of immortal souls. How careful is the mariner to guard against leakage, lest the water entering into the vessel should, by imperceptible degrees, cause the vessel to sink; and ought not the Christian to watch and pray, lest Satan and the world should find some unguarded inlet into the heart?—*New York Observer*.

5251. Worldliness, Excess Baggage. The *Epworth Herald* gives an account of two passenger trains racing from Niagara Falls to Tonawanda. They were both late, and so throttles were opened wide. One was on the Lehigh, the other on the New York Central, and "each had the same locomotive power and the same number of coaches. For a few miles they ran fender-and-fender. The passengers enjoyed the sensation, and finally became as excited as folks at a baseball game. Handkerchiefs were waved and fists shaken. The conductor on the Lehigh train came through one of the coaches and said: 'They'll win, I'm afraid, for they have a lighter load.' A passenger asked: 'How so?' The conductor answered: 'Well, one of our cars is a baggage car, chock full of Canadian trunks and satchels, and that fact will beat us in the next two miles.' So it did. The New York Central train swept into the Tonawanda yards triumphant." Too much baggage lost the race. Sins are burdensome. We are in the race for immortality. Let us be careful that we do not carry too much baggage to win.

5252. Worldliness, Hindrance. Dr. Harry F. Ward related this story at the 1918 Student Conference at Lake Geneva: "A young minister said to me recently, 'There are two young college graduates in my community, husband and wife, who could help me in my work more than any other two people I know of. But they won't help. I wondered why until in a conversation one day I discovered that their ideal was to own ten farms, the

price of which was from \$300 to \$350 per acre. To that ideal they had dedicated themselves. They cannot help me.'"

5253. Worldliness, How It Harms. Did you ever hear the story of the great bell of Moscow, the largest bell in the world? It was cast more than two hundred years ago, and has never been raised, not because it is too heavy, but because it is cracked. All was going well at the foundry when a fire broke out in Moscow. Streams of water were dashed in upon the houses and factories. A tiny stream found its way into the bell metal at the very moment when it was rushing in a state of fusion into the great bell-mold, and so the big bell came out cracked and all its capacity for music was destroyed.

Many a young life has had a divinely given impulse, like soft and molten metal, just flowing into a noble and steadfast decision, when the insidious love of this world's goods has been allowed to trickle in at that vital moment, breaking the resolve and hushing the music of a life which should have been given out for others.—*Expositor*.

5254. Worldliness, How Manifested. Some church members have their roots on one side of the church wall, and their boughs all hang over and drop the fruit on the world's side. It is not only a question of where your roots are, but where the boughs hang and the apples fall. We want not to need to look into the church-roll to find out whether a man is a Christian or not.—THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

5255. Worldliness Not to be Encouraged. An aviator's advance agent, seeking to place a performance in a certain city, said to the Mayor, "For \$1,000 my aviator will fly from yonder church steeple to the market place." The Mayor replied, "My dear sir, your proposition doesn't interest me. We already have too many men flying from the church to the market place, and I don't want to encourage the habit."—*The Expositor*.

5256. Worldliness Overcome. They best pass over the world who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog. If we stop, we sink.—QUEEN ELIZABETH.

5257. Worldliness Hard to Overcome. When Napoleon I invaded Egypt, he encountered a force ensconced in a mud fort that effectually defied all his efforts to reduce it. If it had been built of rock, he could have blown it up with powder, or shivered it with artillery; if it

had been of wood, he could have fired it with a rocket; but it was a huge mass of mud in which his iron missiles stuck fast, and rather increased than diminished its power of resistance. He therefore left the place in despair, and turned his attention to more practical operations. Now what this mud fort was to the French soldiery, a cold, dead church is to the world of ungodly men. They are effectually protected behind this mass of carnality, and utterly defy all the moral artillery of the gospel. The heavenly missiles stick fast in this intervening obstacle, and never reach their mark.—*Christian Index.*

5258. Worldliness Reproved. "After being harassed to distraction by creditors, I was just about to burn my store for the insurance money," confessed a grateful man, "when, on a bit of waste paper that I held in my hand preparatory to lighting the fire, my eye fell on the words, 'What shall it profit a man,' etc., and in a flash I saw it was better to have Christ without a cent than to have \$10,000 and lose my hope in him."—*C. E. World.*

5259. Worldliness, Sin of. It has been well said that there is a sin of other-worldliness no less than a sin of worldliness, and Christendom has had a large measure of the former sin as well as of the latter. People have been taught so much about preparing for heaven that they have sometimes become very indifferent workers on earth, and in anticipating the joys of the future world have overlooked the infinite possibilities for good in the world that now is.—*W. J. POTTER.*

5260. Worldliness Seals the Heart. Some one, one day, went to a wealthy invalid with an appeal for help for a family who were in distress. "These people are suffering from cold and hunger." "I am sure I don't see how they can be suffering from the cold, when the weather is so pleasant," said the invalid, looking complacently about her own cheerful, well-heated room. So long as she had every comfort herself, it was difficult for her to realize that others were suffering. So, to-day, there are those who are living in the blaze of Gospel light who seem to forget that all the world is not thus favored.

5261. Worldliness Starves the Soul. The Nardoo plant of Australia closely resembles flour, but it lacks its nutritive properties, and those who feed on it, though insensitive to hunger, slowly

starve to death. So it is with the world-centered soul.

5262. Worldliness Striven Against. The bird of paradise, which has such a dower of exquisitely beautiful feathers, cannot fly with the wind. If it attempts to do so, the current, being much swifter than its flight, so ruffles its plumage as to impede its progress and finally to terminate it. It is, therefore, compelled to fly against the wind. So the Christian must not attempt to go with the world. If he does it would not only hinder, but end, his religious progress.—*DR. DAVIES.*

5263. Worry. See Trouble, Borrowing.

5264. Worry, Avoid It.

The world is wide,
In time and tide;
And God is guide,
Then do not hurry.

The man is blest
Who does his best
And leaves the rest,
Then do not worry.

—*CHARLES F. DEEMS.*

5265. Worry. It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy: you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade.—*HENRY WARD BEECHER.*

5266. Worry and Brave Calm.

Why fret thee, soul,
For things beyond thy small control?
Why fret thee, too,
For needed things that thou canst do?
Whate'er thou canst help . . . help!
Whate'er thou canst not, with no useless worry, bear.

Two things at least, then, Soul, need never cause thee care.

—*H.*

5267. Worry, Demented. A woman in an insane asylum used to sit at her window watching the whirling city, and saying over and over in her demented fashion, "Everything is a-moving, a-moving, and a-moving, and there's nobody to manage the machine!" We do not often speak it out, but in sober and shameful reality, it is just this fear that torments us.—*A. R. WELLS.*

5268. Worry, Foolish. A man on a dark night, rolling down a steep place, caught a bush growing out of the rocks and held on in the grimness of despair. His muscles strained, and his grip was maintained with frenzy. At length endurance reached its limit. In despair he let go and dropped—just six inches. Some people worry and struggle, with nerves at the utmost tension, when all

the time they only need to let go to find the Everlasting Arms beneath them.

5269. Worry Is Foolish. A frail-appearing minister once testified at a meeting conducted by Dwight L. Moody. The minister said that he had been up all the night before, praying for his people. A few hours later, when the two met again, Mr. Moody suddenly turned to the other and said, "Brother, did I understand you to say that you had been up all night praying for your people?" "Yes," said the minister. "I felt a great burden for the souls of my people. They all seem so cold, and lacking in the revival spirit." "You were wrong," said Mr. Moody. "Never in my life have I weakened myself by such unnatural exercises and worry. I am a pretty robust man, but I could never have had strength for my work had I done such unnatural things. You must trust God more, my brother."

To weaken ourselves by worry, or by any other unnatural way of living, is against both our Master's interest in us and his desires for us.—H.

5270. Worry, Foolish and Faithless. Imagine a great ship on the ocean and the child of the ship's captain on board. The child goes about the vessel, anxious concerning every movement and worried lest something may go wrong; lest the engines may stop, or the sails give out, or the sailors not do their duty, or the provisions fail, or the machinery break down. What has the captain's child to do with any of these things? The child's father is looking after them.

We are God's children, living in our Father's world, and we have nothing more to do with the world's affairs than the ship master's little child has to do with the management and care of the great vessel in mid-ocean. We have only to stay in our place and attend to our own little personal duties, giving ourselves no shadow of anxiety about anything else. That is what we are to do instead of worrying. We are just to lay them in God's hands, that he may look after them while we abide in quiet peace and go on with our little daily duties.

5271. Worry, Like Fighting Shadows. We are told that engineers on the railway dislike moonlight nights, because they are all the time fighting shadows. There is a shadow across the track just ahead; it looks like a man, or a horse, or a tree; but it is not; it is only the shadow of something extending across

the rails. We spend a lot of our energy—all of us do—just fighting shadows. We are all prone to mistrust God, and to see great troubles rising up before us. Time after time have we come to the place, and either like the women at Christ's tomb, found the trouble removed, or have found that God has given us grace to overcome it. One trouble is scarcely passed until we are looking into the future for new ones, forgetting that we have a promise good for all the days to come: "My grace is sufficient for thee."—H.

5272. Worry Doubles Trouble.

Don't you trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you.
Don't you look for trouble;
Let trouble look for you.

Don't you hurry worry
By worrying lest it come.
To flurry is to worry,
'Twill miss you if you're mum.

If minding will not mend it,
Then better not to mind;
The best thing is to end it—
Just leave it all behind.

Then don't you trouble trouble,
Till trouble troubles you;
You'll only double trouble,
And trouble others too.

—*The Westminster.*

5273. Worship, Church. Rev. W. L. Watkinson, the great English preacher, once stated: "In the establishment of one of our great goldsmiths is a vast iron safe with many locks, containing immense treasure. But no one person can open that chest; the keys are in the hands of many trustees, and only by their concurrence can the hidden wealth be made manifest. Thus it is in the natural and in the spiritual world, the wealth of the divine blessing can be reached only through the brotherhood of saints. 'Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together.'"

The social genius of Christianity, concurrency, is one of its foremost features. There is peril in religious isolation. The sun of sociability is as necessary to soul health as to our bodies is the sun in the sky. True Christian communion verily is the sun of the soul. Access to soul wealth in worship is by the use of concurrent keys, consonant person.

5274. Worship, Church. The act of divine worship is the inestimable privilege of man, the only created being who

bows in humility and adoration.—HOSEA BALLOU.

5275. Worship, Undevout. The captain of a whaler went ashore one Sunday, and went into a little chapel. After the service the minister spoke to him, and found that no impression had been made on the man's mind. "The fact is, sir," said the captain, "all the while you were preaching I was thinking about where I should be likely to find a whale. There is no room in my heart for anything but whales." If all were equally honest, they would confess that the real reason that the services of the sanctuary did them no good was that their hearts were too full of business to listen.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

5276. Worth.

To hide true worth from public view,
Is burying diamonds in their mine.
All is not gold that shines, 'tis true;
But all that is gold ought to shine.

—BISHOP.

5277. Wounds, a Credential. I remember when a hospital in Philadelphia was opened during the War, a telegram came saying, "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night, be ready to look after them," and from my church went thirty men and women to look after the wounded. No one asked whence they came; there was a wounded man, and the only question was how to treat him most gently. And when a soul comes to God, he does not ask where he came from. Healing is there for all his wounds, pardon for all his guilt.—T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

5278. Wrath. See **Answer, A Soft.** See **Anger.**

5279. Wrong. He who commits a wrong will himself inevitably see the writing on the wall, though the world may not count him guilty.—TUPPER.

5280. Wrong. Wrong is but falsehood put in practice.—LANDOR.

5281. Yesterday.

What shall I bring to lay upon thy bier,
O Yesterday! thou day forever dead?
With what strange garlands shall I crown
thy head,
Thou silent One?

—JULIA C. R. DORR.

5282. Yielding to God. Once in a meeting at Newton, Mass., the speaker was asked by a little girl, "Please, sir, how can we be Christians and have our own way?"

5283. Young To Be Cared For. Back on my uncle's farm in New Hampshire he had a great many sheep. I noticed

among them some that were so fat they could hardly see out of their eyes, and the needs of the lambs in that pasture was of little or no account to them. Isn't it often so in our churches? Some of the older ones are constantly neglecting the needs of the younger ones. If the pasture is sweet and pleasant, the sheep would not jump over the fence and steal pasture on the outside. If the younger ones in the church are properly cared for they will never backslide.

5284. Young, Christians. *Forward* relates this incident: A striking story is told of a missionary in India who was called to a little out-of-the-way village to baptize and receive into church fellowship more than sixty adult converts from Hinduism. He noticed a boy sitting in a back corner watching and listening very wistfully. Finally he came forward. "What, my boy, do you want to join the church?" "Yes, sir." "But you are very young, and if I were to receive you, and you were to slip aside, it would do injury to the cause of Christ. I shall come again in six months. Be loyal to Jesus during that time, and then, if I find you steadfast and true, I will baptize and receive you gladly." No sooner was this said than all the people rose to their feet, and some, speaking for the rest, said: "Why, sir, it is he who has taught us all that we know about Jesus Christ." And so it turned out to be.—MAY RAYMOND SELECK.

5285. Young, Keeping. "You don't seem changed a bit," said an acquaintance, half wonderingly, half enviously, to one whom she had not met for years. "You look as young as you did ten years ago." "Young?" repeated the other, as if reflecting upon the word for the first time. "Bless you! I haven't had time to grow old; I have been too busy even to think about it," she answered, with a cheery laugh. It was true; her heart and hands had been full. An invalid had looked to her for all the brightness and comfort that came to his sick-room. A sister's orphan children had been left to her care, and the task of managing a limited income so that it would provide for all had kept her very busy. Besides, she had really mothered the flock. Her heart had kept warm and young with interest in all their interests. How could she grow old? To keep close to Christ in a spirit of helpfulness is to be always imbued with his courage and good cheer.

5286. Young Men and Ideals. It is told of a monarch who, soon after he

was crowned, became aware of a plot to assassinate him, that he said: "I shall reign worthily while I am permitted to reign. If I am an emperor only for half an hour, in that half-hour I will be every inch an emperor." No one can aim too high in the Christian life. One may have a purely worldly ambition far beyond one's powers of achievement, but none ever yet had too high an ideal of Christian perfection, no matter if they failed to attain it. There can be no high achievements without the highest ideals.—*Men.*

5287. Young Men Trapped. An impressive illustration of temptations that destroy the young is the rat-catcher plant, a vegetable pitcher filled with liquid that will stupefy the rat or mouse or roach that comes to it seeking to allay its thirst. Having stupefied the victim, this pitcher-plant closes about his neck, pressing two spines or spikes into his neck. And so even if he revives from the knockout drops, he is held fast, and in time is drawn fully into the plant, to be absorbed by it. The parallel between this "pitcher" and those which capture foolish and wicked youth is so manifest that it need not be further explained.—*CRAFTS.*

5288. Youth. All of us who are worth anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or expiating the mistakes of our youth.—*SHELLEY.*

5289. Youth. Every street has two sides, the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which of the two takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two.—*BULWER-LYTTON.*

5290. Youth, Anticipations of. There is a feeling of Eternity in youth which makes us amends for everything. To be young is to be as one of the immortals.—*HAZLITT.*

5291. Youth, Dreams of. How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams

With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!

—*LONGFELLOW.*

5292. Youth and Pleasure.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,

While proudly rising o'er the azure realm

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.
—*GRAY.*

5293. Zeal. See Enthusiasm. See Work.

5294. Zeal. Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul.—*CHARLES BUXTON.*

5295. Zeal. Do not too many believe no zeal to be spiritual but what is censorious or vindictive? Whereas no zeal is spiritual that is not also charitable.—*THOMAS SPRAT.*

5296. Zeal. It is admirably remarked, by a most excellent writer, that zeal can no more hurry a man to act in direct opposition to itself than a rapid stream can carry a boat against its own current.—*FIELDING.*

5297. Zeal. You may have read the story of the young Japanese who, some years ago, found a little slip from the Bible that told about God. He went back to Japan, and one day he asked some one if he knew where God was. This person directed him to a dock where there was an American ship, and told him that the Americans could tell him about God. He asked the captain, who was not a Christian man, but the owner was, and the captain sent him to the owner. The latter said that he could not tell him much about the matter, but if he would ship with him as a sailor he would take him to the United States, and place him in care of a man who believed in God and would tell him about him. The young man went with the owner to Boston, and his search for God was so earnest that the owner placed him in an institution for education. He is now one of the most distinguished teachers in Japan. How earnest was that young man's search!

5298. Zeal. It is a coal from God's altar must kindle our fire; and without fire, true fire, no acceptable sacrifice.—*WILLIAM PENN.*

5299. Zeal, Blind. There is no zeal blinder than that which is inspired with a love of justice against offenders.—*FIELDING.*

5300. Zeal for Christ. "We can do nothing well," said Mrs. Prentiss, "unless we do it consciously for Christ."

5301. Zeal, Christian. A railroad man was once asked what was the line of greatest improvements in railroads. His reply was, "Better engines and hotter fires." That is exactly what the churches and all reformers need to-day—better engines, equipment, means of working, and better fires of zeal, till it can be

said of each one of us, "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up."—*S. S. Chronicle.*

5302. Zeal, Continued. The longer one labors for God, the more he desires to continue that labor, and the more pleasure he finds in it. John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, on the day of his death, in his eighty-sixth year, was found teaching the Indian alphabet to a child by his bedside. "Why not rest from your labors now," said one. "I have prayed to God," was the answer, "to render me useful in my sphere, and now that I can no longer preach, He leaves me strength to teach this poor child." So ought it to be our earnest purpose and prayer that we may be useful to the very end of our lives.

5303. Zeal Without Humility. Zeal without humility is like a ship without a rudder, liable to be stranded at any moment.—*FELTHAM.*

5304. Zeal, Mistaken. Some things will not bear much zeal; and the more earnest we are about them, the less we recommend ourselves to the approbation of sober and considerate men.—*TILLOTSON.*

5305. Zeal, Nature of. I would have every zealous man examine his heart thoroughly, and I believe he will often find that what he calls a zeal for his religion is either pride, interest, or ill-repute.—*ADDISON.*

5306. Zeal, Overmuch. A little girl had been out for quite a while. When she came in at length her mother asked her where she had been. "In the garden, mother." "What were you doing in the garden?" "I was helping God," the child replied. She explained that she had found a rose almost blossomed, and had

blossomed it. She had only ruined the rose. There are many people who try in the same way to help God, and try by schemes of their own to hasten the results they are expecting from him.—*J. R. MILLER.*

5307. Zeal for Souls. A lot of men were imprisoned in a coal mine as the result of an accident. Great crowds gathered to help clear away the earth and rescue the men. An old, gray-headed man came running up and, seizing a shovel, began to work with the strength of ten men. Some one offered to relieve the old man. "Get out of the way!" he cried. "I have two boys down there!" Nothing but love for the souls of the unsaved can help to provide a way of escape for them. Five things the personal worker needs: A converted heart, a Scripture-stored mind, a love for souls, a prayerful life, the Spirit of God.

5308. Zeal for Souls. During the battle of Gettysburg, Chaplain Eastman was so badly injured by a fall of his horse as to be compelled to lie down on the field for the night. As he lay in the darkness, he heard a voice say, "O, my God!" and thought, "How can I get at him?" Unable to walk, he commenced to roll to the sufferer, and rolled through blood, among the dead bodies, till he came to the dying man, to whom he preached Christ. This service done, he was sent for to attend a dying officer, to whom he had to be carried by two soldiers. Thus he passed the night, the soldiers carrying him from one dying man to another, to whom he preached Christ, and with whom he prayed, while he was compelled to lie upon his back beside them.

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